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Dust and the Rectangle

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A short book
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Dust and the Rectangle is a short book about dust on a rectangle. It was made to be read in one sitting, then put back. The sentences stay with the glassine sleeve and the late day. They do not wander off into a story they cannot pay for.

I read the page the next day in a different late day. The dust on a rectangle had settled. It looked less like an event and more like a fact. Facts are easier to credit and harder to decorate. I prefer them.

I went back to the shelf in the late day. The glassine sleeve was where I had left it. What I had come to see was dust on a rectangle, and it had not agreed to be simple. I set the cloth down and did not pick it up again until I had looked long enough.

If you license the file, you are not buying the shelf. You are buying a described use of dust on a rectangle, for a term, in a territory, in writing. The watermark on this preview is the reminder that the looking is not the license. The glassine sleeve goes on being itself after the agreement ends.

A record of dust on a rectangle is not the thing itself. The glassine sleeve took the light and gave a duller light back. From the shelf I could measure the band with a hand, then with the cloth, and the two measures did not match. I kept the second measure. The first one had too much of me in it.

I numbered nothing. A date would come later, on a catalog card, but the late day inside the work is not a clock time. The cloth has no opinion about dates. The glassine sleeve only shows that the mark was made, and that it was allowed to remain.

The late day made the shelf smaller. On the glassine sleeve, dust on a rectangle held still, which is not the same as being

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finished. I could hear the vent and, under it, nothing that needed a name. The cloth waited. Most of the work was in the waiting.

Later the late day changed and the color cooled. I did not correct the glassine sleeve. Correction would have been a different book. The cloth left a trace at the edge, thin enough to miss if you were only passing. The vent filled the pause, and the pause was part of the page.

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What I left out was larger than what I put in. The shelf had corners I did not describe, and a window I refused to make into a view. On the glassine sleeve, dust on a rectangle stayed inside its own edges. That refusal is the subject, as much as the color is.

Close the book and the shelf does not travel with you. What travels is the sequence: the glassine sleeve, the cloth, the decision to stop. The vent will be different wherever this file is opened. The rights in the file stay where they were.

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There is a kind of attention that starts only after the late day. In the shelf I kept the glassine sleeve clear so dust on a rectangle would have somewhere to sit. The vent came and went. I did not turn toward it. When I finally used the cloth, the mark was smaller than the decision to make it.

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I looked again at the glassine sleeve. The dust on a rectangle was still there, neither better nor worse. The cloth had done what it can do, which is very little, and enough. Outside, the late day continued without needing a sentence.

A margin is also a decision. I left one, then widened it, then stopped before the glassine sleeve became only frame. Dust on a rectangle stayed in the middle, where I could find it again.

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Someone will ask what the picture is of. It is of dust on a rectangle, and of the time it took to leave it alone. The shelf is not in the file. The attention is.

I copied one sentence into the catalog note and deleted it. The note only needs the title, the date, and the fact that the rights are reserved. The paragraph can live here.

The the vent changed pitch. I did not rewrite the page to match it. A book that chases the room never gets out of the room.

On the second reading the dust on a rectangle looked plainer. Plain is not a defect. It is how a field survives being looked at twice.

I set the cloth parallel to the edge and did not draw. The alignment was the note. The glassine sleeve recorded nothing, which I then had to write down in words.

If the use is small, the license is still a written one. Scale is not a substitute for permission. The dust on a rectangle does not become free because the file is a preview.

I looked again at the glassine sleeve. The dust on a rectangle was still there, neither better nor worse. The cloth had done what it can do, which is very little, and enough. Outside, the late day continued without needing a sentence.

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