

the lost  
moment

incisive, and imperceptible shifting of weight onto the weaker, ignoring slight trickle of blood creeping down toward the ring finger, collecting in the creases, tugging at the smoothness of the cuff at each wrist, most indelicately—mental levitation: hands hidden to discourage acquisitiveness, for the moment, on that immediately disappointing plane, carelessly deferred and in anticipation of grand entrance into that third hazy interior of the evening—light filtering only in spidery cracks, dust smoke and mixed with: dim, effortless concoction: noncommittal northern light, a bloody breakdown ballroom entrance (passed) from note carved into the parquet, from cards filled up and left, strategically abandoned, forced inferences to leaving, leaving always ajar the possibility that the slightest misconstruance might justifiably hazily tumble forth. Into. Indelicacies?

Furthermore: the truly not noticing, a much pursued regal pretense! Just not studyin' it, awkward closeness and relegated to stamp around drapery, desperate marauders, pillagers, soaked, heads cocked slightly downward, casting eyeing thoroughly through escape and entrance routes, feigned dip in urgency in imperial proportion to ticking, shifting weight, sipping along, in no air! And among these, that imposter! Faintly detectable, due only to curious, illuminating posture, inebriative, cruel! In equal part displaced into something several subtle shades off, ripped palaces into madding lines, hurled charades into stagnated drawing rooms, creating for those at correct angles an imprecise shockingly uniform apparition, drawn edges fading off but able, for all the world, to knock or jar collected objects slightly, able to inspire in even those determinedly facing, in the orchestral distance, cloud of resin gathering at base of fiddle, damned languorous brow, bow strings at breakneck speed, for all the world this one frantic specimen, sniffing, this the one who gives the names, *Sempre false*, and by intermittent notation, detecting the hunger of the crowd, explains the provenance of such instruments as are moved, so it is said, by a formidable fleet of taxicabs, hailed in awkwardly charming fashion by these astute gentlemen of the provinces, under that most pretense of making their way! Positively! Convicted on

previous charges, drummed up, and cast out!! Through and out, ever more ardently berated: for elementally suspicious twang, for chains clanking din above din, for this infernal cleverness, blasted, stretched and rhyming lines issuing from, it is whispered, in declarative vindication, the south land.



Anita Anita, you are stepping into a path of no return. And what is more scary is that you drag others to walk the same walk with you but only a few steps ahead in case some unexpected "danger" appears from around the corner. And you really know how to put the words together just to provoke my (miserable) imagination...well I go for a combination of the first two hypotheses. I wonder (and I can imagine this being an exception in the whole history of psychoanalysis) how can someone else's trauma of a so-called "original affair" fulfill the desire of another subject, especially when the subject in question is clearly amazed by the traumatic aspect of the other's experience. I see here something far more complex than a simple masochistic or sadistic tendency. I see here an idealistic approach, one that seeks to grasp the real in the traumatic. To place a fake letter mirroring a so-called original one, the later is turned into a misplaced letter or one that has arrived at a wrong destination. The postman always rings twice. Once for bringing the letter and later to take it back, (the second ring here being the fake letter or rendering the first one as wrong delivery.) So we could say that the letter never arrives at its destination because it's always a miss-delivery. What has reached its destination is however the trauma. And that is what the subject in question is looking for, because therein lies a trace that might lead him/her to where the letter was originally sent from: the lover. So we could then conclude that the letter does in fact always arrive at its destination for the real letter is one's consciousness of being a wrong addressee and consequently the trauma. But I believe that the fake letter here disrupts our focus and deviates it towards the trauma which is the real letter that always arrives at its