

# Notebook

Greg Bem

*Hand-written in Ashford, Washington, on January 12, 2013.*

*The content of this e-chapbook was composed in a cabin under the shadow of Mount Rainier under the recent impressions of social network platform Twitter, where the stream of reading is behavior adjusted above activity.*

- Greg Bem, 1/14/13

Within Ashford, WA within WA, USA within a succinct area of planet, a plant of society, you are on the verge the plenitude the vigil within space.

There should be more space more ideas lurking as the idea could and perhaps should be considered a landscape.

South of Scarletted Breath territory in a plot defined in rectangles, squares, collections there is an organic collection the people don't speak of.

And when you pass this area pass through this area transformation by  
silence, becoming by beat of breath, but only so doing by in so  
undoing and thus realizing.

On my sweater a spun piece of dead organic it could be its own world  
utopia floating on a thread singular consortia noneness and we must  
let that swarm of the matter the solid pre-liquid rest now.



Consequences I believe in the consequences of mirage. Bespoken,  
table-tub. In the car, my legs crushed, cushioned, crush, crashed.

I promised no noise and I did it for you.

I promised iterations upon iterations of experience rather than experience rather than experiments and slathered it up as a frozen-toed lie.

In the neck there is a crane who listens to each person (friend family lover enemy) and wherever you go the crane knows, waits, listens, intercepts, enjoys.

1. The crane is always grinning.
2. Make your best crane position.
3. Fantasies of crawling across a crane.
4. Urban crane with skyline behind it.
5. Rural crane surrounded by oaks.
6. The oaks' branches mimic the crane.
7. The crane is about balance and you, too.
8. Sensitivity. Pool of water.
9. Crane as holy symbol as crane.
10. Part ten the tan crane of desert.
11. Post-sex staring up into crane belly.
12. Post-sex staring crane into eye.
13. Attach a single feather to a single control box.
14. My favorite image fantasy a cluster of cranes on the edge of the ocean speaking to one another and a crowd of humans gathered pre-barricade just gawking just and the barricade and the cranes.

I use a camera as an object acknowledging the other objects.

The elk owns those tracks, he said through the wind.

Trouncing or perhaps trapping a single trampoline while the children look upon, horrified.



Acting out as the fat guy when everyone you know plays Health.

Dirty pamphlets piling into their town as an inconvenience.

Tire pop goes flat while screaming young boy can't find his Pop-Tart,  
cinnamon.

Coughing on the phone you couldn't even hold a conversation with your son, 3,000 miles (roughly) away.

He is the one living on his battery-powered wheelchair, the rolling  
fortress his pain medication his sweatpants his evil voice disrespect he  
is the servant giving and to all the reasons I never return home never  
will turn home.

In the club I see Robert Lashley and he's telling me to get the fuck out of there.

She once (as my manager) told me the monk fish fillet looked like “the male organ” and she was old enough to be my mother and I never wanted to fuck this manager and we never did fuck. Her son, who worked in the Seafood Department as well, always talked about anal sex like it was the best thing and how he would drink ten, fifteen Buds, then have anal sex with his girlfriend. Not knowing or caring about any of it, I listened to his shitty stories in respect. Someone, my 17-year-old conscience told me, has to live this out.

Pinned down, she tells me (through the pillow “you have full control.” In this game, we start as two sexually-complacent individuals who actually hate each other but are scared to admit it. Step one my masculinity trumps her femininity. Step two sexless and genderless we in shadows and control lost to each.



One time I stared at a drum kit and imagined 20,000 people staring back at me. Drum solo. Solo drummer. Stopped thinking about instrumental percussion when I was 23.

“I wish I could lie about housing,” Alex says. “I wish I couldn’t,” I think.

Each branch could be a home. A beginning to a journey. Or a landing pad.

Making the most of the last tank of gas.

Touching the frost on the garbage bin before walking ten minutes to the train.

An old Asian woman wearing a blue parka walks up, smiles, and says  
hello.

I try to judge my goals every time I open my laptop.

I would say I'm genuinely curious about my history with pornography.



Admitting to who your habits?

I am 26 for two more months and still haven't felt an earthquake.

Sometimes I am afraid of the danger of earthquakes.

While I have never been to France and have only played the role of the woman several times in my life, I try to imitate and recreate Amélie's tactile fixations at a rate of once per month.

The word “glissade” brings a smile every time and I only remember what it means a small percentage of the time.

Sliding across ice in a fully-grown body.

I hadn't been on a frozen lake in maybe ten years and that's what I'll remember about the beginning of the year 2013.

Did she enjoy the poem I made for her or did she find it uncomfortable? A balance of both? shamefully I was too drunk to experience and interpret her response in the moment of the reading.



Eating five pot brownies and cleaning the kitchen. Deciding to eat five pot brownies only took five seconds.

Being genuinely afraid of those teenagers. Thinking those teenagers were Central WA meth-heads. First time being genuinely afraid since living in Philadelphia.

In fear we think of God, and God is self. In reflection I remember  
Emerson and Dickinson.

I want to take larger risks and I want to worry about it so as to stop worrying otherwise, potentially.

“You live more bravely, sealed up tight.” - László Bertók

Hot tub status update. Sleeping bag dreams. Correspondence of canvas. Codex as layers.

I want to make a book modeled after an onion from Walla Walla,  
Washington.

A license to advertise.



Their apartment building looks like a prison.

My bedroom looks like a cave.

Your kitchen looked like a board game.

The driveway overgrown with blackberries.

The circuit breaker is behind you. And it's inaccessible.

Have you ever committed yourself?

How many different types of wood were chosen for this building?

What do you like to do when describing Ashford, WA?



He didn't think the guitar was a real instrument.

I loved the page where Goldmund starved and grew delirious, having just murdered Viktor. Because he immediately hallucinated Julia instead of Lydia.

The light on the blue jeans and the shadows on the blue jeans are beautiful.

Alex Tessa

Texla Sase