

The gap between redundancy and repetition is the space of agency.
(Judith Butler, *Excitable Speech*)

So you sit for five or ten seconds and you see that you're not that. You are just this awareness. Then you sit for a little bit longer, and maybe your thoughts slow down a little and you can sort of watch how they're working. And you see that what's happening in your head is that thoughts appear out of nowhere...

But that's what the Zen people call empty mind.

It's just perception, perception, perception. No logic. No reason. No thought process. Hence, it's a kind of meditative practice.

("An Ethics of Wild Mind" interview with David Hinton)

ONE PERCEPTION MUST IMMEDIATELY AND DIRECTLY LEAD TO A FURTHER PERCEPTION

Let me put it baldly. The two halves are:

the HEAD, by way of the EAR, to the SYLLABLE
the HEART, by way of the BREATH, to the LINE

I am dogmatic, that the head shows in the syllable. The dance of the intellect is there, among them, prose or verse. Consider the best minds you know in this here business: where does the head show, is it not, precise, here, in the swift currents of the syllable? can't you tell a brain when you see what it does, just there? It is true, what the master says he picked up from Confusion: all the thots men are capable of can be entered on the back of a postage stamp. So, is it not the PLAY of a mind we are after, is not that that shows whether a mind is there at all?

(Charles Olson, "Projective Verse")

Each syllable of the poem, if we keep alive each sound in the sounding of the whole, is such a stricture — just the sound it is — that proves in the movement of the poem to be a liberation...

concrete immediacy of the poem: ...I compose by the tone leading of the vowels, the vowels are notes of a scale, in which breaths move, and these soundings of spirit upon which the form of the poem depends are not constant

(Robert Duncan, *The Truth and Life of Myth*)

by putting a tiny object into it
a syllable is a suggestion
is the beginning of inclusion

(Lyn Hejinian, *Writing as an Aid to Memory*)

beholden: a poem as long as the river

Listen – on my way to get a pail of water down by the
creek buhdum, buhdum, Columbia River starts
humming its invisible Kootenay *qi* path breathing
what exists through itself is called *as is* meaning