

The Point

Traveling north for an undetermined time, (not) uncharted more apparent in some (the car ride, sudden impingement of its muteness), I find myself in Paradise. I have lived in Paradise for one, possibly two, months. The parameters of this journey remain transient, despite attention to signs. I looked at the sun for some time. Before, I came by white walls, plenty of diet coke. So the story goes.

The flies smell us. We tease them, our shoulders soft, desirable storms beneath their feet. Having left A and B behind – the trail of envisionable, measurable in width – D, Paul; followed by Mom and me, press laughing to the Pointe, squinting at its high glass eye.

Knowing this well within (my)self. Knowing the conditions of this place, I, for whom there are no surprises. In the museum. The map before Paul, a slab of dark glass on the wall; beneath (half-inch?) a second surface dots with lights. A tube glows, shaping the Pointe. The unsurprising red dot, up and to the right – north, east – to be known seventeen miles from the jut, where the ship descends. Even Paradise, with its triangles. Meanwhile, I skim the text, concentrate a climatic awareness of the sink. Presently, two parts lie beneath: an upright bow and inverted stern. Nearly equal in length: a thing snapped in half. In one corner a video repeats. Divers, black ghosts, amid

brown murk. B and Mom remain unseen, A near the entrance, careful reads each placarded text. If pictures were allowed, it would be A who took them. Logging the agreed upon evidence of this trip: descriptions stories on walls, imprint on cellulose. D diligent at his side. Characteristically, I log as well. Paul near the corner, hands in his pockets before the video display.

This sort of posture, along with a mulled squint, is one sort of obvious thought in Paul. In confronting Paul's profile, encounters a statue of Paul, gaze into a corner. Beautiful things I don't know where he puts. Other eyes: postcards – the overheard half, to wistful end. Hearing It really is gorgeous, with the rocks, and water rougher. Such an austere beauty.

He puts them away.

The forests, too, evergreens so dark, and lush.

There is something in their hooded upright, I admit. I care less for this walking. Paul reaching a thick arm to lean on a trunk; a trade has been struck. In October the extension lying dormant, I look out the window at those randomly across my designated square. The cast sunlight silver, edges; a corner of parking lot mine. Back then I found Paradise temporary. I stayed my allotted time and back to silence. Paul having left. Or,

as I look, leaves. It all seems more or less natural. In agreement, I stop talking, look when I could. Such as out my window, at evergreen in light so white as smoke.

Here are the conditions, uncontinuous more or less: Surrounded by so much nothing, a person could go nuts. Population explained as such. Most move rhythmically, good ear tuned to a single static. The sap tasted uncaught in my mouth, I imagine in our more mundane. Paul removes a black cap to wipe an illusion.

“Ain’t no place but this place so this must be the place,” the sign when we arrived (A took a picture). Lake lost in a careless flip. Over the bridge, I caught a splintered billboard for the Mystery Spot.

The Mystery no surprise, nor the only of its kind. Such it is things repeat. Learning this long within (my)self. Things merit interest by virtue of being what they might, more than they are. Imagine walking up the wall, slanted. Standing straight and crooked. The guide a nice kid reminds me of one part of (my)self. Taking turns. Prompting before explaining, demonstrating the marble askew. It feels lower, trees tower unseen over heads. Also regular breaking in on gravity. Our guide distracts himself, all ears; we catch each other’s eye.

I digress. This story is, after all, Paradise. Paradise is no mystery; right here. We four move blinded – brown eyes, unanimous, the effect of so much blue even with trees to filter. Of course they are open. Like the glass over a compass dial. That’s what it does – to us, I might say. Coming north each year. Our needles stuck it.

We’re the only ones on this peninsula. Implied horizon sends it back.

We wouldn’t have brought A and B, we imagined they might be accepted. Two cars, many pictures – no expectation, imagine a foam gavel under which impish moles pop. Some coupling as a result. Mom pounds to B when Paul (with D) fails to make the motel. Left in our ensuing audit, we lend afternoon too close. Accusations bounce.

Here are some, in black on a white placard:

1. waves picked up both ends, middle (ore) unheld. Ship sank.
2. Faulty hatch covers.
3. ...did not fasten clamps (series) to hold heavy taconite. Pellets shift.
4. Three huge waves (detected by radar); Three Sisters.
5. Wave between two swells. Snap her in half.

The theories continue, tending toward vagueness, until Human Error loses out barely to Unforeseeable Catastrophe. We agree some verdict ought to be reached. Once a decided vessel.

To this end, Paul visits soon after my return. I attest to Paradise, as Paul will to dilated pupils and an off-tune. Walking in, might constitute a surprise. Seeking to incorporate this into (my)self. In the course of our conversation, two parts glow right through the waves, one inverted, one upright. We have a hard enough time looking one another in the eye.

He takes care of sorry (her). I haven't allowed him run to speak. Can still see the evergreens. Where sap runs – could've been our truest. The lake alleviates to sound.

“You fail to adhere,” I silence. “It is only that Paul has found a way to eliminate faults. These waves you crash around, that thought does not follow. Empathy is a burden— have you seen Paul falter? Fault him properly (he still makes mistakes).”

Things continue ad hoc. Mom and B (or was it A?) reappear and Paul (with D) slows up. To silence, more or less. This time, misplacing the lake. This time, turn around. This time without an appropriate. This time sap too thick.

Flies cover Paul's back. A and B will sit in a restaurant until last, exhausted by the nearness of space. "Admire this: a man has developed the foresight to miss them."

Day unhinged, Paul calls a vote.

Our guide nods.