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Terminus

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Bergmann: Terminus

TERMINUS

F.J. Bergmann

Always include likelihoods among all the remote and impossible things you stretch toward daily—everyone needs an easy mark, a sinecure, a priest's-hole of can-do, after it turns out that you couldn't, after all, and what you were about to achieve is out to get you, written in small letters of flame on the back of your chair, which was designed for good (read excruciating) posture. Everything that looks good hurts. Think of that as the Little Mermaid's Law. I'm unable to end myself, but I secretly admire those who do. Such resolve! Such strength of purpose! To set aside love, just like that. And they always end up with some kind of "personal representative" who will explain exactly what they were going through, what they were thinking. Where they are going. He has a map, only slightly out of date, and his modest skills in the Black Arts are helpful. Like a Swiss Army knife with some of the tools missing. Squeeze that image until you drip meaning. Sort of like a confessional, except you mug the priest and all he has in his pockets are subway tokens, and the last stations are far from the disputed border. Given that there are no limits to sadness, the cosmos has an exact metaphorical function.