

**Xe  
No  
Liths**

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activity. never self-sufficient unless in constant movement. momentum to sustain centering and repulsion.

spin and twist beyond pursuit. a flourishing in vicious distance. lone, slipped into a space beyond one while at one with the other of not going together.

exercised. excised precision. participation in parts divided. incomplete for continuation. nothing for itself. nothing has no self.

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xe saw in them such a noneseff as in want of only removal. dual exile. twice banished. no desire in proximity but close enough to be seen through.

no confession requires clarity but in all things let there be transparency.

be reflexive, removed from what the opaque on other side brings out of its darkness as reflections over here. this way facing. steal from the mirror what impedes vision's insistence upon coverage and convergence over lengths as such as can be observed but never to grasp. never needed to be held. touch removed. only observe inasmuch as is possible. hidden within sight are thoughts to fade and also become see-through as was/will be xe to them. both in third. neither first nor second for closeness of persons. not yet. not now. not here still being formed.

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if not always then always to one's otherself be new. enter in if not forever then for eternity be away from familiarity and what once was available only for sake of assembly and as such may a piece and a part be taken some utility. removed. a loss. in freshness let there be a lack of adherence and pragmatism. let xe upon another look be lost in too much to perceive and they upon another angle be focused elsewhere as two centers in alternate universes avoiding the end result of singularity.

only those who have not been a fraction have never mourned their factors, loved their denominators. submitted to bottoms. dominated tops. split oneself for calculated purposes in collusion with x,y and variables yet to be so cruelly solved for.

decomposing is also an act. intrinsic to decreasing and depletion is perpetual loosening or perhaps in time hardening / petrification as a final state unless again turned and returned to dust or worn down in erosion or pulverization but constant if not consistent, a breaking down. a process. death also is work as much as is happiness but is truly solitary and for one alone to undergo yet the experience spreads via its exposure (in)to others and thus they look at xem no more but in the blackness of memory not stagnant but capable of standing so long as to no longer be potable. to be putrid in thoughts aiming into further nowheres better lit for contemplation.

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but envisioning is more important than vision itself. to make believe. to pretend. to be before the tending to and of what was beheld. each eye's tracks deserve to be jumped.

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and xe never wanted to live forever in their eyes nor their dreams. they couldn't offer up that much room anyway. they had other thoughts and offers. more to look at than the mere minor ever-changing sleight of hand, optical illusion, and other such distracted displeasures set to disappear.

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they didn't want to be xyr window. xe would've settled for being glasses suited for another's specific situations with sight. would've bent light. would've magnified. would've cast a shade. would be their transition if need be but would hope not to be left on the train on a July day heading away from where xe and they first felt the rain, defenseless from the onslaught.

they preferred prediction to proposition. they didn't want to be spoken to much more than being spoken for on certain days. they spun a web to keep theirself busy but would tear it down if its purpose became more purposeful than decorative. xe couldn't conceive of such an intricate design without a reason beyond the work itself. xe is a product. they is a process. one is already over as the other keeps on running. and, running taken to its extreme is always if not only always, away.

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xe wants to be a pirate. they wants to be a ninja or maybe a cowboy. possibly a mermaid. perhaps a fairy. xe will never know. xe is a ghost. xe is a zombie. xe's been dead ever since xe had the chance to dream. xe's been looking for resurrection or a way out or maybe it's in. an escape from the bindings of a boundary. they is on this, that, both and either sides. they is a turnstile. they is a lie and a fantasy but they've never been fiction. they is more real than xe which is proven in their flickering. xe's slowness makes sleep itself tired.

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belief has never had anybody's best interests in its mind while being formed, coming to be solid  
☐ a foundation and a finale.

hope is the pilot episode. did it sell the show?

for every feeling hurt, there is also a reasoning damaged. the pain is a failed logic. a calculation proven to be faulty. a beginning ruined by its ending but unable to be restarted. over is over and beyond any sense of another chance at more *of* but a return *to* the same. the same is in its essence stuck. this is its power and problem.

5

they likes a similarity more than a same-ness. xe is more flexible for all the failures. is a pirate desperate? xe hopes not.

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“I can no longer distinguish words from tears.” (Marguerite Duras ☞ Yann Andrea Steiner)

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sadness starts in its static state. words are so immobile sometimes but a teardrop flows. falls.

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what is an echo worth? can xe buy one to give to them? they doesn't want anything, least of all a reminder. they could do without hearing it again weaker than first time around. they lost their love for memos when they were just a kid. now they think or maybe feel as if they always knew and have known better from the very beginning.

they doesn't enjoy any mood to be in for awhile but loves the shifts. appreciates a moodiness. xe wants to be a pirate but doesn't understand water. they would do well to be a fairy but without the wishes. xe has issues with images. they has an idea. neither can barter well enough to make the trade happen. xe is now also in a mood. not also if not also then ever also. they found a new mood to be found.

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how'd the haunting get out of the house? xe was just joking about being a ghost. they knows that xe was joking but might also think xe is a joke too. but perhaps not with a punchline that kills. xe bombs. they tolerate xe more than xe deserves. tolerating takes time. is a process. may become more than purely tolerance. xe is aware of the inherent lies in hoping but is hopeful anyway. xe is haunted by hope. xe is possessed by an optimism nobody else sees in xem. they is more cynical. they is a skeptic but would surely perform an exorcism to be rid of xyr spirits, demons, and unclear if not unclean thoughts.

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what's all this learning worth if not for some day such as this? let's talk about redistribution. let's talk about reparations. reconstruction. let's get even if not even then at least leveled, brought to flatness, nothing in the way. but also with nothing to catch a voice and send it back. only here can the sands whistle and call out to travelers passing through in hopes of an oasis. let's discuss the mirage. let's speak of how we got this far apart and also of how we got this close together.

there's nothing to complain about. there's no cure for the boredom of balance. xe is routine. same old same old soothes xe to sleep. they wants more. they needs it. they deserves it. xe isn't in any kind of shape to be deserving anything. if xe is a pirate then one day xe will plunder what xe is in search of. till then xe resides in the doldrums. they is already on the shore. they is both the sea and the beach. they is a merging and a departure.

they are eyes flickering open in a morning with dreams still heavy upon the lids. they is hiding in a blanket worried about work. xe loves to worry. xe is in love with it.



8

they wants to be a time traveler. they had some stuff they'd wish to change. there's no time to fall apart nor to pull it together. everybody's getting so much older so much faster these days. it's been too quick recently to take a break, although a break is all they wants when they thinks of xe thinking of them. what is this they and xe have between those two bodies capable of more thoughts to add to the mass and space and moments already consumed? infringed upon?

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xe wants to be left alone sometimes. xe needs to be left alone. xe can't be alone. never if not always alone and still acting the same. remaining the noneself that xe has always been and the xe that got xem here, today, and tomorrow. more of where xe never came from as a head distraught in prayer.

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when will it all end? if not end then always concluding to the least of distance. an inch is enough to forget miles traveled till now to stay in motion. continual if not consistent.

9

they doubt it. xe might too if xe gave it much thought. they thinks all the time. too much if not also too long and too hard too. this is why they doubts. doubt is healthy although they doubts that also.

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how is everything so unsteady?

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how thick is our skin? how thin is the wall where xe can hear the hallway outside? where they can pass quietly by? how long have we been traveling those widths, lengths, area? how long have we not been a we? how long have we?

xe has never had any money. they is kind of broke too. what can xe and they do with so few funds? we ask the questions that xe and they have no answers for. who is we? who now is oneself and you? we'll let you know after we surrender. somebody has to give up.

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if the heart was made of any other wood how would one pine while also wishing each other well? what kind of disguise is a sun to eyes? if there's an opinion worth having and passing out and around, passing sight to sight, one screen at a time, hard pressed to be seen at certain light, what kind of trembling was first caught in a sigh as the pressure of initial were forced inside? if it's an acorn instead of a cone, how will resentment grow? if the sun should pardon the shade what will be left of worries overgrown where at once there was no ease as there was no growth to see. and, be seen was not there and so to be on a mind was gone. removed hue from black. color from blue hidden in a phone for a message. a gripe. advice. a request per se already said. how familiar is each word already misread?

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meaning doesn't mean much of anything unless that meaning is more more than less agreed to by more than one, one more than a few but the most possible to concur and cosign and to dig out the details if discussion is needed. but, among the less rather than few, the fewer than few, how many meanings are made and never agreed to? maybe meaning is more selfish than anything else.

they could be a thousand ways. they could be a thousand lives in a day. xe would never know, only assume. be too scared to ask. xe fears possibilities. is probability phobic. the only potential any surprise has is terror. they never cared much about understanding. life is easiest when it's always new. the sun is up but it's so unexpected to them that perhaps, maybe it might be so that there's no better place to be. no better way to have been than in this here new found being born from the spores of a dream shot out from a snore discontinued in an abrupt interruption of waking for what? to be is to be without a clue but with plenty of guesses.

xe will always venture a guess. to wonder is what keeps xe company when to be perceived does not occur. when the walls have eyes closed, xe just wonders and becomes attracted to everything.

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has "ideally" ever meant anything? do ideals ever really matter? can our aesthetics ever save us? our standards are just more limits and overcome, bypass, ignore.

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habit and habitual. constant. always if not always again back at the almost beginning of the instinctual. remember that one time when it wasn't so easy to remember? that one time when you had so little before your current you that to remember meant having so few memories? let's go back to that. let's see how our works then.

what is it that you're trying to say? what am I? why are we bothering? what was the feeling when we were kids? what was the sense? what did you think would happen? I think would happen? I think I had an idea once. a clue too. I've lost so much over the years. I haven't known you forever but I think you've learned some stuff. not from me, of course, but over time. we lost our innocence but I'm trying to get my naiveté back again.

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xe has always been a bit gullible. they can't ever be convinced of anything. they needs more sufficient evidence. proof proves nothing. the opposite can always occur and from there a third option and so on and so forth into a kaleidoscope of viewpoints. to be correct is to be myopic.

xe has an affinity for agreement. any glasses will do. xe has been wearing lenses for a long time now. any sense of sight will do. eyes adjust. or the world will. it'll be alright after a while. xe is OK with alright but some days are harder than others and awhile takes a while longer.

xe can't appreciate every second. if xe were a pirate half the loot would be left behind. xe is sick of stuff but wants to need. xe is in perpetual desire. xe is wont to want. they can't take it. they is not in it for the taking. they is carried away then they escapes. they is in it to get out. they is as much an illusionist, con artist, sideshow as a ninja or fairy. they is something to see and miss. they is distracting by nature. if not natural then by design. a blueprint drawn up without any approval on their part. they is at work in erasing the details. they switches the sketches. they is creating new plans. they is several disposable selves. what are we supposed to do with them?

have we ever had a good time? I want to. do you? it's getting late. when's the last time we really talked? did we ever talk? I said something. I know I did. did you? can they confirm it? they and xe have seen it all. have either or both seen us? can we be seen? I saw you. I didn't mean to stare. did you see me? I'm right here. right here for you. take this or leave it. take me with you if you want to. it's not a matter of can. I already know you can. I've seen your capabilities. have you seen mine?

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if they could be anybody else who would they be? xe wouldn't be you. I wouldn't be them. who would we be? who would be us? are places there to be changed? can we slip out of these selves for a second? to keep us busy. to make being observed a new undertaking. a different study of another sort.

what joy there could be has settled in. has lost a taste for wind. wants to sit still but only and if only once and forever more motion must remain in pleasures which also must be all their sides all at once.

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and now, everybody is older than when it and also this began. but is anybody living proof of something nobody knew from the start?

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xe wants to drift away. they has been gone before and prefers to return instead.

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we've never known anything about one way to approach anywhere. we've always been the roundabout and long way with time to think of what we'd do with the scenic and what we'll we do with the less easy on the eyes destination once we arrive if not at a place then a minor conclusion on the way to another.

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I've never been good with reality. you've never been good with money. money is a too but you know that. it's just that one aspect of reality that doesn't work for you. money, I get, the rest is out of my wheelhouse. I was made to be confused. It's due to my desire to want it all. the more and if not always and only more not for greed but for empathy. give me all the feelings. I'll hold onto them for you. you'll be OK and I'll be whatever you and I and xe and they deserve.

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does they know what xe fears most? does xe know what they fears most? have either inquired into that? have they overlooked the most natural, instinctual part of the self? the part that is reactive and proactive. that which may or may not be gotten past but not without more than simply desire but also with work.

does xe not want to work with or for them? is labor so horrid?

who among us is a memory? who is a secret? who here is only here in another's sleep?

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one day we'll pay for our hiding. for being hidden. we'll escape our text, our lost echoes, our misheard words and yet we'll also be punished for what really remains. but, we'll be rewarded for our ghosts too. we can't be forever fondly thought of. we'll flicker. that's something. it's better than nothing. sometimes.

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can they still be a cowboy? can they be remembered that way as the sun sets? in the sunset? can they be a sunset too? they can wish it and make it so if only and only if for once and only now they were and are a fairy unconcerned with the wishes of others. if only they can become to remain the fairy they didn't always want to be when they only wished and wanted to fly.

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xe never wanted to get in the way. xe wanted to keep changing. to remain in xyr dissatisfactions, rejected, but not an obstruction. xe doesn't know much but wants to learn. be willing to adapt. xe is a variable on xyr best days. xe is irrational and/or unreal on xyr worst. xe is a number or a series of numbers. xe is counted in selves. none to some. one to other(s).

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no rain. not here. but it us often here. right now. this time of year. I miss it. let's miss it together. let's be infatuated with the notion of the flood.

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" . . . now that I've . . . accepted all the contradictions of my life, there's nothing left to know. The only thing that moves me now is moving, finding out about another person (you)." (Chris Krause, Eileen Myles, Joan Hawkins - I Love Dick)

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we don't want to breakdown. I didn't ask to breakup. you needed a break.

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xe has learned to bend, to fold, to fit a pirate's chest. they prefer to stash stuff for later. to hide what must be hidden as they themselves have hidden before.

but nobody can do it all. even if all is as inclusive as all the names handed over for a chance to do it all and to do everything even if only against the hyperbolic, once again and once more, for another.