The Book / Or / The Woods
What have we to fear from the path? Only that we have made it alone.
The Forest Again Revived

*In other words, the passageway is an illusion and, like passageways in fairy tales, it dissolves behind us as we go through it*

*But then the passageway is no illusion*

*We are going three ways through it*

— Lyn Hejinian
The dark green forest is dark & green for a season. As one season follows the next. The particular bent shadow. Scrawl of branches. Character foliage. Nothing deep enough to lose its way, except that it tries to recover a former path. The forest recovers. Path erased by footsteps. Avenues cut off by trees. Shadows wiped everything.

That was the first forest. The second forest is ablaze. The second forest is red with light. The second forest shines below.

In any space the walls close in. In any forest the door disappears. Shush go the ghosts in the efes. There, there goes the monster into the trees.

But we are already in the trees.

And we are already well acquainted with the monster.

No doubt the monster is something else, as we are something else, as we cannot follow ourselves.

O but our shadows follow us.

The sun at solar noon casts the shadow on which we stand, imagining a surface.

Shadow is not surface. Shadow is something else.
Books pour out of the forest, which empties. The forest has become a factory. The book has become a book among books, a separate thing, one of many. The book does not know the woods from which it came.

The book is both surface & depth, history & circumstance, knowledge of self & emptiness. The book is the space it takes.

The forest has a book-sized plain that does not correspond with what the book requires.

The book requires a forest in the clearing.
Shadow is passage, portal of leaves & dust. The portal passes over the infernal world, forest for a cover.

A clearing is a sinking feeling. To the knees. As shadow leads to shade. Layered shadows, endless shades.

Bound up in the book. Efes to crease, to ride the ridge. Forest the supernal version, passage from below.
All this the woods well know
Yet none know the woods