

More Stories!

Forum

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Try and See

by **Greg Shattenberg**

Try and see. An idea stares back. A block stares back. A flowered block, an image I would never choose. A flowered print. It stares back, asking for illumination. And language. Pertinent language. No, eloquent language. No, whispers. Whispers of affirmation. To be heard through the noise. The noise of life. The noise of need. Whispers of affirmation, not to be heard, but not to be missed. They cannot be obvious. Obvious is rejected. They can only come in sideways. Through the expected, to be unexpected.

Two languages, together, not knowing each other whispering yes. Can it whisper it twice. Will there be a repeat, to go back, and not knowing what, hear the whisper again. Freshly sensed, pressed into paper, not to make noise, but to quietly go where acceptance is not an

issue. It is not about eloquence, it may be about seduction. To touch an identity not known, not reachable.

The blocks sat for years aside the desk in the basement. They were not touched. The carver separated by stairs. He knew, Dad knew they were there. Carved and left. No story, just left. They did not even whisper. I do the same with them. A next generation animates them. Animates them with a search. A search for the story. A search for the whisper. These marks and this whisper will again be left. In piles of paper. Numbered, signed and forgotten. With a whisper. Not an expectation. Not even a hope. Maybe a possibility. Buried in motivations. Buried in a wish for validation. There is a possibility of relevance. If said correctly, with the correct intonation, with the correct eloquence, with the inexplicable, which only humans can barely expose, can something be experienced. Through two generations, a whisper which continues in the hope that fate, which drives us and we drive into, can be accepted. What it does and what it does not do is immaterial, for we all must follow that sweet, seductive call of yes.

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