

## Day 23

*For the next several days we will alternate between things that are additive and things that concentrate. Even if you have a strong sense of where you are going, the additive prompts can provide just a little extra breadth or an oblique angle of approach that energizes your imagination of a known scene. But feel free to embrace them on whatever scale makes sense, from influencing a sentence to giving you a guiding task for the day.*

Let your writing pass through a debris field. Let it pick some debris up. Let it lose some of itself too, in the passage, leaving craters or holes. If you don't know where to look for debris, you could go out and collect it by observing and eavesdropping in a busy place, or you could try a procedure, like taking the first quotation in every news article on a randomly chosen newspaper spread. You could also poach from your old notebooks, or perhaps if your house is a mess, take an inventory of everything out of place or control, physical and psychical, and let that come at you as a kind of asteroid field. Consider that the transmutation of debris into an element of your writing is a kind of alchemical, loving act, or at least it could be.

### **Warmup: Minute Lists**

Choose four or five of your own, or use these: words pertaining to drainage; words starting with TH; words that get stuck in your head; names for secret hideouts (real or imagined).

### **Tuning: Pleasure Note**

Set a timer for five minutes and try to list anything that has emerged in your writing so far that feels felicitous to you. Use this list to jumpstart a note to self, reminding yourself of where your pleasure as a reader-maker lies.

### **Exercise: Ceremony of Transition**

In your mind's eye, erect a temporary scaffold platform of some kind and write a ceremony of transition to take place on it. If you want, write that ceremony as an account given by a witness of it. If you want, give it the cadence and mood of a bedtime story, or perhaps a tacit warning to the listener. Or maybe make the speaker a terrible liar. (cf Lisa Robertson, "The History of Scaffolding")