

**for**  
**30°03'54.8"S**  
**150°06'16.9"E**

# SWEAT, SILENCE, BLUE

to think that your sweat contains  
in these pairs                      these triplets  
of hydrogen    glistening  
skidding past                      trysting  
   with oxygen  
   some sodium  
   ionic  
   iconic  
   the sweat look  
   spelling  
   edge of exhaustion  
   edge of pleasure  
   ridgeline of trust  
   all almost              there  
   like yes

to think that somewhere in this wet  
are other joys and fears.  
dances.                      prayers.  
antique sweats.  
and your skin is streaming  
ancient people's tears.

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INTRO

silence filters through the mountains  
the silence beneath the wind

and rustling

and sinking down through the gaps in things  
and sinking back into the earth  
collecting in the speech aquifers deep underground  
mingling there  
liquid seals  
hieroglyphic dynamics  
it is like a body slipping past a body

in the wet waters of a double-flowing stream

feel that silent speech rising up again  
collecting in the clouds and raining down  
ionic ideograms in the atmosphere  
hear the leaves holding it and absorbing it and  
transferring

that silence

leaf-eaters eating it.  
fur figures.  
skin pricking, hair raising.  
hear the rushing through the undergrowth.  
fur on fur. teeth sinking in.  
cracking bones.  
and through that noise hear the living silence  
the dancefloor clears  
and when the bodies are connected but not touching

that is the kill.

the energy rises.

what happens in the desert ?  
 there they are where they find it  
 what thick haze  
 what sugar in the water what  
 empty body is dripping loose  
 and void is billowing is \_\_\_\_\_ ?  
 slack as empty clothes is  
 that light bending on the  
 liquid road ? is this been  
 turned upside down the sky?  
 is this the empty the pierced  
 heart of the saint is this heat are \_\_\_\_\_ they  
 see it \_\_\_\_\_ now  
 the sea on the road  
 in the car their hair they  
 are swimming are they drowning in  
~~the~~  
 the  
 red branches the blood aorta  
 the bronchiole forest is  
 swaying they have become very  
 very small  
 or were they never much at all?  
 here is dissolution the widest

\_\_\_\_\_ of the small silences \_\_\_\_\_ not the truest  
 not the fairest \_\_\_\_\_ but blue.

‘What is the jewel in your crown?’ she asked me.

I pointed to my head. ‘These are eyes embedded in gold. They are watching everything slip by me. Here I am transmuted. Here I am an image.’ As I point deeper inside my skull, a cosmos comes into being that we can put a price on. She offers me a deal.

‘12,000. You will say that you did not suffer.’

‘I lay me down my jewels,’ I say, kneeling.

Walking home, my head in my hands, a woman says to me, ‘Each of our truths must have a martyr.’ She is carrying a woollen bag, drawn closed with a string. I think of Saint Denis. Specifically, whether on the long walk to the basilica that bears his name, he thought of Judith carrying the head of Holofernes.

‘I have not suffered.’ I stumble over my newfound humility like a lamb. My eyes well with tears, and the shining world is refracted in my gaze.

I look around but she is gone.

Each of our truths must have a saint who treads the path from mud to golden plenitude. The world will shine without her, but not without my

tears. ‘So, we transmute alone and full of world,’ my voices say to me.

When I arrive home, I make a note to ‘write a study of the perspectival quality of religious tears.’ I eat the meal my wife has cooked for me and ask her whether joy is like a pond of beautiful illusions wedded to the paradox of the solid in the fluid, the known floating like a fish before our eyes.

She looks at me. ‘If joy is like water, then it is that we can drink our tears as fish do theirs and know that we are already home.’

‘You would like to be a fish?’ I ask her coyly. She wrinkles her nose at me, feigning disdain. ‘Jesus would eat you!’ I chide. ‘You monster,’ she laughs and we make love. A year later, I am in the garden, pulling beans, and I remember the proposed study, until now forgotten.

‘The fog has been great,’ I say, ‘and full of blue light. I have spoken with animals and communicated with plants. I have tended the leaves and the roots. I have eaten my fill and I have forgotten the sharpness of the world, which is so full in its silence.’

# POLICE, ALIEN, LOVE

An argument about the police.

In a city.

There are always the circumstances \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ of an individual life.

From which peel \_\_\_\_\_  
— away the outer and inner pellicles of a person.

A woman who leads the resistance \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ in a peasant village in Northern Italy.

And those who become Mussolini's police.

And those who become police.

A man named Pasolini, \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ I don't know if you've heard of him.

There is always a way to say, "we are \_\_\_\_\_  
— obviously against the police as an institution."

*Quando ieri a Valle Giulia avete fatto a botte  
coi poliziotti,  
io simpatizzavo coi poliziotti.  
Perché i poliziotti sono figli di poveri.*

A way to say it.

There are always the circumstances \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ of an individual life.

Which peel away from history \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ the flesh from the bones.

The hunger of the midwife \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and the hunger of her children.  
 And her becoming midwife-cum-police.  
 At dusk.  
 As her vocation is professionalised.  
 And so I am deprofessionalised, she says.  
 As the police no longer need her.  
 As others burned.  
 And others watched the burning.

There is no distance.  
 There are always the circumstances \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ of an individual life.  
 A pink piece of card from Mardi Gras.  
 A cock wearing a badge \_\_\_\_\_  
 \_\_\_\_\_ and jizzing the Crux Australis.

The Department of HOMO Affairs  
 declares the Liberal Party float  
 an ILLEGAL ARRIVAL.

They are attempting to BREACH  
 THE BORDERS of our HOMOLand  
 in their MORALLY LEAKY FLOAT.

And in case you forget it

We will decide who CUMS here and  
the circum-  
stances in which they CUM

With or without Jean Genet's Pompes funèbres.  
 Or a collective dream of a razor wire fence.  
 There are always the circumstances of an  
 individual life.  
 Which make of it a commons.  
 And there are the families of those on boats.  
 Patrolling those others.  
 Who have families.  
 They were all born coming out from the within.  
 There is always the within of things.  
 And the tears of the teenager  
 \_\_\_\_\_ as they rise through the adult's face.  
 Whose fragile rage.  
 Whose fragile rage is wobbled  
 \_\_\_\_\_ by unnameable things.  
 Which we prefer to name.

Fear.  
 The apple on the table  
 \_\_\_\_\_ that I stared at but did not see.  
 That I saw but that I did not comprehend  
 was in the way of the thing that happens  
 \_\_\_\_\_ when someone walks out the door.  
 One wrong turn and then another.  
 Retroactively the straight path crosses and forks.  
 And red lights flicker on.  
 And those who take your hands  
 \_\_\_\_\_ to break your knuckles.  
 It appears until the last moment  
 \_\_\_\_\_ an invitation to dance.





Blue planet.  
 Against a blackness so black.  
 Life's roar seems a delicate thing.  
 Wobbling on a hair's breadth of time.  
 Into frame and out.

This is a love poem.  
 Against the institution of the police?  
 No. For love.  
 Which is.

*0.*

A man on the radio who didn't know.  
 Who didn't know when joining the police.  
 He would experience alien abduction.  
 A young woman in a rural town she.  
 She didn't know.  
 He had a wife.  
 Back in the city.  
 This post is temporary.  
 I'm patrolling the border, he said.  
 And I'm going to get a divorce.

Plants of Western New South Wales.  
 Are often suspected to  
     have caused blindness in stock.  
 Illness and death in cattle and sheep.  
 The economy of the stock route.  
 Pervades the leaves of evergreens.

The ones that are left.

*Pittosporum phylliraeoides*

A poultice applied to the breasts.

Causes the milk to flow.

Motherhood is a concrescence.

Of the female and the male female.

And the child female and the animal female.

It is brutal to bring more of

the condemned into the world.

The women said.

To work in your sweatshops and labour camps.

But more than that.

We are producing a whole.

Murmuring scream that.

Produces to speak.

More stuff and more stuff.

1.

I was born in Missouri

And I was brought up ah.

My father was a career man in the airforce.

When I was 17 years old.

Act of war.

My flag.

Even though I felt it was.

An immoral act of war.

I went home to Nebraska.

Didn't ah.

Make much money.

I talked to my father.

Five minutes later I was a policeman.

Serving the community.

The laws of the state ah.

Flashing lights.

Raising up in the air.

Forty feet.  
Ah. I.  
I think I was something like fifty yards.  
Seemed like there were.  
Red flashing lights.  
A catwalk.  
Shaped like a football.  
We were being pulled.  
First I felt.  
And then I felt.  
[Inaudible \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ ]

-1.

Then suddenly.  
It's worth noting that the act of love.  
Is a moon thin slice.  
That only lasts.  
"A paper-thin slice."  
A fish scale.  
A fingernail.  
STop it Childnr.n  
Yur tanust ar euselss hre.

2.

I have always relied on the kindness.  
 Of strangers.  
 Mother, father.  
 You are dead to me.  
 It is darkness to say it.  
 It is feather light.  
 We can't be wrong about.  
 that Whale.  
 Her bones from a corset.  
 Her blubber drawn from a lamp.  
 Thank you for the fairy tales.  
 The hen and the effluvia.  
 The cloaca the chlorine.  
 The breast an n the egg.  
 Of course we don't believe.  
 In either one.  
 In beginnings.  
 She take me to the horizon.  
 Of langg  
 Roof of mouth to tongue.  
 I love her.  
 Mother father.  
 Don't retreat.  
 I see in your eyes a terrible word.  
 It is the the.  
 Velour muttering.  
 Laced cigarette of God.  
 Who never loved you anyway.

Who was a tyrant and holder-in-chain.  
 Of angels.  
 Excuse me, brilliant master.  
 I have not thanked you for the visit.  
 I know it is you blessing these words.  
 If I.  
 I can just find a mirror.  
 I know it's around here somewhere.  
 Damn. Goddamn.  
 I. I.  
 Had it.  
 The one with the tiny ivory flowers.  
 Around the rim she.  
 The first time she.  
 And me.  
 Edging her fingers along the cheap.  
 Cotton underwear.  
 I couldn't imagine what was coming.  
 I didn't.  
 Expect the sun to unfold in the morning.  
 I couldn't predict you.  
 Help me brother.  
 I implore you.  
 DON't.  
 DoFjn't letlsj them fdmfnaktake eme awya.

I curse you.  
 I cleave in two.  
 My brother.  
 Who s a big boy.

I don't want visitors.  
 Unless they're from the police.  
 Let them come and pile up outside the door.  
 Waiting.

Joy shone in his and his eyes.  
 Shone joy.  
 Hands.  
 In his and his father both.  
 In both fathers.  
 The hate remained unprincipled.  
 And unplaced.

Who is?  
 My?  
 Squirming?  
 Wormy?  
 Little?

That's it  
 That's right  
 That's right big boy  
 Get down on.  
 And hold my toe between.  
 Your teeth.

And if they so much as  
 A mark  
 Make a mark.  
 Well

Your tongue.  
 His and his boots.  
 Do you think I would let you.  
 Touch me after that.  
 You maggot.

Pine O Clean  
 White King  
 Mr Muscles  
 Ajax  
 Colgate  
 Sensodyne  
 Oral B

I yes fuck my.  
 Champagne.  
 Girlfriend.  
 On your.  
 Platinum.  
 Silly. Sweet thing.

-2.

o ye  
o ye faithfu  
i am your tide and your watchtower  
granted a page of your  
“a paper-thin page”  
yes rodney dear a paper thin page  
very good

-3.

Will you marry me  
 I want a European passport.  
 And to wake up.  
 Against your.  
 Life.  
 IN the.  
 EVeRY  
 MORNING  
 Greens  
 Fruit  
 Eggs  
 Milk  
 Mandarin juice  
 Lamb heart  
 Butter  
 Polenta  
 Tin toms  
 Vitaweets  
 Caraway seeds  
 Matches

3.

Faggot, or little stick.  
 Forget me not, or little flower.  
 Fennel or bonfire aromatic.  
**Fuzz, coppers, filth.**  
 Pigs, Old Bill.  
 Babylon.

-4.

Ok. He says. Moving the salt away  
from the pepper.

We say feelings are like this: anger, salt.

Fear, pepper. Mustard grief.

I put the apple on the table and I put myself  
inside the apple; \_\_\_\_\_ magic.

Rodney. Are you paying attention?

So, we say feelings are.

Are separate objects on the table.  
\_\_\_\_\_ Table, body.

But who really knows how to divide a feeling?

No, Rodney, you don't.

You can't cut it.

You just can't.

Ok. So, as I was saying, we say feelings

Saying is not a feeling, Ro-

Father. My name is Rodney.

The-grass-because-it-is-lighter-blows-  
differently-to-the-leaves-on-the-branches-  
of-the-tree. The-unsayable-because-it-is-  
never-said-becomes-wrapped-around-the-  
sayable-one-big-object-spun-together-  
paper-thin-fibres-a-background-of-  
interiority-we-are-in-the-foreground-with-  
everything-we-know-and-can-rely-upon.  
Grief-he-was-boiled-to-death-in-the-back-  
of-a-police-van-you-can't-cut-it-you-must-  
cut-it-you-must-know-that-it-is-not-the-  
error-but-the-fingerprint-of-the-system-



not-its-corrigendum-but-its-sequela-father-  
 its-superlative-holding-and-taking-of-life.  
 Mustard-we-confuse-the-boundaries-we-take-  
 responsibility-for-their-reconstruction-we-cry-  
 your-crocodile-of-tears-'inevitable'-we-have-  
 never-lived-on-any-other-side-except-our-  
 own-'progress'-never-heard-any-other-voice-  
 not-the-land-not-its-law-not-its-subjects-the-  
 spinifex-the-kangaroo.

Father-we-cut-it-by-joining-it-like-this-  
 feelings-are-fruit-to-be-picked-chopped-  
 ground-pounded-boiled-rolled-dried-carried-  
 on-long-journeys-to-the-end-of-the-white-  
 winter-nourishing-through-the-dry-season-a-  
 part-of-everything-in-our-telling-it-and-apart.  
 Time-the-factor-in-the-series-of-same-units-  
 and-space-the-factor-in-the-growing-of-time-  
 and-centre-the-factor-of-mundus-we-stand-  
 around-the-centre-from-which-the-stories-  
 lead-out-spindles-bundles-fibres-paper-thin-  
 ink-thin-HgS-Fe<sub>2</sub>O<sub>3</sub>-Fe<sub>3</sub>O<sub>4</sub>-FeO-pigment-  
 thin-energy-thin-very-good-father-you-are-  
 beginning-to-understand.

4.

When you cannot keep going.  
Remember that I love you.  
It is a cruel place.  
And I touch.  
My lips to your lips.

-5.

I cannot keep going.  
Remember that you love me.  
And close my eyes.  
Encircle my body.  
Aquila audax.  
Flagless.  
Flesh of my flesh.

# ON PILLOW TALK, OR, HOW I DANCE SOLO WHILE LOGOS WATCHES FROM OUR BED, SMOKING A CIGARETTE.

## *1. A Viper Pit and Vipers*

I read (present tense) a line from Susan Howe's  
Emily Dickinson:

Staking our entire Possession  
On a Hair's result—  
Then—Seesawing—coolly—on it  
Trying if it split—

“Staking and seesawing” Susan says, leaning over  
the “precipice of falling into foolishness.”

My Emily Dickinson, Susan Howe tells me,  
“audaciously invested a new grammar ground-  
ed in humility and hesitation.” Hesitation is an  
admission that we don't know how to proceed.  
It is the the upper body extending, as if to say

something—the lips parting drawing breath, the head and neck lifting—and all this movement being held in the air, as though by a thread, and then retracted, gently lowered back again.

“You look as though you were  
about to say something.”

As though you might have something to say.

But hesitation is less wondering whether to say something or nothing, and more an admission that we care how we capture the world, and how it has captured us. That it has.

Against Emily’s Seesawing and Splitting, it’s Ruskin who says, “He may pause but he must not

### 1. A VIPER PIT AND VIPERS

hesitate.” ~~Man~~ may. The ‘man of action’ is the ~~Man~~ of action, and by consequence, the Humanity of action. I am not satisfied with ~~Man~~ becoming Humanity if the action remains the same. Pausing implies linearity. Progress. The march towards the inevitable.

Hesitation does not march, and it is not linear. It balances delicately, says that maybe it does not know how the world is. And then it tells you how it is. St Teresa d’Avila says the soul is like a castle. Simone Weil says:

To see a landscape as it is when I am not there... When I am in any place, I disturb the silence of heaven and earth by my breathing and the beating of my heart.

All the things that I see, hear, breathe, touch, eat; all the beings I meet—I deprive the sum total of all that of contact with ~~God~~.<sup>1</sup>

Hesitation, then, is related to a profound hubris. The mystic will say that It cannot be described. And then, But let me tell you what It is like. It is like a castle. It is like a landscape when I am not there.

<sup>1</sup> Part of a project called ~~Godstrike, Manstrike~~ (2018–ongoing), in which I Pstrike through the words ~~God, Man, Nature~~.

What Weil calls ~~God~~, and you might call ~~Nature~~, and I might call World. Are we asking the same question? How can the infinite language of metaphysical reality be translated into the finite languages of humankind?

It cannot. At least not definitively.

Each translation, a treason. The Italians have a saying, *traduttore, traditore*. Translator, traitor. To translate is to betray. And it only when we remember this betrayal that we can hesitate. And our hesitation leads to us seesawing upon a hair's breadth. Seeing if it splits.

The act itself cannot be described, but let me tell you what it is like.

If each name is a betrayal, then none can be said to have answered the question. When I hesitate, I say that I know that this is not the end. I have not said all there is to be said. Simone has not said it, we have not said it, and when we are dead and gone, there will exist young people who will decide to speak about the ways of things. We want them to know that we have not said all there is to be said. We want them to know that when they are dead and gone, they will not have said it either, and so—and still—they must keep saying it. Seesawing on the hair's breadth, staking their entire possession.

The shift in perspective that hesitation encodes is both demanded of us and chosen by us. The Nature that we are not separate from is a changeling,<sup>2</sup> so that even when we don't shift perspectives, the aspect has shifted, is shifting, shifts. We may try to keep a stable viewpoint, but our vision is modified by the relative dilation and contraction, and the severe expansion, of temporal and spatial scale. I mean relative to the human scale. Telescopic to microscopic (and that was in the 19th century). Now we work in webs. If verticality is vertiginous, virtuality is vorticose.

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<sup>2</sup> A changeling is a child substituted by a fairy, a fairy in place of a child. This quasi-demonic and fearful possibility makes quite a nice substitute for Nature, which we may imagine as our innocuous child, to be managed and protected. *Honey, our child is in fact a fairy and we didn't know!* Our egos suffer a double blow. Simultaneously less and more than human (- child + fairy), we have performed our surety with such a lack of vigilance that the past and future reveal themselves as opportunities for the changeling to (have) *manage(d)* us. The past becomes a site of shame (*Oh god, that time we...*) and the future a site of paranoia (*Oh god, what if while we sleep...*). The solution to this problem is simple, but will not be easy.

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I don't have social media, and I'm ashamed to be so impressive that it's almost not worth mentioning it. I don't read the news much anymore. I miss everything. If no-one tells me, I miss events and parties and the latest high school shooting and the collapse of a government, elsewhere. I rely on my Israeli friend to tell me that there is no government in Israel. And my other Israeli friend to tell me about his mother, and their relationship, and to ask me about Aboriginal Australia, and to tell me about the Israeli Bedouins. I rely on my friends tell me about a marriage proposal gone wrong, where the guy drowned. Heteropatriarchy, I joked, but I'm also serious. I look up the story afterwards, and I believe the woman said something about a bucket list.

Nature is thrilling, I agree, and everything about this concerns me.

The stable viewpoint is the kind of conservatism that is not about conservation in the ecological sense. It is about property. The world can burn, as long as my house is fireproof. It's hard, though, to accept living in fireproof house in a burned-out world. Then our conservatism changes the equation. It's a bit backhanded, it's a bit duplicitous, and it wants to be granted some wishes. The burned-out world should be prevented from coming to my door, from speaking to my children, from playing them music and turning them queer, or, ~~god~~ forbid, into trash. Rave trash, hippie trash, artist trash, welfare trash. It's not my fault the world burned.

For various reasons, it is.  
I think.  
I don't want to say it like that  
but I did.

## 1. A VIPER PIT AND VIPERS

What in naming implies such great hesitation? The act itself cannot be described, but let me tell you what it is like. Naming is not simply linguistic. It is something else. It is a binding and a bounding—a name is a boundary. It is what hovers over the dense mass of information and coincides with the shape of the thing. I say 'shell,' I say 'cup.' But the atoms of clay, which form the ceramic of the cup—a kind of alumina silicate  $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot 2\text{SiO}_2 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$ —they do not know what whole they form. But they know, in some energetic sense, what edges they touch. The atomic veil between surface and air. There is real tension there. Real repulsions and attractions.

Wet cup, i.e. a veil between surface and flow (+  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ ), and one between flow and volatility (+  $\text{N}_2$ ,  $\text{O}_2$  et al.). Or, cup [ $\text{Al}_2\text{O}_3 \cdot 2\text{SiO}_2 \cdot 2\text{H}_2\text{O}$ ] (+  $\text{H}_2\text{O}$ ,  $\text{N}_2$ ,  $\text{O}_2$ , et al.) (+ hand [epidermis, blood, DNA, et al.]) ( $\pm$  place of and technique of acquiring, place and technique of production, et al.) ( $\neq$  emotions [unquantified and unqualified neuronal connections, gut feelings, outward moving inward feeling, et al.]). Histories of atoms and events. Becoming is a virtuality, concepts are virtualities; not-unreal. The embodying of the shimmer of a possibility that the real has produced as possibility.

I have embodied this. I know it from within.  
 Am embodying it. I know it as threshold.  
 I embody. I know it from without.

Through these three aspects my relationship to the  
 virtual brings me from the inside to the outside,  
 via the osmosis of the threshold.

1. A VIPER PIT AND VIPERS

“There on the window sill was the cup from the  
 day before. As she rinsed out the last mouthful of  
 coffee, and sponged away the oily fingerprints, the  
 room went white and became sudden—sudden  
 in its quiet capacity to blind her, as the shimmer  
 of bared fangs suddenly strikes, from the head of  
 Medusa—so that what was incontestable became  
 also contestable, and final, and the water dripping  
 from her hand was perhaps a lie, or several webbed  
 hydrations, pearling across her fingers, and they  
 themselves as fingers understood that perhaps  
 there was a body, at some stage yes a body  
 perhaps underneath these fingers

and yes, a caress —  
 and brushed against it body a viper pit  
 and vipers soft though and

stinging a whiteness yes  
 very subtle

like shadows at night and this too contestable  
 (like blindness?)

some stage yes the body I saw it a t



I'm sure of it                    I'm sure I touched and  
 even tasted it at some stage  
 I forgot                    I had a tongue at some stage  
 and maybe I never had a body

                  but I'm sure there was a body at some  
 stage   and now it is gone and I am crying.

As the cup lay drying in the air, and the room re-  
 gained its colour, the children playing in the street  
 were yelling "Over the line!" "Doesn't count!"  
 Or was it that they all were singing "Glory, glo-  
 ry, Love—is anterior to Life—Posterior—to  
 Death—Initial of Creation, and The Exponent  
 of Earth—" as all children do, in some way, sing  
 Emily Dickinson."

Hesitation is changing aspect, changing scale, and  
 then changing how we name what is, and how  
 we name how we know it, how it works, why we  
 care, and what we should do with it (once called  
 ontology, epistemology, metaphysics, physics, the-  
 ology maybe or ideology, and politics). (These are

insufficient and it makes me ashamed to be all like  
 "you know, blah blah blah, etc., et al., comme vous  
 le savez très bien.")

                  Shame, Eve Kosofsky Sedgwick tells me, is  
 not where identity is most securely attached  
 to essences, but where the question of identity  
 arises most originarily and most relationally.

                  Shame is where I might build me.  
                   The country of my origin.

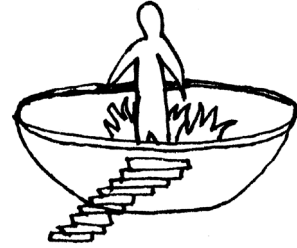
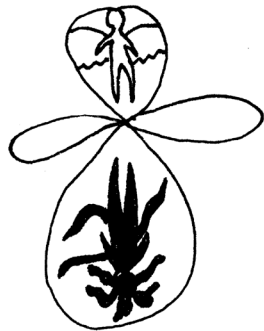
I hesitate to say ‘cup’ (because everything is attached to it). The whole feral shaking of the world is in parentheses at the end of the line, in the jaws of the dog that won’t let go. It is a battle with entropy that both the dog and I will lose.

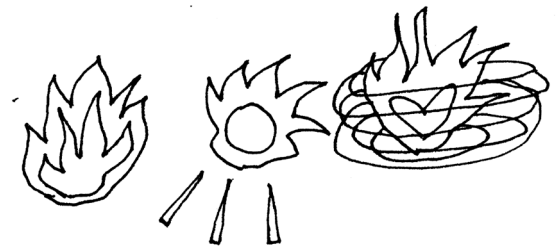
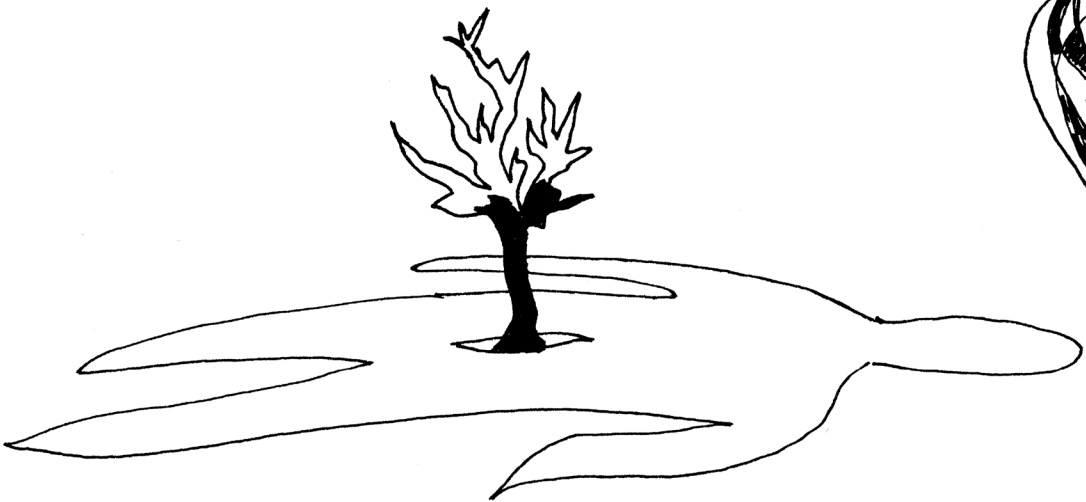
Naming may not be about language. It is that the thing calls out to us that it is separate, and it shows us its edges. Our edges are its edges, so we never know who is calling who. Hesitation. And naming is the gentle call and response between us and the thing—sometimes so gentle that it splits us in two.

1. A VIPER PIT AND VIPERS

‘I’ is an edge of myself.  
That’s what Rimbaud said, right?

*Je est un autre. I is an other.*





## 2. *Logos is not Enya*

Politics is the space of Logos. Rational speech. Politics must name the problem, and bind it, and decide upon how to change it. Politics requires that we keep naming as we did before. So that we can agree on what is, and what is wrong, and what it would be to change it. Politics cannot say that reality cannot be described. It must stick to its translation. It must decide.

Logos cannot say *je est un autre*. It cannot take its case to the courts, turn to the judge and say, “Your Honour, I must confess, I don’t know where I end and you begin.”<sup>3</sup>

Politics is the apocryphal saying of Martin Luther that Even if I knew the world would end tomorrow, I would still plant my apple tree today. It is the very means against the end.

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<sup>3</sup> Let it be known that outside of America Your Honor is not the norm. But I have heard that due to the international proliferation of American crime and court dramas, in France, people use the dubbed translation, *Votre Honneur*, in the court room. And they plead the 5th, an amendment to the constitution that they do not have.

Logos is not cacophony, not whispers or pillow talk, it is not Enya, or angels, or the death metal growl. It is a single coherent voice, speaking in public, expecting that we must agree upon our definitions. It is not mutiny.

To mutiny is to be in open rebellion against the institution to which we belong. Sailors against their officers, soldiers against their commanders, poetry against language, citizens against the police. If the Crown is metonymy for the Queen and the Queen is metonymy for the Monarchy, it is probably the Feet that mutiny. Susan Howe says:

*Is Death a soothing mother or a  
mastiff-father? Is Awe Nature; and  
destruction the beginning of  
every Foundation? Do words flee  
their meaning? Define definition.*

The mutiny of *poiesis* is hesitation in translation, from the unnamable to the nameable. From the world to ‘the World.’ But also from the unnamable to the unsayable—to music, dance, pottery—and the unspeakable. Horror may be unspeakable, but it is nameable. Ditto joy.

When we split the hair a gap opens up and new edges appear—new boundaries and new borders. We risk not being understood.

*Poiesis* means creation, someone points out to me. I think (that) they think (that) I think it means poetry. What is the institution to which *poiesis* belongs, against which it might mutiny? Diotima in the Symposium says it is immortality. *Poiesis*, then, might be the Foot of Immortality.

Is immortality a mountain? It is on your bucket list?

### ***3. Pussyfooting around and other feline vacillations***

Saint Teresa d'Avila went unshod, shoeless, with bare feet. She said the arrow was plunged into her heart several times so deep it pierced her entrails, and caused a pain so sweet that it made her moan, and she did not wish it to cease. It is bodily, she says, and spiritual; and I would like to focus on the bareness of her feet.

Saint Teresa is seesawing on the hair's breadth of ecstasy. Eros, Sappho says, is bittersweet.

I read that loosing the foot, keeping it unshod and unbound, when encountering battle, danger, or engaging in magic, is an act of faith. Unbind your hair, unbind your feet, unbind your heart, go to the Capitoline hill and pray for rain.

“They came home wet as drowned rats,” the old man tells me, “in the those days. Now no one believes the gods are gods, and our fields lie baking.”<sup>4</sup> Hey Daddy, I don’t wanna pry, but tell me *what else* happened between ‘those pious days’ and ‘now,’ and where did it happen and to whom did it happen to? *What scale are we talking, Daddy and why did that man on telly say the chickens are coming home to roost?*<sup>5</sup>

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<sup>4</sup>This is a paraphrase of a scene from Petronius’ *Satyricon*. Actually, if I understand it correctly, it is the baby boomer speaking, whose house is standing in a burned-out field. Is it possible that even though they got it wrong this old timer is right? That when nothing is sacred, the world suffers.

<sup>5</sup>This is a reference to Malcom X causing outrage with a similar comment. It is the kind of outrage that I like to think the changeling provokes in the parents (see fn.2). My parents, baby boomers, tend to say things like ‘we did nothing wrong, we lived how we were supposed to, we worked hard, earned what’s ours, we were good people.’ Which is true. Being told you’re wrong, that you caused this mess, provokes an armour of defensiveness that prevents the work of shame from developing a sense of self from which to think. But, ‘we did what we were supposed to’ is not enough. Daddy, you know it’s not enough. I love my parents, and they are my support, my safety net. I don’t get through this world without them. If this is a criticism of them, which it is, it is also a criticism of myself. I have my own excuses: personal, generational. They too are not enough. I want us to admit this together, but I’m not relying on it.

### 3. PUSSYFOOTING AROUND AND OTHER FELINE VACILLATIONS

Daddy, che uomo, ciao! I will go to Rome, to the Santa Maria della Vittoria, where Gian Lorenzo Bernini sculpted Saint Teresa in marble. She lies back, after the first prick of the arrow, or the second, or was it the third? She exhales, and her breathlessness—we can see it in the flesh of the stone.

I imagine, with unshod feet, touching my lips to those lips. I wonder, Daddy, would I feel ashamed? To touch the lips of that stone is not like touching a raw piece of marble. But what would it be like to touch a raw piece of marble as though it might moan? Teresa’s bare feet are dangling, exposed. I imagine washing and kissing those feet. I imagine my lips and my tongue. I taste the toe of that stone, and I travel along certain veins and slender sinews.

Teresa's erotic speech, piggybacked on transcendence, is morally acceptable, but it is not logos. Weil's politics, alloyed to the severity of her mysticism, are rendered ineffectual, because unrepeatable.

To pussyfoot is to be non-committal. It speaks to cautiousness, but also to evasion and prevarication, as though it might be a passive form of cunning. As it comes from the light tread of cats, it is also feminised, as all pussies tend to be. Pussyfooting is doubly differentiated from logos, as both unstable and quiet. Logos is a *broad* cast: it aims to cast a wide net and it speaks loudly (but not too loudly). The quietness of pussyfooting renders it stealthy, and so suspicious; and its vacillating, rather than being understood as a kind of existential 'swaying,' faces the more serious charge of moral spinelessness, susceptible to manipulation from any old quack who happens to come along.

Audre Lorde tells me, We have come to distrust that power which rises from our deepest and non-rational knowledge. Anne Carson tells me that women were considered wetly antithetical to the dry airiness that the soul ideally possessed. Wetness is erotic, and emotional, and also leaks everywhere.

### 3. PUSSYFOOTING AROUND AND OTHER FELINE VACILLATIONS

Intimate speech is often a narrow cast—into the restricted space of the ear, as I whisper to you in bed, as I coo and murmur with the children, as I natter and prattle with my friends, as I sigh with pleasure or pain—or it explodes and leaks everywhere, as when I moan, or scream, or howl, whence it casts its net so broadly as to be amorphous, obscure, and once again impractical.

The broad(but not too broad)cast is best.

But dry logos is also impractical. Kathy Acker tells me that knowing much information and not feeling anything doesn't get you anywhere. We fight about this, Kathy and I, but we essentially agree that there is no balance, and no harmony, and no



easy Marie Kondo sparking of joy, when it comes to knowledge and feeling.

Wages for housework, Silvia Federici demanded (one of our original so-called bitches, vipers, witches). Who's gonna take care of the worker when the worker gets home? The worker needs reproductive labour to be pushed out the door daily anew and ready for wages. We want money for our labour, SiFe says, and she is smiling. Logos is freaking the fuck out. Logos wants to broadcast in public and come home to a warm meal and warm words and a warm mouth, a body who will not meet Logos with information, information, information.

But the point, we reckon, is not to *fait entrer* Logos into the intimate sphere: not for Sadie Plant to whisper into Daddy's ear that women and machines have become disloyal, however erotic this might be for Daddy. The point is that feeling is knowledge, and it builds difference into reason.

### 3. PUSSYFOOTING AROUND AND OTHER FELINE VACILLATIONS

Shame, for example, although unpleasant, is valuable. Eve Kosofsky tells me that when a basic circuit between us is broken in a failure of mutual recognition, our faces literally 'fall' in shame. This geometry, the first of many more or less abstract call and response failures, is an oscillation of the interior movement and the exterior movement; the bridge over *la ravine dite face-à-face* is swaying dangerously. Our inability to cross or repair this estrangement brings us by variable oscillation to a more complex circuit. Wobbly, irregular, mutable.

Face to face: you and I?

Facet to face: the thing and I?

Facet to facet: an aspect to an aspect. My feet, for example, and the ground they touch.

My feet are rooted, they do not wish to touch the sky. They are the full embodiment of my partial body. They see the landscape as it is when I am not there...when 'I' am up here. *Un autre*. A translator, and a traitor. Saying 'I,' saying 'World.' Saying how it is, and what is wrong, and what it would be to change it.

The paradox is real. It is not to be resolved—paradoxes rarely are. Classical logic (and Logos) have failed us, and what the ancient alchemists knew, and what quantum physics began to understand at the limits of classical physics (edges, edges: seesawing coolly on them—trying if they split), is that the operator and the work are not separate, that the spiritual and the physical are not separate. The paradox is real. Don't try and synthesise your way out of this. Let's talk the law of the included middle. Let's talk scales and systems.

**4. “Oh, Simone, I don't think  
Logos really loves me.”**

I unbind my feet and I take a step. A path opens up to me and I begin, fleet-footed, to run. Flying through the wordless air, I am suddenly struck in the back with an arrow.

On the hair's breadth of Logos, I lie down and I wait. I say what hurts me, and what lifts me up. I wrap my limbs around the hair's breadth of Logos,

and receive a kiss. I whisper, I murmur, I sigh and I scream. I have fallen in love with Logos. It is spiritual, I say, and bodily.

A poet once said of Eros, “For they love him and they hate him and they long to possess him.” Logos, I say, let me love you. Eros, I say, let Logos love me too. Eros draws his arrow and lets it loose. But Logos does not love me. It is Catullus who says,

*I hate and I love. Why?  
you might ask.  
I don't know. But I feel it happening  
and I hurt.*

4. “OH, SIMONE, I DON'T THINK LOGOS REALLY LOVES ME”

Logos and I are lying in bed. Torso and face staring up at the ceiling, Logos is smoking a cigarette, having fucked me once again. I am wrapped into torso and groin and limb. My body is warm and my breath is warm and I can feel the beating of my heart. I want to kiss you all over, I whisper. Logos grins, You'll be the death of me. I laugh a little and entwine myself further. Logos, do you love me? Legs curled around legs, body pressed; Logos smoking a cigarette. Sometimes after being fucked, I cry. It's so much emotion. I'm overcome by the world. Sometimes it's awful. It's Iago saying, “Get money in thy purse,” and the bombs and the reverse salvation. “If I were the earth it would disgust me, all this vermin on my back, I'd shake it off.” Simone de Beauvoir, I quietly say. Logos raises eyebrows and sighs. Oh, honey, stop being so dramatic. Logos, this hurts me. You deny my right to politics, I whisper. In bed, Logos turns to me and kisses me on the forehead. Shhh, baby, go to sleep, we can talk about it in the morning. But we don't. Logos is always too busy in the mornings and too hungry in the evenings and too tired after we fuck. Sometimes I dance naked as the moon streams through our windows, and Logos lies there, bemused, before drifting off to sleep. And then I am alone. “I was made for another

planet altogether. I mistook the way.” Simone de Beauvoir, I quietly say, before falling asleep. And when instead of dancing or kissing or whispering, I shout and scream, Logos hisses at me, Baby, please, don’t make a scene, you’re embarrassing me.

Logos, I say, you may be embarrassed, but I am being erased.

And in the silence that follows, I realise something about *God*. And I call Simone, the other one—My Simone Weil.

Simone, I think you’re wrong. I *want* to disturb the silence of Logos by my breathing and the beating of my heart. I am that breathing, and that heart beating, it is mine. This is my minimum condition.

Simone listens patiently, and says, I once wrote that we must become incarnate. We must perform our incarnation, for we are disembodied by our imagination. S’incarner. Nous devons faire l’acte de s’incarner, car nous sommes désincarnées par

l’imagination. Hey, did you hear what Luce said?

Your Luce Irigaray? I joke. Simone laughs. I love her laugh. She doesn’t laugh often, but when she does, it is full of fire and quick, like a slap. Her faces flushes, and I see that shame has built in her the deepest conditions of her being: what she is willing to fight for, and how far she will go.

Luce, Simone tells me, had this thought the other day, she described it beautifully, I wish you were there to hear it. She said that an image of the body cannot express all there is to know about incarnation. And that gestures generate volume better than a mirror, gestures as they relate to space and to other people. We must take responsibility for that.

Oh, Simone, I say, I don’t think Logos really loves me.

Later she sends me two emoji and a youtube link.  
My Simone Weil.

It's Sinead O'Connor and it's called This is a Rebel Song. I would like to play it to you. It's a love song to England from Ireland. I think we can imagine this Englishman as the humanist subject that Rosi Braidotti lovingly rips to shreds. The subject of universalism, a subject that is white, male, heterosexual, speaking a dominant language.

I am two of those things. Some of you are none of those things.

The Englishman might be science. Because I am heartbroken, I know it is a song about Logos and I.

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=wbre5Fs9m8I>

## 4. "OH, SIMONE, I DON'T THINK LOGOS REALLY LOVES ME"

How to love and love in such a way that we split the hair? Seesawing and staking it all. How to hesitate, and whisper and scream? How to take off our shoes and put on our gloves and plant the apple tree? I have dirt on my feet and I whisper: *translator, traitor*, while I suck the toe of Saint Teresa in Rome. It is bodily, she moans, and spiritual.

And I say what is, I say what is a problem, and I say it must change.

I hesitate, and then I choose a path.  
I cannot march, and then I march.  
I hesitate, and then I choose a path.  
I cannot march, and then I march.  
I hesitate, and then I choose a path.  
I cannot march, and then I march.

*Poiesis, mutiny.*

*5. Words, then, are basalt*

“Stiamo in questo limbo denso e coloso, ———  
————— a tratti liquido, senza contorni.”

“Stiamo cadendo giù nella vena della roccia.”

The cold volcanic makes sense to me now. ———

————— It is frozen fire. Words, then, are basalt.

Black and iron-rich, they —————

————— are the haemoglobin of the world,

Carrying its oxygen. They are that breath of life.

# WOLF, MOTHER, MUSE

*onomatopoeia*

*for a wolf's howl*

words to remember  
having learned them

« smarrimento »

« sconosciuto »

« scappare »

days of words becoming fog  
fog becoming words  
put your finger on the  
thick particulate  
and place it

you fall through

words come easy  
until they don't -

unknown feeling  
you cut it with my  
tongue and  
allot its parts  
to more reliable  
taxonomies

your fear rises  
through  
namelessness  
and reaches for  
words she said

you remember now:  
your fear wants  
weapons

one day  
you will drop  
your weapons and  
stay with the  
sensation

invite her  
to feel  
the delicate  
skin of the  
inner elbow  
like the nose  
of a horse  
when you  
stroke it  
and the  
sunless  
wind

not yet  
tu me fai impazzire



we hold hands  
we walk  
we say  
it would be easier  
if we don't see each other  
anymore

we say  
we don't know  
what we trust

we are  
inching  
closer to  
that madness  
of language  
that asks  
by accusing  
and hopes  
by despairing

while our mouths  
splinter the air  
while our hands  
hold on

hand in hand  
means together  
in close association

hand in hand means  
the densest area of  
nerve endings  
in our bodies  
meeting

remembering this  
I come back to  
sensation  
and learn to speak  
from here

horizontal voice  
social voice

vertical voice  
intuitive voice

onomatopoeia for a

wolf's howl

at the site of  
the crisis  
like a dog  
you see the finger  
that points  
and not where  
it leads

stay with the  
finger – the  
branches – bare

skin – my skin –  
bare – and the  
the sunless  
wind

For example, when she spoke to you she told you all these things but she did not say, *I am telling you this*. She came and demanded her existence by taking it. This is a political gesture. **When we demand the right to a voice, we have already exerted those rights.** We take a stand and our standing is a stance and our stance is a position and the position plots itself, whether it is conceded or not. It is an image making itself known in the act.

When she came to you, she spat and she growled and you heard her. You did not ask questions. **You did not take off your clothes and block your ears.** You listened. She did not ask to be comforted and she did not ask to be judged. And you gave neither, because it is rare to be able to listen unconditionally. It is a gift that we take because what is rare is valuable.

If a person says, *I am filled with hate*, it is almost impossible to do nothing, make no gesture, murmur no comfort, seek no explanation for why or

how, brush nothing aside, make no light, cast no shadows.

If a person is standing on the edge of a cliff in rags and penitence, we may blush, or frown, or look away or snicker or scoff. **It may be our mother and we may find her mad.** We may turn to our lover or brother or wife and say, *Oh God what is she doing?* We may hope that nobody we know is watching and that nobody at all is filming. And she may be wailing or relentlessly drumming out her words and she may be talking to no one in particular or someone or all of us or just us. She may be talking to her gods. She may say, *I have lost my home I have found myself in a great circle and I have no corner to hide in and everywhere is a spotlight and everywhere is too bright.*

When she said 'home,' when she said 'everywhere,' she did not ask for a dictionary, she did not ask for permission, she did not ask for science.

But she did reach through the air.

She did reach through the air and touch your bare back in the nakedness of the night, did trace a fish, a whale, a serpent.

You retched. I shivered. You said no, because you

have a choice.

She came anyway. You do not have a choice.

You say yes and you say no and you do not have a choice. Do you have the illusion of choice? Do you at least have that?

**Can you mould it in stucco, can you mount it on the wall, can you paint its rendered flesh?** Can you kneel down before it and pray, can you weep before it?

You can.

Is your body changed by the encounter?

It is.

She tells you disgust has an essence like sour vanilla.

**And then she tells you her name.**

### Offerings I

She wants to tell you something. She wants you to weep.

Stay with her, this is only about death in a round-about way. She wants to tell you something about life. She wants to sing crystal thin the things of you.

An image is a kind of speech. An image too can be beautifully-voiced, articulate, muffled, mute. She was singing of developed things, enveloped things—husk-stuffed, and dehiscent—when the image came to her. For months, she could not speak. She leaned into that speech, but nor could hear.

In it, her liquid is a fine-beaded veil, and finger-rivulets. It snakes its way through flame, to become the kind of thing that burns. My mother, Mnemosyne, won't remember to her who descended the likeness. She says, *it was a premonition.*

Her leaning teetered and fell into longing, and from longing keeled into ache. Contorted, heels over head, or was that head over—she was mute making rhyme-dumb lists—reels, feels, scuttled squeals. *Calliope*, her mother said, naming matters. Tatters, batters, scatters, *naming matters.*

She cries out her prayer inarticulate. She pleads. She is bent on being flame-gluttled, or flame-gutted, but not crosswise. Not monosyllabic.

She was singing when the vision came to her. At first she could not hear it and then she heard it. It is the speech of which we are an echo. The image spoke a word and it was *Enyalos.*

And then you, yellow-Ares—or are you raging Enyalos?—tore down the walls of her mother's house in your car. What echoes from those walls is now cleft, half-bent and half-drained away. And you remain, against the rift, god of war.

She sings her Catullus 16. And it leaves you breathless. And you cannot stop listening. *Ares, Ares, Ares.*

The liquid of her speech cycles through a current, hydrogen-electric, to burn. The marriage of water and fire, a union of irreconcilables. Ovid tells her that “although fire and water are always opposites, nonetheless moist heat is the source of everything,

and this discordant harmony is suited to creation.”

It’s clear, but this works better: “We could, you know. We can live any way we want. People take vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience—even of silence—by choice. The thing is to stalk your calling in a certain skilled and supple way, to locate the most tender and live spot and plug into that pulse. This is yielding, not fighting.”

Marriage of fire and water, she invokes you. Bring about that which has not been before. Pour on every yellow flame the things that turn it green. Underwater, underwater—

She wakes up underwater. Nothing changed. The same stories remain the same, and please her.

She sings of this season’s generation, when the wet warm earth gave birth to Python, whose body measures mountains. And how Apollo killed him, that oldyoung god of prophecy, music, medicine, and the sun. His feat brings tears to his own eyes and hers, and she sings his pride, the sharp words hubris brings to his lips to barb small Eros, son of Aphrodite; *teenybopper, fledgling-fletcher. Lesser archer.*

The whippersnapper Eros simply smiles. And she is asked to sing, crystal thin, *what is the weight of a God?* “Your bow may pierce everything else,

Phoebus, but mine will pierce *you*.”

It is the python and not Apollo that tells the world of the power of Eros to raise and lay a lover low—it is moist heat and not the python. It is generation. A repeated premonition.

Downstairs, her friend is crying. She has been laid low by Eros. She has fallen in love with my brother Narcissus, who falls in love with his own image as it is mirrored in the wet pools of those who love him. He falls in love with love, and then he falls away. *Let’s swim in pools whose depths are endless, brother.* They descend. She feels the cool touch of water against her skin.

And then he falls away. And Echo cries out.

“Her anxious thoughts kept her awake, and made her pitifully thin. She became wrinkled and wasted; all the freshness of her beauty withered into the air. Only her voice and her bones were left, till finally her voice alone remained; for her bones, they say, were turned to stone.”

*My brother*, she cries, and waves, as she sees him pinned against the surface. Turning her feet like a seal, she rises up, smiling and laughing. But he will no longer come with her. He is locked into the strange image of himself that repeats itself, repeats itself.

*Echo, I let you in to take revenge, and you write over the whole page Ares, Ares, Ares.*

The time of myth is not confined to books. We invoke it, and it repeats itself.

A few nights ago—listen, come with me. I imagine myself in the middle of the ocean, with no land on any side. I place a heavy mat over my whole body, and spread my arms and legs wide. I will tell you this aside: I am good at floating, salt water or fresh. You have seen me give a spontaneous demonstration to an audience at an outdoor feast. People laugh, for I can be funny sometimes. Tonight, I'm tired. My heart is heavy with war and loss, and love golden-caged. Stars ethereal, gifts sidereal, I am weaponised.

I want to let it all drain away. Everything but love, she whispers. And Echo repeats the end of Enyalos. *Loss, loss, loss.*

Now, wait, everything. She imagines letting go, sinking down, the sun darkening above her. *Green, green, the whole world is green.* She goes through her whole life, every accumulation, and repeats the action. *I'm sorry, mother, I sink for hours.* She lets it all drain away. She becomes the ocean. "All was sea, and a sea that had no shores... Dolphins took possession of the

woods." Amphitrite, she is in your arms.

The time of myth is not confined to books. We invoke it, and it repeats itself.

She receives a summons in the post. Nine mortals challenge them, the Muses. *The gods cower and change their forms*, the mortal daughter from Thessaly sings, vaunting Typhon. *Venus into a fish. Mercury into an ibis.* Medusa laughs and pushes her own daughter forward. *Calliope, naming matters.*

She opens her mouth to sing crystal thin the earth, but now she also want to watch it burn. She crushes Typhon with well-spun words, as Zeus crushes him at Etna, where now he spews his lava and spits his ashes. As Hades surfaces to secure his foundations, Aphrodite calls upon her son, that he take possession of the underworld, that Hades take Persephone. She is waiting. An arrow is drawn and loosed. She cries out. Echo cries out.

*Eros-os-os-os.*

We are locked into a strange image that repeats itself, repeats itself. *Green air, green fire. In every predator's eyes, green light.*

Alongside Typhon moves Echidna, mother of monsters, half-woman, half-snake. Medusa's

mother, Gorgon, is Echidna's daughter, and the sister of the Sphinx. Their eyes are lazily watching her in the slow afternoon glow. She presents them with two offerings, and asks them to let her raise her eyes. *Echidna, the world is green, the light is green, I'm burning green.*

Medusa, you whose severed head still has the power to turn Atlas to stone, allow her to repeat herself. She spent one Christmas with his ancient body, in Imlil, Morocco. She was able to understand a language she has never spoken, and speak one only she can understand. That breath of life, that green fire. Allow it to repeat itself.

She crushes the yellow pigment, and the blue. She mixes them.

She wakes up underwater. Nothing changed. The same stories remain the same, and please her.

Through the water she sees the stars, and the depthlessness of the image flees. The space between them becomes apparent, more-than-two dimensional—begins to stretch apart as she travels through and beyond Hamal. On the other side, she is puzzled by our constellations. They speak differently from another angle. They are forming new shapes, new images, new reiterations. What god-articulation is this three-four-branch of stars?

And how long would it take a creature to say it, to name it, to consecrate it?

*Calliope, her mother says, naming matters.*

Glutted, gutted, Eros-scuppered.

And still, she crushes the yellow pigment

and the blue

so as to sing.

## ***Offerings II***

*ares ares ares*  
the whole world is green

the light is green      I'm burning green  
I want to pour on every yellow flame  
the things that turn it green  
underwater      underwater  
I want to take you under and suspend you there  
let you off the cable      unhook you  
and watch you catch yourself in your throat  
before breathing into your body  
a life of your own making

that breath of life      that green fire  
 I want to watch you swim away  
 with solid green emeralds in your dark eyes  
 I want to find you later      around the corner  
 in the coral of an underwater city  
 I want to find you and you to find me  
 by chance and by design  
 that's how we feel  
 like it could never not have happened  
 green smiles  
 green in your looks and slightly furrowed brow  
 trust    mistrust  
 green tongue    green fingers  
 I want to take off your wetsuit and fuck you  
 underwater  
 as the sharks swim by  
 I want to want to take off my air and reach my  
 limits  
 I want to take you hunting  
 green air      green fire  
 in every predators eye      green light  
 green      I want to meet your father  
 and that he be proud of you  
 and jealous of us and  
 make them all wait  
 and feel like they are waiting  
 for something that never arrived  
 and we are finding oceans everywhere  
 oceans of time and  
 oceans of dressing and leaving the house

## OFFERINGS II

oceans we cannot seem to cross  
 we're drowning in green wet  
 and holding it in our bodies  
 like reservoirs of ocean  
 to unleash into the world  
 other bodies  
 even onto the sidewalk  
 the breath of life  
 we're letting it splash to the floor because we can  
 because we have oceans of it  
 I want to watch you fuck other people  
 I want you to watch me  
 I want us in liquid burning so strong  
 I feel you even walls of skins of bodies away  
 feel you through everything  
 I can't stop thinking about you

x

C



