

If You Have Reason To Believe That You Might Be A Fictional Character

Like Borges says, libraries are labyrinths. One enters before even walking through the stacks: I look at the book of the books in the computer catalogue. I have a name, I follow the search engine, it gives me a code. The code has been assigned to the book by a theory of categorization. I follow the code like a silver fishing lure, sinking into the books.

I have the code between my finger and thumb. The code is both a name for the name of the book, and a name for the filing system. In the stacks, the automated lights take a second longer than my steps. The shelves loom in the brief darkness, before the motion sensors wake and talk with themselves. In darkness the shelves are foliage. I can't look into them; the library is a flat labyrinth.

I have the name of a name, from the book of the books, walking through alleys that have nowhere to go but back upon themselves. However, this maze does have a center—the book I need—and this center moves, is personal, is dependent on the person tapping at their lips, turning their head this way and that.

I am always becoming a fictional character. More and more frequently, I find myself waiting in the darkness, in the maze, for the light to remember itself.