

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 JOB, 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.

ask the question:
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

if it was and it is

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