

by: Sense

> An open call for membranes of time, this inaugural post (amid calls for sanity) let's what exists before and after sanity be sense, and what exists before and after sense, below.

Before sense, there was the scourge – a boiling fester of acknowledgments, crowded forests, churning pools, and the sickly start of the sun.

That's all over now. We're every figured out. Go to the storm, find the eye, pick the apple, and tuck in to head home. What the hell did I read?

Just now, two sentences tore through me into your retina – a bird on your sill sings the prism of your walls and flits off. You want bird song.

But you don't want to be left with the bill. You want editor to come, give bird a story, and tear the story from under you as bird strikes window.

Sure. A story then:

I was on my way home from radical health meeting. I take off the lock. I ride away. On the path, I hand a unopened 100mg package of candy to an unhoused neighbor. Thinking about the times I would stop here and hand out my shift meal. (My house cooks my own food.)

Thinking about the day I was rushing to work, handlebars of my bike coming loose. Sagging down, like frowny face where the control goes.

I stop and hand out some soup from lunch. (I had forgotten to ask for something more substantial.) They mention my handlebars. Ask to fix it. Attempt to. Ask I step off the bike. I do so without hesitation. They sit on the bike.

And tighten the bolt. Bike is handed back, I beam. Handing them candy and my tips for the day. I ride off.

Their camp's gone. My job took my hours to zero. I'm not making rent this month. But what these words found to write this moment is this.

I know community. And it is nothing sane.

Outside of I-statements, there is not one sane sentence in me. A place for editors of dissonant times to attest to all my pieces unfit to print [ed: .] ← lives here.

So the sane may have the last word. And community can get back to happening. Let language rot. It's obviously asking for it.