

The maps are open - 11-9-8.
I have taken every road -
but the question is more like -
- how did they come?
what happens between the first
lung of air and that moment
when you take control
of another man's life? | when one becomes
a kind of
power-

That moment when you turn
from your own skepticism
at your face in a mirror
a window - the moment when
you see your self as the landscape sees you,
dumb redneck - to another face,
where you might dream that once

what happens when that other face
disappears beneath the water -
leaving only your there?

Every map is open but a man

11-9-8

Each time I come (again)

[To this empty ship, this open water
and summit of shore

where a bridge used to be, & in
~~where fine telescopes~~ you say, if
I hear (your question.)

It's easy to condemn, you told me,
but to condemn is to withdraw,

to stand on the shore, ~~with a telescope~~
while ^{The blunder / Edwards} Deag takes ~~him~~ to the edge
and make him jump

from the bridge
which is not here anymore.

How, you asked - how did they get there,
just right on the bridge,

with the gun and the wrong man
after all -

How does anyone get there?

The map is gone,

and there are many many many
to get here, ~~comes on the same roads -~~
~~because the same roads~~
~~in the end,~~

split/
decision

~~but they will finally arrive
like anyone~~

plate
glass-

where do you begin?
what does do you mean?

many ways to get here -
as there are to go home -

12
5
12



They believed the story
someone told -

That they were nobody -
the unknown -

They wanted to write their
names in water
or air -

11 paper

8 or 9
196

(2) (1)

16 x 24

12 x 22

Each time I come again

to this empty day, this open water
and gravel at shore where a bridge ~~to~~

Used to be - The bridge where Bin men
~~forced a sixth man, a truck driver~~
forced the truck driver to jump -

I remember your question, about the blame -
how did they get there, why
did they do it. To condemn is easy,
you see, to condemn is to withdraw.

Self-Portrait Le River

Shore, Sham, Shoving

mistaken identity -
making a choice -

Each time I come again
to the empty sky, this sound
of shore on the river's edge -
where the Tyler-Goodwin bridge
used to arch over the Alabama,
each time I think of Willie Edwards
forced to jump into the river
and the water,

I remember your question -
how did they get there, that night,
on the bridge with

when I come -

This is how I understand it
now they are gone

if we are left with the memory

is a half-memory -

almost plagiarized memory

Edwards

a D71

a Parker

~~To condemn is (to wish down), you~~
any one can condemn, you told me.
~~Who wants to condemn?~~

But to understand is to ask,
to see those who did this, who wrote
these names in history, to ask
how they came here, how
they arrived. now I've come here -

I want to say they arrived
like anyone else, they walked here,
they drove the same roads,
they might as easily have gone home,
turned on the tv and got lost
in a show, as to have come here
to watch him down -

might
have made
the
mistake

maybe carried along by a strong
wind
which is how I found my way here -

when I look down into the water,
The other there could be
another me -

There are many ways to anywhere,
and one I don't understand,
already - maybe always - being here.

To Dave Smith.

Progalise?

MCP?

or DII?

Dave Smith like

Sometimes the distance seems
almost negligible - you
could miss it in a blink -

others a few

no difference between a long

1 or more -

only one dominant - only two -

no depth

no time

or somewhere
in
Alabama?

Willie
Edwards -

distinction -
glue to