

James B. Nicola

Black Holes II

To do what you have never done may not be easy, but I think that it is not unthinkable. To think a thing does not mean doing it, though. And I've been taught not to think. But the unthinkable is not unconscionable, I am thinking, not unless we are what I am trying not to be, the product of others, and not ourselves. Are you like me? See, we did not have show-and-tell in my day. We did not do oral reports. These two things were not about what could be tested, so were not in the curriculum; and what did not provide data through black dots, we did not learn. So I'm great at filling forms, but not at what comes next. My education's not a lot of help when I feel I do not exist except from dot to dot. That's not atypical. Yet if the form is not me, am I no-one then? Or am I not more than black holes of data? I know not. And I so want to think what I have not thought before. You, for one, though I have not the least idea if you exist or not; I've only seen your form. One that seems — not unlike mine! At this point, though, I do not know what to do; just think that it would not be such a bad idea to meet. Or not . . .