

# Too Many Times I See Every Thing Just The Way It Is

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Abstract sculptures frequently depress me.



Especially considering the potency of  
everyday abstraction.

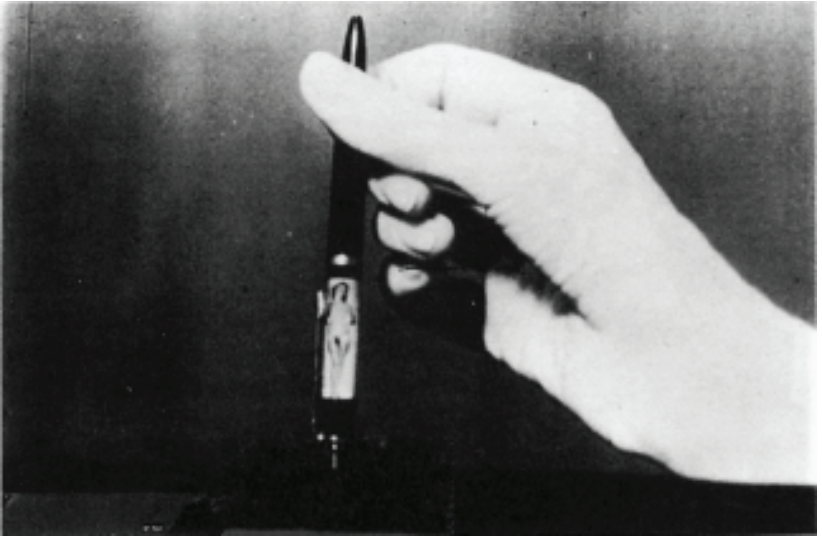


Truths that you can write can be  
embarrassing to speak.



As if social pleasures forbid existential  
understanding.





So truth is more amenable to solitude?





I don't think so.



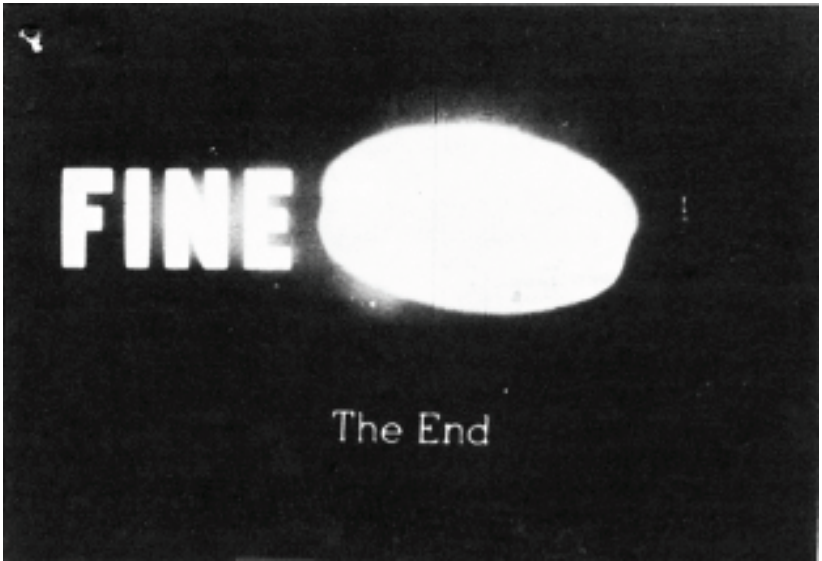
Sharing tales of sorrow seems to bind people  
with more solidity, as if joy is somehow  
less true, less real, less intimate.



I always forget to identify with characters.



Instead, I project my issues into their worlds.



The end will be fine.



What a struggle—simply absorbing the beauty  
of the things you love.

Containing what they instill within you seems  
so selfish, like burdens of inspiration.





It's so hard to transfer joy.



I continue to neglect the possibility that  
vitality might be incommunicable.

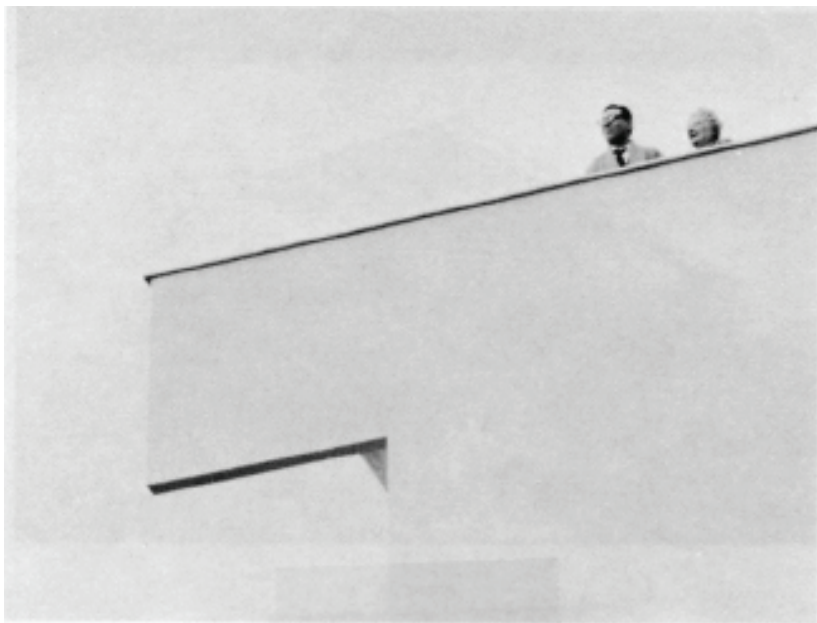


THIS IMAGE IS MISSING. A MAN WITH WHITE PANTS AND A BLACK BELT WITH A LONG SLEEVED BUTTON UP. HE HAS HIS HANDS IN HIS POCKETS. LIGHTHAIR.LOOKINGATTHECAMERA.THERIGHT SIDE OF THE IMAGE IS DARKER THAN THE LEFT.

After I use a word once it's very  
difficult to use it again.



Elaborate enunciations of confusion  
are becoming more common.



Elaborate enunciations of understanding  
are becoming more common.



How often do you look at something  
and experience its potential rather  
than its actuality?





After revelation, administration.



Precision conducts multiplicity.



Mysteries locate significance.



I can't figure out how to explain what  
I'm getting at.



That makes a little too much sense, you see?





So you understand.





Then what?

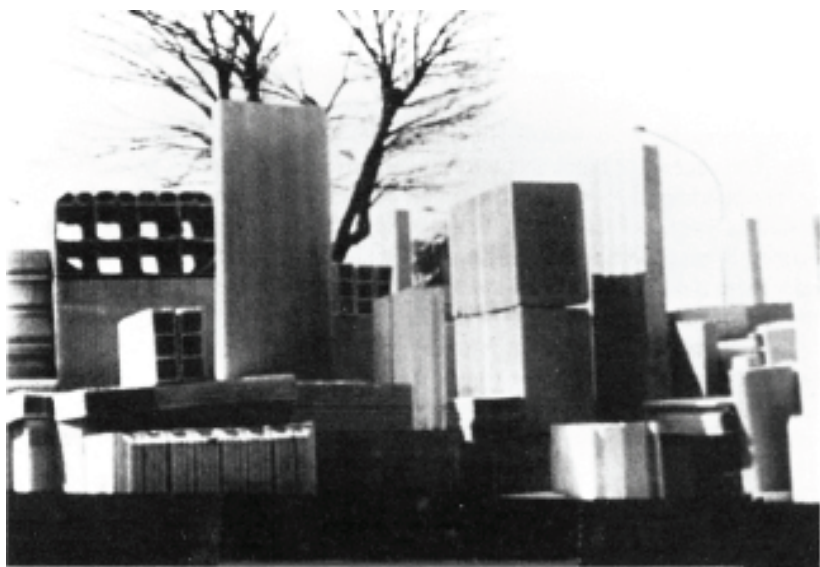








It is the prosaic pragmatics of any situation  
which delight me.



They open up worlds and they are worlds.



This is shades of gray.





Recording the supposedly banal technicalities  
of how things are inadvertently conjures the  
fundamental polysignificance of that thing.

We're all aware that matter contains, exhibits,  
and emits ungraspable forces.



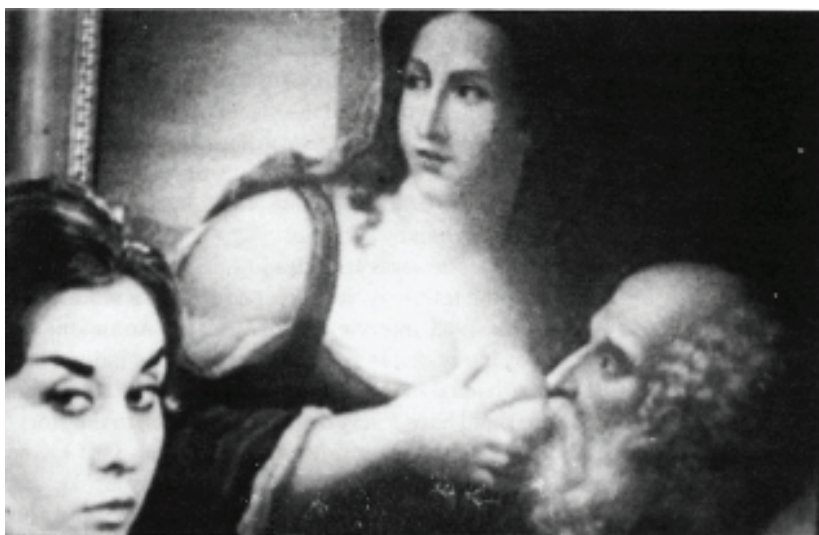
Investigations don't solve problems,  
they find them.



Reporting the facts always reveals  
hidden processes.



Solid things have immeasurably unsolid affects.



Strict science continues to discover deeper and deeper inconsistencies and misrepresentations in our basic understanding of how things work.



Matter and knowledge have never been split.



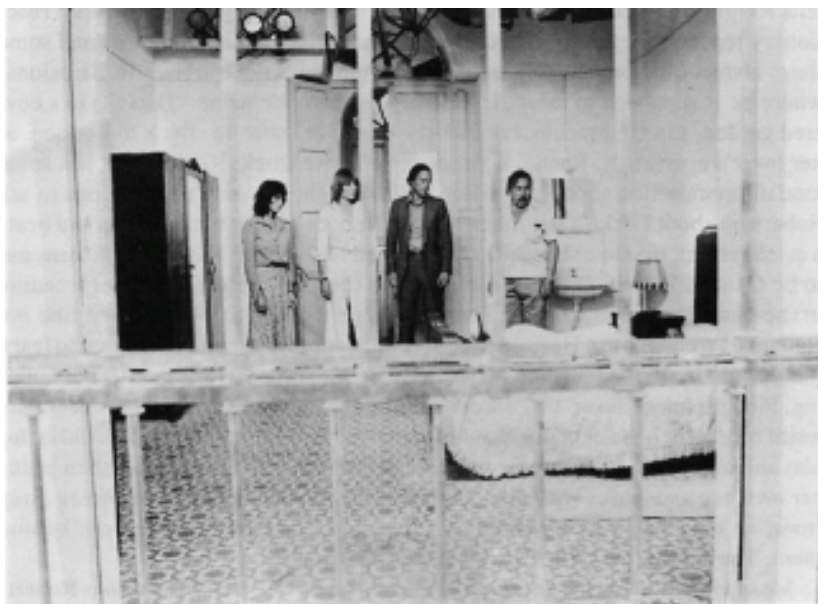


We need to avoid the rampant assumption that  
thinking can take place without things,  
without bodies.

The unfinalizability of comprehension  
has been mistaken for incomprehension.



The commonplace isn't all that common.



What's around us is what matters: let yourself in.



When will we finally see that  
life is not elsewhere?