

# i like to tell stories

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We had hundreds and hundreds of phone calls, many many video chats, uncountable texts and thousands of electronic letters totaling some maybe 100,000+? words. (I again tried to count and gave up, my first estimate here was so very wrong). This was all in far far under the last two years. Yet, I only met you, saw you in person, 5 times. We stayed in 5 hotels and you were welcomed in 2 homes of those that love me and sometimes share those homes with me. You, you never invited me, to any real you.

After our 4th meeting and before our 5th, I was planning this next trip of ours, excitedly looking at maps. You know how I love maps. I was planning my drive as your car was broken and you were on the way between where I stay and where we were going to go. So finally, I asked you, what I should have never not known, directly and simply,

“What is your address?”

You said, “I live in ##### StreetName St., CityName, StateName #####”

The street address did not even match the zip code. I pretended this was all okay, even though I knew this address was not real. I still wanted to see you. See you in person. None of these calls, none of these texts, none of these electronic letters mattered anymore. Who are you, when you stand in front of me.

We would still meet just days later, not where I stay, not where you live, not in the empty lot you told me you did, but at a place almost half way between us, found as we drove towards one another. In this meeting I almost didn’t come to myself, after a photograph I had made of us this day sank in, a photograph I asked if I could make, sank in, after the good and bad of this day sank in, after the words we shared sank in, after I watched and waited for you to sleep, or pretend to, while curled up in a ball next to me, I quietly left in all that dark when I didn’t really want to. I had decided you were correct in what you told me last time I left sooner than expected, so much time before this day, you said, “You don’t even know me.” That was all I was trying to do, all along. Know you. I never learned and you never wanted me to.

When I last heard you, you said it was funny experiences mean different things to different people who were both there. The last time you wrote me, you were proud that no one you know even knows you know me. There were so many things I asked directly, that I would only learn, later, on the internet, didn’t match. These were things that weren’t what I was allowed or taught to believe, all along. All along, you knew I was wrong and you didn’t correct me, once. I learned more about you from the internet, than you ever told me, directly. There is so much more, so much more, so much more – but my heart, my mouth and my brain are tied and tied by me alone.

Months after I last saw you, I did find where you really live, from a map, on the internet and I told you so. As you long ago told me, everyone, on the internet, your small neighborhood. As you long ago showed me, everyone, on the internet, what your home looks like. As you sent me long ago, a picture of a street sign, closer than you likely even know.. All I did, was learn, to put all these things together. I learned to doubt. I learned to doubt my eyes. I learned to doubt my ears. I learned to doubt your everything. So long ago, I stopped looking, at your everything. All this meeting you has taught me, was to doubt, everything, in a world I once found very beautiful. The world on the internet and the world not. Yet, you never stopped clawing me for it, teasing me for it, using parts of my specific me only I could see, for your others, time after time and times three on your birthday and the day after. Who knows for who or for how many or for why. Know not I. Today, this day, was the day I was born and tomorrow is the day after.

What + How, Do I Pretend I Didn’t Ever, Now, Clearly See + All

I Am 1 Of 1, Whatever I Am, I Risked More Than I Had For A Chance I Didn’t, I Told You True

“I can no longer see the point in making images I cannot share.” – Me, Being Read Back To Me, By You

Read Once Again After I Made A Thousand+ Images Of You & Before I Made Thousands+ More







Turn the page.

Stand in this place of a

Dead man who was once a Living man

here. Look in the opposite direction of North.

Then turn in a circle, slowly, all the way around.

Do this until the opposite direction of North

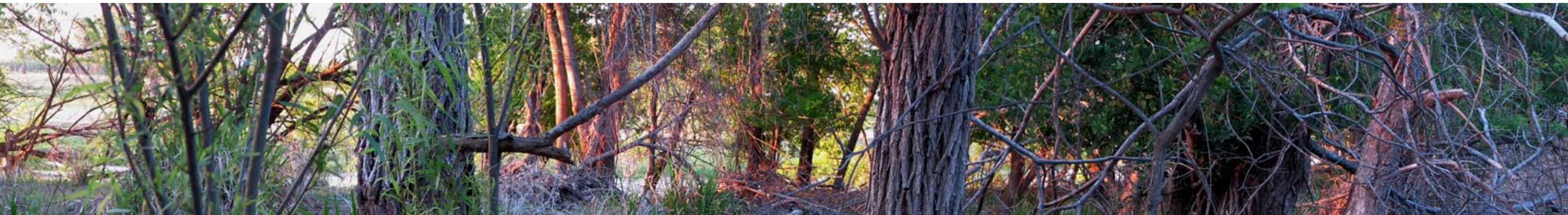
is once again the way you look.

This Is The Inside View

Of A Circle



Inside View Of A Dead Man Circle





Sun - 19 March 2011 - 15:23:38



Moon - 17 April 2011 - 21:35:49 + 21:37:12





## I Got Down Low



Late this afternoon I visited my grandmother. As I approached her door, I saw that there was a small bird directly in its nook. I could not open her door. I stepped closer, the bird tried to take flight in all its fear of me but this bird could not do so, it was broken, its wings would not work and no amount of its will would matter.

I got down low, I approached from an angle I thought induced the least panic in its heart. The bird got to the side in the leaves before I could make a difference, it would not let me close. Then it simply sat there stunned and staring at me. I took this bird's photograph.

I went inside to be with my grandmother, all my thoughts couldn't focus. My brain was filled with this bird, only this bird, there was nothing I could do; I could not will it well, I could not photograph it well, I could not tell its story well.

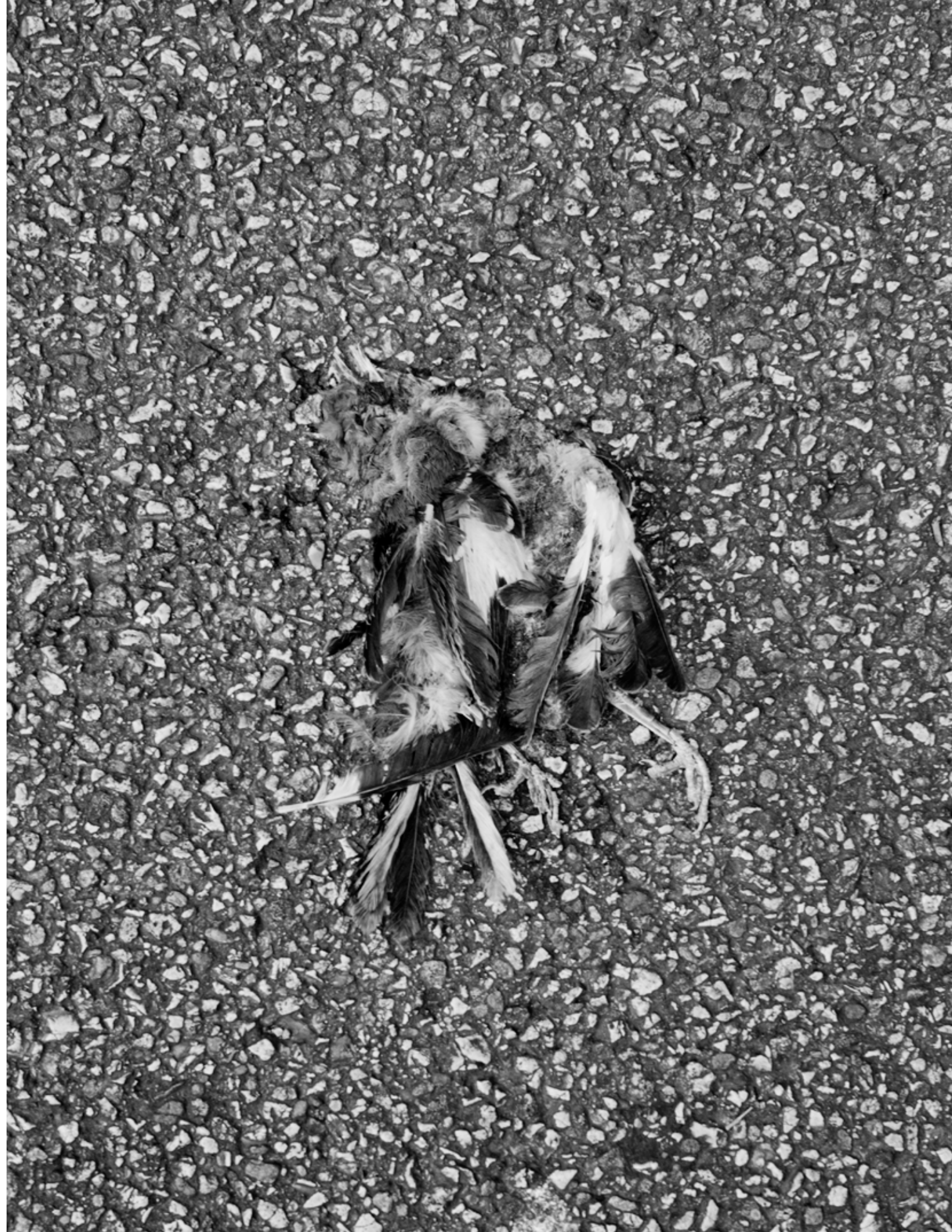
My visit was not long, minutes maybe. I stepped out the door and looked for where it had gone. In the first moments of not seeing, I felt joy. Where had it gone, had it taken flight? Then, taking a few steps, I saw a peek of feather again. There it was. Lying motionless only feet from where it had been.

I got down low, I approached from an angle I thought induced the least panic in its heart. Before I was too close I pressed my lips softly together and gently blew all the air from my lungs towards it. The leaves, the brush, the feathers, they all reacted to my air... This bird did not react to my wind, this bird was no longer stunned, this bird was no longer staring at me.

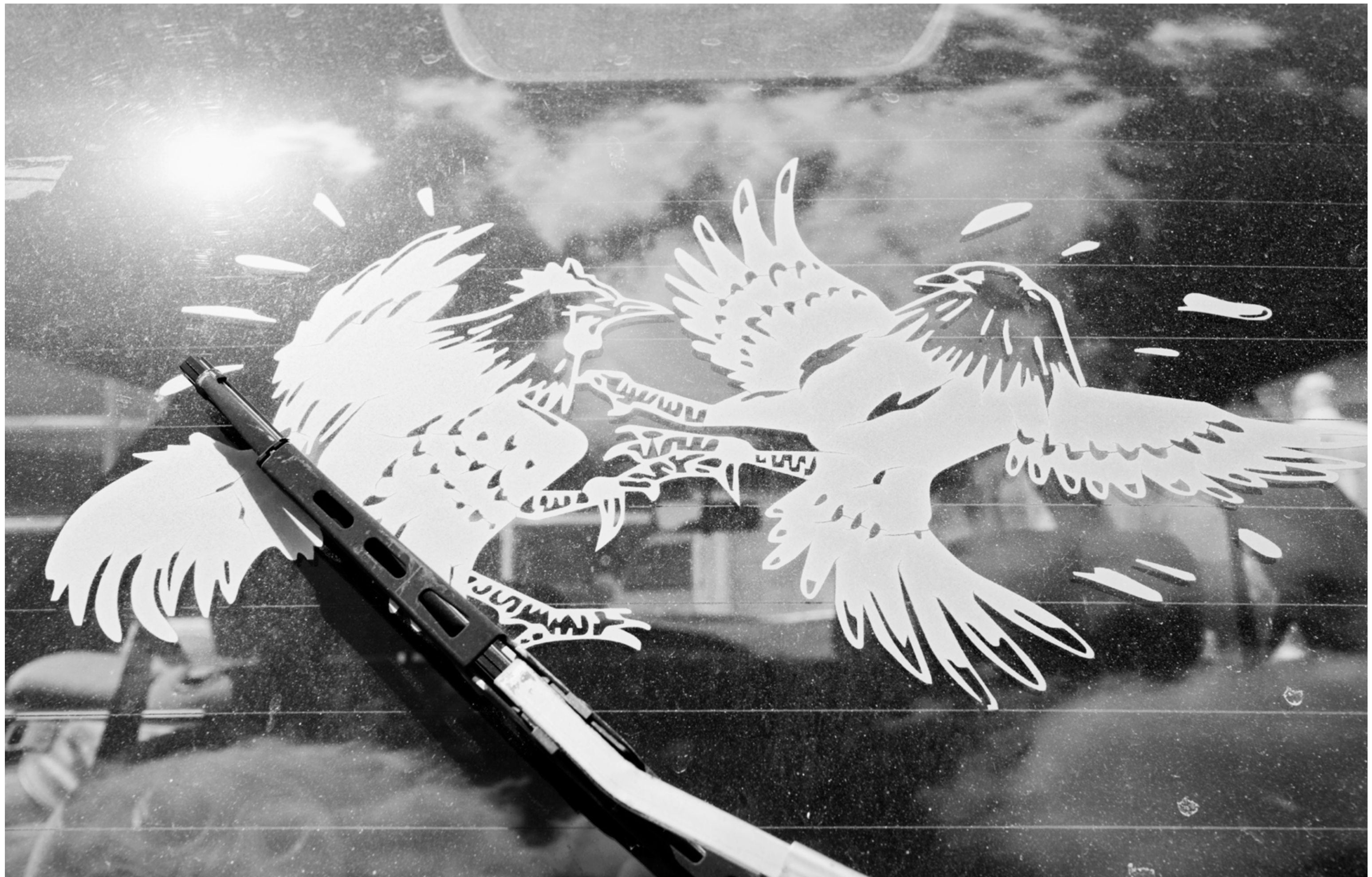
4 April 2010

The day I know I was born was the day I think you may have died.

9 May 2011













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