









<p>March 3 2006 - 3:45p.m</p>	<p>The Monsters Children Make</p>	<p>#1</p>
	<p>My daughter is in the other room, settling down for her afternoon nap. One of the difficulties of single parenthood is that you never feel like you've quite the grasp on things. There are so many variables when it comes to another life. The responsibility is immense. So often, children stumble headfirst into things beyond our scope of comprehension. A colleague of mine suggests it is because children are closer to liminality than adults: less unmoored than newborns, easily whisked away without the opportunity to lay down roots, but on the cusp of coming into their own and bubbling over with curiosity at the world around them. Curiosity is often ill rewarded. There are always eyes watching. Always something waiting to pounce.</p>	
<div data-bbox="204 562 545 976"> <p><b>Anthony DeAugustine</b> <i>Member</i></p> <div>  <p>8888</p> </div> <div>  <p>936</p> </div> <div>  <p>Drydenne, ON</p> </div> </div>		<p>When I first moved my daughter into her own bedroom, it was a difficult transition on the both of us. She'd cry, little steps pattering down the hall to slap both of her hands against the wooden panelling of my closed bedroom door, babbling out for me to open it and allow her entry. It was before she could speak very clearly. Even when she wasn't crying her eyes out, she had a proclivity to babble aimlessly to seemingly thin air, squeaking and laughing like she was holding full, vibrant conversations with something I couldn't see. It seems callous, closing the door when your child is going to inevitably come toddling over. Irresponsible, even.</p> <p>(Of course I'd get out of bed to get her. She'd nestle up in a heap of blankets and pillows like a baby bird, thumb popped into her mouth, snoring away like a saw.)</p> <p>The issue is- children see more than we do. Our body smooths it over into the untapped recesses of our minds as we age, sheltering it behind the closed door of forgetfulness. We pull away from the in between stages of life, one foot still inside and the other just over the threshold. We walk forwards into the bloom of our years. Children aren't quite there yet. The reason we close our doors is because they keep things that shouldn't come in out- rescinding an unspoken invitation.</p> <p>It's considered rude. There are a multitude of choices associated with a door. How to open it? What is the custom: to turn it to the right, the left? To push or pull? How steep of an angle on the rotation? How strongly to force it open or shut? How far back to push it into its frame? To undo the hinges, or break it down? To close it afterwards, leave it open- would either be intruding on how the person within had arranged their space? How to exit afterwards?</p> <p>These are questions unseen things pepper themselves with, as they stand, silent sentinels adrift in the complex network of options and ways of conducting themselves they see, unable to commit to a single course of action. Until the light of day ushers them away.</p> <p>But if it is dark, and left open, and someone is awake within- it's as if they're open to visitors. It isn't quite such an imposition, then. It, after all- wants you to look at it. In your own domain, enclosed in walls of manmade and shaped iron and steel, of plaster torn up from the earth and reshaped into something never seen in nature- a dominion of man's mastery over all he sees, it's weaker. It can't hurt you. It was never meant to lurk inside of these walls. It's out of its own territory.</p> <p>But it can breathe, and rasp hot fingers down your arm, leeching off of your body heat until its own thrums with similar warmth. It can whisper into your ear, stroke long fingertips and run the back of rough knuckles over the softness of your flesh, the thin veils that hide what it wants most: eyes, so as to become in the witnessing. It can threaten you. It can touch you. But it cannot hurt you, and it cannot force you to do anything outside of your own free will. It lives in the dirt, and the dust- in the forgotten recesses and spaces. More commonly, it lurks in the quarries and caves, almost forgotten by those who would hold it in memory.</p>

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	<p>It'll take things. Nothing that you would notice at first- it doesn't want to be rude. But the forgotten things, left discarded at the edges of our memory are ripe hunting grounds. A blue button that's slipped into the drywall. A tattered sticky note previously put on the fridge to remind yourself to buy milk. One or two bug corpses, dessicated and sucked dry, mouldering into dust in the crawl space. A bobby pin fallen through the cracks in the wooden joinery. It holds these things close, turning them over in its hand. Everything has a name. Rather, everything <i>should</i> have a name. As if by close study and approximation, it could lift one for its own.</p>	
<div data-bbox="204 531 545 615"> <b>Anthony DeAugustine</b>  <i>Member</i> </div> <div data-bbox="204 615 545 726">  <b>8897</b> </div> <div data-bbox="204 726 545 835">  <b>937</b> </div> <div data-bbox="204 835 545 945">  <b>Drydenne, ON</b> </div>	<p>You'll notice in Drydenne, that no parent will embroider their child's name on their possessions. It's a safety precaution taken against other people, of course- it's much easier to lull someone into a false sense of security if you know their name. But the rationale behind absent tags in the backs of winter jackets and bright patches on backpacks extends beyond the fear of someone loitering on the outskirts of the playground in a car with tinted out windows and a missing puppy to locate. Your name is an intrinsic part of you- your identity, a hope chosen for you and shaped through living: cut and pieced together in nicknames and calls ringing down the hallways for you to come down for dinner. It identifies you, gives an anchor against a sea of countless others who would share the same face or voice or experiences: a bright badge of identity plastered to the front of your shirt in sloppy permanent marker on a sticker loudly proclaiming 'MY NAME IS...' Your name is <i>you</i>.</p>	
	<p>And why would you hand your sense of self over like that, to God knows what is watching? There are few lawyers that reside in Drydenne, and many of them are also members of the Coalition: having braved their fair share of encounters and years of picking up knowledge on how to not only survive everyday life, but pick it apart to find the loophole eyelets puncturing the tight weave of every second of every hour: the lives we construct minute by weary minute. They know better than anyone the heavy intricacies of splitting hairs and alternate meanings, encouched in poetry and philosophy to slip through hungry hands and hungrier eyes.</p> <p>It'll ask you to tell it how it looks. At first, it will be gentle, cajoling- a good friend asking for a shoulder to cry on and a few crumbs of wise words. It'll bribe you, with whispers of promises of everything you've ever wanted- another's hand in marriage, love in the most unlikely of places, riches beyond your imagination, power to dominate those who piloted your own life for so long. Even a child, long longed after- perfect and healthy and whole. All it asks for in return is for you to witness it. Then, it'll become enraged, angered that you won't do just this little thing for it, something that would be so simple and easy to do as a favour that it seems absurd you would hold it back spitefully, selfishly, only to hurt it through deprivation.</p> <p>Finally, it'll beg, in a broken voice- pretending that you've worn it out, driven it to desperation. It'll begin pleading with you to just <i>open your eyes</i>. That's all it would take- the briefest of moments, light bouncing back: fuzzily arranged into something that makes sense. Order out of disorder. Reducing the entropy of its physicality. To give it a proper form: to pull it through from the other side, and contextualize it so that it can roam this earth.</p> <p>It'll ask you to tell it what it is, and to give it a name. It needs a name, any name of its own: to sew it fast to the rolling hills and wooded glens, stitching itself into the tapestry of life with every syllable, sharp and spitefully pulled through. If the fabric bunches or tangles, that's none of it's concern. It longs to set its roots down, infiltrating the soft flesh of white tap roots and winding tight, suffocating. A parasite, preying off of the unwitting: forcing itself into existence unwanted. An aberration, an act against God: to create what was not to be.</p> <p>Refuse, under any circumstances.</p>	