

*And I*

And I've remembered how to feel  
And I have found what I thought long lost  
Around you, all of you, water emerald green  
A stillness neither one of us has seen or heard before  
Your body elegant and long  
Submerged in cold infinity  
Is one with it  
At home where I am lost

Shortly after 05.09.15

Untitled

Extended beyond my image is the image of you

Past this reflection lies the family photograph

Beyond the photograph the grief extended beyond your image

Beyond my comprehension is the image reflected in my face

Passing by the reflection, past the image are possible others, not in the family photograph

The waiting is reflected in the image of the red glass

Understanding is easier when extended beyond the image

October 2015

Untitled

I am two  
I am here and there  
I am now and then  
Old, withering, silent

I have already lives past this  
And I already regret  
All that could not have been  
Prevented in time

I look at you  
And I'm already you  
I've shrunk, I've lived, I have been up  
And down, again, as now

30.10.15

*Standing still*

Standing still

As in statues

As in timeless

As in immobile

As in fixed

As in controlled

As in tableau vivant

Duality of existence

14.10.15

*Desktop, 24.08.2015*

Originary [freedom] comes with one hundred plastic coated garden clips

Originary is underlined in red dotted line, unrecognised

I appear as 25 frames per second tagged as X somewhere I out there on the web

Happy days

We wore Greece

We were Greece, tormented, heart rates accelerated, so close and falling apart

Spotlight

A fine increment

A blackout and a full moon

Sensitivity: normal

Attenuation always off

The fox now appears every day

Nightwatch

Her special project can now go on uninterrupted

Enjoy!

Premium

Cancel

Cancel

Cancel - that day - oh how I wish I could!

Что вы знаете о равенстве на рабочем месте?

Distance learning

Learning the distance

I can no longer give

I write without sentiment

*For Jesse* (in response to NTGNE, Park Nights, 11/09/15)

Something happened in that moment  
surrounded by bodies all in black  
all so much like like my own but unlike each other  
sat on the cold white floor slick and polished  
reminded me of Greece  
naturally  
in the radiating cacophony  
of colour and light  
I couldn't see your eyes  
I'm sorry

Something happened for I could not feel  
their warmth  
not even the bodies I knew  
Some gave into what you plated up  
others expected something  
a disappointment for the expecting body  
Something happened between then and then  
a terror overcomes me  
it's a nice book, he said to me later

For this who one day  
find my notes and things  
and try perhaps to piece together the life I struggle to  
again today tomorrow  
I circle in my diary a simple gesture gives a clue  
Behind the cotton wool  
perhaps I'm just a writer after all

I try and capture wrinkles as the last remaining  
signs of life lived long before me for me  
despite me and, well...  
She bares her heart  
We sit and listen look and looking for the one like moths  
excuse the cliché  
your expectations shattered  
and that's a good things I say

Expecting of a life that which you gave so little to  
just yet perhaps one day you will  
perhaps one day again we'll sit  
and listen  
really listen this time  
(What shall I wear)  
a way to think about hope she said  
I won't forget  
Something happened then and I was  
never the same again

Untitled

long shadows

long

for more

that's not there

any more

18.09.15

Text for whistling performance, 30.08.15, Olympic park, London

Whistling is

the production of sound

by means of carefully controlling

carefully controlling

carefully controlling

carefully controlling

a stream of air

Given the context

the distance is surely a temporal rather than a spatial one

This is how

This is now

Home News Humans Life

helps speak

for the first time equal contributions

Enjoy it

Share it

a remarkable and original paradigm

a life accelerated ends prematurely

a life which suffers from chronic disappointment

Enjoy it

Share it

Ensuring the free flow of information



Untitled

Between body politic and lemon and ginger tea

Between poor heart and core expenses

Between narrow little eyes and gosh it's cold in here

Between women lying motionless and tomatoes cut in half, sorry the meeting took longer

Between murderer, murderer and that's dope!

Between пьесы о «ТЕНЕВЫХ СТОРОНАХ ЖИЗНИ» and have some cake!

Between the solitary wail and it's her birthday, whispered

Between I'm 57, or something like that and I was already eight then

Between a state-owned womb and double sided, bind on short side

I am split not in two but into many

05.09.15

*I long*

I long for the tall grass in the front garden and beyond - covering me, a nine-year-old child completely - a perfect place to hide. We used to make pretend fishing rods from it

I long for the sound of the wind getting lost in that long grass; its white hair whispering an unknown tale

I long for the shadow of the wooden fence, dog sleeping in the shadow. I splash water on him. No! He responds. That was a mistake. He never lashed at me before or after. Later, when he had maggots in his left elbow he would crawl under the front steps, waiting, silently

I long for the floorboards painted generations ago, now almost completely bare; with bare feet on the ground, and the grass, and the roof

I long for the careless days and nights - ow! hurt my ankle running downhill, braised my knee falling off the bike - it's ok, they would say, it will heal before your wedding day

I long for the sunflowers, strong and tall, and never ready in time for my leave

I long for her red skirt I caught in an accidental photograph I took. It's a simple one, made of cotton, on a single string

I long for the bread she cooked

I long for the wind I could lean onto; it held my weight effortlessly from the back

I long for the echo; Echo! I would shout into the distance - others shouted words, phrases - why, I pondered, it's meant to be an echo

I long for heat of the car and the smell of its fabric; I would climb inside after a swim, wrapped in a towel, shivering. The bread tasted heavenly

I long for the song of the crickets in the field. Horses shaking their heads in the distance; the bells around their necks give them away. Their front legs tied together to keep them from running away too far. How unfair I thought then. The heat is scorching

I long for the sour taste of their milk

I long for the endless and sweet waiting. A car appears on the horizon. They're coming! I was always the first to know

I long for the water so clean and cold it hurt my teeth. Nearly drowned in that spring once, pulled out by my cousin. Another chance

I long for the cracking of the wood in the stove; the bread only goes in once it turns into coals

I long for the sound of the language so foreign

I long for the sunset. Nowhere else does it seem so... I can't find the word

I long for the smile so familiar

I long for her

I long for that which is no longer

I long for me that is no longer

and yet

I long

03.08.2015

*Like a trail*

Like a trail I am unable to wipe out  
Like Isadora Duncan's scarf  
Like the umbilical cord I cannot rip out  
Like a veil, uncut and dragging me down  
I am part of my past  
You cannot erase  
And nothing can lock it away  
And I can no longer cry  
For this heartache is unlike any other  
Somewhere a sunken ship lies, quiet  
Where no light ever penetrates

08.08.15

*Perhaps, February 2015*

This is the earlier version of the text originally written for *Ambiguity2*, a live performance with two video projections at The Showroom, London during which I stood silent between the projected screens repeatedly squeezing a heart-shaped stress ball with Vodafone logo.

Perhaps this is about the inability to speak. I spoke quite late, at two years old, or at least so I am told. A gentle and sensitive child, again, so I am told, how did it happen that I became so stale, like that stale white bread under the glass dome in my kitchen; shrinking slowly but still as white as it was when I bought it a week ago, and what feels like a month ago. I found I don't like white bread; it doesn't taste of anything; it's an empty shell filled with a substance that I consume to fill me up somewhat; this substance doesn't fulfill its purpose to provide sustenance; it's an illusion, a trick;

By definition a cyborg is a fictional or hypothetical person whose physical abilities are extended beyond normal human limitations by mechanical elements built into the body.

It is two becoming one; a body in which the features of two origins coexist in one and enhance one another; one, the lesser one, is always in submission to the other; the lesser one is not necessarily the weaker one but is lesser by requirement, programming, by choice, or by chance; the lesser one is most commonly non-human, robotic, animal - inhuman; at any rate, a physical inter-connectedness and mutual dependence is the major condition for the existence of such an organism. This coexistence allows it to fulfill the actions and functions that would be impossible to achieve individually; the very existence of the lesser one would be at question;

This ensures a co-existence where one contaminates the other.

I am in two minds;

I keep searching for what might become an agent through which to speak; I myself remain silent while the speaker, an apparatus that converts electrical impulses into sound, typically as part of a public address system, delivers the sounds that were once produced by my vocal cords. Have we - the speaker - my inanimate replacement, and I become one?

In this silence I remain ambiguous; I remain silent while also being heard; my thoughts, or at least so you are told, are being transmitted in the given space and time; at the allocated slot;

But I digress.

What is to save? To hold back for future. An oxymoron at the core of the notion; to prevent the waste or loss of;

like one saves digital files rather than

'to save from', like one would save a child from danger;

On the 6th of February 2015 I made an attempt to update my website. The connection failed, and a phone call to my service provider followed. "I'll just have to ask you one question." - he said. Best holiday ever?

Crimea. I answered, after hesitation. It took me a moment to recall as I had not used this security answer elsewhere. The sun, the sea, the wine, being 16, dancing into the night and away from civilisation did indeed seem idyllic then. Now it all suddenly seemed like a cruel joke.

My Scot at the end of the line didn't sound at all deterred.

'to save from'

like one could not save a child from danger; children as young as two gone completely grey in their hair, or so I heard.

If we consume when unhappy, and we also consume when happy, is happiness and unhappiness essentially the same? My grandfather took my old clothes and toys to the refugee camp collection centre, only to be told it's full of stuff, and there aren't enough hands to sort through it. It was piles of and piles of sacks, he said. Why didn't I go myself. It was not even considered. Perhaps I would find it too much. Perhaps it would not be enough. It's not enough, anyway. Perhaps as I am useless when it comes to carrying stuff. I only remember about it when the pain comes back, usually when it rains. It's a sort of painful itch that makes my legs twitch when I keep them bent at the knees for too long. Not enough magnesium, I am told. That's not enough. Suddenly the possibility of being part metal doesn't seem at all too distant.

(Hard-wired is almost the same as wired-in; the daily answer-response routine; headphone-hairdo became a regular occurrence; the routine that became unbearable only through its unpredictability; a young mum of two (I am making this up, she was a mum of at least one judging by the sounds of a screaming baby at the farther end of the telephone line) was the final tipping point. The phrase box office seems to stage an allegory for itself.)

Happiness is overrated, a former partner used to repeat. Now almost the age he was when we met I am able to respond; a response that took five years is still worthy of articulation if not more so than a response that would have taken five minutes. I never quite knew how to respond back then. Unhappiness is overrated.

The three dimensional stacking of the wardrobe-boxes-shelves-books-more boxes-jewellery boxes-suitcases and clothes in my bedroom resemble a Tetris game - the only game I had on my console. Few of us questioned the lack of choice, or complained at the need to purchase extra games separately. I can't remember if I did. I remember I was quite content with just the one. The one seemed enough. It had a purpose. At that time it had never occurred to me to question WHY others had a number of games while I only had a choice of one. It seemed enough. Equally, I never

questioned the fact it was called game boy. Whatever happened to the girl.

I misread [present tense] youthitude as youthtube and wonder whether such a tube should indeed exist. Perhaps it exists already. Perhaps it is here, perhaps it is her. Perhaps it is her who said why don't you love me.

"It is like condensed milk", I thought while reading page 37\*. Succinct but without detail. Shorthand. It's a monotonous mass, evenly coloured that wraps perfectly over a slice of white bread. Love is overrated.

Right now, saving IT seems like a futile attempt as I cannot save HER. As nobody can save anybody, as nobody can save anything for the future if the future does not accept it, despite our recycled efforts.

Reading in parts / partially read / skimmed / I don't like skimmed (milk) as I don't like slimming over texts; though of course that should read skimming, but what do I know. Nothing is random. The anti-ageing show, and the woman who has not smiled for forty years cause suspicion. It seems as real as reality TV, but then again, what do I know; I've not watched any television for nearly two years.

Does this unedited response have the right to exist? value? place? and time? The conscious decision to edit oneself out - I have no idea if I am doing the right thing; I wish I was blindfolded, too. The softness of the corporate heart that is willingly submissive to the strength of my hand; I used your heart to treat my pulled tendon; this is all just another tautological representation played badly on the out of tune piano. A prologue and main act played out simultaneously; epilogue follows.

\*of the text Preliminary Materials for a Theory of the Young-Girl by Tiqqun