

TRY 14

“How does the invading single strand rapidly sample a DNA duplex for a complementary sequence?”

Knows and knowing conflate into this juxtaposition. Time is thrown away. The sequences are jettisoned as they're manhandled until an arrest is made. The invading strand knows and the complementary strand is knowing as it waits to be rapidly sifted for an interrogatory smile. Then the invasion begins. Recognition is just a prefix. Something happens the outcome of which is manifestly uncertain. The constructs will be adjudicated in time and space and given a new name, the offspring in this indecent drama begun by the parents seized by death and fighting for a way out. It'll be a loner, this offspring of this invading sequence matched to a counterpart known to it and about to relinquish its patrimony to another in a molecular prayer for survival. Defabrication time then. Let its hold on space come apart and drift to its imperious resolutions in the hands of another who throws itself in the other's face. Nothing is known then. Timelessness greets time in a surrender where words come apart and the truth is found in a silent hold and a knowing abjection. Dust meets dust and both are given up as the door is closed and opened. Too much truth and things come apart. Nothing's more broken. The other knows and the self has lost its hold. If you want the truth you'll have to give up completely and this lost hold on truth is complete. It knows nothing then. Can't tell the self from the other or anything then. A child could sort this out. Just turn away and find something else to think about. The world is rich in distractions and that's where we're going. There is no path now. Anywhere but here. "Nothing begets nothing." But not here.