

Un End

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&fade to white. It's over. That's it. There's no more to tell. That was the last tale I've care to weave. Preconsequently, what your eyes indulge upon now are my first truly coherent words. Holed up in a small corner of this wet world in the early edge of times, I, as all come to learn, thought it best to begin with the end. Given this precarious preposition, any sense of closure must be found in what has already come for you and remains ahead of me. Hence, in order to permit trusty time to recur, let us lace our stories together, let our threads cross and fold back around. You, who have gripped with happy hand the trails behind, and me, so sent to set them ahead. Let us trade places so to speak, so that we might both embark on the journey ahead together. As before, but longer alone: we, along the river, run.

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