

if it was and it is

by jordan reidinger

nonchalant haunt  
004

2021

happenstance  
movement model: a  
extent: 43



correction rests beneath our breath  
income – oh – income  
lovingly, yes this is it  
hopefully it's beyond where we are now.  
can it become something more?  
are we going to be the deciding factor?  
ABSOLUTION!

downtrodden tones in the faultless ceiling  
ushering thoughts into an empty feeling  
no one noticed anything  
leaving me turned completely inside out.  
i'll understand every last disturbance  
can't help feeling like a caustic burden  
no one noticed anything  
turn the cushions upside down.

*in between us  
in between me  
count us off*

*a beginning to this entire thing.  
oh, how fucking joyful.*

TELL ME THIS AGAIN AND AGAIN

happenstance  
movement model: b  
extent: 35

I AM HOPING YOU FIND EVERYTHING YOU ARE LOOKING FOR, WHEN I SAY THIS I MEAN THAT YOU ARE FINDING IT TODAY, TOMORROW, NEXT WEEK, NEXT YEAR, YEARS FROM NOW, DECADES FROM NOW AND FAR INTO THE FUTURE. WHAT EVER THAT MAY BE, I WANT YOU TO BE A TRAINED PROFESSIONAL, NOT A MIDDLE CLASS BLOOD, BUT THERE WILL ALWAYS BE SOME DEGREE OF POWER WITH WHICH YOU BUILD THESE WORLDS AND WITHIN THOSE REALMS RESTS A KEY TO US ALL. IN THE PREVIOUS LETTER I DECLARED A RESOLUTION AND NOW I AM TAKING A STEP BACK IN HOPES OF ASKING FOR GUIDANCE FIRST. WE CAN ALWAYS SPEAK WITH ONE ANOTHER, BUT DOES THAT MEAN IT WILL BE OF USE? IS ALL CONVERSATION GOOD CONVERSATION? IS GOOD CONVERSATION MEANINGFUL? FULFILLMENT.



lessons learned here  
why worry to write them down?  
i can't hate this.  
i've invited all I know.  
there's no use hiding  
there's no one to be found.  
i'm inside now  
i am.  
i know.

*imagine needing this in life.  
it's a sad realization.  
but, i do.*

happenstance  
movement model: c  
extent: 63

# PICK A SIDE NOW

the first time i thought about doing it was when i was in high school.  
the first time i thought about doing it was  
when i was in high school.

there were stories about people who had  
completed the act with great success.

sometimes i would hear about those who  
couldn't pull it off for their jeans took  
over and prevented the act from taking  
place.

sometimes i would hear about people  
who accepted the act only to make their  
lives more difficult this time around.

i would ask the question:  
"how can you live with yourself now?"

yet that would seem redundant.  
it's not like they chose for this happen.

they wanted the real outcome.  
the outcome that would have brought  
them ultimate solace.

the outcome that would have been pure.  
the outcome that would have been pure.

DISS.  
is that selfish?  
how i've wanted that outcome.

can it really be mine?  
is anything really taking place anymore?

does life continue to happen?  
is that selfish?

i hope not.



i can hold a coat for hours.  
admire as it all takes place.

try this.  
try that.

it's all anyone feels.  
it's all the same.

everyone else knows.  
not you.

to see one sight and feel so aware  
only they hear a hum.

murmur.  
i can break down so many situations.

any and all.  
i can hold a coat for hours.

be you.

*yet every night it leaves.  
i can't call anyone anymore.  
it won't let me.*

happenstance  
movement model: d  
extent: 83



**not  
found**  
document SWAN\_PULP\_FIN.png  
**try again  
please**

**ENCHANTING  
ENHANCE  
PURE  
NEW STYLE**

ex6  
a new take on pellet grilling



all this work  
all these dreams  
all these people  
all these feelings  
all existing in one room  
all these inhales  
all the exhales  
all these heartbeats  
all these tones echoed  
all these laughs  
all this nervousness  
all is welcome  
all is fine  
all is leaving  
all will leave  
all is ending  
all has ended  
all will never fade  
all has grown dull  
all can never be forgotten  
all is forgot  
all is no more  
all was just there  
all is  
all was  
hi.

*i know it's ringing there.  
i know they can hear it.*

happenstance  
movement model: e  
extent: 29



happenstance  
movement model: f  
extent: 68

helm.  
meld.  
mend.  
morph.

it is growing and growing growing and growing growing and growing  
it is taking over everything  
i'm tired of all this mold  
mold is all i see  
i'm tired of all this mold  
it is the mold

it is all we ever knew.  
goodness is lost.



most commonly answered  
invest in all things known  
create something stable  
lack any and all depth  
plan for everything  
dust is better than dirt  
distrust anyone lacking wealth  
only those with status have taste  
go against everything you feel  
become everything you see  
my dream was to be alive and aware  
my goal is to lick boots.  
i am helping someone, right?  
i am only helping myself.  
right?

*this is more about them  
than it is about myself  
if it was about myself  
and it is not  
how lucky i would be*

happenstance  
movement model: g  
extent: 129

**STARTING/ENDING  
ALL IN ONE DAY  
MY ENTIRE LIFE  
NO MATTER WHAT  
NEXT  
NOW  
THEN  
PAST  
FUTURE  
MY ENTIRE LIFE  
STARTING/ENDING  
ONE DAY  
THIS DAY**



parental control at it's finest

**NO MATTER WHAT  
TALK IS TALK  
CHEAP  
SPIT  
GIFTS ARE NOT GIFTS  
NO MATTER WHAT  
TALK IS TALK  
CHEAP  
SPIT**

**MY ENTIRE LIFE  
ALL IN ONE DAY  
STARTING/ENDING**

down the street a banana tree existed  
each fruit different in size and shape  
across from them lived my best friend  
stone lions on either side of the driveway  
we would try and feed them every day  
no biting took place.  
unthankful they must be.  
behind the banana tree existed a shelf.  
lined perfectly and color coordinated with tapes.  
every cover expressed joy and kindness.  
"you can watch whatever you want"  
down the road lived my parents.  
one sibling – 5 years older.  
they knew of the shelf.  
they knew of the banana tree.  
they knew my best friend.  
they knew me.  
how i wish those lions would've taken a bite.  
how i wish they could see.  
you can still be known by everyone.  
yet be under this banana tree.

*i can remove myself from it all  
i have and it will stay that way  
i leave it for everyone else  
i leave here for them too*

happenstance  
movement model: h  
extent: 70





happenstance  
movement model: i  
extent: 118



a single-celled growth habit  
patterns of patterns  
it is over everything we love  
it has become us

notice how everything is in color  
all stops removed from the world  
all ties broken and unamended  
this must be it.  
to everyone who is asking  
yes, i have brought you here  
led everyone by hand to this place.  
and while over the years each tale was spoke  
my voice.  
my words.  
except all that was done  
every sentence that escaped  
you found yourself within them all.  
a person you enjoyed  
a person you hated.  
a person most kind  
a person most distrusted.  
and how when those words leave  
compact and inside  
it has grown.  
bloom.  
to remove these sounds  
words and tones  
is to prove that all is better.  
well.  
balanced.  
compact and inside.  
these words leave.

i'm fucking up everything.

please and thank you.

patterns = []

*i am myself again.*

happenstance  
movement model: j  
extent: 101

all of this mold  
is killing me  
each day it's  
something new  
it's clouding all  
judgement

**eyes** yeasts  
**skin** yeasts  
**hair** yeasts  
**nails** yeasts

i am one leaf  
tree and plant  
spores; spread  
inhale  
i need to drain  
i need to  
i need

i am covered  
i am damp  
i am mold  
inhale



so many bricks  
no trees  
everything feels like skin  
there is so much money around me  
so many limbs  
everyone knows the same night sky  
it's there  
i promise  
every hand in the same pocket  
they get deeper as the road goes on  
as the pile gets taller  
more filling seeps out  
some declare joy  
they worship  
they crave  
they chew  
what is it like to taste?  
tell me everything.  
with every bite there are crumbs  
some will see them  
some will not  
some will lick the floor  
to taste  
to chew  
so many limbs  
so many piles  
no trees

*everyone was right  
let the phone ring on and on*

happenstance  
movement model: k  
extent: 78

**all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts**

**all of the truth hurts  
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all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts**

**all of the truth hurts  
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all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts  
all of the truth hurts**

**NONE OF THIS MATTERS  
NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT  
MULTIPLE stories  
MULTIPLE truths  
MULTIPLE lies  
MAKE UP AS MUCH AS YOU'D LIKE  
IF IT WERE ALL IN truth  
THEN NOTHING WOULD FEEL  
WE PLACE OURSELVES IN EVERYTHING  
THE ORIGINAL SUBJECT MEANS NOTHING  
NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE SAYS  
NONE OF THIS MATTERS  
NO MATTER HOW YOU LOOK AT IT  
IF IT WAS the truth AND IT IS  
NONE OF IT MATTERS NOW**



a tiny white square is all you need  
any pain any loss can be placed inside  
forbidden to explore the channels  
all paths – single digits.  
god forbid he sees something crass  
yet outside this tiny white square  
in front of a black curve  
a body lay long  
distorted  
exaggerated.  
beyond the circumstance at hand  
blankets and sheets  
all acts – double digits.  
for years and years and years  
good morning.  
good night.  
you can only hope for single digits.

*an ending to this entire thing.  
oh, how fucking joyful.*

question a parent's love  
always  
&  
forever  
question a parent's love

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