Excerpt from Ana Patova Crosses a Bridge

The object world bowed and slept and grew enormous as something completely without space, as a container without volume, lightless, soundless, and did this inside a world even larger and more obscure than itself, a world we were walking through, which no one knew what to call (other than “old”) and no one understood the dimensions of but which was ours, this grid that had been touched by a circle, these noisy, impenetrable doors. We had been walking for hours, looking for a happening, a boundary event that would put an end to the crisis, not an extraordinary occurrence—some magical intervention—but a small act out of a cabinet of everyday acts that we’d witnessed numerous times and never noticed and never saw the way through. We thought it would be a speech act, so began to look for instances where we might chance upon bodies in unconscious speech: we looked through people’s windows. But windows looked into houses whose structures were no longer reliable. It had become impossible to say that you were contained, to say “hello, the house,” as you once had. The object world, we noted, was drawn on by shadows.

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