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This will be small, and you will have it. Once it would surely have been paper, and now, I only know your hands touched something to get here. Send me back a postcard from that travel: how have we met?

We don't have to go together from here, we are fellows nonetheless, found in this text, curated in our coming to it from paths that for certain had enough similarity to converge, but the rest: let's guess.

There is nothing you can find here that will take it from me, for I have already myself in the composition, and you were there, because it's not too far back to look for our ancestors and antecedents. You know the truth written on the punk rock wall: we don't have to fuck each other over to survive. I believe you can love me in the generosity of your replication, that you will do this not because it was mine but because we are ours.

Go on! Where will you carry forth, and what will go with you? There is nothing I can give that will make the journey: in your reading the translation has been made, the author erased in your image. She doesn't mind, really. The words down already weren't what was meant, and so we make our way, constellating and re-constituting, celebrating and giving homage across misreadings; a potluck of guessed recipes and still it tastes good.

What else could this be but small and local? Every gathering is a set of private tables, faces serving plates of sound or sense. One by one we listen and know, co-linear, adjacent, overlapping and not touching, sharing common time in the proximity of our bodies or their traces, and now or later, in the touch of understanding. When I know what you meant, then or years after, you have finally spoken to me, though you said it clearly enough for yourself at first.

What else could it be but a time of some crisis, each idea plummeting off to become the next, a sacrifice of creativity because pruning yields further growth. But also, in a time of pain, when the loss of this for the next or other pulls back my skin, the inevitable small and local becomes louder.

In the quiet we hear: it was never global, only a string of beads calling itself a necklace and forgetting the needle and thread, how we've moved and nudged,

rolled, and scuffed. How we were blown from glass or rolled from clay, or yes, machine-fabricated in polymers- our origins are singular but not unique. The collective din is a convention of intimate murmurs.

And in the absence of a biggest picture, yet here you are with me through this, with my gratitude for you. Truly: we need each other and we have each other.