

Hum

Why are these two pages empty? This thought is not occurring as I write, nor was it particularly potent before writing this; I seem to be filling these lines based on this premise merely because I need to write. And want to write. However what I am now aware of, that I certainly wasn't, nor could have been before, is that I appear to be writing smaller and more compact than usual. More than this – I am taking great care in doing so. Something about being limited to two pages, and perhaps having more to say than I initially envisaged, has forced me into this unaccustomed act. Is it a statement pertaining to a new-found optimism that I am more concerned with running out of space, than with filling it?

As I reflect on that last thought, sipping (YES, SIPPING: ££) on a glass of wine, alone in a bar in Covent Garden, at a table fit-for-four, I must conclude – oh, and with Heidegger sprawled ostentatiously at my side – I must conclude that:

Pissing into the wind is largely useless.

That conclusion, as you can clearly see, has occupied far more page-space than is prudent given the circumstances. And so it was in my thoughts: awkwardly lodged between a desire to write, and another not to procrastinate. Alas, I have failed. This leaves me with four and a half lines (now three and a half) to negotiate that poetic and spatial culmination to this 'Hum'. And yet now – can of worms for table 2 – all I can think is:

Why is pissing into the wind LARGELY, and not TOTALLY useless?