

DARA WIER

I Like Aluminum Foil for It Has No Emotions

I like aluminum foil, it has no emotions. It's a clear zone of unbeing to enter. There will undoubtedly be things eventually to love in these districts.

Twice this morning, no three times, I watched a stranger steer a conversation toward something fascinating, probably ever since he'd first learned of this fascinating information, most likely in his early adolescence or little beyond. He wanted to talk about clockwise and counterclockwise water behavior in different hemispheres. It showed on his face what a miracle he found in these facts. What a mystery he wanted it to be. That is how we are, we hear something we've never heard before, it startles us, we cherish it, from time to time we remember it with pleasure, we pass it along, we introduce it into conversations with abandon. Whether it's appropriate, germane to the proceedings or not, that's where one's mind goes. I like to remember picturing water going down a drain two different ways that is what I like to imagine, seems to be what this stranger is saying.

There's a man with no means to steer his own mind for very long, almost not at all. He fails in this way to be able to hold anyone's attention. When you're with him it's painful to sense, and sometimes see on his face, his mind veering and careering without any means to slow down for considerations of alternate paths, without any wherewithal to stop one line of thought from suffocating another one. A dangerous adventure if one were to join him, it is a fitful behavior.

His mind looks from the outside like a band of geese who've abandoned their migratory mission for a non-migratory leisure of hanging about a town's pond, summer, winter, spring and fall, the order of any one season's appearance having no bearing on the flock's behavior. It's sad to watch them flying from time to time, disorderly, unable to Vee with conviction.

You see a weak effort now and then for them to fly as though they were geese of distinction. But no sooner does a vaguely shapely V begin than it trails off into wrinkles and ends in pale chaos. It's as if there's no leader to lend them its single-minded effort toward someplace thousands of miles away in their future. Instead it's as if the shapes they trace before failing altogether into meaningless hither and thither have marked the brow of the universe with their utter confusion.