

ZEROING IN ON  
A SENSE OF INTIMATE KNOWLEDGE

Kit Robinson, Train I Ride, BookThug, 2009

Thanks for the chance to ponder.

Small striations of perception (but bold as that) mixed with their concomitant thoughts (their thinkings). The reader is made a part of this process by its very simplicity / and held there (happily) by the same.

It's a meditative cluster of words / slightly super-natural – a way of being in the world while remaining of it (at once).

Occasionally Kit registers as that person (Kit) –

There is nothing I would point to.

...

I was born at night, but not last night.

...

This isn't about me.

– but most often here the author is a thinking-seeing-being / such that it is written with authority / and such that anyone can read what is written (can read and know (know (can read and know))).

The book re-imagines itself as it goes along (re-thinks itself) –

Imagine letters breaking the boundaries of words, imagine words breaking open their envelopes, never to be the same. Broadly speaking into an eventually undifferentiated state.

This is a thinking writing. It thinks on its feet.

Such that it is a book about reading-and-writing / who does what / and how the whole thing gets to be something (time-and-again).

The sound of car doors closing and voices from the street. An engine starts up, revving to pull away. Down to the corner and gone. In the silence that follows, train whistle sounds. Who listens? Then jet noise over head. Who stays behind to report? And who, in some other time and place, quietly waits to hear word?

...

Reading and writing are more or less the same thing.

...

If you are living your life, are you writing your life?

...

Writing goes its own way. *You* have to supply the synthesis.

...

A rhythm of speech that moves from heart to heart.

It's a circadian form of thought (I feel) / it follows the natural rhythms of the day in making its own. It is obedient to the natural stretch of the imagination. It has a body of its own / a mind of its own / and it feels. And it keeps coming forward to tell us this. That it is its own gentle reminder.

At the same time the book could be read as a novel / certainly what happens in it (through it) is new - and trains recur (come-and-go) / an attention to sound dominates equal with sight / there is the thinking-sensing-being (a character (if ever there was one)) / attention to themes (writing-reading / time / getting older) recur (and remind us that we're reading a-thing). Even words bear repeating (as senses of things do) - *Houses at angles* reminds us of *falling forward, slantwise, at the angle described by a comma* and *I get an angle on* / and *The foam collects at the top, the lip, the neck of the bottle* brings back *Language clothes us in a foam*. - just like they (just like the words) do all day / every day.

And always the reminder (too) that any word means a multitude of things (no matter where it is).

It's a book (then) of ruminations / but not-so-much-heavily as satisfyingly grounded in the every day (the almost-every-day). In that context thoughts don't so much occur / as incur (by which I mean that they're as unavoidable (as much a sensation) as all-the-rest). We're left holding

nothing (really) – Kit’s book is through with us /  
but we’re not through with it.

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