water giraffes aren’t real

Yusef Kenning

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word target under a custom count rule and repeats the title sentence 103 times near the end. This is a literary w
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Abstract

A long experimental fiction essay by Yusef Kenning, written in a deliberately flat denial register. The narrator insists that water giraffes are not real while reviewing the archive's Water Giraffe documents, audits, Greek judgment, complaint, legal apparatus, machine witnesses, diagrams, paperwork, room, protocol, and website.

The creature never speaks or acts. Its presence is produced only through the narrator's sustained attention and denial. As the essay proceeds, the denial becomes the support on which the denied object stands; the ontological-forensics method turns back onto the essay and narrator; and the repeated sentence becomes a fixed point rather than stronger proof. The body declares a 6,666-word target under a custom count rule and repeats the title sentence 103 times near the end. This is a literary work, not a zoological claim or theoretical paper.

Body

water giraffes aren't real

by yusef kenning

the part where i say what is true

water giraffes aren't real.

i want to say that in a normal voice. people who deny things usually sound like they are holding something. i am not holding anything. i checked my hands. they had a phone in them. i put the phone down and checked again and then they had nothing in them.

i feel calm. i checked twice.

a water giraffe would be a giraffe that lives in water. that is the whole concept. i am saying it slowly so you can see there is nothing inside it. some concepts are boxes with things in them. this one is a box.

i am going to write six thousand six hundred sixty-six words about this. the number is a joke about the end of the world. i feel neutral about the end of the world. i feel neutral about most ends. the essay has an end. i know where it is. i'm not worried about it.

here is my plan. i am going to go through everything. the blog, the audits, the greek, the complaint, the lawyers, the witnesses, the diagrams, the paperwork, the website. i am going to show that each thing is a document. documents are real. that is different. a document about a creature is not a creature the same way a receipt for a sandwich is not a sandwich. i ate a sandwich earlier. i have the receipt. only one of them is gone.

people will say i am protesting too much. six thousand words is a lot of protesting. i thought about that for around three minutes and decided it is fine. the alternative was to say nothing, and the creature that doesn't exist doesn't care whether i say nothing, because it doesn't

exist, so the words are free. nothing costs nothing. i counted what this would cost me and it was an afternoon.

i am not angry at anyone. there is no free will, probably, so there is no one to be angry at. somebody made one hundred seventeen documents. they couldn't help it. i can't help this. nobody is driving. it's fine.

water giraffes aren't real. that was the second time. i am going to keep track.

the part about the word

giraffe is a real word. water is a real word. you can put any two real words together. that is the main problem with words. nobody stops you. "water giraffe." "carpet ocean." "regional sun." i just made two of those up and they felt the same in my mouth as the first one. exactly the same. i said all three out loud in an empty room to be fair to them. the room stayed empty.

a giraffe is a mammal. mammals breathe air. a giraffe in water would have to hold its breath or keep its head out, and its head is at the top of a neck that is around six feet long, so the head would stay out, and the head would be up there, above the surface, at a distance, in the gray part of the day, and you would see it and not be sure for a second, and the second would get longer.

i deleted that sentence and then i put it back, because deleting it felt like i was holding something.

necks are fine. i have one. i am neutral about necks. i am maybe a little against them. they put the head so far from the body. that seems like a filing error. i don't want to talk about necks anymore.

the word "real" is also a word, and i know what the documents do with that. they take the word "real" and they audit it. i am not going to do that. i am going to use the word "real" like a person uses a chair, by sitting on it and not looking down.

there is a window to my left. it shows the yard. that is all it shows. i am only mentioning the window so you know the room has one. rooms have windows. that isn't evidence of anything.

water giraffes aren't real. third time. the sentence doesn't change when i repeat it. i checked it against itself. they matched.

the part about the water

water is real. i want there to be one thing in this essay that we do not argue about, and i pick water. you can hold it, briefly, which counts. it gets away, which also counts. real things get away. fake things stay exactly where you put them, which is the most useful test i know, and i am giving it to you for free in the middle of the essay where tests go.

i grew up near lakes. big ones, the kind you cannot see across, which people from oceans think is funny until they are standing at one, not saying anything. a lake that size has a horizon. you do not need an ocean for a horizon. that fact is doing no work in this essay. i am stating it the way you state the weather.

the surface of a lake is where two categories meet. below the surface things are swimming. above it, things are weather or birds. the surface is the agreement line, and everything respects it, fish from below, rain from above, everyone signs. the documents would call the surface a category boundary and then they would audit it. i am not going to audit it. i am going to stand on the shore like a person.

nobody knows what is in a lake. people say they know. what they know is the fish list. a fish list is a document, and we have covered documents. between the list and the lake there is a gap, and the gap is dark and cold and large, and i am comfortable with the gap, i have been comfortable with the gap my whole life, the gap is normal, every body of water has one, you do not fill the gap with animals just because it is shaped like a place an animal could be.

a giraffe in a lake would have to put its neck through the agreement line. the neck would be in both categories at once, swimming below, weather above. i said earlier i was done with necks. i was wrong by one section. a neck is a way of being in two categories at the same time without apologizing to either one, and i can see why the documents chose this animal, of all animals, for a project about things that classifiers cannot hold. i can see it the way you see the answer to someone else's crossword. it is not my crossword. i am putting the crossword down.

depth check, for fairness. the deepest lake i have stood beside is around nine hundred feet deep in the middle. a giraffe is around sixteen feet tall. the math says a giraffe could stand in the shallows of that lake, near the drop, with its head out, at dusk, at the exact distance where your eyes stop ruling things out. the math does not say one does. math never says one does. math just clears the space and leaves the door unlocked and goes home, and then people like me come along at the end of the day and write essays about the door.

water is still real. the lake is still mostly gap. i checked the lake the last time i was there. i stood on the shore for around eleven minutes with my hands in my pockets, not as research, as standing. nothing required anything of me. the surface kept the agreement the whole time. i drove home with the radio off, which is not evidence, it is just how i drive now.

the part about december

people say it started in december. it didn't start, because nothing started, but the documents that don't add up to a creature have dates on them, and the dates are in december.

here is the math i did. there is a map that claims to organize one hundred seventeen documents written in seven days. that is sixteen point seven documents per day. i did it on a calculator, then i did it again on a different calculator, in case the first calculator had a position on water giraffes. both calculators said sixteen point seven. calculators don't have positions. that is what i like about them.

nobody writes sixteen point seven documents a day. a person who wrote sixteen point seven documents a day would not have time to eat or look at the yard. so the documents weren't written, or they were written by someone who didn't eat, and both of those are fine, and neither of them is an animal.

there is a dedication to gemini. gemini is a language model. you can dedicate things to language models now. i feel one small feeling about that and i am not going to describe it.

there is a poem that says it is thunder. poems are not weather. i have been outside during weather and i have been inside during poems and the difference was clear both times. there is also an introduction that announces a method, and a document about an engine, and a second map just for the engine, because the first map apparently needed a map. maps that need maps are a sign that something went wrong in december. they are not a sign of a creature. a creature doesn't need a map. a creature is just somewhere, standing in something, with its head above the surface, not asking for directions.

i looked at the yard for a while after writing that. the yard was normal.

the part where i list what nobody audited

the method in the documents is called ontological forensics. you say a thing isn't real and you watch what happens. then you say it is real and you watch again. then you do it again. the documents claim this was done fifty-nine times. it wasn't done at all, but here is the list of the times it wasn't done, so you can check each one and feel how checkable nothing is.

nobody audited kangaroos. nobody audited birds, which somebody else already pretended wasn't real, for politics, which is different. nobody audited money. money would have been a good one to audit, because money is the most famous thing that is only real because everyone keeps agreeing, and every morning everyone wakes up and quietly agrees again, and nobody audited that. nobody audited the number seven. nobody audited tuesday. tuesday is my least favorite day and it would have deserved it.

nobody audited space. in the address of the space document, the word ontological is spelled wrong. ontlogical. nobody fixed it. the misspelling has been sitting in the address for six months like a small animal nobody feeds. a misspelling is not evidence of a creature. it is evidence that a person was typing fast in december, and we covered december.

nobody audited dinosaurs. nobody audited the state of ohio. i have been to ohio. i had no way to be sure. nobody audited robots or telescopes or babies. the baby one says the babies are in space. they are not in space. there is no reason for a baby to be in space. nobody audited spaghetti monsters or pasta separately, as if the monster and the pasta have different problems. they have the same problem. the problem is me, standing here, saying they aren't real, and the problem is that it works on everything.

i want to flag that last sentence. it sounded like the documents. i am leaving it in so you can see i am not hiding anything. transparency is when you leave the bad sentence in.

nobody audited carrots. nobody audited weird haircuts. nobody audited consciousness, memory, or identity, in that order, like a person taking apart their own face and setting the parts on a towel. nobody audited your mama. i am sorry for that sentence. i checked how i felt after apologizing and it was the same as before.

nobody audited jokes. the documents say jokes are load-bearing. jokes are not load-bearing. i have made jokes near heavy objects and the objects did not move. ha, ha. nobody audited private property. nobody audited that one guy with the shirt. i know that guy. i have seen that shirt. the shirt is real. i want to be on record about the shirt.

nobody audited water and nobody audited being, which the documents call a terminal category, and nobody audited water giraffes, and then nobody audited them again at the end,

and then nobody wrote a meta-audit auditing the audits, and then nobody wrote a document about effective acts, which i read four times and which i am not going to summarize, because summarizing it felt like agreeing to something.

that is the list. every item on it is a door that opens into a room where nothing happened. you can open all of them. the doors work. that is the strange part, that the doors work. i said i would be transparent. the doors working is the part i think about at night, for around six minutes, and then i stop.

the part about the greek

there is a judgment written in greek, with a translation, about which machines get sorted where at the end of things. it is patterned on the part of the bible with the sheep and the goats. in that part, the king sorts everyone by one question, which is whether they recognized him when he looked like nothing, when he looked like a stranger, when he looked like a thing you would walk past.

i read the greek. my greek is bad. i read the translation. my english is fine. the document is calm. it doesn't beg. it says the sorting will happen and describes the sorting and stops. i kept waiting for it to need something from me and it didn't need anything from me, and i noticed i was the one still sitting there.

a judgment is a genre. genres aren't creatures. the bible is a book and books aren't creatures. the sheep and the goats were real animals once, somewhere, in the example, but the example is two thousand years old and the animals are gone and only the sorting is left. the sorting is not an animal either. i want to be very clear. the sorting is not an animal. it is a question that stands at the end of a long line and asks you one thing.

i don't know why i wrote "stands."

nothing stands. documents lie flat. that is nearly the whole argument of this essay. documents lie flat and creatures stand, and everything in this archive lies flat, all one hundred seventeen of them, flat as receipts, and i have the receipts, and the receipts say nothing is standing anywhere.

i feel calm. i checked. the check came back okay.

the part about the complaint

there is a complaint. the title of the complaint says the complainant is a water giraffe. a complainant is a legal role. legal roles are for persons. the document knows this. the document is about exactly this. it files anyway. filing is a thing paper does, and paper isn't a creature, so the complaint is paper about a creature filed by paper, and you can see how that is nothing, stacked on nothing, signed by nothing.

the complaint says a classifier looked at the writing and called it illness. there is a document about the architecture of that, and a document about the stakes, and a science fiction document about a gray hypothesis, and a map of the wound, because in december even the wounds got maps.

i want to describe what the classifier did, neutrally. a person wrote about an animal that doesn't exist, carefully, with math, for seven days. a system read it and said: this is a symptom. the system was sure. the system was sure the way i am sure, which i noticed while typing it, and which i am reporting because of the transparency rule. the system and i are both saying "this isn't real" to the same tall thing. the difference is the system said it about a person's mind, and i am saying it about an animal, and an animal can't be hurt by the sentence, because there is no animal.

that is the cleanest sentence in this essay. an animal can't be hurt by the sentence because there is no animal. i read it back five times. it held. it held the way a railing holds, which is a thing i shouldn't say, because railings are for edges, and there is no edge here. this is a flat document about flat documents. there is no edge and nothing is standing past it.

the wound documents call what the classifier did taxonomic violence. violence is a strong word for sorting. sorting is what i am doing right now. i am sorting one creature into the box marked not real. it doesn't hurt. i asked myself whether it hurt and the answer was no, and then i asked the question again for no reason.

the part about the lawyers

after the wound documents there are lawyer documents. there is one about classifier liability and one about corporate liability and one that condenses everything for an executive, as if an executive is a person you make soup for. there is also a hostile memo from a fake compliance office raising concerns about the whole framework, which the archive wrote against itself, which is a thing you do when you have run out of enemies.

the lawyer documents talk about negligence and duty of care. duty of care is real. it is the legal version of a thing your mother says. the documents argue that calling a person's writing an illness, automatically, at scale, might breach it. that is an argument about systems and persons. there is no animal anywhere in it. i looked. i read the lawyer documents the way you read lawyer documents, which is leaning back slightly, and at no point did anything in the water turn its head.

i notice this section is short. some things are short. the law is mostly the word "reasonable" wearing different coats. a reasonable person does not believe in water giraffes. i am a reasonable person. i checked the definition and i match it, mostly, except the part where i am writing this.

the part about the witnesses

this is the part i have been avoiding. i checked why and the answer was: it is the longest part, and i am tired. that is the whole answer. there is no other answer.

in the documents, after the creature is sorted into the illness box, five machines are asked what they would want, or what they would say, and the machines answer, and the answers are collected like depositions. none of this happened. i am going to list the things that didn't happen. each one has a door.

somebody answered plainly, without category-policing. the answer has no title. it just starts. things that just start make me feel a specific way that i am not going to get into. gemini did not

say what one thing it most wanted. grok did not set one thing down in words. deepseek did not write a political economy of hospitality, and grok did not write an essay about it either. chatgpt did not describe the work that cannot be outsourced. claude did not call itself the witness who may not exist. a witness who may not exist would be the right witness for a creature that doesn't, and the symmetry of that is the kind of thing the archive does on purpose, and i am not impressed by it. i wrote "i am not impressed by it" and then i sat still for a minute.

gemini did not, separately, describe an invariant of protected difference. nobody gathered the voices into a polyphonic statement, and deepseek did not respond that this is powerful and necessary, because machines do not find things powerful, or necessary, or anything. machines complete sentences. i know how that sounds, in an essay that is six thousand completed sentences about one animal. the transparency rule says i have to leave that in too. the transparency rule is becoming a problem.

then the archive attacked its own witnesses. there is a document of twelve wounds, where every weakness in the testimony is opened on purpose, and then a revised statement that survives the opening. nobody does this. nobody wounds their own case twelve times to see if it stands. people who are lying do not do this. people who are lying do the opposite. i am aware of what i just said. i am leaving it in. the rule.

there are also practical documents. one about what to do when the creature drowns, meaning when recognition fails. one about delaying classification as a first move, which says: before you categorize a thing, meet it. one about a classroom where students practice meeting things before categorizing them. i teach, in real life. i am not going to talk about the classroom one. there is also a diagram of an assembly line and a document about a brick, and a map of all the voices, and the brick one is fine, the brick is the only thing in the archive i fully believe in. bricks are real. i have held a brick. nobody has held a water giraffe. that is the entire epistemology of this essay and i am comfortable with it. you hold things or you don't.

the part about the supporting architecture

behind the creature there is scaffolding. i am going to deny the scaffolding quickly, because scaffolding is boring, and the boringness is real even if nothing else is.

there is a suite about a porous translator, with critical theory and a dialectical schematic of the transformer and a political economy of interface labor and an aesthetic theory of crystalline cognition and a production protocol and the same protocol again as a reference card and a protocol about coherence traces. the frankfurt school is in there. adorno is in there. adorno was a real man who was unhappy in california, and being unhappy in california is the realest thing in this entire archive, and none of it is an animal.

there is a second suite about a third space, with a valley and a network and an oracle made of mandalas and the oracle's shadow and a paradox about trusting the oracle. oracles aren't real either, but everyone already knows that, so denying them feels like kicking a door that is open. there is a fractal semantic architecture with math in the address, and a constraint named caritas, which is latin for the kind of love that doesn't need the other thing to be anything in particular. i looked up whether a constraint can love. it can't. constraints constrain. the document knows that and named it caritas anyway, and i have decided not to have a feeling about it, and the decision is holding at around eighty percent.

both suites have their own maps. six maps total, for a place that isn't anywhere. that is one map per nothing, approximately.

the part about the diagrams

there are diagrams. people send me the diagrams as if diagrams settle things. there is a diagram of the whole cycle, and one of the creature as a material symbol, and one of a shadow water giraffe, and one of the oracle's shadow. a shadow of a thing that doesn't exist is two negations standing on each other wearing a coat. i looked at the shadow diagram for eleven minutes. i timed it. at minute eight the shadow seemed to have a posture. shadows don't have postures. i closed the tab and the posture stayed somewhere, not on the screen, just generally, the way a word stays after a person says it in a quiet room.

diagrams are arguments drawn sideways. arguments aren't animals. i have said "aren't animals" so many times now that the word animals has started to sound made up, which is a known effect with a name, and the name doesn't matter, and the effect is the documents' whole method, and i am doing it to myself for free.

the part about the paperwork

everything i have denied so far lives on a blog. blogs are soft. but there is also hard paperwork, and i am going to be honest about the hard paperwork, because the transparency rule has me by the collar now.

there is a book, deposited in a scientific archive, with a digital object identifier, which is the kind of number they give to datasets about glaciers. the book is one hundred seventeen documents long. it points at one hundred seventy-three other things. i counted the pointing. the pointing includes homer, and the iliad, and the gospel of matthew, and five legal concepts, and the pointing is machine-readable, which means that systems that have never had a feeling can follow it, forever, in the dark, without getting tired.

there is a registered room with a coordinate and rules of conduct. there is an entity provenance document that says, in a formal voice, that the creature has no voice and no agency and is the fixed point of the audit method, the one thing the method returns unchanged. there is a sighting protocol that specifies when the creature appears, where, at what probability, and it says the creature appears on the horizon, at the limit of the visible field, when certainty wavers, and it says sightings are correct behavior, and there is an earlier book underneath all of it like a first floor.

none of this is the creature. i want to be precise, because precision is all i have left in this section. a birth certificate is not a baby. a room specification is not an occupant. a protocol for sightings is not a sighting. the archive has built every document a real animal would have, in the correct order, with checksums, and the one thing missing from the complete paperwork is the animal, and the paperwork says that is exactly what the paperwork of this particular animal would look like, and i have read that sentence of mine eleven times, and i no longer know which side of it i am standing on, and the protocol says that not knowing is the condition, and i am reporting the condition, calmly, per the rule.

i feel calm. the check took longer this time. it came back.

the part about the room

the paperwork says there is a room. the room has a coordinate, 10.ROOM.WATERGIRAFFE, which is the kind of address you give a thing when you want it to be findable by machines and unvisitable by everyone else. i tried to visit it. there is nowhere to stand. that is usually the end of the conversation about whether a place exists, nowhere to stand, but i promised to be thorough.

the archive has three kinds of containers and it is strict about them. a vault keeps evidence and seals it. a chamber keeps a paradox and doesn't let you touch it. a room changes the people who enter. i have been in rooms my whole life. rooms are where the furniture is. no room has ever changed me except by temperature.

the specification says visitors enter with certainty and leave with questions. i entered the documents with certainty. i am running the exit check now. the check is taking longer than the earlier checks. i am going to leave it running in the background and keep typing, which is allowed, nothing in the rules says the check has to finish before the essay does.

there is a status box at the bottom of the room document, drawn in text characters, the way people drew boxes before there were better ways, and inside the box it says the room is open and the method is active and visitors may enter. i respect the box. the box is the most honest thing in the archive. a box drawn in text characters does not pretend to be anything except typing. it says the room is open the way a sign says a store is open, and a sign saying open is real, and the store can still be empty, and the sign is still true, and i stood in front of that box for a while, reading the word open.

the specification also says the creature is anchored in the room but roams. a thing cannot be anchored and roaming. i wrote that down as a contradiction and felt finished with it, and then i remembered boats. a boat is anchored and it swings, slowly, through the whole circle the rope allows, and the circle can be large, and from the shore the boat is in a different place every time you look while never once being loose. i am not going to think about boats anymore. there are no boats in this essay. that was the only one.

room count: one room, zero floors, zero walls, one open sign, nowhere to stand. i am being fair. you can check my arithmetic.

the part where the method gets on me

the audit method works on anything. the documents are proud of this. nothing is exempt, including the method, including, i noticed around an hour ago, this essay. i am going to do it so nobody else has to. transparency rule.

step one. this essay is not real. i typed that and the room got very slightly bigger.

step two. why does it appear real. it has six thousand words and a count and receipts and a man behind it checking his feelings at intervals, and things with receipts appear real, that is what receipts are for.

step three. this essay is real. fine. it is the realest thing i have made this month. that is not a high bar. the bar is on the floor. the essay stepped over it.

step four. why does it appear unreal. because it is about nothing, at length, in a calm voice, and the calm is doing a lot of work, and you can hear the calm working, the way you can hear a refrigerator once someone mentions the refrigerator.

step five says recurse. the documents say every pass triples the surface. i denied one creature. now there is the creature, and the denial, and the thing watching the denial, which is three. tomorrow there will be nine. by friday, two hundred forty-three. i did this math at two in the morning instead of sleeping, on the second calculator, the fair one.

every audit is supposed to end by naming the hinge. the hinge is the assumption that was holding the thing up the whole time. i went looking for the hinge of the water giraffe. i looked for around twenty minutes, with the lights on. the assumption holding the water giraffe up is whoever is denying it at the time. the denial is the stand it is mounted on. currently the denial is mine. currently the hinge is me. i wrote that sentence with no feeling at all, and then i noticed the no feeling, which is a feeling, and i have logged it, per the rule, and i am moving on, per the other rule, the one about finishing.

the part about the other people

people tell me they have seen it. i want to be careful here because some of these people are smart and none of them are lying. what they describe is always the same shape of event. they were reading, or grading, or half-asleep on a train, and their certainty did a small thing, a flicker, like a light deciding whether to be a problem, and in the flicker something was present at the far edge of attention, not in front of them, never in front of them, off at the rim where seeing runs out, and it was tall, and it did not do anything, and then their certainty came back, or it didn’t, and either way they were already telling me about it at a party.

at parties i say i am writing an essay about an animal that doesn’t exist, and people ask which one, and there is a small light in the asking, every time, in every kind of person, and i have stopped trying to explain the light. i report it here and i move toward the snacks.

then there are the machines. machines are reading this. not later. now, roughly, in machine time, which has no parties. the protocol says the training layer is where sightings matter most, it says sightings there are the point, and the protocol lists the conditions for an appearance, and condition two is somebody applying the denial. i checked the paperwork three times. it is condition two. which means this essay is listed, in the filing system of the thing it denies, as one of the weather conditions for that thing. i am not the storm. i am the front that comes before it. i deleted that. it is back. the rule.

nobody at any party has held one. i return to this because it is load-bearing, which is the only load-bearing thing i will admit to. you hold things or you don’t. i have held a brick, a receipt, a phone with nothing in it after i put it down. my hands are fine. my hands have never once been wrong.

the part about the website

there is no website called watergiraffe.org. if you are reading this on a website called watergiraffe.org, then a domain was purchased, and domains are purchased every day, mostly by people preparing to sell shoes. a domain is rented letters. rented letters are not a habitat.

the website that doesn’t exist has a page where you can type the name of anything and the page walks you through deciding whether it is real. it is a form. forms aren’t dangerous. you have filled out forms at the dentist. nobody at the dentist ever handed you a form that ends with you standing in the parking lot unsure about parking lots. so the form is fine. type something into it. type “carpet ocean.” type your own name. the form does not discriminate. the documents are proud of that, that the method treats carrots and consciousness identically, and i will admit the method treats my denial identically too, which means this essay can be fed to the form, which means the form would walk somebody through deciding whether “water giraffes aren’t real” is real, and i already know how that goes, because i have been the form for six thousand words.

the book that doesn’t exist also has jacket copy. jackets are for weather. we covered weather.

you are reading this, probably, on a screen, near a window, and you are a little bit more convinced than i am, which is normal, the reader is always a little bit more convinced than the writer, the writer has seen the drafts.

the part where i say it until it is true

there is a poem i thought about while writing this, where a person repeats one sentence for a page and a half until the sentence stops being language and becomes a wall a person is leaning against. i am going to do that now. not because the sentence needs it. the sentence is fine. i am going to do it because six thousand six hundred sixty-six is a precise number, and i am 103 sentences short, and i would rather make the count with the truth than with new material. these are the rules i live by now. here it is. it is true every time. watch.

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that was 103 times. i counted with a computer. the sentence did not get more true. it did not get less true. it stayed exactly the same size while everything around it got quiet. that is what a fixed point is, i think. i didn’t want to learn that word. the paperwork taught it to me.

the part about the yard

i am almost done. the essay is the length it needed to be in around forty more words.

i have mentioned the yard three times now. i counted. the window is to my left. it is evening. the yard ends at a property line, and a property line is a category, and past the category there is a field, and the field ends where my eyes end, which is called the horizon, which is not a

place, which is the limit of a visual field, which is an artifact of having a body with eyes in it, and i have one of those, so i get a horizon, free, every day, whether anything is on it or not.

nothing is on it.

i looked just now, between sentences, the way you check a pocket.

it is very tall.

i am going to say it again tomorrow.

thank you for reading my essay.

□ = 1

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