

Preservation game built for maiming, some hoarding
Activities going around fingering
Gathering, culling, hearing and seeing many
Things fowling, hunting, fishing, riding, gaming and trafficking
Curing, smoking, salting, keeping alive
Each hoarding the length of a song
Holding for a moment, becoming
 [Wrapping the thing in tape
 [Sorting leeches into bowls of vinegar
Just becoming every thing she had passed on the street, is passing
Fawning, the reason for the police uses you as an excuse
A reason grotesque in rejecting it, the hatred of the excuse is grotesque

But what did you find here and where were you going toward that bathtub
Dug into the ground
Lined with vines and homes
A whole other city crawling around on the surface of my skin
 little hooded
 jacket hooded Facemelt, no?
 why because
 you are not lost bc you are multiple you are not disjointed bc you are
 multiple The face of herself as a child hangs from the side of her jaw
 follows her around on a leash
modeled after the one used in the television show “Teletubbies” to
teach the concept of a chair to toddlers
neither a blinded nor desperate optimism
Her skin mask is hanging
Grafted onto her flank

A strewn face, drip-strewn face parsimonious
To cope no indulgence, no softness, they wring themselves dry and keep clenching
On grit on tide manor your moans
Fall on deaf ears mine own refusal to suspense
Too sick to scrape my dominance together
And into a tower, wield it over you wanting
Me to hold you, just hold you

The little shoulder chorus
Called upon us
And we answered and said

So it was always in motion, it was always moving too fast
Her hate was fast and that was part of what she hated
Can scarcely swallow

Dripping, literally, she wanted it slow and grotesque

[Continues folding

Full of piles and sopping

We were at a diner drinking packet cappuccinos

Sitting at the counter next to a pile of red velvet muffins under a plastic hood

They were trying to tell me about their sadness but I felt as if it were my fault, the sadness, so I didn't make any space for it. Some of it probably was my fault and some of it probably wasn't, but I was only thinking about the fault, I wasn't thinking about the sadness itself. They stopped trying to tell me about the sadness because it wasn't working, I wasn't letting it work. Instead I kept trying to explain this thing about a button. How if you pressed it over here something else happened over there. But I couldn't remember how the signal was sent from the button to the thing that happened, if it was a computer signal or an electric circuit or even some sort of hydraulic system. I was getting frustrated with myself for not getting the details right, how it was made and who made it and who installed it and who paid for it, they just kept slipping away and my voice started to sound like it was talking to itself. Sinking back into itself, lowering the plastic hood, settling down into the red velvet muffins and wrapping itself in tape, the saran-wrapped muffins, how they probably don't even make them hollow they just make them regular and then stick the frosting tip inside and pump cream cheese filling into the middle, the body of the muffin distending as the cream squeezes out the top.

Gets up
Enters the palace
A dozen cocktails please,
And a donut
She was having a good time; she was wearing a hat
They curl up around me
One of us is stealing all the blankets
The little foot blanket
Watercolors with stickers included
Soccer balls and other sports
Is every seventh wave bigger than the rest please
Need to know basis
The red wine absorbs the silk
The sweat absorbs the cotton
A hot hand in a glass of milk
Another hot hand in a glass of milk
A different hot hand in a glass of milk
Forming a unit with common interest or purpose
In and around the lake
Faces come out of the sky
Guests playfully interact with their masks]
Guests playfully interact in their masks
[fear, lies, bureaucracy]
This is how to celebrate.
Faces pour out of the sky

Harry Potter
Virginia Woolf
[apparating friends]
Founding element of whiteness: A promised end to the term of forced labor
As if it deserved relief, absolution
Looking toward the release of catharsis,
Her tic ness showing as she
Bared her chest
Raised her arm
Lowered it again
Asked how she could help
But what can I do
To fix this thing I have broken
Tic you haven't broken it
You were just born
The other day in a room full of flowers and balloons
And the guests all gathered up a chorus to sing
We're going to a party!

It's a birthday party!
It's your birthday party happy birthday darling!
We love you very very very very very very much
You are a lucky girl
You are sitting in the center of the stage

Plane trees burning at intervals
Alley of larches
Orange jones
As a painting behind glass
For and trembling
Tic sits in the center of the stage
They look at her
What is she going to do next
She has to decide and is it pleasing
Does it please Tic
And how was it wrought
Tic slips from her sac
It is enticing
To see her slip out disassembled
Her chemise it does flatter
And does it please
On a moonlit night in the snow
Or woven
In an old basement
She who puts her head in at the door
She who arranges a circle of stones
She who drags a trail of silk across the floor
She who weaves a sparkling veil
She who watches a plaster video
She who cannot roll the dice
She who dips her hand in milk
She whose head is on the table
She who's dragged across the stage
She who licks her
She who turns toward
She who licks her head is on the table
She who licks her hand is in the milk
She who licks her lens is a sparkling veil
Who arranges a circle
Of stones in her pocket

Singing the same words in a room full of people and this too is a type of worship
Reminding myself that it's okay to feel bloated and this too is a type of worship
Reading not what some lineage has set up for you to read, but reading what you need

and collecting what you need and having what you need around you in order to work on the problems in your life [that's from Simone White] and this too is a type of worship

In the meantime

I press the stalk

I am the stalk

A ghost with a big ear

A cop on a baby leash

It was beautiful. It had a hatch.

A piece of oiled silk stretched across the mouth of a jar. A crease runs through the middle. We will have to rearrange our day.

Of levels of
which world and how much a part
Of continuous gestures
dispersed, absorbed, assimilated yet rogue
and revoking toward reams of fantastic valences
when stalked short
Of the could of said but I turned away, sank back into the seat of my stroller,
let the plastic veil down and then sought to come quickly

On the congregation of pundits,
adrift in the moonlight and grasping
at the glaze of routine on the mud
at the line-shaped promise playing
at a preservation game in a hunting lodge
freezing, salting, curing, keeping alive
in their writhing suits reeling,
a pubescent horror dawns that the world is,
for them, no longer organized by catharsis.

We once had a vision in white cloth
The cloth was coated in tiny silverd glass beads
The light shone on the cloth in different and changing cloud patterns
The clouds were of glowing air
We could catch the air sometimes with our bodies or our faces and be blinded for a
minute
This would burn out a hole in the cloth
The air would be a solid shaft
The air was a solemn shaft of suspended friends, going around to their different stations,
while a pale face whispered out from under a tree
I'm still here; I've been here all this time
In the tree in the dark of the wood
In green light, in the green solemn light shaft
An unexpected guest at the party, an old friend that once you felt drawn to
An old friend you once drew in to yourself
You drew your friend inside of yourself
You threw the outline of your body around your friend
The outline of your body becomes a lasso
The outline of your body becomes a smudged fingerprint on a piece of tape
The outline of your body becomes a rotisserie chicken
The outline of your body becomes a tray of supermarket cupcakes

What you thought were its outermost edges are now only creases through the middle

They're carving each other out
In order to reap your child process
Shifts in conversation
Abrupt turns away
The anxiety of something to defend that manifests as speediness or jerkiness or
cauterization
Protection-of-investment-anxiety

I've been thinking about my own investment in slowness, in finding the pace and schedule of a day or a project that feels good to me, which is revealed by my bristling at, or even feeling threatened by, the cultural value placed on 'urgency'. Where does that investment come from? That I am even able to have access to this investment, to have experienced the feeling of slowness and to have agency in structuring my work schedule, is particular to my own positionality.

How much do I defend this investment? I think the valuing, though not necessarily *cultural*, of urgency [urgency toward] is a good thing, and I don't particularly want to defend an opposition to this. So then what does it look like to have an investment in something and not defend it?

Like the opposite of the thing where you keep throwing money at what you know is a bad idea:

'Sunk-cost fallacy'

which describes the justification of an increased investment of money, time, lives, etc. in a decision, based on the cumulative resources already spent, despite new evidence suggesting that the cost of continuing the decision outweighs the expected benefit.

[I learned what that means from an instagram post by @blackpowerbottomtext, which was a screenshot of that 'frequently bought together' section on amazon, and the things in it were a copy of the Mueller report and a gallon of clorox bleach]

And then set out the frosting cake
In the sunlight glaze of class and caste
Or stand of taste and sturdy
A story of mannering
A story of faltering

*Some of what people
say is there would be a union
This would just be a fact maybe
A fact that is not even being thought of*

*But for when he called his wife she refused
to help him; she wouldn't soften. She must have
really trusted him in a way
Her trust. But so it's pouring*

*The children are giving a concert inside
of the lies we were given listen to me*

Last night I masturbated while you were asleep next to me. I came imagining white plastic buckets full of broth. The buckets are in a big stainless steel sink, in a sort of food court restaurant kitchen. The mall is empty except for a bare mattress on the floor and a group of young boys in dirty police officer costumes crawling all over it. The game they're playing doesn't really have rules and they've been at it a little too long, their energy unspooling and growing sour, gathering, dispersing, to stone from the foot of a trunk in the snow, a fox strung up from the spindling branches, the mud on the face of the pale moon shining, illuminating nothing, one of the hunters huddled round the fire continues to tell his story:

Such and such characters were in a room doing things
Sometimes they did things together and sometimes they did things separately
Sometimes they built things and sometimes they took things apart
Several of the characters did not have any tools for expressing anger
Instead, they had learned to turn the anger in on themselves
One day one of them decided to leave the room and see what was outside
This one left the room and enacted a sequence of events
The rest of them stayed in the room and did different things
Some of them embroidered beautiful scenes
Some of them mended broken pieces of cloth
Some of them did mending that was also beautiful
Sometimes they sat in a big circle with nothing in the middle
Sometimes they sat in disparate clusters around the room
Sometimes they moved around and if their steps had left footprints on the floor it would have looked like an intricately woven knot

NOTES

hearing and seeing many things, fowling, hunting, fishing, riding, gaming and trafficking
Giovanni Boccaccio, *The Decameron*

you are not lost bc you are multiple you are not disjointed bc you are multiple
is from Manthia Diawara, *Édouard Glissant: One World in Relation*

The red wine absorbs the silk ...
is after reading Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, *Dictee*

We're going to a party!
It's a birthday party!
It's your birthday party happy birthday darling!
We love you very very very very very very much
Bright Eyes, *At the Bottom of Everything*

Alley of larches
Roberto Bolaño, *Antwerp*

Reading not what some lineage has set up for you to read, but reading what you need and
collecting what you need and having what you need around you in order to work on the
problems in your life
is from Simone White, speaking at The Kitchen in New York, 2018

I press the stalk
I am the stalk
Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*

Sunk-cost fallacy ...
@blackpowerbottomtext, 4/19/19

of the lies we were [given] listen to me
Adrienne Rich, *When We Dead Awaken*