

We Shall Remain Until We Don't Remain

“Don't say it hasn't been because it hasn't been....” My father would say to me just before leaving on some long or short trip; mine or his. Our experiences were different but our public understanding of the technological logistics of leave taking were the same—we understood that whatever contribution we made to each other's lives, it was sacred, it was never to be talked about, it had the requirement of humor, and the sensation of the moments of life that must be savored in spite of denying that very fact. It was a fluke of nature.

Our relationship.

Great performances cannot be celebrated except in memory.

I am joined to the memento of those moments, in the way we all our joined in the public square, watching a fountain, kicking leaves, screaming children, church bells, silence, pigeons, snow, rain, clouds, sun—the library of public moments. Open that book and if you can read it honestly, in the language it is intended, you will find yourself there and that is, after all, after all, after all...