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# *Gray Weather*

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A short book

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Gray Weather is a short book about gray weather. It was made to be read in one sitting, then put back. The sentences stay with the wrapped portfolio and the overcast noon. They do not wander off into a story they cannot pay for.

If you license the file, you are not buying the loading dock. You are buying a described use of gray weather, for a term, in a territory, in writing. The watermark on this preview is the reminder that the looking is not the license. The wrapped portfolio goes on being itself after the agreement ends.

The overcast noon made the loading dock smaller. On the wrapped portfolio, gray weather held still, which is not the same as being finished. I could hear rain and, under it, nothing that needed a name. The marker waited. Most of the work was in the waiting.

I went back to the loading dock in the overcast noon. The wrapped portfolio was where I had left it. What I had come to see was gray weather, and it had not agreed to be simple. I set the marker down and did not pick it up again until I had looked long enough.

I numbered nothing. A date would come later, on a catalog card, but the overcast noon inside the work is not a clock time. The marker has no opinion about dates. The wrapped portfolio only shows that the mark was made, and that it was allowed to remain.

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I read the page the next day in a different overcast noon. The gray weather 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.

There is a kind of attention that starts only after the overcast noon. In the loading dock I kept the wrapped portfolio clear so gray weather would have somewhere to sit. Rain came and went. I

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did not turn toward it. When I finally used the marker, the mark was smaller than the decision to make it.

A record of gray weather is not the thing itself. The wrapped portfolio took the light and gave a duller light back. From the loading dock I could measure the band with a hand, then with the marker, and the two measures did not match. I kept the second measure. The first one had too much of me in it.

Close the book and the loading dock does not travel with you. What travels is the sequence: the wrapped portfolio, the marker, the decision to stop. Rain will be different wherever this file is opened. The rights in the file stay where they were.

Later the overcast noon changed and the color cooled. I did not correct the wrapped portfolio. Correction would have been a different book. The marker left a trace at the edge, thin enough to miss if you were only passing. Rain filled the pause, and the pause was part of the page.

What I left out was larger than what I put in. The loading dock had corners I did not describe, and a window I refused to make into a view. On the wrapped portfolio, gray weather stayed inside its own edges. That refusal is the subject, as much as the color is.

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I looked again at the wrapped portfolio. The gray weather was still there, neither better nor worse. The marker had done what it can do, which is very little, and enough. Outside, the overcast noon continued without needing a sentence.

A margin is also a decision. I left one, then widened it, then stopped before the wrapped portfolio became only frame. Gray weather 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 gray weather, and of the time it took to leave it alone. The loading dock 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 rain 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 gray weather looked plainer. Plain is not a defect. It is how a field survives being looked at twice.

I set the marker parallel to the edge and did not draw. The alignment was the note. The wrapped portfolio 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 gray weather does not become free because the file is a preview.

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