

expectation will recognition [blank] resolution [blank]

3 February 2019  
Gesa Helms







ii

recognition /

something in what i write and print makes me sad.

it is a soft sadness. all warm tears and shy.

it is one that can't be social and barely bears the lunch that i later feed  
it

its strength and presence surprise

while i am uncertain what it concerns

it doesn't come at the moment of writing

neither when i reread

yet it floods while i hold the paper

the writing concerns as the discussion this morning

the role of crisis, then will

for a creative process

what i narrate in the morning

i move through at lunch

yet, this time, the fear of nothing

is stronger and floods my face

all that i can think of is feeding it back into the process

of noting and depositing it right at the heart of nothing

in that, i make my own will strong and let it reach into the nothing

i walk













iii

resolution /

i discover the source of sadness

within the violence of my plan

the plan that would transform one to another and in the process de-  
stroy what was one

the plan always hovered as the ending for what was

i have hesitated for 15 months to enact it

i thought i could mitigate by recording, observing some more

by attending to all that is right now and to note it all

my sadness is the recognition that i cannot

that i still do not understand its process its unfolding its becoming  
not understanding it how can i proceed to undo it?

will there be a point at which i understand enough of nothing

to be confident to proceed undoing it

to be safe in the knowledge that no harm comes

to it, myself, someone

and so, that anticipated end state will not

it exists as prospection as plan as utopia

the current state is resolution and recognition

my expectation took me

my will turns wish and remains







i

expectation / will

spur of the moment: i ask if i can hang out with the cabinets. i can.  
there is no light in the room. the heating doesn't warm the room.  
i sit down opposite them. there is on them no real hue other than the  
grey.

i kind of expect for something to hit me.

what can possibly hit me here?

a recognition

a resolution

an ending.

— i feel restless though: don't want to keep staring and the familiar  
thought from before enters again: maybe these objects are all that they  
are. maybe you have seen all of them. why do you linger still?

i feel hesitant to move away from them.

i kind of wish they would transcend my time here with them and oth-  
ers.

but of course i don't know if they will. in fact i know, they will, but will i.

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