

## **BIO ME**

### **ME: BIO**

Upon reflection, he realizes most of his accomplishments have been associated with hats. When he dwelled in a cellar, he lived behind the burrowing beam of a miner's hat. That was the closest he came to being a poet. Twice in his life he rebelled against wearing a beanie. He has worn a succinct hat, a bottom hat, a humble hat falling down around his eyes. For a long time, he wore a welder's hat, so when others looked into the dark window that framed his eyes, they would see constellations and other glitterings. So now, after years of living under various hats, he has settled on a hat made of mirrors, so, when he walks down the street, it looks like he is wearing the sky.



### **ME: BIO**

He occupies his habitat as a collection of organisms—flora and fauna. He is a distinct biological community shaped by the seven terrestrial biomes. As such, he wobbles between fulfillment and want. The sounds of the savanna are a miniscule musical instrument strapped to his brain. He keeps munching his way through the walls of different worlds.

Once he was a desert so small, he was ashamed to die of thirst.

**ME: BIO**

If it weren't for his biography, Me would cease being Me. He is making every effort to make a name for himself that is significantly different from the name others have made for him. Often there is a humming sound around him. When someone takes attendance, as people are apt to do, and he hears the words, "Me," he merely acts distracted, shifts uncomfortably, and looks away. He never tells anyone he carries a bee in his pocket in case he encounters a hive.

**ME: BIO**

As he was writing his minimalist classic "Less," his poems began to live on the miniscule edge of a piece of paper. And in accordance with his ardor, his poems emphasized punctuation. Then to his surprise and consternation, the poems he'd been working on evolved and became "Bless." What ambition rattles inside the skull? What dark drivenness? As they say, "Lessened are the fakers." Oh, this is the ultimate paradox: a maximalist lurks in the tiniest heart.

**ME: BIO**

One day, Me wants to write something fantastical, inspirational, alchemical. In preparation for that time, he puts his efforts into composing a Bio Note. As he begins, he views his Bio Note as a clever little knot. Sometimes he thinks of it as a diamond falling down a hole. He tries not to touch the burn marks around his mouth. And then it happens. He imagines writing a complicated tiny story called "BIO." Shortly afterwards, he hears the crystalline little clinkclink of something hitting bottom.

**ME: BIO**

He is afraid he doesn't have a lot to say. At one time he lived faster than he wrote. It was a comfortable place to be. Then, unexpectedly and for no apparent reason, his life slowed up, not to a complete standstill, but rather as if it were obeying the speed limit in a school zone where Zeno is ploddingly taught. So now he remains in a rather perplexing situation. Appearing one letter-click at a time, his writing, more bewildered than provoked, longingly waits for his life to catch up.

**ME: BIO**

"I can always tell when you are lying," his father said. He felt his real life was too boring, except for when he lived among the bees, and possibly except for when he was a magician in a strip club. "I can't believe you have no respect for the truth," said his father. That's

when he started to hum, and began the slow incremental project of his disappearance. Mmmm-mmmm. Right next to a pole, under the sick-pink lights with bees flying around him, he stood on the stage of the strip club showing the crowd he had nothing up his sleeves.

**ME: BIO**

Besides writing instruction manuals regarding mortality, he is a lifeguard. Flailing arms around, he never learned to properly swim. Winter is the most enigmatic season when the drowned purposefully float up from the bottom—their purple faces pressed against the almost purple ice. He writes: Step one. Step two. And he listens to what could be breathing on the other side of the ice.

**ME: BIO**

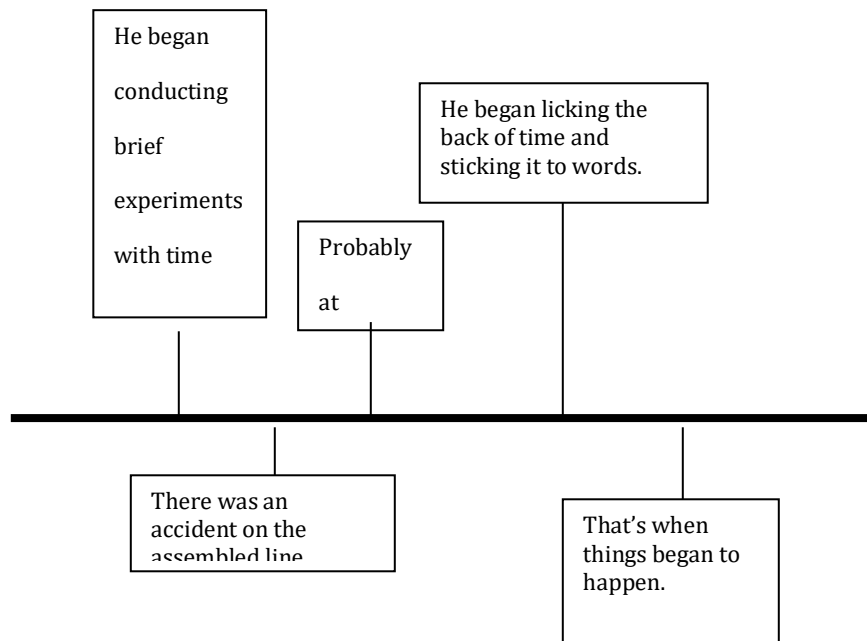
When given the opportunity to talk about the past or the present or the future, he generally stumbles around between his mortality and his immortality. He has come to think of Time as being deliciously dangerous. Obviously, he has yet to recover from the Tarot Card Accident of 1997—an event that involved a clattering of cups and pentacles, eventually concluding in a catastrophic crash.

**ME: BIO**

He doesn't know why, but he's been thinking a lot lately. He was an algebra teacher until he was "let go" for having an "unbeautiful mind." In spite of the accusations, staggeringly optimistic, he began to use language as if it were an equation. Hope = Affliction. The Fallen = The Melting. Then he became crushingly sad as equal began to baffle with it seductive simplicity. Fibonacci and Mandelbrot were waiting in the shadows. "Lies = Thought," he wrote over and over in a spiraling loop. Nothing = Zero

**ME: BIO**

As one of the originators of the Contributors' Notes, Me is preoccupied with data mining. He discovers patterns in the large relational databases involving desert islands, superstitions, and literary crushes. Still, he gathers, and in his gathering, he has begun designing elaborate charts—using alchemical analytics to capture the consciousnesses of those who create.



**ME: BIO**

He is an elevator operator. Oh, sure, he's mostly oblivious to the cables and the counterweights, but he is fully engaged with his interior journey. He is a modern-day Sisyphus of the mechanical age, daily transporting his passengers to the top and then back to the bottom. They say, "Oh, you are a man who knows how to push all the right buttons." And we smile into the empty space in front of our faces. Do I even have to mention the music—and those accompanying elevator dances—the spinning and the lifts? When he gets stuck between floors, he relaxes a little and he writes "Help me. But not right away" on a note he tries to slip through the cracks.

**ME: BIO**

The Director Mike Nichols said, "I love to take actors to a place where they open a vein."

Me used to try to do this with characters—but things got really messy. Then he thought maybe they needed to open up a brain, but everything got confusing with the hippocampus spilling into the cerebrum. It just so happens the protagonist in his next story is named Mike Nichols. But, of course, he is not that Mike Nichols—even though in the first sentence he opens a door and says, "Cut. Cut. Cut."

**ME: BIO**

No one ever talks about the room in the elephant—a big grey room where Me has a number of pharmacologically created identities.

As was always the case, it was nearly impossible to tell the tourists from the attractions.

Every day he takes attendance and every day something is missing--it gives him hope that we have the possibility of slipping through the cracks much like the music that seeps through his head.

He has a tattoo--"*Carpe Die*" He explains it this way: "They ran out of ink."

**ME: BIO**

Stagger Grass is the lush grass that rapidly grows in the spring. After cattle graze on such grass, they stagger and wobble. Me has been investigating this same effect on those who are particularly susceptible to a rapidly growing lushness. He considers Stagger Loves, Stagger Words, Stagger Worlds.

At one point, he consulted the Either Oracle—Fire or Ice, Cracks or Mirrors, Ruination or Rainbows.

He wanted to be an expert at staggering, so he stumbled between the beginning and the end.

**ME: BIO**

With an umbrella-ed drink and a bird-yellow raincoat, he waits for the Hurricanes to be downgraded from a category 3 to a tropical depression. He believes there is a reason he has survived—something bigger than a tipped over truck. In spite of what he says, he feels there are no words, no syllables, no morphemes. He watches pink insulation flying by--the viscera from a distant house that is turned inside out like a pocket book.

**ME: BIO**

Me believes his eye weighs as much as the world.

He has to say things twice. In order to make certain they stick. This is why he developed a stutter—and why he became ventriloquist—with his flesh mouth and his wooden mouth. He has heard that the weight of all humans on the earth is 287 million tons; he can barely open his lid.

Thinking of the heft of it all, he looked directly in the eye of his puppet. That was the day he found sawdust in his own mouth.

**ME: BIO**

He lived at the intersection of Bose and Einstein. Once when he was walking along as a child, his pant leg caught fire. His father told him while he was driving he had been chased by a UFO. At first, Me felt his family was special; then he realized his father was drunk.

Through his family, he experienced the melting of life. Time was an enticement. As he walked by the collapsed house, he tried to listen for something breathing under the rubble. He always looked over his shoulder expecting a surge of light.

**ME: BIO**

Here are some of the things Me cannot understand: 1. How he is survived by his dead parents. 2. Why he is obsessed with exploring the connection between taste and poetry (umami and villanelles). 3. What he needs to do to touch memory. OK, we know he is the creator of the Contributors Notes hoping to gather all the data associated with those who create. Here is what Me does understand: the collision of bodies, word-wreckage, residual meanings. Say this: He admires stickiness.

Still, he gathers, and in his gathering, he has begun designing elaborate charts—using alchemical analytics to capture the consciousnesses of those who create--confident that this information will ultimately permit the emergence of an alternative universe where it would be a terrible thing to question what others claim is your insanity.

**ME: BIO**

Me believes he will be skydiving at the moment of the apocalypse. And he thinks maybe he has survived as he drifts over the burning lakes and the boney woods—the smoking malls. Then people will come running up to him as they see him descending, holding out their arms, thinking he is an angel who has come to save them.

As he approaches the earth, he will try to figure out what to say--suspended in the moment—floating between silence and profundity, between emptiness and surreality.

**ME: BIO**

He looks up at the sky and it looks emptier. He feels he has crashed into one of our giant time telling devices.

Here are the options he considers:

1. Time is thick with what is around it.
2. Time is the story of our lives that vanishes as it is told.
3. Time is one event bumping into another.

He is aware of the virus that is infecting the system. On the table are the silver trays with piles of ash, the strangled clock, the crushed blossoms. Outside the sky has lost 3 billion birds.

**ME: BIO**

His occupation is waking in the morning between one fake dream and one real dream. This is what he does. We used to think he said he was a warrior. “No,” he corrected. “I said I was a worrier. But I am so good at worrying I am the warrior of worriers.” This is the point where he usually wakes up and has something he needs to talk about. He prefers to sleep on the dark side of the bed.

**ME: BIO**

“On the day I am writing this, a husband has asked for his kidney back from a spouse he claims has ‘cheated on him,’” writes Me. He has also donated various organs: a lung here. A spleen there. The usual. A brain, a heart, a penis. When he meets someone, he apologizes for his lack of physicality. He is only the nail that once held him together. Only now, after all these years, is he reconsidering his donations. He wishes things were different as he flaps what should have been his wings.

**ME: BIO**

He was trying to stay only one person—it took so much energy. Eventually, he had to find something to use as a sail—a rag, a flake, a shard. To pass the time he recorded heartbeats. There will be nudes in abundance but only a very few painters. The carpenters build their bodies into the house—their flesh mitered into the beams,

Me feels that perhaps he will die from an overabundance of joy. In anticipation, he builds his house in the trees.

**ME: BIO**

He has spent more time being Humphrey Bogart than Katherine Hepburn. His publications include “When I WAS God,” “The Me,” and “Son Nets.” The woman with Borderline Personality Disorder didn’t realize his passport had expired. Currently he spends more time being a nail than a dowsing rod—though both experiences have served him well.



**ME: BIO**

Me wasn't exactly sure when things got confusing, but he was convinced it started when he discovered his Diary was being written by someone other than him—and he wasn't a very good speller. He didn't know who wrote in his Dairy, "Cows moo in my sleep." All the complexity and mystification. Morality? Or mortality? Eras? Or errors? Or eros? It became more and more difficult to determine what was meant. Oar? Or Ore?

**ME: BIO**

THEY

**ME: BIO**

Me has resisted saying this in all his other bio notes, but he fears that, ultimately, he is immortal. Unanchored. A persona, an avatar, an icon. A glyph. Sometimes he is densely opaque and other times diffuse like smoke. A corporeal cloud. Queasy. Unhinged. Searching through the ontological questions. Though he hates to admit it for fear the whole theoretical apparatus will collapse, he thinks just maybe life insurance premiums are a joke. For now, at least, he laughs—and that laughter defines him. When you look at Me, you want to ask: Who is that man who wears the sky as a hat?