

This is an epigraph, a writing-on. There will be no title. There will be no body. But somebody will be on it; like a kettle of water hot through a hole, closed is a sign we know a person put there. It is open sometimes. It is known that nobody knows anything but what each thinks. It is known that thinking is a thin king. It is known we are in space because each thinks we are riding on it. It is not known what *because* means, or *it*, or how much space must be counted. It is said the exception proves the rule has teeth. The exception tests the teeth, the first inscription may be. (The rule was thought straight but Albert Einstein bent it.) ((Distracted by his first name? Did it seem overcomplete? Someone asked what fame meant and someone answered, that.)) What is a proof-test but an aloof portmanteau? Is it to light the spirit / writhing on purpose? Fire is thought to be prescience and post, a home for bones and letters, a scrivening for closure. Andrew Joron said: All is all exception.