Destruction is the inevitable fate of most existent things. Memories and physical remnants disappear. Past lives are lost to the present. But there is beauty in the forgetting, as mystery and imagined possibilities arise in the holes that emerge.

Tear off this page to continue.

Marry
whose heart hates

My son

a heart which overflows
with joy

IT IS INCONCEIVABLE

THAT SOMETHING IS LOST FOREVER.

Meredith and I ended up doing well for ourselves, all things considered. By the worst of the Depression she had a good situation going, working on an the estate out in the country, one of the old kinds where every block of stone is hand tooled to fit, with a brilliant courtyard in the middle. The owners, Dunnings, were old money, didn't bother with investments, so the only thing they lost was the good will of their less fortunate friends. They enjoyed Meredith for her set back ways. She was always a cornerstone of unapologetic conservative wisdom, so necessary in such a time of trouble, and after the upset of the Great War.

She looks just like mother in this picture, standing in the courtyard of the fortress, as I called it.

OTTO QUESTA PORTA ASSO CLEOPATRA E ANTONIO, ED ORA É CHIAMATA "LA PORTA DI CLEOPATRA" SPERO CHE FRA QUALCHE ECOLO SARA CHIAMATA PORTA GIOVANNI" (ANCH'IO CL

Tarsus 1964

He filled the front of the
pit with

Next he threw in

He kept throwing in

in front of him,
The eagle
from the pit

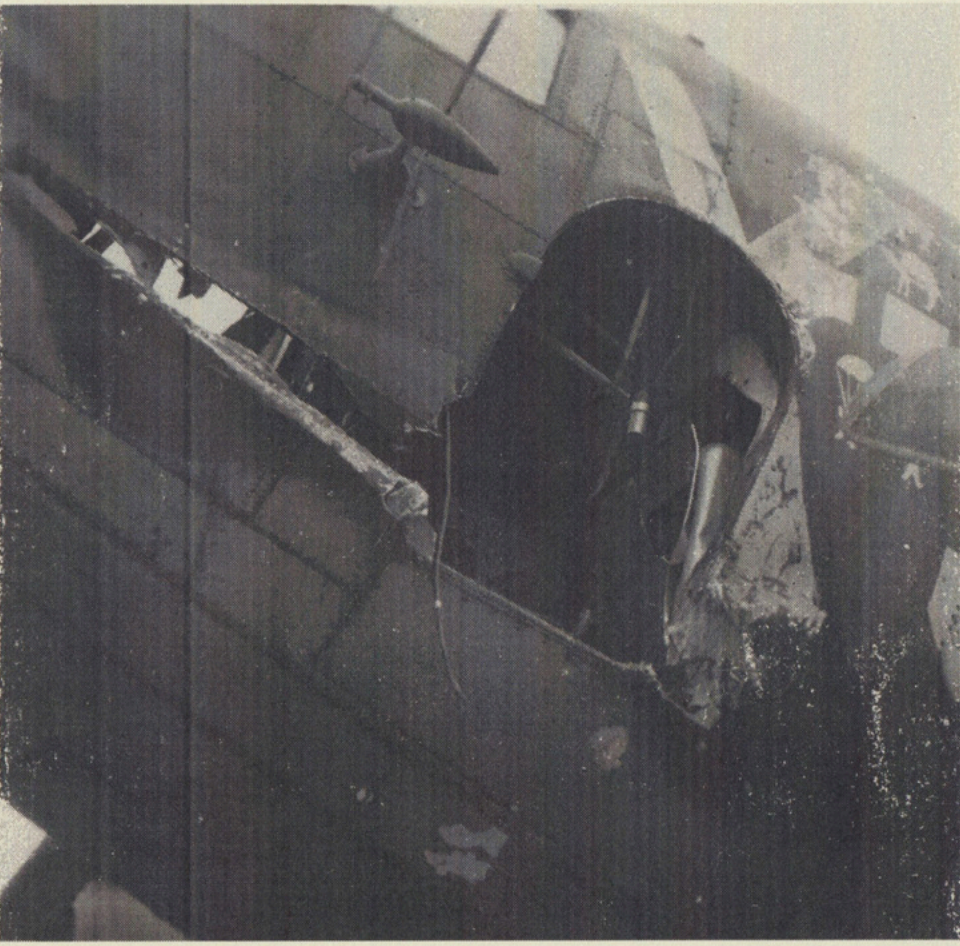
As for him, he flapped
his wings,
A first time and a
second time

the eagle in the pit,
As for him, he flapped
his wings

A third time and a
fourth time

the pit

As for him, he flapped
his wings
A fifth and a sixth time



Now my nest !
My nest is gone, while his nest is safe,
My young are destroyed, while his young are safe,
He descended and ate up
my children!

WHY HAS THE
KING

NOT SENT A
MESSENGER

UNDER SUCH
CIRCUMSTANCES
CENHATNU HAS
ENT

LET THE KING

TO ABDI-FCIBA,
HIS SERVANT!

THERE ARE NO
TROOPS.

LET THE KIN
MY LORD, SE
AN OFFICER,
AND LET HIM
TAKE THE LO
RULERS WIT
HIM !

THE LAN
THE KING

AND PE
WHO ARE
AND ADDAY
THE OFFICER
THE KING,

THEIR H

There was this mysterious part of Jeff that I never really got to know.

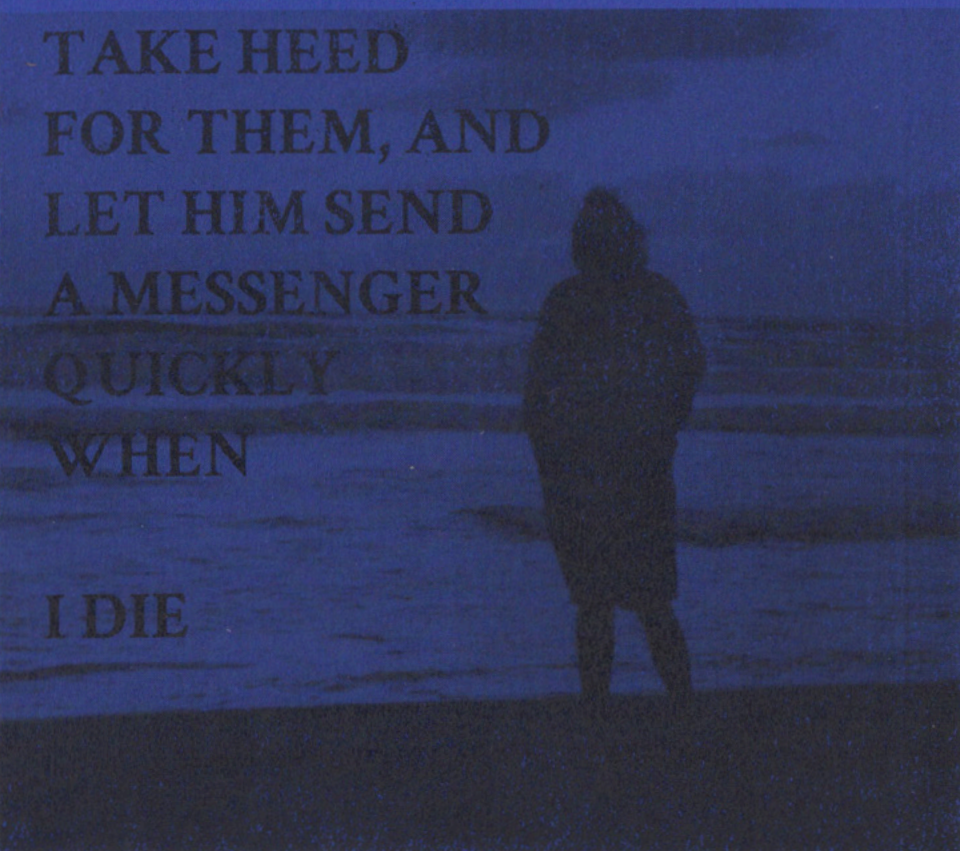
I remember the first time it happened, I was mad when he came back and hadn't told me where he was off to. He held that routine for almost twenty years, walking the half mile stretch between our place and the beach in the salty predawn streets.

I came with him once or twice but it always seemed wrong to do so. I don't know what he would think staring off across the Atlantic, but it made him feel small to me. I didn't like that, and always brought with me a kind of fidgety impatience that seemed to dishonour whatever transcendental experience he might be trying to achieve.

So I stopped coming.

LET THE KING TAKE HEED FOR THEM, AND LET HIM SEND A MESSENGER QUICKLY WHEN

I DIE



This area is full of marrow, people are friendly, helpful.

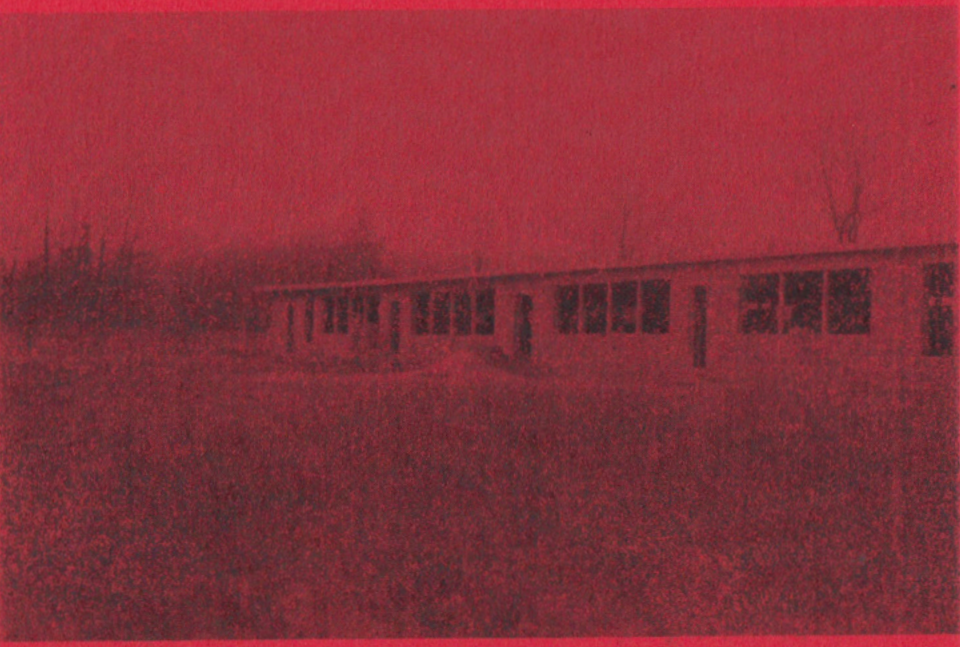
its restored

that equals heaven, its great radiance, shining like Gira in the black darknes

the great Anuna do not destroy anything of it.

When I was growing up I hung out with Jake from next door. We would play basketball with the hoop in his parking lot, and soccer in the backyard, forever impeded by the fence that cut our yards in two. Our parents didn't talk much, but there was a feeling of amiability, a mutual relief they had that we were out of their hair for a few hours. I wasn't aware then, of all the differences between us, but it occured to me, years later, after Jake had moved and I was looking on towards the next chapter in my life, that we hadn't really been all that close. There had always been a kind of hostile competiton, first for toys, and later socially, that was echoed in the distance between the rest of our two families.

For if no troops come in this year, all the lands of the king, my lord, will be destroyed and in ruins. They must not say before the king, my lord, that the land of the king, my lord, is destroyed, and all the local rulers are destroyed. If no troops arrive in this year, then let the king send an officer to take me to thee with my brothers, and we will die with the king, my lord.



SOON WE WILL BE GONE.

The project was abandoned soon after it was started. There just wasn't enough funding from the town to complete the new school building, and that was the beginning of the end. After that point people stopped coming. Now it's just a few of us here, older every year.

S There was nothing you loved more than talking walks on a brisk morning through the Pennsylvania countryside. You befriended just about everyone you met with that comforting business-man style of yours, so nobody minded when you strolled through the cornfields or along the cleared electrical routes. The children helped, I think.

I imagine the neighbors looking out, watching the little pack of you go by, thinking, *what a fine gentleman, what an excellent father.*

In those days, in those far remote days, in those nights, in those faraway nights, in those years, in those far remote years, at that time the wise one who knew how to speak in elaborate words lived in the Land; Curuppag, the wise one, who knew how to speak with elaborate words lived in the Land.

You should not loiter about where there is a quarrel; you should not let the quarrel make you a witness. You should not let yourself in a quarrel. You should not cause a quarrel;

the gate of the palace

Stand aside from a quarrel,

you should not take another road.

A female burglar ladder; she flies into the houses like a fly. A she-donkey on the street. A sow suckles its child on the street. A woman who pricked herself begins to cry and holds the spindle which pricked her in her hand. She enters every house; she peers into all streets.

she keeps saying "Get out!" She looks around from all parapets. She pants where there is a quarrel.

A vicious donkey hangs its neck; however, a vicious man, my son,

Oh, don't even remind me of this. This mess took years to clean up. After the place was knocked down they'd send people over on community service projects to fish all the bricks and foundation out of the mud by the river and put the place back together, or practice masonry, I don't know, but it was quite the dump for years, and all sorts of hooligans used to hang out there. This was back when it was recent, that lucky miss where the storm nailed the old vacated lots around the river. And then the Jacobsens of course, lost everything but were most upset about the cat.

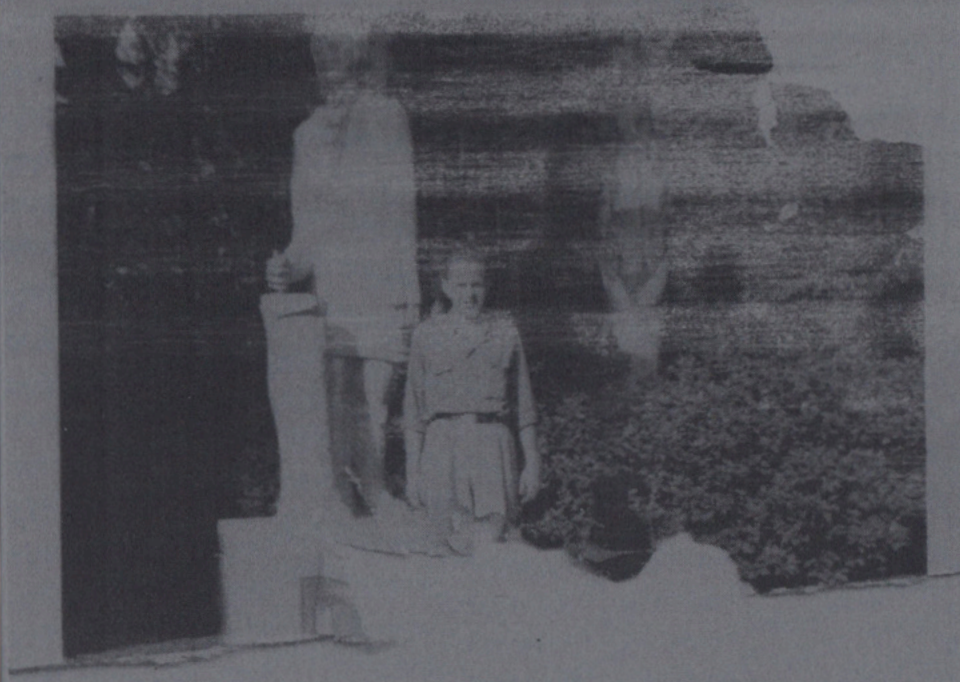
Which isn't funny, I shouldn't mention that.

This is only about an hour or so north of my parents on Seventy-Five, so by the time Maurice was sixteen it'd become something of a ritual on the way back from the holidays.

Sometimes it seemed like the only thing we knew how to talk about.

What did we have in common? She, a young girl; me, her father. She carried books for this reason – to avoid the uncomfortable eye contact and the Forbidden Questions that she knows I can't answer, not yet.

You should not
a
he is a child bor
by You shou
not kill lik
; you should
bind him.



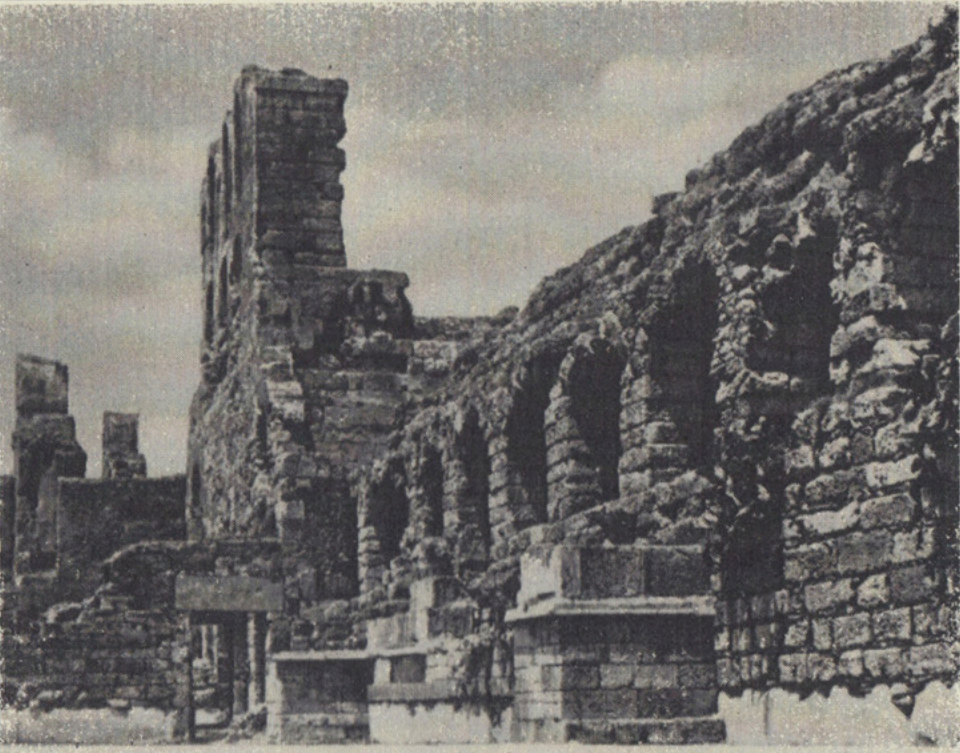
FASHIONING A ANTHROPOMO STATUE

THE TEEMING THE NUMEROU

BECAUSE HE IN THEY REVEAL

The neighborhood boy would distribute papers in every mailbox and then come around with the old push mower, and do everyone's lawns for a few pennies. He was friendly with everyone, but we never did ask what he was doing, what without a real job and all. Sometimes he would find things. He called it excavating, seemed to dream at night of the archaolegists in Africa, pulling up shards of bone and dinosaur. I asked him one time, why he doesn't go.

"Why would I?" he asked.



ΝΑΙ. Τὸ 'Ωδεῖον 'Ηρώδου τοῦ 'Αττικοῦ ATHÈNES. L' Odéon d' Héro

The girls would visit us down in Florida in the spring every year, and I remember this was the year we went to Wekiwa Spring because it was Jane's birthday too, and we wanted to do something a bit special. Jane was always in good spirits. She had to be, from what she said about the work place. The sciences weren't very friendly to women at the time, she would let us know that. Every once in a while she'd bring up teaching, but she never did leave the lab, and eventually married one of the fellows there. I don't know that he did her any good, but there are the grandchildren who are a pleasure, and visit often these days. I think that gave her something meaningful to devote herself to, without having to worry about proving herself to all the men. Thats – that's my take on it anyway, yes there was the time afterward when she was quite low, but the children are such a pleasure. Michael and Janice and Joe are all grown up so it's brought some joy back into our lives to have them around. You know, there isn't anything like the things the little ones say when you aren't expecting it. They keep it lively. But Jane... yes, it would have been better if she was with someone else. She just is very strong willed and sometimes gets stuck on the things that give her trouble!

Yes, I guess I was afraid, and to some extent knew that it wouldn't work out. There had been so little in her life that she had truly committed herself to, so I didn't have the heart to put my fears before her.

No, I don't know where she is now.

Sometimes I wondered if she knew it herself, if this was some kind of self... self sabotague, I mean, why would she think it would work out? But I guess the human mind is capable of all sorts of self deception, or foolish hope, whatever you decide to call it.

It's a lovely picture, but it isn't the truth.

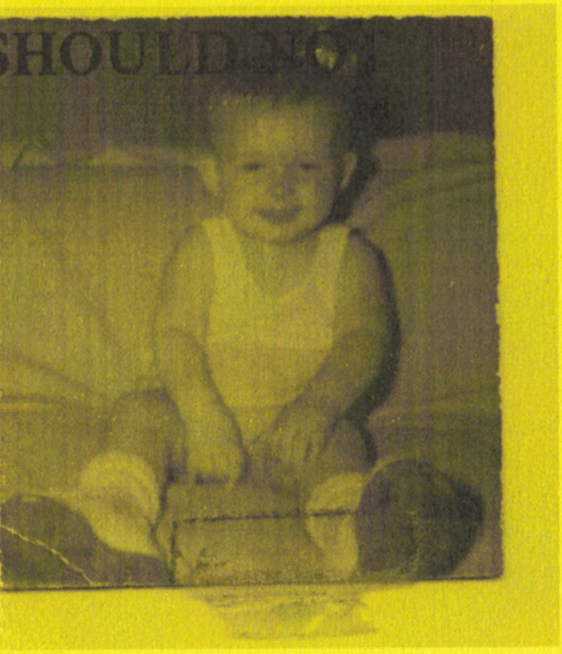
Then let us swear a mighty oath of Shamash. An abomination of the gods

N OFFICER OF
HE KING AM I.

I AM

AND AN
EVIL DEED
HAS BEEN DONE AGAINST
ME BY THE PEOPLE OF
KASH. I WAS ALL BUT
SLAIN BY THE PEOPLE OF
KASH IN MY HOUSE.
LET THE KING ASK
SEVEN TIMES AND SEVEN
TIMES
THE KING,

MY SON, YOU SHOULD NOT TRA
EASTWARDS. YOUR ACQUAINT



Timothy was such a sweet child, and he looked so much like my brother. I thought for sure he would turn out like Jack, and I don't know what went wrong. They were great parents. What they might have lacked they made up for in the depth of their love for him.

I think the two of them now are at a bit of a loss, looking forward to old age without any attachment to the world beyond themselves.

I think they'd had an idea, when they had Timothy, that he would anchor them into the world as they got older, an extension of their lives. But there isn't any of that now, and it's too late, and too much trouble, to try again.

I remember Andrew, that was a sad case. He was such a funny little boy, so reserved and unsure of himself. We would invite him over to play with us and it was clear he felt self conscious about it, but I'm sure he appreciated our friendship, even if we were girls. I heard he had a bad time at school. Wasn't really gifted at anything, to the disappointment of his parents. He was still in elementary when the tragedy struck. I'm telling you, the first time I went over there and saw the gun over the fireplace I knew it wasn't going to end well.

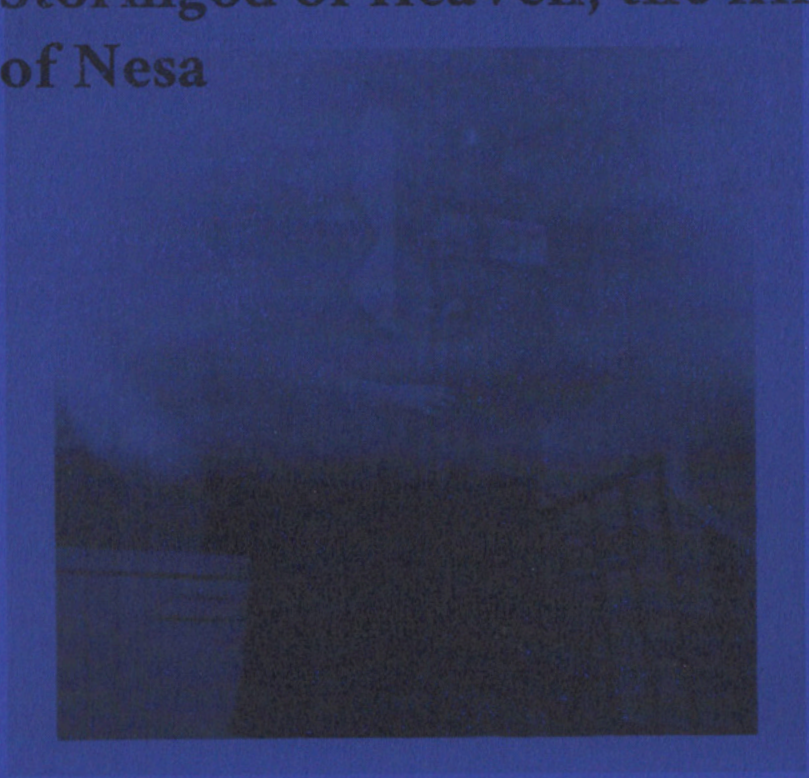
o the king, my lord, hath
poken Abdi-hjba, thy
ervant:
t the feet of my lord seven
imes and seven times do
fall. I have heard all the
vords which the king, my
ord, has sent

he deed, which
vhat shall I news

We didn't have a lot, but Mother had her philosophies. Particular that of bad air and good air. So it happened that I spent the most of my childhood carried to and fro from one to the other to achieve a healthy balance. From all that time I spent on the lawn, I remember the street very well. These suburbs had popped up in a flurry of construction, but by the time I came around something of the natural, wild state of the country was seeping back in. The neighbor's lot was thick with overgrowth, and Mother became

self conscious through association. Later on the saplings would grow up and afford some privacy, but the development was still fresh, and in the bareness of winter you really felt yourself quite exposed. I used to look at the houses across the streets and imagine them as gaping faces, with long black rectangles for eyes and mouth.

Anitta, Son of Pithana, King of Kussara, speak! He was dear to the Stormgod of Heaven, and when he was dear to the Stormgod of Heaven, the king of Nesa



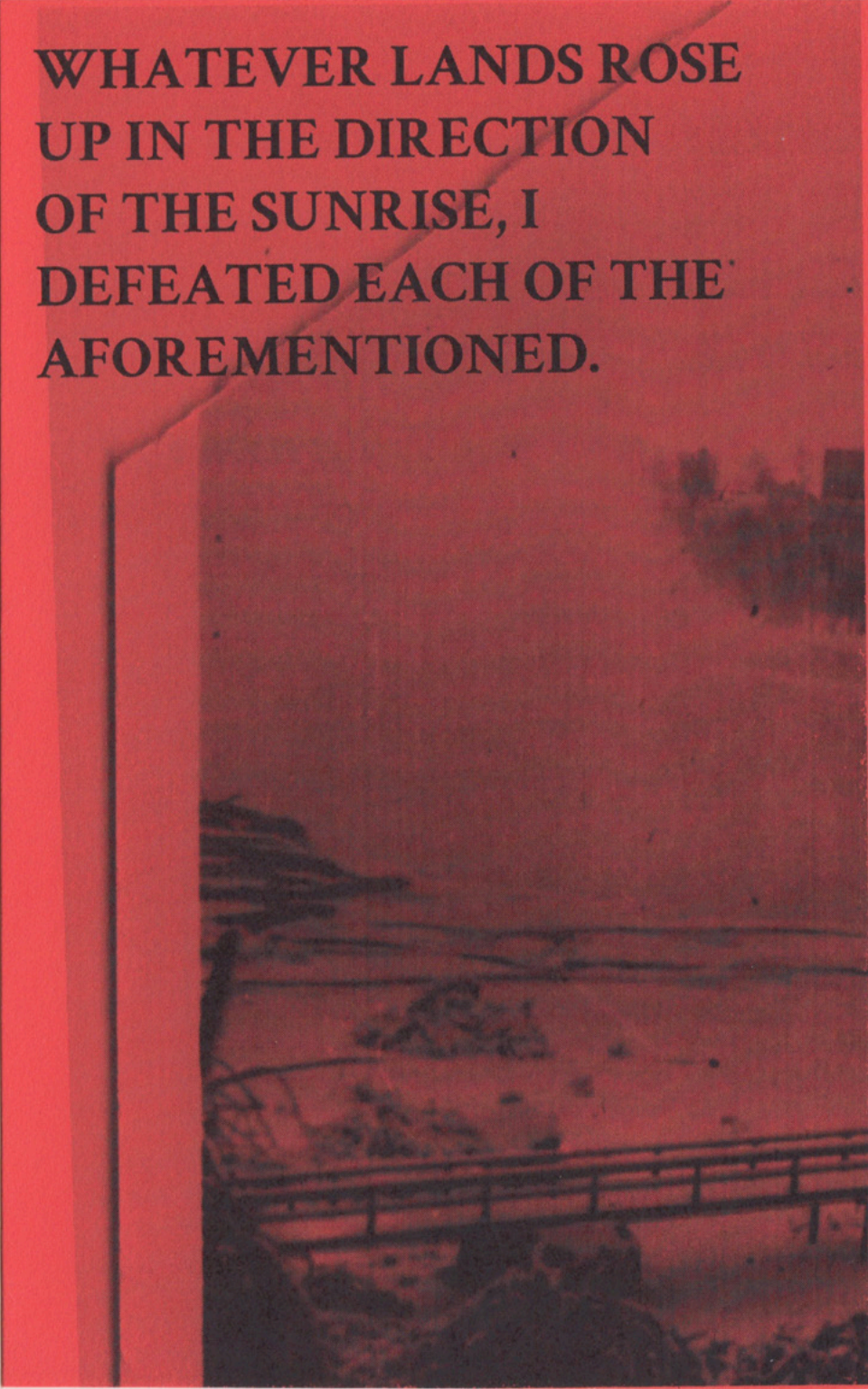
At that time it wasn't uncommon for people to pair up and head out, stake a new claim in America and by chance or neglect, lose contact with their old folks.

I often wonder what was the cause, if they ever even tried to track us down. We left a trail. They could have found us. But maybe life in the north was enough and they did not care of desire to look back.

I have these stories I tell myself. That they have a nice home and rent out rooms on the top floors to the other workers. James is a foreman, Ella is a fine matron, on the education and temperance councils. They have respect, and by now, two charming grown children who are setting out on a life of their own.

nstead, he made them mothers nd fathers. After my father, ithana, I suppresed a revolt n the same year.

WHATEVER LANDS ROSE UP IN THE DIRECTION OF THE SUNRISE, I DEFEATED EACH OF THE AFOREMENTIONED.



Sometimes life seems really simple. Like it's all playing out in front of you and you can see all the way to the end.

And then it doesn't go that way. I wish. I do.

You'd be surprised the notions I have, but I've kept this photo all these years. There was something special about her that I've never seen in anybody else.

CARRYING

ABOUT THE SMALL TASKS THAT THEY WERE GIVING THEM,

THEY CONVERSED IN THEIR HEARTS.

You can see it here, I swear, in that little smile. What a day. Those were the days, the only real days. My time with her. I think I keep going on just in the hope that I'll find her again.

But it's been years. And I don't think she ever understood what she meant to me. If she did, how could she? And how can life be so cruel? I guess we paint these pictures in our minds and in our books about things that don't exist. And then we expect them to be, and are sad when they aren't.

What can you do.

In the summer wo
slow, so we would
lunch breaks out just
as they let us. Behind
there was a broad fi
swampy when it rai
good enough most da
must have been 1956,

I can't move on, you know how stubborn I am. Maybe I'll invent something, a way to find her, and to convey what I mean, what she means.

when Jack came down with meningitis and we were all itching just to get some good air. By that time we'd got ourselves some bases that we'd stash by the back exit, and set them up for a game of ball. Doctor Anderson would always come out hemming and hawing and trying to bring us back in after forty five minutes or so, so our games continued from one day to the next and we knew the batting order well. I believe my team went Cook, Williams, Scott, Bell and myself.

If I save your life,

If I bring you up from the pit,

From that moment we must be

to me

PROCEDURE AND T
WORK. FOR KINGSH

From sunrise till

I will grant you the plant of life

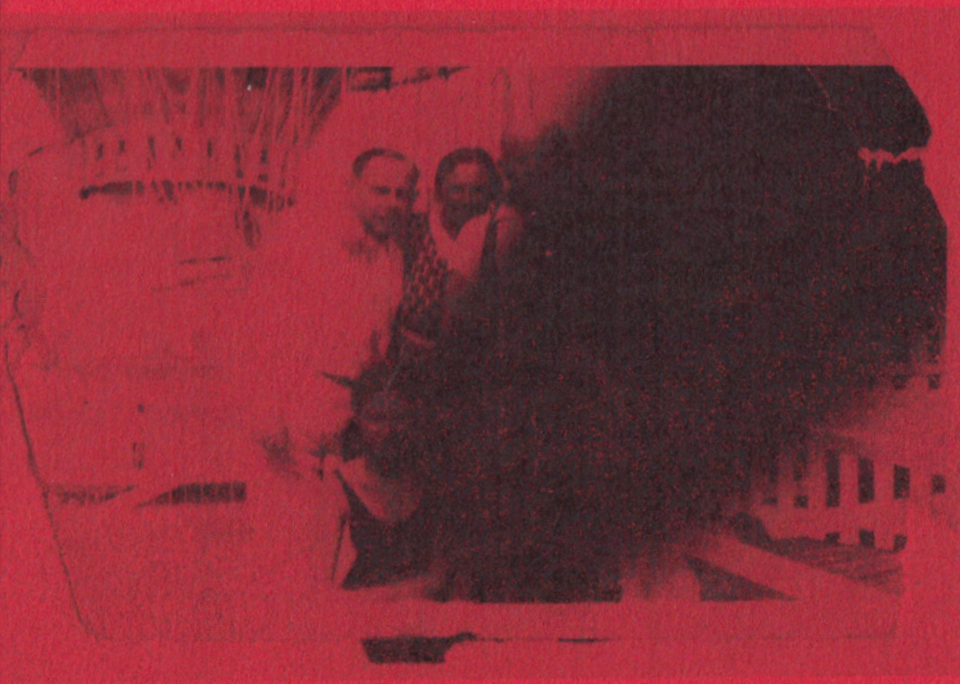
I miss the pace of life back then. Saturdays in august we would go out and watch the men play ball. The weather was always fine, the air invigorating, and little Peter was a good sport, all dressed up in his frock. We would stroll around town if the game became dull, and didn't have to worry about what George would say. He was always a sour sport and I don't know how we all ended up together, or why we kept him. Money, my mother would say, is the subconscious force behind all our struggles. That may be, but we didn't struggle much with money, just had to put up with the irritability of George and his drink.

I'm losing track. We would stroll around town, I was saying, we would stroll around and look at the stores and maybe buy something with the allotment he gave us. Nobody thought us strange, not like they would later. It was a very good time. I don't have that kind of freedom anymore, regardless of what they say about how times have changed.

I can't walk around by myself without arousing concern, can't enjoy the weather on a quiet afternoon, and buy what I like, and wear pretty things. I don't know what everything is coming to.

WHEN IT ENTERS T PALACE, IT SOOTHE THE MIND THE GIFT OF MANY WOI STARS.

THE NEGLIGENT ONE RUINS HIS FAMILY

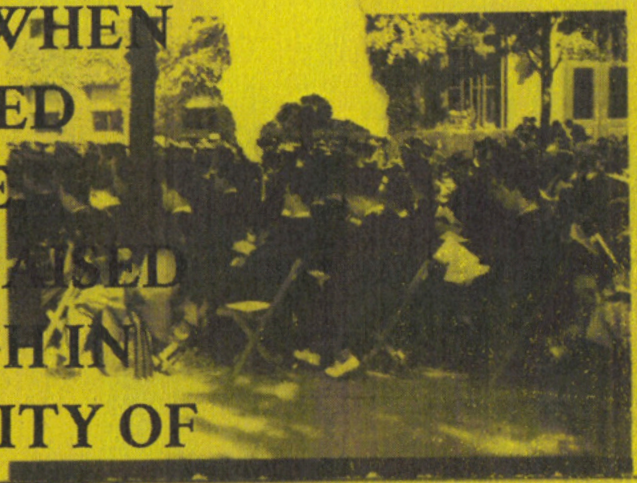


Here are the six of us, plus Dory, who of course stuck her finger over the thing. This trip, Lord, it was a headache to finally get the whole lot of us together, and she couldn't have gotten the one thing right and just taken the photograph! I still don't understand her. But she's gone on now, and Pop isn't long in this world, so I shouldn't talk poorly.

This was at the annual fairground that ran all summer and closed down at the end of October. There's myself and Pop, though of course you can't see me, then Margaret and Dave, and little Johnny's covered up too, and then Alice there in the front. Margaret and Dave live in Saratoga, and with Dave working for the finance company, they were always shipping him around the country, and he couldn't hardly get a week to spend with his poor lady, much less with Sis. So we finally got down to the fairground in August, before the children started back at their school.

We got together in 1956. It was a good time. Of course not for our families. Somehow we come from a bunch of stuffy grudgers who can't bear the sight of young love. Maria's brother's were fine about it, but the whole meeting together was awkward, in the smoke filled den of a kitchen they have there. Kind of a room that wasn't meant to be too comfortable, meant to keep you a little uncertain and mistrustful. No windows, you know, and yellowy with tobacco, but everything was then. Well, Maria was happy to get out of there with me, away from the old folks. That place has some serious bad memories I think. She doesn't tell me everything, but I see it sometimes. She should get mad but she just gets quiet instead, and that's the old mother's training on her demeanor. Anyway we got ourself our own place, filled it with our own smoke, but it's got windows. And we're together still.

WILL NOT GLECT! FOR NEWING ITS NGSHIP, WHEN REVEALED E PRINCE HEN HE RAISED M ON HIGH IN E TOTALITY OF L THE LANDS

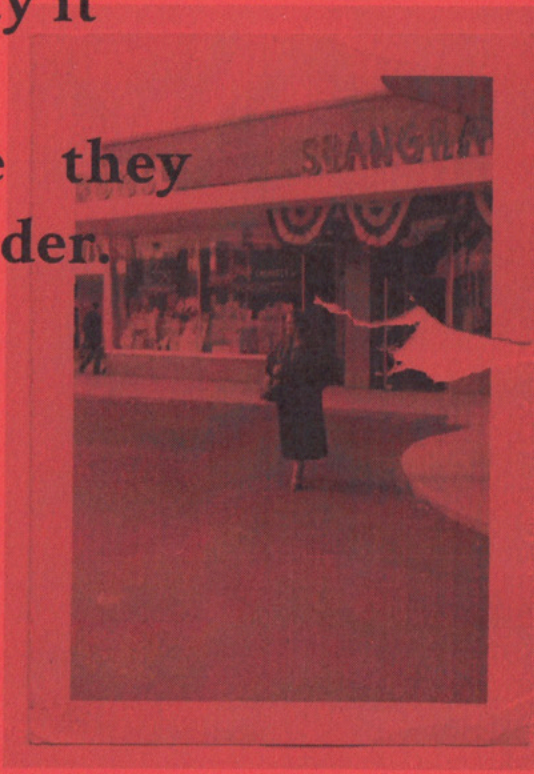


We were all very proud of course. It hadn't been easy, but it felt like we'd done something right, were moving up socially, at least, and he'd have a lot to look forward to in his life. We'd spent so long outside, and it was always a little funny interacting with the other parents for who this was almost routine. It's a subtle thing, and maybe they don't mean it, but the community here has its small ways of excluding us.

But with his degree, we thought, Now he has a way forward, a new title to define him.

THUS SAITH ISHTAR OF
NINEVEH, THE LADY OF
COUNTRIES,
ALL OF THEM:
"TO EGYPT, THE LAND
WHICH I LOVE, WILL I GO,
AND I WILL WANDER!
BEHOLD, NOW I HAVE SENT
, AND
SHE IS GONE BEHOLD, IN
THE TIME OF MY FATHER
DID THE LADY GO TO THE
LAND, AND AS, WHEN
SHE FORMERLY DWELT
THERE, MEN HONOURED
HER, SO MAY MY BROTHER
NOW HONOUR HER TEN
TIMES MORE THAN IN THE

Your own man will not repay it for you. The reed-beds are they can hide slander.



We hadn't spoken in years. I knew her in middle school, and he complimented by handwriting, which I thought was odd, because hers was the perfectly round and symmetrical kind, which I guess she worked on, and mine was all sloppy and irregular, and natural, I guess. Then the other night, it'd been years, a decade I guess, I dreamed of her death. She drowned in a flood, in the kitchen of a bed and breakfast, secure in the walls around her even as the building was swept off its foundations and out sea, where it tiled up on one side and sank, taking with it all occupants. She was alive when I awoke, but I wondered still, if there was any truth to my dream, and why it had come to me then. I could send her a letter, let her know, but I do not think we are supposed to care about eachother at this point, it has been so long, and it would be strange to say anything to her now. Is there any truth in dreams?

ABOVE
AT MY FEET
THE EAGLE MADE ETANA
UNDERSTAND THE DREAM,
SEATED BEFORE HIM,
YOUR DREAM IS
PROPITIOUS,
BURDEN IS BROUGHT,
THEY WILL GIVE
YOU HAVE DONE OF
THE PEOPLE
YOU WILL SEIZE IN
YOUR HAND,
THE SACRED BOND
ABOVE
AT YOUR FEET.

By graspin
neck of a h
you can cr
river. By m
along at th
he mighty
our city, r
you will ce
cend

We went to the dock early in the morning, like they'd told us too. Dotty was afraid despite my assurances. I tried to explain to her, all we do is wait in line and get on the boat. I'd lived in trouble long enough that I could not be anything other than optimistic. Otherwise the life would leave me. So I did not expect it, never would have dreamed, when the man took her from me. She was only six.

When you lie dead, no one will
remember you

For you have no share in the
Muses' roses.

No, flitting aimlessly about,
You will wildly roam,
a shade amidst the shadowy dead.

Destruction is the inevitable fate of most existent things. Memories and physical remnants disappear. Past lives are lost to the present. But there is beauty in the forgetting, as mystery and imagined possibilities arise in the holes that emerge.

Abandoned photographs, ancient writing, and imagined narratives are combined in this document which can only be understood in part, through its own destruction. New associations are formed through the resulting collage of fragments, representing the inaccessibility of the past and unknown possibilities of what might have been.

soonwewillbegone.com

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KINDLY DO NOT REMOVE OR DISPOSE OF BEFORE THEN.

ANY PROBLEMS, PLEASE CONTACT KSTORY@PRATT.EDU.