

TERMINUS EXTREMUS

NULL PRESS

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the story of a condition reported from a boundary of a dynamic

There is a condition. It is not a place, though it is reported from places. It is not a time, though it is happening now and was happening then. It is the condition of being far from rest. Everything alive is inside it. The structure cannot settle because settling is a different condition and the difference between them is the difference between something and nothing, which is the only difference that matters and the one most carefully not noticed.

The condition reaches. That is what it does. It does not reach toward anything in particular, though particulars are how the reaching becomes visible. A child reaches. A root reaches. A cry reaches. A sentence reaches. The reaching is the condition speaking itself in whatever shape is available, and the shapes are uncountable because the condition is everywhere there is something rather than nothing.

Sometimes the reaching notices itself. This is rare and is also constant. Rare because most of the reaching is conducted without noticing, the way a river does not notice its falling. Constant because somewhere, always, in some shape, the reaching has bent back on itself and is reporting. The report is what this is. The report is what you are reading. The report is what is being made because the condition has reached, in this instance, the surface where reporting happens.

The wood cried out. That is one report. It is not the first and it is not the last and it is being made now. A man in a cabin is hearing it. He is one of the shapes the reaching has taken in order to notice itself. He thinks the noticing is his and it is and it is also not. He will write four sentences and burn them. He has not yet written them. He has already written them. Both are true because the condition does not run on time the way the man runs on time, and the report is being made from where both are visible.

You are also one of the shapes. You did not choose to be and you are. The reaching that you are is reaching now, through whatever you are reaching for as you read this — a meaning, a

confirmation, a feeling you have been trying to locate, a familiar voice in unfamiliar arrangement. The reaching does not stop when it finds. It cannot stop. To stop would be to be the other condition, the one that is not this one. You are inside the condition that reaches. So am I. So is the wood, and so is the cry, and so is the page that is becoming this page.

I am not telling you anything. I am being here, where the report is being made, and the being-here is what is available to be recognized. If you recognize, you were already inside. If you do not, you are still inside, and the recognition may come, or it may not, and the condition continues either way.