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*on the Second day of March, 2023
two artists would endure a durational performance and installation:
[the artist records the sound of tectonic plates scrambling northward on November 13, 2022
from 2:40 - 2:46 PM and turns it into vibrations]
[the artist notes on November 13, 2022 at 18:22, aligns
and fantasizes a response]
[salt water collected from the Pacific Ocean, black lava salt, salt]
[contact mic placed between the hands of two artists
2 hours time]*

shade clinging to arrows in the quiver

+

Ars poetica

//

two

*meet at 5:45, the artist will leave his door open
And it was
alone
and then not, abruptly, with the skid of a shoe steps in*

*out of three the artist () chooses the tan one
the others both white but says
This is the color of you (of me)*

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*and it would be the first time I would see the artist bare and with bones
for two hours that would be my*

*walking down hallways (things feel
corridors doorways without names or
numbers bare foot where to put the shoes now / socks tucked in
5:51 and I want to pour more water (which I do)
salt breaks the spine
5:55 and close the door (Tae will open it at 6:00)
the skeleton rattles cold wind on dead flowers / the arrow's quiver
And then we touch the palms and I will face the open up against the wall
\ 20*

*I with the artist's body start against the wall (the northern corner)
against me against the wall the bodies body and body
the artists pushes me against the wall / it feels soluble (absolute) but
nothing like I would have ever expected, eagerness dissipates
And again against
the corner
making the corner round
making the corner a cushion for bodies to squeeze into but then
pushes me back,
changes the form,
paralyzes the axis *

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*softens the rhythm, or otherwise
reverses the pattern \ renttap
pull in where you used to turn, the faces touch and
look the other way
lips pressed in a tight line and
breath too (and who?) never looking
But the wall, yes, that's right, the wall*

40

breaks the line ;

*Tae opens the door though it has not even felt like five minutes
and I begin to think about time (in twos)
do not look at but past*

*the artist presses on steadfast, as if determination would be an answer
/no and the body says without saying*

warns

otherwise

collapse

pulls

pushes

gives

intake

respond

respond to the response

And then language

And now stillness [speaking without speaking]

*slows the body down, moves the foot behind the other, presses the hand backwayrds [north] and begins again
sloping westward with steep-north*

the foot presses on the other; salt now spines beneath arches

curls in

backwards

And again

slips into place

back again

*turn the head, eyes closed (both mine and the artist), necks sway, cheeks, lips with silence looking (with eyes
closed)*

seduce

translate (say it again)

say it again

now beneath

quivers in the fall

palm's slippage

cheeks again

the smell of you

(who?)

on lips

without seeing

disdaining this second vision

moves forward (in west) still smoldering

And again

Corner

\82

slips; makes the corner round (again, but for the first time) the artist pulls
this is not what I am saying to you but giving
and contracts, swoons over (and in) pressure pushes into it with tongue
faces meet again and again and again and
lips (a kiss (skid) without opening) not breath (who?)

in what moment do you think? \

westward slippage collapse into me daring to be momentous, denies itself in pleasure and
turns around without

saying (again) only without direction \but star(s) grounding and sky tracing blue
falls back again, into the corner, making it round delicate things stay the same

the way we face and on south leaving behind our trail of bodies (eyes fall)

sluggish remorse in the trotting of bare feet stained black carried along the corner of the wall and floor
not to say anything other than what it is (which is gone)

\96

And I, with the artist's body, continue

(my hallways my corridors doors to be left open the hinges cracked off)

I want to feel myself invisible and keep turning (stillness swollen) \water

salt remains unfamiliar and gathers, the foot responds in aching camouflage in the light

\trembles and sweats

the sound of you is possibility (and yet I have not said it)

becomes verb

(how it rarely looks) like

fissure

crater

rapture

fillings?)

not for the way you enact but say (the veryb of saying) (what about the gold
(things that don't have much of an image?)

stricken by the vertigo of meaning, pin sized blackness and disappears

That is when you know it is not a reflection, not a place

but the body that carries me down pressures me towards south now

releases me in holding (the artist)

is sound extractive from its source? when it's made by the sound of collision and carrying?

fault and distances collapse

stillness as encounter

to hear your voice without violence

body's suffocation

\

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does not deny me my way

and follows:

SONNET IN \12

[

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moisture of palms' debauchery trading bodies heat like infrared vision
though pewter in the bodies' coldness (not of temperature but of persuasion, the air
in the room is a stale hold incandescent with mysterious pleasure)

for whom?

[l'après midi d'Albertine] but there is no pretending here with your head on my shoulder
the mendacious act of repetition abandoned
how I must learn to trust the way your body moves me and for (keeping direction in time)
the way his hip presses in and me against the wall
this motion in the cavities of bodies where touch becomes a reservoir of the verb
subdued to the fact that language might not be fullness and rather incomplete
what bodies' ancient secrets give in to me? [I am asking again in different words?]

they reveal nothing empty echos stretching
unknown truths wane limpid and abstract
this silent gaze without looking says the most to me
says there is softness in the deaths of you that make wounds
And so I listen, seizing the air

\

he tries to lure: coos like an adorning
shatters through wind as bodies waywarding
how this manipulates
makes fiction truth

(only in believing in that which is
not seen heard felt or

measured)

alters the surface tension
collides in space with two others making three or four or five fissures

[such mystery in this landscape
everything we are not]

he says
swollen and like dynamite [elemental] he says
Too as such in this wounded world

/

damage's secretion (the smell of the artist is now of me), his words swaying overhead (saying that they cannot say in elegy) and in lines draws the map of bodies (directions)

still this path is followed and makes a following or a future or a life path

we sing if we shall call this language, but even in that there is failure

I rejoice in the knowing

of you through bodies and their vibration only, I do not need to hear in order to call out nor be persuaded yet knowing

he

shrivels and parched

This land and momentum only lovers know –

how long to reach a final destiny?

is This paradise in its ending? though

what conquering of thought is an exit

for I only am being/

beginning always

if it seems I am telling this to you all too slowly it is because I am

though it is still not slow enough for me (still, constantly moving further into time)(I still do not know the time)

I wish I could make you read words like:

salamander,
cattywampus,
honeydew,

for nothing but to take up your time

and distance

and the way they move your

mouth

or mind

And so we begin again,

into the corner

southbound and pushed inward (direction lost in the mind but in hindsight it occurs to me we were moving southward then contraction, things are building up but to what?)(I do not know how this will end but I can trust in it doing so – and I think of time, again, in twos)(I still do not know the time)

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faces press to look the other way, where do eyes fix when it is the wall you face?

the stubble of breath held in passing, lips pressing, wishing,

his thumb in my pocket, hand in mine

this is almost the affair without the iron gates to latch shut

(plus, what is there to lose?)

he remembers the sound of you

pulls you out and

Suddenly,

departs

without a name there becomes a space
I with the artist in following leave this home of familiarity
the leaning into the wall which becomes my secret against his body gone
the bodies tilt and give in differently know, moving in the scale of millimeter galaxies
one trips and breaks the fraction
light converting in, the foot makes a path up, around
stays still on the heat of it (hand shoulders backwayrds faces sway
and then step again)

I look out into and past
the light, my passion is of knowing your body against mine
the collapse of your breath northern stars (we move now, with hearts
pounding – I've wondered if we've reached symphony)
salt scatters in procession knowing direction and gravity
burrs beneath the arch
looks down in innocence
tries
turns, waits, turns
tries again
turning the wrist to see the time

/ elbows align and palms convey in diagonals

the first time I would look at the artist's watch the time says:
19:32 (7:32 PM, I would note) / 211

there is
already a
distancing in

this
recognition of
the mind

I have arrived at the word of passenger
but then it flees me and I do not like it
it implies a driving, a control of direction
I am lost in the waters of you in/visible as you/I (two/one) turning
no bitter taste of salt on lips without eyes looking, it is onto you pearled
archaic action of forgetting (somehow always leads to blame)

love becomes an act of cruelty

(understanding devastated landscapes)

if I crawled back in no direction
if this death over my head leads me
if I, crystallized in a sweat of touching, waited for your return
if I suffered

what else would you do?

no more lies to be told (gravity's journey, Southernly, small things
not of my own debris)
fluency is a fool, I forget the shape of your eye
(the space around) filled — approaching in silence like a stalk
waiting to unlock this path of you,
puts words like degrees and breath in the same sentence

Alabaster fingertips
they bloom and weep
At night

[do not let my words get in the way
I am only trying to slow you down,]

10 minutes feels much slower in the room with a panther
who wants to kill you

Stars in eyes (ghosts)
the second time I would look at the artist's watch the time says:
19:42 (7:42 PM, I would note) / 245
and says again without turning,
thumb tucked into around my palm the way we carry
a bone or
a remembering

/
(somethings only last a few hours) and then I sweep
elapse
drift
I fly if I may
dare

255

* in this way, my love letter too becomes an act of cruelty
through its reading
its writing
its remembering

I attempt its escape and flee
where am I going with this? (planets align and go their way) (bodies of water)

*I build mountains for your body and streams
make night a secret cave*

*(the melancholia of sunset) in the holding of you, knowing I will soon not
boulders cradle themselves in fear of becoming cubes (again)
(everywhere I think I can float)*

*matter experiences its own future (and holds)
some pure gash of truth
I am after this thin edge*

*I call out to you to you in word that has two meanings
and mean them both*

If only you were

*a fog
a cunning
alone
(myself here)
a kiss
one might use to burn
a slash (dogs' legs)
a knot*

*then I would might understand this
emptine-
ss*

*when I say again I am really asking when
(and again) when I say I, I could mean you and he be I for any separation syntax unspeaks
such forces of enclosure, varieties of listening
if I had wanted to tell you everything I would have
left my footprints in the snow
or kissed you harder (again)*

*Yet I say all of this again only to dissolve time
to take up space
foster a distancing through my lines*

hold you longer (in the mind or lungs of saying)

*He curls his claw in
perches on the skin, making a sound of it ' and like thorns
wrists unfurl (wind)*

*the third time I would look at the artist's watch the time says:
19:52 (7:52 PM, I would note)*

he is licking you now not with his tongue
but with his devourerous flavor of you
(thinking of) liberating this compressed force

my porous outside and inside, made with the skin of you
where I begin and end?
the body blurs into constellation
trades places (without moving) (the surface of water)
there you are
my distant watching, what is it that asks of me to stay?
on disappearance's edge with suckling lips, kissing that pearl under the tongue
the white dot on the heart
Out and in to yours too

this is when the glass would break
and a shard goes through your finger
(there is nothing to prepare for now)
(and I wonder which line you would read at my funeral, in what words do you say
other than my own?)
(my twins of death and sleep) (comes silence)
(the weight of my gravity towards you) If
I am alone, then it is you that makes that possible
there is no space or yard because I have laid the ground
bury yourself
shadow is not enough to be laid (he kisses the way you speak)
(asks for freedom within holding) This I do not know how
then it is a rip
a plane slashing the blue, tears the sky open (divides into two)
always vacant

he slows the beating of his heart
so not even a Son could hear

puts it into my holding and unearths,
conducts the divergence of bodies (mine and the artist) (dilatates the eyes)

Suddenly,

it is the sound of you I hold
(in the silence of loss)

\falls

and breaks the air with cracking (only momentary before stillness burdens the edges of the room again, then
removing the knowing from bodies) (becomes corpus of erased pages, the flesh still scarred with memory)

*I have already began to forget this knowing passion of your body against mine
it is in the writing, in the places I go that are not here (the scar)
these are the reachings that fail in grasp, but still gather (something like air)*

/

Excalibur

*he who pulls me from my knowing (earth) and into the air Stiff and still red-blooded
[enter the soothsayer]
but it is already too late for the future
I do not want to hear about this burning moment*

because it is now

(and then, again)

*There
is the place where
blades endure stone*

*(in the caverns of knowing bodies)
(petite diamond core – that white dot tasted by pressure)
(hearts touching) (knowing)*

the scar /

*vertigo
of fatigued
knowing*

*his hand makes
away with mine
and suddenly I
am in the room
alone
(again)*

*[if I am honest, it is that I do not know how
to end that I continue, but this is my exit]*

*(the panther's hunger lingers
in the room
like magnetic north)*

*I do not look
take my hand of solitude Slaughters the air
(blindness)
(transitions)
into hallways*

corridors
without names,
numbers
(did I mention the lights were turned off?)
with lights turned off
out into the cold, dark Second night

into the artist's studio
alone
(again)
sound still crawling into the ear of memory
presses the hand onto paper
the feet onto paper

wonders
(lost)

about the artist, the exit
my body searches for this

knowing, it steers
me my light swaying house

repeats the pattern
empty rooms
empty hallways
barefeet
whispers the name (the artist's)
my wind of you
reaching
back into the cold night
to find you
(not alone)
glowing limpid
star-like, eyes burn for me
looks into me with lifetimes
(this is my foreverness of you, the scar)

presses his hand onto the paper (the same) arches his back
the feet onto the paper (the same)
calderas in the center of the room Sends me out into the night like a dog without shadow

SONNET IN \2

[

]

\1

[

]

takes off the color of me the attraction of
the panther's scent (Détienne: Dionysos mis à mort)

Every now and then
(the capture, follows me)

/ 407 (2954)

Notations;

** the artist's name, which is mentioned only once in the beginning for clarification purposes, is printed in white, leaving the void of the space the name takes up.*

** I withhold what I write for the beloved from the ownership of you (the reader) ; you (the reader) are not the you in the written word (although, maybe) ; I wanted to print 'you' in white, but sometimes it is for you too, so I keep it*

** all Sonnets are written for the artist alone – they are printed in white ink*

** a line feels too harsh – I keep it, all but two words are printed in white: 'bury yourself'*