

# Wanting to forget

*by* stephen hastings-king

I do not want to know what it looks like when a society walks off a cliff's edge,

Or, if it does, whether there is an overstep, a descent, a hitting-the-ground,

Or whether there is some other occurrence or event (not all aspects of which could be metaphorical--but which aspects might turn out not be metaphorical, what consequences would follow and for who)

Or where such an event might happen, if there is one, if it is recognizable,

Or whether someone, knowing where there might be a recognizable event about to happen, someone might film a society walking off a cliff's edge,

Or what we would do with the footage afterwards, how we would watch it, maybe "O geez that can't be good" and pull the blanket up,

Or for how long, after it happened and after there had been footage and after we had seen it, how long might we continue to talk about "a society walking off a cliff's edge" as if it were somewhere else when we are in it,

Or whether the existence of that footage would reinforce the sense of being-a-spectator of one's own society, of one's own life,

Or whether the problem of being-a-spectator might not arise so used to being-a-spectator we've become,

Or if being-a-spectator were to become a problem, whether it would at some point come unraveled and whether the experience of coming-unraveled would be collective or subjective (neither an opposition or an identity), either way we would be left somewhere,

Or whether, were we to find ourselves in such a place, might we be filmed there (what would we talk about and to whom, where would we look and what would we do with our hands)

Or what, once we had been filmed, in that place, what we might do with the footage, would it be strange to be a spectator watching

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footage about the unraveling of your own position as a spectator, I would imagine it quite strange, so much that it might be best to put it in a closet somewhere and, having taken account of storage on the assumption the footage might retain some interest over time, leave it for others to find and ourselves begin to forget.

It seems a long way to travel to get to wanting to forget.

