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Evening, Unnumbered

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A short book

BM-2019-808

2019

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Evening, Unnumbered is a short book about an unnumbered evening. It was made to be read in one sitting, then put back. The sentences stay with the proof on the step and the blue hour. They do not wander off into a story they cannot pay for.

The blue hour made the stair smaller. On the proof on the step, an unnumbered evening held still, which is not the same as being finished. I could hear a door and, under it, nothing that needed a name. The soft pencil waited. Most of the work was in the waiting.

A record of an unnumbered evening is not the thing itself. The proof on the step took the light and gave a duller light back. From the stair I could measure the band with a hand, then with the soft pencil, 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 blue hour inside the work is not a clock time. The soft pencil has no opinion about dates. The proof on the step only shows that the mark was made, and that it was allowed to remain.

Later the blue hour changed and the color cooled. I did not correct the proof on the step. Correction would have been a different book. The soft pencil left a trace at the edge, thin enough to miss if you were only passing. A door filled the pause, and the pause was part of the page.

If you license the file, you are not buying the stair. You are buying a described use of an unnumbered evening, for a term, in a territory, in writing. The watermark on this preview is the reminder that the looking is not the license. The proof on the step goes on being itself after the agreement ends.

Close the book and the stair does not travel with you. What

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travels is the sequence: the proof on the step, the soft pencil, the decision to stop. A door will be different wherever this file is opened. The rights in the file stay where they were.

What I left out was larger than what I put in. The stair had corners I did not describe, and a window I refused to make into a view. On the proof on the step, an unnumbered evening stayed inside its own edges. That refusal is the subject, as much as the color is.

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I read the page the next day in a different blue hour. The an unnumbered evening 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 stair in the blue hour. The proof on the step was where I had left it. What I had come to see was an unnumbered evening, and it had not agreed to be simple. I set the soft pencil down and did not pick it up again until I had looked long enough.

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There is a kind of attention that starts only after the blue hour. In the stair I kept the proof on the step clear so an unnumbered evening would have somewhere to sit. A door came and went. I did not turn toward it. When I finally used the soft pencil, the mark was smaller than the decision to make it.

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I looked again at the proof on the step. The an unnumbered evening was still there, neither better nor worse. The soft pencil had done what it can do, which is very little, and enough. Outside, the blue hour continued without needing a sentence.

A margin is also a decision. I left one, then widened it, then stopped before the proof on the step became only frame. An unnumbered evening stayed in the middle, where I could find it

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again.

Someone will ask what the picture is of. It is of an unnumbered evening, and of the time it took to leave it alone. The stair 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 a door 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 an unnumbered evening looked plainer. Plain is not a defect. It is how a field survives being looked at twice.

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I set the soft pencil parallel to the edge and did not draw. The alignment was the note. The proof on the step 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 an unnumbered evening does not become free because the file is a preview.

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