The Book / Or / The Woods

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Published by Punctum Books

T. Johnson, Jeff.  
The Book / Or / The Woods.  

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Pronouns

&) shadow is without. &) words is last.
— The Sentence
No system or map of tensions: things in flux. The book speaks a language with a tenor. The book does not travel alone. No map but points on a map, foliage the map elides. Pause. Wind through the tries.

Check every passage, head the 3rd way, all hands held down, pointed.

The forest is written on the trees.

The book a record of itself.
For we seek a clearing, if only to set it aside. How else can our selves be seen? Selves who are not clear. Selves to the side.

Irony is cheap but real. The book is an economy. Anything real can be traded; false value defeats reality. A re-placement. The book, reflective object, knows all this & is all unknowing. Every self has a false self, all unknowing.

Therefore we must be clear, to unknow the knowable, to be a world not this one. The book has not become idyllic, but itself. The book can avoid this so long. The book at the foot of the stair, listing.
Last night a version appeared to me.
Every book is a book, some more than others.

Abstraction is its own reward.

Aphorisms are books in themselves, so that a book of aphorisms is properly a library.

Every word processor should have a calorie count.

The U.S. is at war with everything.

What is obvious is worth saying, but cliche has a point: Not everything is worth repeating.

Today a dark shop entered every browser.

4pm Sunday, 19 something else.

Which rhymes with 20 something other.

Tonight is moving night, a double feature.
Back to the trees. You do not know where you are & are therefore outside authenticity. But you own everything. The book does not love or leave you, holds you to the sky, where you bask for a time, apart from the commons, standing among the stands. Copse surround you.
You are banished, then return. Nothing changes.

You are sentenced to write a book.