

**Another score.**

Autothanatography.

He left a remnant, as the day does in the night, a simulacrum of presence that falsified space and made it into a place of error.

- Maurice Blanchot, *the one who was standing apart from me*

Death comes with time and on time. How death translates me becomes evident as days go by. I need to find a name for my death. 'Natural causes' or 'accident' sound effortless.

I set myself a task: to rearrange my death through sense. Sense is an exercise in repeat. Sense is an act of recognition.

*(A voice)*

An error, perhaps.

A feathery, greyish ash.

Perhaps loneliness.