

## A SHORT REFLECTION ON BECKETTIAN DISCOURSE

### *Under the Guise of Samuel Beckett*

Here. Here is to begin. Begin where? Begin here. In this space of fortitude and laughing all the way. Laughing. We laugh at you and your forms and systems. Society laughs at society. Forgotten realms of dead artists. Make your sleeves green with envy. Laughing. Where? Here. Laughing for reasons unknown and yet known. Known not. Not known. Laughing at your unknown laugh. Scoff and hanker down with the flies of maggots of forgotten aspects of who I tried to be. But I could no more be him than you could be me. Where is now? Where has it decided to be? Hidden...stop...between...words. No. There is no silencing me. Not in my words. Words next to meaning and nothing. Meaning nothing. Always for the place. Here to be. I will exist to be here. And here is to begin. Again. Heavy handed words. Here to where we first begin.

Here. Here is to begin. Here to begin. Symbols where none intended. Dark found silence for the dying laughter of artists unearthed in this quietude of forgiveness

and meaning unmeant. Who made you god? Are you the sky and air I breath? Godot? Murphy? Erskine? Not breath. Stifle me. Are you the air? Choking on you nightly? Choked out until the last breath becomes silence. No meaning where none is intended. Curse you with your formidable efforts at finding words. No Words for you. No words come through to me.

Here rests a great idea. Buried under the rotten garbage. Here. The idea of ideas of laughing at society laughing at society. Trying to find something in nothing. Here rests the pains of labor. Lost on you. Here to begin. Little words. Tiny little words. Who? Not I. Not she. Nor me. You. The idea rests in the white skull. Blackened mud covers my body much to your privilege and advantage. Great sky looks down. Who? You. Here in this skull. Full of nothing in a great idea. Listen to this idea. No words come out for you.

Here. Meant to be simple. Never trying to be more than words on a page. Here. Yet.

Hidden...stop...between...nothing. Never meant to be tiny little words. Only words to you. No words. Never meant ideas. Fun to play on me. Play on me. You play. Old stauncher. Me to play on you. Society laughing at society. The artist rests his case.

Lessened more to nothing. Head raised. Light spotted. Defiant testament of defiance. Here in this skull. Lessened to complete. Nothing. Lessened to white hands and feet. Standing ovation to the critic. Muse. Muse I find in you. Laughing art laughs at you. What did you create? From nothing create the world from nothing of a word.

Lessened more to less than more. Three to two to one. Down. Here. Here rests word. Words for meaning nothing. Laughing at you laughing at laughing. No understanding. No meaning. No...what...no. Refusal to create alone. Two strapped chair tied silk. Refusal to create. Work is death. Death is work. Refusal to work in work in work. Here. Muse. You.

Lessened more to three stark fists. Shaking in the death of words. White knuckles. Claws. Pain-killers. Word-killers. You. Who goes on like this? Who? To end it is death. The birth is death. Dear death. Birth is death. Worst the way of meaning where none exists in words. Alone. Words find their way of meaning nothing. Laughing society laughs at society. Lost on you.

Light contracts and densely scarcely find nothing in the critic's muse. Nothing of intentions. Nothing but words of words of nothing.

—Kristin Keplar