

.....
I have it.
I'll be in the thymus gland...
they echo...
]
hey, I'm not a thief...
we see...
in works
]
d' d' d' d' hypothesise .

and the word is 'epiphany'....
last night.
and it's a cat and....
 (Sappho)

Dearest. Rests of dears. Dears&tears ~ resonance of affections. Traces of you. Dearest [*en douce*] and your endurance. Your no-end-to-dance! & what can dance be? What else? The endless dances. The ones that transform, that translate. That continue. That take you by the hand. And ask you to. Read. Write and ride. With will&wonder. To bend your body. To reach with tender hands. To trace spaces and times. To scribble and caress. With the hoax that makes things hum along. The breath and belly are the softest ground. When on the backside of the neck purple folds are flowering. Fluid folds. Ripples. Roars of silent laughter. Intimate insistence. Insist&dance. Give peace a chance. And leave unnoticed [*en douce*]. A narrow escape. Leave a few exclusive affinities. With secrecy. An aid for the endless lover's night. Operating on the sly [*en douce*]. Taking orders from no one.

Dance.

You don't know if you believe that 'intelligent', 'person', or 'world' are operative terms or concepts. Who is coming? Becoming? Who are we? Who walks among the trees? Who is the tree? Who is completely lost? Who is beyond saving? Over whose grave is grass growing? Who breathes with the stones? Whose thirsts are with the earth? Who dreams? ~ The dreams, they come. They come upstream. They turn to the river and raise their arms.

Who are you when you dream?

Interwoven. Part of dances. Part of spaces. Partial. In different times. Different momentums. Their shapes

and forms. Their colours. Their flickering. Their different vibrations and textures. Countless reflections. Shades. Multiples. As part of darkness, they are always in the making. Immersed in a black environment, selves&others. Skin folds over the eyes. Eyelids float as soft tiny shells on the eyeballs. Nerve fibers take root in the back of the heads. There, at the edges of civilisation. There, where the old memories lie. There, with the remains of reptile brains. With the root fibers and their little streams. Where all forms are woven and formed. Of these worldings for instance. With which you move and walk. On the soles of your feet. The reflex points of the eyes are between the round tip of the third toe and the ball of the foot. From there, the eyes blink and watch your path. Little pulsing sensors. As the eyeballs continue to slide and swim higher in the hollows. Just that they don't splash when they're up there swinging and rolling around like that. Small&delicate. Thin shells that rest on the slippery balls and soothe them.

When torrents want to flow out of them.

When the stairwell across the street is on fire. When flames engulf five floors and are slowly gnawing on the sixth. When tongues of fire-eaten curtains protrude from black, charred windows with no glass. When you know that an entire courtyard is covered with multiple layers of ash, glass, plastic and metal shards. When projectiles burst all matter. When there is no place in the ground to bury your loved ones. When these songs take shape with darkness. Infused with light and red with blood. When everything is ruined and yet remains. When the extent to which the 'I' is spared&left aside. When something is threatened within that is outside of it. When 'I' abruptly becomes another. Struck by a catastrophe. If the 'I' were there. Were more than emergent traces of parents, grandparents, great-grandparents and all times. & everything that is part. Of the war machine. The infiniteness of threat has broken through the boundaries. The leaking edges of catastrophe are making their way into the future. We are on the edge or in the midst of its threat. & all the formulations intervene with it in relation to what to come.

Learn another way.

You are imbued with the idea that capitalism not only means war, but wants war. Capitalism knows how to do its violence elsewhere. You are part of this. Capitalised. Against war. But how? Data from 1970 to 2000 shows that trade has a dual effect on the propensity to go to war. For any given pair of countries,

the more trade the countries do with each other, the more likely these two countries are to be at peace with each other. The more trade with third countries, the less likely they are to be at peace. Bilateral trade reduces the incidence of bilateral wars; multilateral trade increases it. ~ Arms stretched out wide. Eyes closed. A bright nausea breaks through your body. Itchy skin all over. Racing hearts. Sprouts of longing stretching from the inside out. A helix winds through various plateaus. Round slices of the world. Different states of war. Different levels. A war-like situation unfolds: a street. Houses and gardens. We hide so we won't get taken away. We have come to terms with the situation. It is our daily life. Somewhere outside, soup is still being distributed. You curl up on the edge of the street. Your blanket is a curtain. The window is a screen. You wrap a veil around yourself, like a cocoon. You are not really invisible, but perhaps inconspicuous.

At the margins.

On this star-shaped square. Six different streets. One narrow, shady, full of whispers. The other has taken the shape of the gently winding river that has flowed beneath it for several hundred years. Uneven. Unbroken house yet. A kind of peace here. At the end of the western street, a tree is trying to bloom. There, a golden sun descends. Under the edge of the world, it is pushed. Go to the other side. You sit in this square. Two streets at your back. You cannot see them. Yet you know of the brothel on the corner. Of the betting office next to it. Another street, invisible, without a name, there, in this star-shaped square. You meet your two brothers here. From time to time you settle in the place to make them be heard clearly and directly. They are dead as long as you are alive. Like many other of your brothers and sisters. Even those who prepare the future and sometimes let you participate in it. In front of you lies a notebook in bright shining blue.

Floral patterns.

Nothing explodes like a book. B o o k, not bookkeeping. Not the laborious holding together of a wholeness finally achieved. But the loud, silent shattering which would not take place without it, would not arise. The lightning-like denial of the plausible. You slip between the leaves of this book. Of all books. Their rustling noisy songs. Their hissings. Wings of rapid angels. Ocean waves. Your ear very close. All open. Sharpened, like a pencil. Pearly traces. Shimmering. Tracing words like shell bodies. Tracing them, on unknown ground. Along the broken walls. The ruins. The roaring water. The churning liquids. The bundles of crashing waves. The shimmer of water sings something like languages. Ghostly excitements under the skin. Shells.

Words, shaped by the river.

You take them up with your tongues and give them to me to play with. Our laughter lights up the darkness. Today we are of the same kind as those to whom we give the names of the games. We grope our way into strangeness, searching for lines of kinship. Lines of

flight. We too are among the up to two hundred fleeing people who arrive anew every day. Who arrive anew every night. The two thousand. The two million. The countless beings. Who set out to find a better life. A separation between us and them is fictitious. Is a fiction based on grammar. On a certain order with which some try to control time and space. We need hygiene kits, bags of toothbrushes and personal hygiene products in small sizes. These can be dropped off daily between 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. We are looking for shelters, places to sleep. We need to protect our bodies from some men. We need to change into this dream. Become this dream in which we arrive. We are the time of disaster and decay. But not only. We need the other of us in all ways. We are other-than-human. Close your eyes, you say, and open my hands. They are part of blankets. Part of feathers. Part of food and papers. Of donations. Part of corruptions&weapons. They are another country. They give themselves to the movements, to investigate.

Why are we here?

Our bodies, liquid threads. Weaving devices, humble gifts. Offerings of friendship, of love. Torn by storms. Beset and penetrated. Intimate ecologies. In the exercise of not rejecting the earth. And so not rejecting us. We belong to her. The earth. You earth. You rare earth. You computer earthling. Blind and dazzled. Wasted in the digital light. Pixelated. But even here&with these non-human parts of the world ~ there is a place with much beauty. And grotesques. Of blurs, of instincts. Gentleness and wildness. Of trembling emanations. Of peace and struggle, as earthlings do. In brief moments of contempt: human, what is it? And how can we sample the incomprehensible soul of other lives?

It can be good.

As connections between moons and suns. Between unknown planets. What we call senses, touch the different consistencies all around. Connect with the different charges. Being invited. To be in charge. The density of bones is also a spatial structure. Countless times turned inside out. Matter and space, surrounded by fibers and fascia, permeated by fluids&nutrients. Sense of temperature, sense of smell, sense of sound. All these senses are contact. Are practices of encounter. Of movement. They pulsate. Desires circulate at their edges. Early summer on the skins. The sea is a friend. Catastrophes are catastrophic. Paradise is such a lonely place that we are doomed anyway. But at the meeting point of its rivers, the horizon is always expanded.

In the courtyard, the sun is casting shadows on glowing roses.

Traces of shared attentions. Its liquids. A situation of breathing. Of an approximate space. Of an extended density. A poem. A dancing poem. Expanded poetry. Something that defies structure from the start. What would that look like? It makes one think of all the dead ends and experienced failures. Of collaborations

haunted by adversity. By irritations. Of relationships, movements, and uprisings. Of revolutions coming about through resonance, not contagion. Of connections. With the Mediterranean. The Middle East. With the sea. Nothing is grounded. Vast expanses of land cover clandestine mobility. The skies are full of aluminium. Subterranean floods break forth. The world is essentially silent. On this continent called Europe. Surrounded by its militarised deadly border. Dependent and locked into turbo-capitalist chains. In the obscurity of the brains the ocean of triumph brays. Peace movements. Micro-movements. Crises. Never ending alienations. And shifts. Barely perceptible from the outside. Insisting on commonalities. On connections.



That seems to raise questions about form.

About how we weave. How we live. How we inform spaces to get informed. & who lived? There? Whose hands were pure? Who shone at night? Is spirit for other spirits? Who cries&sings? Who laughs? Who is alive and lost the key to the house? Who has no bed? Who are the children? The silver traces of shadows? Who is challenged by contemplation? In the hustle and bustle of the days. ~ Words miss what they signify. What is said is constantly measured against the unformable by which these words are secretly borne. Attention, that means caring for and about other (things). Space. Time. Weight. Chance. Pattern. The dead and the unborn. All of this, too, is part of the world. Are forces waiting for answers.

Intense in their manifold demands.

Dreaming. Of an academy in the outer courtyards. Arcades, projected into the future. Poetry and futures from below. Everything incomplete. & the perfect joy of 'not-me'. Watching the others. Feeling them create, generate. Seeing things being composed together that no one could have done alone. Between us and beyond us. Through time. Appearances and disappearances of matter. Of mother. Of father. Of parenthood. Of care. We practise. Exquisite, radical, mindful openness. We dress in dances. We act covertly and in secret. We create and witch in many ways. We practise becoming critical critters. Queer feminist aggregates. What might be and how? We choreograph slipping out of the embraces of single-gender, single-language practices.

Creating spaces and assemblies. For phenomena. Eidetism, for example: to move in the hallucinatory fields and project unconscious images. Miracles. Encounters. Lines that meet and cross. Which, when they cross, form a light and instantaneous point. So light, so instantaneous. More like a mystery. No sooner do you talk about it than you talk about nothing.

Write.

Here. With us. With time. Activities&agencies form secret string figures. *Diamonds, Candles, Cat Eyes*. We practise. *Gentle Winds* and *Magic Frames*. Figures and states to stay in touch. Even if we have to dive deep under. We bed ourselves in not/being. Trying to become black. We look for friends to help to remind us. Some of the patterns resemble stars&movements. We practice relationships, by talking&listening. By sharing: dancing ~ reading ~ writing. Bodies&dances. Landscapes. Touching. Yielding. Lifting or simply paying attention to each other. Developing languages with humble gestures. Leaps and turns. Referencing. Translating. Permeating. Fanning out. Making circles. Crosses. Knots. Waves. Feelers. Connected to the earth in every way. We don't make it a sanctuary, not even for us. Not even for the time of our stay. In fact, why not?

Entanglements again and again.

Slowdown of thinking to cause slowing down of categories&cognition. Thinking ~ not to understand. There are as many commitments as practices. Encounters that transform you and don't just add up to what you think and pretend to be. The way we interact with textures is the way we root ourselves so as not to get lost. Learning means being vulnerable and not knowing. Disobedience is fresh air. Political urgency can also be met with deceleration. Sometimes we know how to change the patterns. Other times, there is no moving on. Then we have to start again almost from scratch. Below zero. Without a category. Cold, bright nights. Rediscovering freedom&unfiltered joy. Embracing seriousness and play again and again. Finding kinship in noticing details. In the stories of abandonment and orphanhood. In the shadows of the past. Their harbingers. Our attempts to interpret. To visualise. To accept traces of time. The hauntings of betrayals and persecutions.

How to deal with perpetration?

This trembling. This being witness. This peculiar, active existence, full of factors. Dreaming? Dancing? Writing? Only poetry supports a heart longing for peace. Longing to practise care. To practise dance. With regard to all bodies as articulating and listening agencies. Longing to practice the social. Remembering, processing and imagining. Exchanging responsibilities and possibilities. For recompositions of meaning. In these poems. Cast your spells and keep on dancing. Keep on writing. Rewrite. Redance. Dance&Write beyond. Your ways. Responding to your communities. Condense the lines. Let them meet. Knot. Confuse.

Get lost. Entangle. Pull on a thread. Begin to untangle meanings. Do it again. And again. Rest. And Rest. Dear, & how to continue? How to weave? How to be forgiven? Branches with flowers to breathe. Till you find fire-water and gifts for the Scorpio woman. She who gives strength and flexibility. She, who combines water and fire. She, who activates roots. And clears what is painfully stored in the depths of the pelvis. In the pit. From black blood. To salvage the dark gold. The colourful carpets & tactile textures. Her fierce tender healings. Who offer education. Show what can be. Models and guesses of possibilities. She, who hexes&offers sensitive support. For the potential of joy. The liveliness with all bodies. The dying. The mourning. All that is good for oracle practices and story sharing. Good for community care and solitudes. The procrastination of a thought, for example. Putting it off as long as possible. To then dance in that gap. To rest there. To breathe again. To pause when thoughts bubble up. To write them down. And continue to plant a patience practice through writing&unwriting time&space.

You are not alone, have never been alone.

In the wonderful, delicious company of:

- * Etel Adnan, *Die See*, 2012
- * Maurice Blanchot, *Die Schrift des Desasters, Genozid und Gedächtnis*, 2005
- * Hélène Cixous, *White Ink*, 2008
- * Hélène Cixous, *Three Steps on the Ladder of Writing*, 1993
- * Alix Eynaudi, unpublished correspondences, 2018
- * Donna Haraway, *Staying with the trouble*, 2016
- * Stefano Harney, Fred Moten, *Eine Poetik der Undercommons*, 2019
- * Stefano Harney, Fred Moten, www.minorcompositions.info
- Mark Harrison, 'Capitalism at War', 2011
- * Nadeshda Suchorukova, #mariupol Facebook post, 19 March 2022
- * Sebastian de Line, 'A Generous and Troubled Chthulucene: Contemplating Indigenous and Tranimal Relations in (Un)settled Worldings', *Graduate Journal of Social Science*, 2018
- * Clarice Lispector, *Eine Lebre oder das Buch der Lüste*, 1974
- * Anne Dufourmantelle, *Power of Gentleness*, 2018
- * Fred Moten, 'Lecture on Hesitant Sociology', 2022
- * Maggie Nelson, *On Freedom*, 2021
- * Marlene NourbeSe Philip, www.nourbese.com
- * Sappho, www.inamidst.com/stuff/sappho
- * Patti Smith, *Woolgathering*, 2011
- * Sandra Ruiz, Hypatia Vourloumis, 'Formless Formation' blog post, 1 May 2021