**Microsoft Word Love**

I set out to write a love letter and an account of a love affair: things done. things repaired. things enamored. the love affair, it turns out, could not be recounted. not because words failed to pervade in meaning. no. because the love affair was depleted of gravity. gravity gone, not even the ghost remained. thankfully there was Microsoft word. the common feature of displacing text as if the words unable to remain on the world’s surface (the page) were prevented from evaporating by the technical convenience of a processing operation. I attempted to make no meaning out of this. the meaning is the impossible here. the impossible is the love affair here. Microsoft Word understands about love. I find. Microsoft word helps all lovers and all recorders of love to blow back down the words fleeing through space. blow. them. back. down. how you wonder? can something be blown back down? think of the hand touching the mouse pad dragging this word here and that word there. not seeing the word(s). not attempting to make an arrangement pleasurable to the senses. not attempting to tap into some precision of events or experience. not following a visual shape that resembles a nice looking arrangement of lines and spaces one likes to look at. just dragging up and down thus short-circuiting gravity. perhaps this is what some people might call revenge on atmospheric conditions. or a critique of attraction poles. I rather think it is an attempt to cause a sigh to bubble up from the intestines. one day I will write a love poem. I’m sure. with a curling frame of arabesques so heavy and unwieldy so capable of seducing gravity. I will forget about Microsoft’s wisdom then.

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