The swirl of words: all borrowing, all refrain. When will they open the door and call my name?
Any sentence scooped almost at random from any student paper as I sit reading through thirty medical memoirs hooks onto another sentence (when will they open?) and gains traction and begins to move (and call my name?) toward one big narrative. Or if it doesn’t, nevertheless it could.
Are all their separate stories a scattering (when will they call?) of simultaneities, beyond coincidence, unique, akin?
There is one story and one story only is close enough but also not quite right. Sometimes it feels as if this is the only story and then they open the door and call your name.