

## PARALLEL VOLUMES

The only surprise of my father calling eleven times in a single evening  
is which unlisted number he'll try next.

I have made my therapist's office a kingdom of my own depravity.  
Naturally: a profound man doesn't rise; he sinks.

The vessel of my personhood fills at an intolerable rate.

To paraphrase Dionne Brand, the author is not the *only* person in this body.

We each experience three wounds in life:  
the mind, the spirit, and the body.  
In that order, if you're lucky.

My favourite book is a television program from Japan called *Neon Genesis Evangelion*.  
It's about giant robots and no matter how hard you try, you can  
never truly be known by another human being.  
Especially a parent.

But I do try. I try so hard.  
That's why I bus to my therapist's midwinter.  
I am seeking his assistance with a complex project.

I need to feel supported, validated, and acknowledged  
to survive in a society that seems to want to kill me.

In Borges' library—via Brand, again—there is a tome that contains me.  
It is the sum of every detail, thought, experience, memory,  
false memory, illusion, observation, cell, and particle.

Without the bindings of my body.

I intend to either write this book or steal it from the library.

I saw a sun as white as the moon and it terrified me, frankly.  
The last time my father called I knew better but picked up anyway.  
*Otherwise Rei will have to pilot the Eva again, Shinji.*

My father calls to talk about my poetry  
and seamlessly incorporates their lines into his paranoid delusions.  
He says to be careful what I write:  
It is a demon birthing itself through the vessel of my body.

When I was born, I did not anticipate that I would feel these sorts of feelings.

Roaming the stacks of the universal library, searching for the book of my life.

That is pretty much the entire plot of the book of my life.



My father's too.  
That's why he calls so much.

He calls because he believes if he can recite the book of his life  
over the telephone he will reach me.

The reason I am interested in writing the book of my life should now be made clear.

When you talk to a psychotic episode over the phone, you learn what theorists mean when they call language 'infinite'.  
How infinite can mean also mean *zero* or *nothing*.  
The joke reads as sad because the laughter sounds empty.  
This is what poets call dramatic irony.

When I pick up the phone to speak to my father,  
I hear infinite combinations, arranged according to a common theme:  
The doctor poisons;  
The medication sickens;  
The remedy is worse than the disease.

If I were to scrawl in the book of my own life I'd add:  
To poison the well is to not have any children.

When I secure the book of my life  
I will read it to you, reader.

Just as I'm doing now.  
Please hang up the receiver.