Thoughts on the “Concrete”

Proximity—spatial, temporal, and sensory—remains the only source from which I draw concreteness. And concreteness is what sustains me. I cook and I become concretely attached to the gustatory concreteness that prompts me to cook again; dwelling in the same space with □□, where our rhythms of breath gradually align, makes me concretely, emotionally tethered to her. But drawing the same concreteness from the past is still so difficult, if not impossible: even the most vivid, most precious memories—perhaps mapping onto what Woolf calls “moments of being”—resist effortless surfacing; they must be summoned forth, demanded upon rather than appearing spontaneously.

It’s sad to learn that memory is never as strong as the present (at least for me)—call it irresponsibility, call it forgetfulness, call it amnesia if you wish—I’m not unapologetic about it but I also don’t know what to feel about it.



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