

She Got Up

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THE PHYSIOCRATS
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“Any thing may produce any thing.”

—*David Hume*

PROLOGUE: Forms

1.

IF SHE COULD WRITE ABOUT IT, maybe she would come to an understanding. But she couldn't write about it. So she would write about something else. What was something else?

She was almost forty. That was a fact but it felt like more than a fact. It felt like a sentence. She would write it.

She was almost forty. Or pushing forty, as she remembered her father saying when he probably was. Pushing it. Where? Away. As if.

Death was happening; it seemed to surround her. Must be the moon, she thought, but then the moon would change, and death remained. People decide to die every day. Many of the ones she heard about were celebrities. Some were people known by people she knew; some were her friends. Most were around forty, give or take.

2.

It wasn't a big thing, this thing that happened, that she made happen. It didn't so much happen to her as at her, around her; it permeated. It was a death that didn't announce itself as such.

She walked for blocks and blocks, for miles of city streets, and sometimes country roads. She walked for blocks and blocks, for miles of city streets and sometimes country roads, just thinking about it, turning it over in her head. She felt sick with vertigo, her body spun around her mind, which always got stuck in the same place. She tried to trick it by gazing out: out at the country road lined with unfamiliar mushrooms, out at the city street and its dirty dreams. She recognized the dreamers like she recognized her own scratched skin; intensity came at a cost. She could strike that out but she doesn't.

3.

Often she had occasion to hear out others, friends and acquaintances who wore their intensity on their sleeves. She nodded and hummed, offered dispassionate advice with an expression perfectly pitched between temperance and compassion. She was a good listener. Some-