

You are about to begin reading an author's piece

Through YOUR Eyes

Soot stained the weathered mixture of residue. Postulate black. Well, it was always dark but unbeknownst to whom, as pale was the skin. A physical repository confined to mundane diction with a trite noun allegedly giving a cloying flavour to the gendered pictograms. Moms are great aren't they? With sweeping gestures, he endeavours to burnish the soot off his already tainted being, it stays clinging as if disagreeing with the motion of his bony limbs. A defiant, silent caress against juvenile skin. But why? It was a futile fight to stay, as it always eventually lost. A discomforting contrast to its lack of transience. He moved towards the dismal stronghold of opaque soot. It wasn't his associations that drew him to its abundance, or his stated insignificance that identified with the coil of the coins. It was the knowing, that no matter when he came back, it was always the same.

No. You, dear reader are not reading the next Calvino, nor the next Hardy, not that they are anywhere near as "literarily talented". I wonder if you are, don't ask me I wouldn't know. All I can say is you are unassumingly reading a story. So, what is this story? Perhaps an adaptation. Maybe even an appropriation. As Le Guin says, "Stories are about a lot of different things". Who knows, maybe this piece has "devoured" others. Neruda would love that. You know it's funny I said unassumingly before. As you're not, are you? You're pulling this apart, looking at every possible dim-witted idea or theory. Well, let me save you some time. It is not grand. Nor is it overly clever. But it does serve a purpose. Well, two purposes, as all good texts should "overflow their boundaries ... Breed new species" ... I think Woolf said that? Now consider my design and make sense of my furry TigTortoise, as these layered purposes are perhaps too verbose or trite, but each word lends itself to a grander value enhancing the overarching significance. Go further my dear reader... you'll get it soon.

"I've seen you in hundreds of different people Harry", he mocks my unique-ness. Does he not know how special and individual I am compared to the other 60,000 kids doing English across the state. "Jimmy should beat you" ah yes, his golden boy. Jimmy this, Jimmy that. Why don't I just Jim-ee my fist up his smoke filled...

Have you got it yet dear reader? Have you managed to find my purpose or are you just constructing your own meaning? Or maybe you are simply waiting, anticipating my actions. You think I'm suddenly going to spell it out for you? It's funny, because it doesn't actually matter what I spell if you have your own predisposed meanings for each letter. Woolf, what do you mean "no one is going to lay down laws about it"? We need to. As a reader how you read MY words, your response, your deconstruction always trumps MY intent... how ironic. MY words which I have chosen down to the very letter, each one taking minutes in the thesaurus with 'original' thinking. And yet you retain the power to determine what they mean? Why can you not simply "Observe my own laws from my own perspective"? Finally, some good stuff from Woolf. So, to press on. Can you identify my purpose, can you imagine my TigTortoise? Or is it too elusive for you? Go on my dear reader, it's a greater cow than Henry James... but I guess time will tell how much milk you can extract...

My lungs coiled as postulates hurled. The pull insisted trepidation resisted but with my view restricted I move towards the opaqueness. The backlash envelops my gentle pigment. What once was a mere fight becomes a war. The noun a mother gifted; individual identify enlisted. Snatching my responsibility I pull her, failing to exceed the reach of the surges, launching her down into the abyss, choking at the chime of the churches. In a wail of reaching arms and legs, her innocent smile disappearing beneath this indiscriminate rage engulfing, spiralling my worlds collapsing under the weight of themselves. My sister. Now blistering to the touch, scalding. If I were to touch her, I'd burn. I'd deserve to.

"Jimmy is more literarily talented." The degradingly old follicly challenged, know it all, hanging on the edge of being a pensioner is right. I admit, I am not as "talented" as Horvath's golden boy. The other day I saw the angsty kid write a diabolically, existentially absurd 600-word piece in under twenty minutes. "People like you Harry, get the band six at the end, not now... it's a marathon not a sprint". Again, he mocks me. Does he not know how special and individual I am compared to the other 60,000 kids doing English across the state? I'm not like anyone else! I can sprint the whole marathon because I'm unique and I matter to the marker.

Have you worked it out? Tell me you've worked it out, it's not that hard. Ok ok, maybe a little. Stay with me dear reader, if you didn't notice I'm messing around with the idea of this human construct that is 'texts.' Am I being too open? Too simple? Too plainly apparent? If I have no control over the meaning of my own diction, all I can do is manipulate them in such a way to provoke an emotional response. But even then, the type of emotion and its intensity is subjective. I'll take what I can get from you destructive readers. That's what you are. Destructive. With your eagle-eye view, you with tired eyes gaze over in minutes what took me hours. Breaking down each construction of mine to reach some deluded idea. I challenge you to engage with the composer, adopt Le Guin's "movement from mind to mind", to understand their intent, see the real beauty in readership. "Teach yourself so to read ... see that it is... great". I agree with Woolf here. Do not taint my building with the spray-paint of your own fragile reality and fiction. You work so hard to deconstruct a text, tear it apart, word after word, sentence after sentence, shift after shift, metaphor after metaphor, and then you have the audacity to question the author with fractions of literary shrapnel and contextually mutilated theories, within the confines of fur or boldness while my TigTortoise is an "overflowing of boundaries." Yes, that is Woolf again.

Your future trials caress the soot-stained weathered mixture of residue. Your home was burning. Was. You clutch at the dark debris being obscured by a forming blanket. These shattered shards holding such contemporary antiquity. Long have you held on to them. But it wasn't the same today. The pull of these faded moans, stones and bones no longer overcame the coil of the coins. To your knees you fall as splinters of home fall on gravestones now old. Your eyes go up searching for an escape, running from regret, your tears run down thinking, reaching to the past. while you run not. Stuck. Your hope in tendrils from such past the pain fills, the chills of cold reality snatches you back. As the flesh and bone of your opaque past becomes concealed in white purity. You don't get a choice. You have to limp alone.

I open my laptop, "alright Horfart watch this". I share the document. By the time he actually looks, it'll be done. With an exasperated sigh, and an entire period passed I spin the screen to face my best friend out of all these English nerds. Jimmy. He gazes over my couple sentences. Written expression, rhetoric, linguistics and imagination, incohesive diction to

the naked eye. With his ingenious insight into the art of literature, the meaning is lost to his own reality. "Yeh nice." How convincing. "Ya gonna write more?"

Are you a good critic? Sorry if I too am asking a loaded question like my friend Jimmy, but a good critic, tries to tell you what they have learned about themselves from the reading of a particular piece of literature. What have you learnt? Was it that my purpose was never to write a huge story that would compete with the Golden Boy? Come on, I'm not that special. Beating Jimmy wasn't my purpose. Nor proving to Horvath I can get a band six. Oh no... you see my motives are much more ignoble and baser than that. In my construction of a text, I've deconstructed a reality, how ironic. Every word on the page came from a boisterously creative thesaurus of 'my own'. Each word sieved through and through, picking out the perfect letters in the utmost perfect order, stuffing litres of milk within. A construction, in which I made all the choices, yet you must milk them for their worth. You see, dear reader, to give my choices your own meaning, you must look through your own eyes, you must apply your own experience to a reading, much like your inextricable context. Or, if you truly want to find my meaning to this great story, if you truly are unable to "move from mind to mind" reaching omniscience to decipher and visualise the intent behind this great author's TigTortoise...

Read the text through mine-own eyes.

And there, my dearest reader...

Reflection

Perspective... Adopting Le Guin's idea of this movement "from mind to mind" further expressed in Calvino's "if on a winter's night a traveler". "Through YOUR Eyes" utilizes this shifting from different perspectives "he" – "my" – "you" as one layer but also in its movement from the different sections of the piece, them being; Narrative, Talking to Reader and Real Life. Each of these concepts give me, the author, context that highlights the different parts of my own perspective in the creation of this piece. The main purpose of my piece, is while you decipher through these layers, while you try to deconstruct and taint my creation with your own context and perspective, the piece not only exposes how literarily destructive your own perspective is and how it's creating your own meaning, but also it then challenges you to try engaging with me the author and see my intended meaning. But what was it? I'll tell you. The narrative part of this piece has exactly no meaning to me and yet it does. See, the story itself has no meaning but it does highlight the great gap in perspective as it is framed in such a way to have you, the reader searching so deeply for it. This is where it serves the purpose of displaying how drastic the dynamic of two interpretations of a piece can be due to perspective and individual context. I wanted to highlight this to display how the author is not dead, they are murdered, as I have tried to integrate into 'Through YOUR Eyes' the notion "it doesn't actually matter what I spell if you have your own predisposed meanings for each letter". But as I communicate in the last line "to decipher and visualise the intent behind this great author's TigTortoise. Read the text through mine-own eyes". It is an involuntary murder.