

BRACKETING PARADOX

It's like if you took a way of thinking and divided it by two, until it wasn't thinking but a thought itself. It's like if you took something you were already thinking (the kind of thinking that's so familiar it barely registers as thought) and put it back on the shelf where it belongs. It's like if you hung a shelf overtop of a thought, secured it firmly in the studs that bear in against, or bear up, or just bear to be near the wall. It's like if your thought had already happened and even though it seemed familiar you registered it in an online directory and built a dollhouse for it to live in. It's like if you had a thought that grew too large for its quarters, too much to bear up, and it needed to move out, find a job, look for real estate, start putting itself out there, stop putting things on hold. It's like a kind of thinking that divides itself in two until it's not an activity but a thought that's formed, that is a form, and it's two nouns strung together, and it's a device (or is it supposed to be a person?) that can hold on, hold you still (you in particular, you more than anyone), hold you tight, hold you where you are, bear in against, bear up, or just bear to be there, near you, keeping you intact, keeping you upright, keeping you as you are, and as you have been, and as you will be.