

A note or you didn't look

Obviously there's the fear of failing to remember, the fear of the loss of this or that detail, the fear that you'll forget what you were shopping for. All of that is exactly what you'd expect. But the additional – the real – fear behind notebooking, the fear these fears disguise, is the fear of not having seen in the first place; and in that sense, keeping a notebook quickly becomes the act of seeing in itself. A note, or it never happened. A note, or you didn't look. So write this down before it goes: a stag's antlers imagined at the end of the garden, at the end of the day, among the browning leaves of last year's iris! Write this: sand. Write this: a lacquer box. Write this: 'Bought, contents unseen.' And this: 'Some birds viewed from a distance.' Write that their wings are as flat as planks when they turn against the sky. Write that Friday approaches and recedes but it's never where you are.

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22nd May 2025

You and me

25th April 2025

A book is a door

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