Error lay at the source of all change, all species experiment. It was the author of all the still emerging undesignable variations on life... The ability of traits to persist in stillness. Evolution is the exception, stability the rule... yet faulty copying (of generic information) is the only agency for change... Species laugh off the most rigorous hierarchy... The aim is to widen the target, to embrace more than was possible before.

  by using the word generic in stead of genetic.

... who works at his (her) own word in all of our sentences might trick from even the ruts of once ritual the buts and mistakes that token the actual. The poet as maker frees the thing from the prophets.

- Robert Duncan, footnote to “Letters for Denise Leverton; An A Muse Ment”

- quoted from Kathleen Fraser's essay Faulty Copying from Translating the Unspeakable, Poetry and the Innovative Necessity.

1. along the jouney of our life half way  
I found myself along the jouney in a darwood where the path no longer lay

2. at the midpoit of my life Ifound myself o a jouney  
the strait path therein lay vanished

3. halfway over the way of our life missed the struggle way

4. halfway along the forest obscured by the lost way

I faltered the path

5. halfway along our journey I had woken in wonder  
at the point no longer half the way astray

6. halfway through thi treck of life  
I found myself halfway and half to go

7. halfway through our treck in life I found myself halway
in a dark wood and I didn’t know whee to go

88halfway upon the journey
I found myself in a gloomy wood reasoning the path direct as lost

9halfway alongf the journey of my life
I roused to find myself in darknes
and I faltered because the way was really lost

10 in the middle of our journey
I found myself in a darkened wood
and I rasoned the right road was lost for good

11.. In our lifes journey at its midway stag
I found myself wooded obscur-ly
 to the right path that obscured me

12 I our lifes journey at the midway stage
I found myself on the path where the path was obscure
where the right path, guding y lost

13 in the middle of our life
I the path of our journey
I found myself lost
in the middle of the road

14 in the middle of my life as a journey I came upon my life as a midwy point
in a darke wood for the strait road was more lost

15 IN the middle of my life as a journey I came across myself astray in a darkened wood
where the srait road was lost out odf sight

17 IN the middle of my life as a journey I found myself in dark wood: for thestrait was lost

18 in the middle of a morta life
I wandered into a dark forest of darksome wwood
 whee the true true road could no longer be seen.

19 in the midtime of my life
I foud yself in a darfsy wood lost

20 in the midway ofthis mortal life
I reawoke inside myself
A darker wood off the course lost...

21 just half way I woke to fing myself inside a dark wood of the course off the right road.

22midway along the path of the road high in our days
I found myself within a shaky woodf where the strit path tangled and lostt

23 Midway along the jpourbney of my life
I woke to find myself in some dark woods
 Four I had wandered from the path..

23midway along the path of our lives
I woke to find myself in some woods
 For I had wandered of the strait path.

24. Miday along thespan of our natural life’s road
I woke in the dark
25 Midway in the journey
I went astray
From the strait road the way and
woke up to me self
Alone

26 midway in the journey in our
kife I found meself

In a dark wood for the strat road
was lost.

27 MIDWAY LIFES Journey I was
aware
That I had served the dark
And right up to the forest the path
stopped and appeared not
nowhere...

28,.midway Midway on lifes
journey I found myself
In a dark wood the right road lost

29.. Midway on the journey of our
life I
found myself within
A darksome wood, for the right
way was lost and lost so bloody
lost.

30Mway the path of life that men
persue
Found me in a darkwoosd astratty
The way has been lost

31. Midwaythis way of lifewe are
bound upon,
I woke to find myself in a dark
woodb
Where theright road was lost and
stolen

32. MIDWAY of my days
I found myself in a wood so dreer
The direcxt path owhee met my
gaze

33. MIDWAY upon the joyuney of
my days
I found myself in a wood so dreer
The direcxt path owhee met my
gaze

34 Midway upon the journey of my
life
I found myself in a deep forest dark

fOr the path direct hAD Failed to
keep

3535. Midway upon the jouney of
yomy life
Our life, I found myself in a dark
forest the right road lost

356 MidWAY Upon the
journey ogf my life
357I found myself in a forest
dark
358 Forthestrat road has
been lost

37. Midway upon the jouney of our
life
I fonda myself in a dark forewood
Soo dark the right road could not
be found.

38 MIDWAY upon the hjourney of
our life I woked to find myself astray
in a dark wood Confused by the
strait ways if my life

39. MIDWAY upon the pathway of
life of life
I found myself within a darksome
wood
Wherein in the proper road was
lost to view.

40.. MIDWAY upon the road of our
life
I found myself within a wood
missed

41.. on the travelling way of ones
life half
I gfound myself in a darkforest
when...
I lost the path the path was narrow
and too strat

42Upon ther midway piint of the
journey
I found myself ij a dark wood
Where the strit darkling wood
Where .. I had gone astray
43 UPON the JOURNEy of our life halvesd
I found myself gloomy
For I had missed the proper path

44 Upon the journey of life midway
I car upon myself in a dark wood
Far from the the self strat the path astray

45. Upon the journey miwayI found myself in a dark wood

46...When halfway through the journeyi found myself in a gloomy wood
Lost lost lost

47 When I had journeyed half our lifeaway
I found myself shadowed ing thefores
For I had the path lost in the shadowed forest
For Ihad lostthe path that doe not stray.

References

Bergval, Caroline, *Fig* (Cambridge: Salt Publishing, 2005)

Dante, *The Divine Comedy* pt. 1 Inferno-Canto 1-(1-3)
   Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita
   mi ritrovai per una selva oscura
   che la diritta via era smarrita


Images of the ‘dark forest’ by majena mafe