

## Causes

*Peter J. King*

"We cannot compare a process with 'the passage of time' - there is no such thing - but only with another process"

(Wittgenstein, *Tractatus* 6.3611)

1.

The surface gleams dully; I can  
smell faint sharpness where the  
fluids linger and the thin card  
curls, is sticky still.  
It's smooth and slightly cool;  
it has to be held flat  
against the page.

2.

It is a fragment. Of dimensions  
two remain (a third sustains  
the image, and the fourth is frozen).  
Replacing memory – restoring, or  
the bringing into being of  
what would otherwise have no  
existence – one particle of flow,  
a harmony alone.

3.

The gleam of sun upon your skin  
caught, shuttered, held and  
now transformed; the salt of  
silver blackened, scarred, and  
later squeezed through prisms onto  
thin and slightly sticky card.

4.

It serves to move me from  
one frame into another.  
There is rarely any reason  
for the choice of moments —  
there is rarely any  
choice, in fact.  
I steal your scattered  
instants for my future use;  
I search them out when  
instants never seem enough.