

TO PERSIST

After Paul Nougé, Roland Barthes, André Breton

The practice of writing never has anything but the real as its object of desire, though the real is not representable. Science is crude, life is subtle.

Always flirting with failure, we can still write poetry. We can persist. We persist in attempting to express the most secret intentions, those determined by precious uncertainties. Precisely because it persists, writing resists all that surrounds it: philosophies, discourses, sciences.

Persistence means to smuggle in poetry, wherever we can: a tract; a text message; something heartfelt and handwritten, delivered into your hands.

We must re-dedicate ourselves to impossible love, unlucky audacity, revolts with no future. These are the only places where we can hope to live.

How monumental is the task of putting into words the real, the beautiful, the incredible. These revelations emerge as half-articulated thoughts, not for lack of intention or effort. The natural habitat of beauty is between the lines.

We so are easily frustrated at this limit of language, and yet: in that half-articulation, you create the space for another to encounter you. The key sings at the door of the unknown room.

We live, and so must be periodically reborn. We re-read each other like a page of writing.

MICHELLE KASPRZAK.