

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY
I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE – A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE. WHILE I WAS LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, I
HAVE TO ADMIT), THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. IT FELT LIKE
A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF HUNT
HARLIE'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR, SWELLING TO ABSORB
ALL THE DETAILS. I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. HELLO. IT FELT LIKE
THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO
MUSIC. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT
YOUR NAME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
WILL I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A
DINNER, OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? I STILL DON'T KNOW. AND TIME
IS PASSING. MAYBE I WILL SAY I'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. IT LOOKED LIKE
SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT
I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. BUT WHAT I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: I AM
FANTASISING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD I AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "IT IS MY VOICE" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING." AND IN ANOTHER
ROOM I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. A HUMAN HEAD. OF SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONCOCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS HUMANHOOD. OBVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. AN OPEN PROFILE, I WOULD SAY,
SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. THE EAR COMES FIRST. STRONG, CHANTERELLE-LIKE
EAR. I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
I AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEATMAKING, BREATH-MAKING. »OW CAN @ SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? @HEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? →ND SO @ AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT @@ - NOW @ NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. @R MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »OW CAN @ MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH ON SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT @N ANOTHER ROOM @ AM WRITING POETRY. @HERE @ AM EVERYWHERE.»ERE @'VE JUST BURNT A TAMAGOCHI THAT DIED. »ERE @ AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN.→ND THERE YOU SAY “»OW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?” @N THIS ROOM @ AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. @HEY'VE POURED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP. →ND WHEN @ LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS 6AM), @ SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW @ AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FIERCE AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. @T IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, @ THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMBUING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT @ ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE@@ @HE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. @HE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. @ AM S

☺ COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE – A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,

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AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD ☺ AM DRAWING, AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME VOICE. “☺T IS MY VOICE” SHE SAYS, “AND IT IS MY DRAWING.” →ND IN ANOTHER ROOM ☺ AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. → HUMAN HEAD. ☺F SOMEONE WHO'S

ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS
BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? →ND SO
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SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT
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EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD I AM DRAWING,
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ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY
BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? →ND SO
SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. @R MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS
OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS
THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING
AM WRITING POETRY. @HERE @ AM EVERYWHERE.»ERE @'VE JUST BURNT A
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A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-
AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. @T IS ALL
MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY

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THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF ↓ISCO MUSIC. →ND ♪ DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT

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ROOM ♪ AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. → HUMAN HEAD. ♪F SOMEONE WHO'S

ITS HUMANHOOD. ♪BVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. →N OPEN PROFILE, ♪ WOULD SAY, SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. ♪HE EAR COMES FIRST. ♪TRONG, CHANTERELLE-LIKE

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY

☺ AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT ☺☺ - NOW ☺ NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT

OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING

TAMAGOCHI THAT DIED. »ERE ☺ AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN.→ND THERE YOU SAY “»OW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?” ☺N THIS ROOM ☺ AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. @HEY”VE Poured me into a glass container and wrote: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP.

INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FIERCE

MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE☺☺ @HE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. @HE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. ☺ AM S

YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, I HAVE TO ADMIT), THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. IT FELT LIKE A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF FRONT

THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO MUSIC. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT YOUR NAME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.

IS PASSING. MAYBE I WILL SAY I'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. IT LOOKED LIKE SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A

FANTASISING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE, AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR

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ITS HUMANHOOD. OBVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. → AN OPEN PROFILE, I WOULD SAY, SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. THE EAR COMES FIRST. STRONG, CHANTERELLE-LIKE EAR. I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY

»OW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? @HEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? →ND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER

ENOUGH. »OW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT

OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN

TAMAGOCHI THAT DIED. »ERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN.→ND THERE YOU SAY “»OW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?” I ON THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. @HEY’VE

NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND

ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMBUING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY
I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE – A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,

A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF →UNT

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SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT

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MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
I AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY
ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS

⊕ AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER

OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF
THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING

WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT

MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY
THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE⊕⊕
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THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO

ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN

NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.

ENOUGH. »OW CAN ☺ MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE

LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT ☺N ANOTHER ROOM ☺

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THE SILENCE OF VOICES WITH SHE SAYS THE SILENCE OF VOICES I AM SORRY

OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WHO UNBEARABLE. WHILE I WHO LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE COFFEE TABLE (MY DREAM IS TO HAVE ON TABLE A

A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF HUNT
HARRIS'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR SILENTLY TO ABSORB

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THE CARPET WAS GROWING. ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO

YOUR NAME BEHINDING, CONSIDERING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
BUT I AM TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A

OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE I STILL DON'T KNOW. THE TIME
IS PASSING ABOVE I WILL SAY AS HE MISSED YOUR NAME (AT I LOOKED LIKE

I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREFERABLE, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS

ENTIRE WEEK LINE THIS. YOU WANT I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING. I AM
CONTACTING MULTIPLE THOUGHTS. TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE

TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES. CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD I AM DOING

ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "LET'S MOVE" SHE SAYS. "LET'S MOVE" SHE SAYS. "LET'S MOVE"

NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DOING THIS THE ENORMOUS POLICE TO CONDUCT A HUMAN BEING OUT OF

ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
THE "MUSIC" BEHIND THE "MUSIC" IS A PEOPLE. "MUSIC" SHE SAYS. "MUSIC"

EAR. I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC. NOT JUST PEOPLE COULD. BUT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY

BODIES ARE SILENTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

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THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEAT THINKING, OR BEAT THINKING. YOU CAN & SHOULD ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY @HEV ARE NOT

◊ I'M GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE

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SHIPS IN THEIR BUTTIONS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS

MAKE THE SAME SOUND LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS LIKE PULLING THE GLASS OF

A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE. WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE

REMOVING FUELS. WHERE ◊ AN EVENT WHEREVER ◊ WE JUST BUILT A TOMORROW THAT NEEDS TO BE A PART OF THE HOME IN THE COLLECTION

OF HER?" ◊ ON THIS ROOM ◊ AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. ◊HEY'VE CALLED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND LIGHT. TABLETOP LAMP

WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT YOU CAN FEEL IT. IT FEELS MORE REAL. WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF

INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND DAIKINER DOORIES. DEPTH OF OBJECTS AND THICKS OF FATE. OF A FORM

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OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT ◊ ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MADE THOUGH WITH A FOCUS DEPENDS ON THOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INCLUTABLY

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OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT ☉ ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING

MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY

THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE☉☉

@HE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. @HE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. ☉ AM S

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY
I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE – A SIMPLE THOUGHT. YES. A THOUGHT.

TOOK TIME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE WITH MORE IS HEARD IN SILENCE, I
WANT TO ADMIT. THE SILENCE WAS THINKING MORE LOUDLY. I FELT LIKE

THANKS TO THE BARK IN SAN FRANCISCO AND ON THE FLOOR, SWELLING TO HEARD
ALL THE DETAILS. I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING

THE PHONE WAS SINGING, ADDING ONE'S LEGS INTO THE FIELDS OF MUSIC
MUSIC. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT

WILL I TELL YOU THAT I WILL BE THERE FOR YOU WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE
DINNER. OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE

TO BE THERE. I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE I WILL BE THERE
SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPHYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT

PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN

INTERESTING TIME. I WOULD LIKE TO GO TO SOME OF THE STORES TO THE STORE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STORE. TO SEE MYSELF THERE TO START

EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD OF MY DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES. AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE

VOICE. "IT IS MY VOICE" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING." AND IN ANOTHER
ROOM I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. A HUMAN HEAD. AS SOMEONE DRAWS

DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONDUCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND

ITS HUMANITY. OBVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. IN OPEN PROFILE, I WOULD SAY,
BETTER TO GO TO THE END OF THE ROAD. STRONG. QUALITATIVE LIKE

MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
I AM WONDERING STOPPING AT THIS FOR I AM WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY
ARE NOT HUMMING. THEY ARE ILLUMINATING. CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS

HOW CAN I OWN ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN IT BUT I DON'T HAVE THE
BEATS YET. IF THEY ARE NOT AN INSTRUMENT FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? AND SO

ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE
REST OF THE HEAD. BUT A - NOW A NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN. DISPLAY IT

ENOUGH. HOW CAN I HAVE ALL THOSE DISJOINED BEATS IN THE BOTTLE
SAIL. IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS. OF THE SAME SOUVENIR

OF THE FUTURE. I SEE THE FACES OF IT. OF COURSE OF IT. BEHIND
OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT. AND SEEING IF THEY

OF THE FUTURE, THE SEEMINGLY INFINITE. LIKE I SEE THE CORNERS OF
THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS. PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING

SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH MY SEQUENTIAL ORDER LINE
LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT. ON ANOTHER ROOM A

THE MOST OF THE BEATS ARE OF THE FUTURE. THE COLLECTION
OF MANY WOMEN AND THERE YOU SAY "WELL, NO, CAN YOU TELL A STORY

POURED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLET OF LAVA LAMP.
AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS COME) I SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN

NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF
A HAND BECOMES FEELT MORE LIKELY OR LITERAL. BOTH THE ADDRESS BELE-

ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF URIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FURM,
SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS. SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT AERIE

ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT,
LIFTING IT BACK AND FORTH. FEELING A SENSE OF IMPULSIVE DELAYATION

MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY
THERE IN THE MIST OF SLINKING PENNILLUM. A COLLATERALISTIC DRIZZLE. E.A.

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH. SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY

OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, AND UNDERSTABLE. WILL I AND LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE I

A STURDY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF POINT
CHARLIE'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR. SWELLING TO ABSORB

YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE ON THE FLOOR. FEELS LIKE I FEEL LIKE
THE CARPET WAS GROWING. ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO

YOUR OWN BEHAVIOR, BUT I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL YOUR OWN BEHAVIOR.
WILL I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A

OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? I STILL DON'T KNOW. THE TIME
IS PASSING. MAYBE I WILL SAY YOU MISREAD YOUR NAME. IT LOOKED LIKE

I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS

ENTIRE FEELS LIKE I DON'T KNOW HOW TO FEEL YOUR OWN BEHAVIOR. I AM
FANTASIZING MY USUAL THOUGHTS. TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE

TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES. CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD I AM DREAMING

ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "WHAT IS MY VOICE?" SHE SAYS. "AND IT IS MY DREAMING." AND IN ANOTHER

NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONSTRUCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF

ACROSS THE STREET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE PAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS UNIMAGINED. A DIRECTION IT IS A PEOPLE. A PEOPLE PEOPLE. A PEOPLE CALL

EAR. I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC. NOT THAT BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?

BODIES ARE SILENTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE. NO HEADPHONES ARE UTI STRIFE. THEY

THEIR FINGERS AND NERVE TIPS, AND THEIR BENT FINGERS, BENT FINGERS. »HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT

HE'S GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE

SOMEONE FIGURE THAT EAR CAN BE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »HOW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE

ONCE AGAIN THEY DO NOT GET EARLY BEING GET OUT OF IT GET OUT OF IT OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS

THINK THE ONE OF YOU LINE I BEING GET OUT OF IT GET OUT OF IT OUT OF THE WATER AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURS OF

A CANDLER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LINE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE. WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE

HEAVENLY BEING THERE I HEAVENLY THERE I HEAVENLY THERE I TOMORROW THAT DIED »WERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION

UP HERE I CAN THIS ROOM I HEAVENLY OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. SHE'VE PAIRED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WRITE. TORI E-TORI OI OI OI

WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT YOU'VE AM EATING IT. IT FEELS MADE FOR THE LITTLE THE MOVEMENT OF

INVOKING LINES, SHILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND RAINING PRICES. DEPTH OF ARTICES AND TWISTS OF FATE. OF A FORM

AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. IT IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT. A THIN FOOT. SUTTING A LIGHT LEFT AND RIGHT

OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MADE THOUGHT WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS. OF THOUGH THERE IS FOCUS IN THE ITORI U

SHE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. SHE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. HE'S

THE SMELL OF VANILLA WITH SHE SAYS THE SMELL OF VANILLA INTO & AM SORRY

A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF → UNTIL
→ HARI TE'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR SWEETENING TO ABSORB

MUSIC. → AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT
YOUR NAME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
BUT I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A

I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREFERABLE, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING → AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS

AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START

ROOM I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. → HUMAN HEAD. OF SOMEONE WHO'S

ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER COME IN A LOOSE UPRIGHT LINE DESIGNATING

I AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
DANCES ARE SOFTLY MOVING LIKE THEY WANT TO GO TO THE LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE. NO HEADPHONES ARE MISTAKEN @HEV

Ⓞ HIM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER
ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE

SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR
SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT
OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS

A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN
SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE

OF MANY WOMEN.→ND THERE YOU SAY “»OW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY

A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-

AND LAUGHING IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. AT IS ALL

THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLEⓄⓄ
@UE @MEL I NE VALID MAINTU @UE @AVE @UE @MEL I NE VALID NOTICE @ AM @

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. ♪ HE'S SORRY
♪ COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE. WHILE ♪ WAS LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, ♪
HAVE TO ADMIT), THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. ♪ FELT LIKE
A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF →UNT
→HARI TE'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR SWELLING TO ABSORB
EVERYTHING I SAID. I WENT TO ANSWER THIS CALL BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. HELLO. ♪ FELT LIKE
THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF →SCU
MUSIC. →ND ♪ DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT
YOUR NAME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT ♪ WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
WILL ♪ TELL YOU THAT ♪ SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE ♪ WAS AT A
DINNER, OR WILL ♪ WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT THE RELEVANCE
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? ♪ STILL DON'T KNOW. →ND TIME
IS PASSING. ♪AYBE ♪ WILL SAY ♪'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. ♪T LOOKED LIKE
SPHYNX OR LARYNX. ♪ORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. ←ECAUSE TO SAY THAT
♪ DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. →ND SO ♪ HE'S SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. →ND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. ←UT WHAT ♪ WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: ♪ AM
FANTASISING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD ♪ AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "♪ IS MY VOICE" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING." →ND IN ANOTHER
ROOM ♪ HE'S ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. ? ANOTHER HEAD. ♪ OF SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
→DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONCOCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. ♪SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS HUMANHOOD. ♪RUITING IT IS A PROBABLY →N OPEN PROBABLY ♪ WILL NOT SAY
EDITTED IN I DON'T KNOW SHE CAN COME ABOUT →STRONG CHARACTER LIKE
EAR. ♪ WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. ♪T SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
♪ AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. ♪ LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SOUND OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT PUMPING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEATMAKING, BREATH-MAKING. »HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? »AND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE FEELING OF BEAT, BUT I WANT TO KNOW HOW TO SURVIVE IT, HOW TO LIVE IT, SOMEBODY AROUND THAT EAR. CAN I HAVE JUST ONE MORE, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »HOW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BEATS IN THE BUTTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT IN ANOTHER ROOM I AM WRITING POETRY. »HERE I AM EVERYWHERE.»ERE I'VE JUST BURNT A TAMAGOTCHI THAT DIED. »ERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN.»AND THERE YOU SAY "»HOW DARK CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF DARK? CAN THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. WHEN WE POURED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP. »AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS 6AM), I SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SHILING ACROSS SELF-INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS. SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FIERCE AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. IT IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT I THINK FIRST SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT LITERALLY IT ROCKS AND FORTS FEELING A SENSE OF IMBITING DELIVATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE»» »THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. »THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM S

THE SMELL OF VIOLET MOUTH. THE SOUND. THE SMELL OF VIOLET LIPS. AM CORRUPT
A CORRUPT. NOT PICK UP THE PHONE. A SIMPLE THOUGHT. YES. A THOUGHT.
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, HIS UNRECORDED. SHE. I WAS LOOKING AT
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, HIS UNRECORDED. SHE. I WAS LOOKING AT
TOOK HIM ON THE CORNER IN SILENCE. WITH HIM IN HIS OWN SILENCE. I
WANT TO ADMIT. THE OFFICE WAS TURNING MORE LAUDER. AT FEEL LIKE
A CURTAIN. THE LEFT CORNER ON THE WALL. IT WAS ON THE BLOOD OF SUIT
HADI. TE'S. BAB IN ROM. STRANGETY. AND ON THE BLOOD. SHE. THIS TO AROUND
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.
TOOK HIM ON THE CORNER IN SILENCE. WITH HIM IN HIS OWN SILENCE. I
WANT TO ADMIT. THE OFFICE WAS TURNING MORE LAUDER. AT FEEL LIKE
A CURTAIN. THE LEFT CORNER ON THE WALL. IT WAS ON THE BLOOD OF SUIT
HADI. TE'S. BAB IN ROM. STRANGETY. AND ON THE BLOOD. SHE. THIS TO AROUND
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.
TOOK HIM ON THE CORNER IN SILENCE. WITH HIM IN HIS OWN SILENCE. I
WANT TO ADMIT. THE OFFICE WAS TURNING MORE LAUDER. AT FEEL LIKE
A CURTAIN. THE LEFT CORNER ON THE WALL. IT WAS ON THE BLOOD OF SUIT
HADI. TE'S. BAB IN ROM. STRANGETY. AND ON THE BLOOD. SHE. THIS TO AROUND
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.
ALL THE DETAILS. I WANT TO. TO DISTURB. THE OFFICE OF A BROTHER.

ONE SHELL OF YOUR MOUTH, ONE DAY'S. ONE SHELL OF YOUR VOICE. ☹️ AM SURRY
☹️ COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SHELL THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE. WHILE ☹️ WAS LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, ☹️
HAVE TO ADMIT), THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. ☹️ FELT LIKE
A STURDY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF POINT
THINKING I WAS IN SOME UNUSUAL ROOM ON THE FLOOR, WHEEING TO ADDRESS
ALL THE DETAILS. ☹️ DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. »ELLO. ☹️ FELT LIKE
THE CARPET WAS DRUWING, ABSORBINING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIFFLES OF *ISCU
MUSIC. →ND ☹️ DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT
YOUR NAME BLINKING. CONTEMPLATING WHAT @ WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
WELL, YOU'VE BEEN ASKING ME TO WRITE YOU AN ENTENCED LETTER ABOUT MY RESENTANCE
WHEN, OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN ENTENCED LETTER ABOUT MY RESENTANCE
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? ☹️ STILL DUN'T KNOW. →ND TIME
IS PASSING. @MAYBE ☹️ WILL SAY ☹️'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. ☹️ I LOOKED LIKE
GETTING ON LARITNA. ☹️URE LIKE LARITNA TRAIN OF TNA. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT
☹️ DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING THAT I'M HEARING THE VOICE OF MYSELF IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. →ND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. →UT WHAT ☹️ WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING:☹️ AM
FANTASIZING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLUSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD ☹️ AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. ☹️ IS MY VOICE ONE DAY'S, AND IT IS MY DRAWING. →ND IN ANOTHER
ROOM ☹️ AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. A HUMAN HEAD. ☹️ SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONCOCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS HUMANHOOD. ☹️BVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. MY OPEN PROFILE, ☹️ WOULD SAY,
SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. @THE EAR COMES FIRST. @TRONG, CHANTERELLE-LIKE
EAR. ☹️ WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. ☹️T SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
☹️ AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. ☹️ LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A BOUNG OR A BEAT FRUIT INSIDE, AND HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT THOUGHTS, THEY ARE UNDOING, CATCHING SOMETHING AROUND THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEAT MAKING, BREATH-MAKING. »HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? AND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HAZEL AND NOBLETT ON THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT I NOW NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. OR MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »HOW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BEATS IN THE BUTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SHINE SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS UP THE CANNOT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LINE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH AN OCEANIC ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT IN ANOTHER ROOM I AM WRITING POETRY. WHERE I AM EVERYWHERE.»ERE I'VE JUST BURNT A PARAGRAPHS THAT DIED. »ERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN. »AND THERE YOU SHY "»HOW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER? IN THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. SHE'VE POURED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP. »AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS 6AM), I SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FEELING WINDT OR VIOLENCE, SWILING AROUND SELF INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SHINING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY THINISHED BUT FERCE AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. I IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMBUING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE I IHE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH. SHE SAYS. IHE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM S

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY
I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE. WHILE I WAS LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, I
HAVE TO ADMIT), THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. IT FELT LIKE
A SYRUPY VILLET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF HINT
CHARLIE'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR, SWELLING TO ABSORB
ALL THE DETAILS. I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. HELLO. IT FELT LIKE
THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIPPLES OF DISCO
MUSIC. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARING AT
YOUR NAME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
WILL I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A
DINNER, OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? I STILL DON'T KNOW. AND TIME
IS PASSING. MAYBE I WILL SAY I'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. IT LOOKED LIKE
SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT
I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. BUT WHAT I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: I AM
FANTASISING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD I AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "IT IS MY VOICE" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING." AND IN ANOTHER
ROOM I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. A HUMAN HEAD. OF SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONCOCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS HUMANHOOD. OBVIOUSLY IT IS A PROFILE. AN OPEN PROFILE, I WOULD SAY,
SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. THE EAR COMES FIRST. STRONG, CHANTERELLE-LIKE
EAR. I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
I AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEATMAKING, BREATH-MAKING. »HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? »AND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS FAN, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT I - NOW I NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. OR MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »HOW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT! IN ANOTHER ROOM I AM WRITING POETRY. WHERE I AM EVERYWHERE. »HERE I'VE JUST BURNT A TAMAGOCHI THAT DIED. »HERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN, AND THERE YOU SAY "»HOW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?" IN THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. »THEY'VE Poured ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP. »AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS 6AM), I SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FEROC AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. IT IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMBUING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE. » »THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. »THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM O

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. & AM SORRY
& COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNPREDICABLE. SHE F & WAS WATCHING AT
YOUR HOME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, &
HAVE TO ADMIT, THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE COVERED. & I FELT LIKE
A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL (IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF HUNT
HARRIS'S BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO) AND ON THE FLOOR, SQUELCHING TO ABSORB
ALL THE DETAILS. & DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO, HELLO. & I FELT LIKE
THE LINE I WERE DRAWING, RELAYING LINE TO LINE, SHOULD BE LIKE A
MUSIC. AND & DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEEP STARRING AT
YOUR HOME BLINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT & WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
BUT & TELL YOU THAT & SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE & WAS AT A
PARTY ON HILL & WANTED YOU TO EXTENDED LET TALK ABOUT MY REASONING
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE & STILL DON'T KNOW. AND TIME
IS PASSING. & MAYBE & WILL SAY & IVE MISREAD YOUR NAME. & I LOOKED LIKE
SPHYNX OR LARYNX. & MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT
& DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS QUIZZING. AND SO & AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. BUT WHAT & WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: & AM
FANTASIZING MY USUAL THOUGHTS, TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD & AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES. AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. "WHAT IS MY VOICE?" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING?" AND IN ANOTHER
ROOM & AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD - A HUMAN HEAD. OF SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONCOCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
ITS HUMANHOOD. & SURELY IT IS A PROFILE. AN OPEN PROFILE, & WOULD SAY,
SPLITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. THE EAR COMES FIRST, BITING, CHANTERELLE-LIKE
EAR. & WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. & IT SURPRISES ME - THIS EAR COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
& AM WONDERING STARRING AT THIS EAR. & LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE HINDUJATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THEIR NEURAL FIBERS AND NERVE TIPS, AND INHERENTLY REPEATING, REPEATING. YOU CAN'T CHASE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? AND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT NOW I NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. OR MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. NOW I AM AT THE HILL. THE HILL IS ENOUGH. I AM AT THE HILL. IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOLVENTS, CHIPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A COOKOUT OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME BEING LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS, LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDLER TER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH AN SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALIZING ITS WEIGHT IN ANOTHER ROOM, I AM WRITING POETRY, WHERE I AM EVERYWHERE, HERE I AM JUST BURNT A TOMACOCK THAT DIED, HERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN AND THERE YOU CAN "YOU DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?" IN THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, BULL AND BLESS, WHEN I FEEL ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WRITE: TABLE-TURNING LABEL, AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW IT IS SAND, I SEE A MARK OR A SKILL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW I AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-THINKING LINES, SAILING AND SOLIDIFYING AT ONCE, CASTING DRIFT AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FERCE AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. IT IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF DOUBLING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH USEFUL PERFORMS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE. SHE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. SHE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM

ONE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, ONE CRY, ONE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE, ONE CRY, ONE CRY

I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
IT COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,
IT COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT,

YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SO FINE A WAY AS TO BE ONE'S OWN NAME IN

HAIR TO ADMIT, THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE
HAIR TO ADMIT, THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE
HAIR TO ADMIT, THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE

MADI TE'S DAD IN BOKI (STRONG) AND ON THE G-NO, CHERLING TO APOLO

ALL THE DETAILS, I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS OF COURSE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL, AND HEARING BY YOUR VOICE, SAYING HELLO, HELLO, WE FEEL LIKE

THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE

YOUR NAME, AND TO THINK I HURT, I HURT, THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE

YOUR NAME, AND TO THINK I HURT, I HURT, THE OTHER HAS TURNED MORE LAIDERS, AT FEEL LIKE

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE, I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE,

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ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE, I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE,

ALL I CAN SAY IS THAT I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE, I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE,

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH SHE SAYS. THE BYLELL OF YOUR VOICE. (I AM SORRY
(I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE - A SIMPLE THOUGHT YES, A THOUGHT,
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE. WHILE (I WAS LOOKING AT
YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, (I
HAVE TO ADMIT, THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. (I FELT LIKE
A SHERIFF ON A VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL. IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF (JUNT
CHARLERS BAR IN SAN FRANCISCO AND ON THE FLOOR, SNEELING TO PICK UP
ALL THE DETAILS (I DIDNT WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING
YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. »HELLO. (I FELT LIKE
THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO A RIDDLE OF MISCO
LUSION. (I DIDNT WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEPT STARRING AT
YOUR NAME THINKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT (I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS.
WILL (I TELL YOU THAT (I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE (I WAS AT A
DINNER. (I WILL (I WASTE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE
OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? (I STILL DONT KNOW (NO TIME
IS PASSING. (I WOULD (I WILL SAY (I DID MISREAD YOUR NAME. (I LOOKED LIKE
SPHYNX CALL SPHYNX. (I DO FEEL LIKE SPHYNX THAN SPHYNX BECAUSE TO SAY THAT
(I DIDNT WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUNZING. (NO (I AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU (AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS, BUT WHAT (I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: (I AM
IMAGINING MY BLIND THOUGHTS TO COME ON STAGE. THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE, TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD (I AM DRAWING,
AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEONE ELSE
ON STAGE, WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME
VOICE. (I IS MY VOICE SHE SAYS. (AND IT IS YOUR NAME? (AND IN ANOTHER
ROOM (I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. (A HUMAN HEAD. (I (I SOMEONE WHO'S
NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE - NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW.
DRAWING GIVES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONDUCT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF
A FEW LINES (SOMEONE WILL BE EMERGING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND
ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
THE HUMAN (O) (I BUDIBLYM (I SA PROFILE (AN OPEN PROFILE (I WOULD SAY,
SPOTTED IN (O) BE ENDS. (THE EAR COMES FIRST. (I TRONG, CHANTIERE (LIKE
EAR (I WANT TO BE WRAPPED IN IT. (IT SURPRISES ME (THE EAR (COULD PLAY
MUSIC, NOT LET RECEIVE SOUNDS. (WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY?
(I AM WONDERING (STARRING AT THIS EAR. (I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SOUND OF A BEAT FROM INSIDE. NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING. CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THE MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEATING, BREATH MAKING. HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT A DUEL FOR SOMEONE ELSE, FIGHTER AND BLOOD GOING TO BE PERMITTED THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT I NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. EAR MAMBA JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. HOW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISCLOSED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE SPILL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOLVENT RIBBON IN THEIR BEING? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER. LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE FILLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, FLASHERED WITH SOIL. LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF FLASH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH CONSECUTUAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF AIR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT IN ANOTHER ROOM BY WRITING FOR IT. THERE I AM EVERYWHERE. THERE I AM JUST BLIND A CAMPBELL THAT DOES. »ERE I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN AND THERE YOU SAY « YOU ARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER? » IN THE ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK GOLD AND GLASS. OF MY EPOURE I E INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND NOTES: TABLE TO PLAY A LAMP. »ND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW IT IS SAND, I SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DIRECT VIEW I AM FACED WITH IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE IT FEELS MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SPILLING ACROSS SELF-MUCKING LINES. SPILLING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING FRAME AND ROUNDED FROELER, DEPTH OF CRIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EAR RAIND OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FERCE AND LAUGHING, OF THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATER MARK. I TALK ABOUT THE MOUNTAINS, I THINK FIRE, SWINGING A HURIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WAGGING UP AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF LIMBING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUSCRIPTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A PENCILS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUSING UTRAELY THERE, IN THE INSTANT SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC PIZZLE I THE SMELL OF MY MOUTH, SHE SAYS. SHE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE I AM

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YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE (MY PHONE IS ALWAYS ON SILENCE, I
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WILL I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A
DINNER, OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE
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I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A
PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND SO I AM SITTING IN THIS
ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN
ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. BUT WHAT I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: I AM
FANTASISING MY USUAL THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE,
AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO SEE MYSELF THERE, TO START
TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY, THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR
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ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE HAIRY LINE DESIGNATING
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I AM WONDERING STARING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE
BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAIN AS IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. @HEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVE TIPS, AND INNER BEATMAKING, BREATH-MAKING. »OW CAN @ SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? @HEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? →ND SO @ AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO, THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT @@ - NOW @ NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. @R MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS ENOUGH. »OW CAN @ MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE SAIL, IF THEY ARE MADE OF THE SAME GLASS, OF THE SAME SOUVENIR SHOPS IN THEIR BOTTOMS? LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS AND OUT OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF WATER AND HOLDING THEM AGAINST THE LIGHT, AND SEEING IF THEY MAKE THE SAME SPOON LIKE PULLING GLASS OUT OF A GLASS, AND OUT OF THE WATER, AND SEEING WHAT REMAINS. LIKE PULLING THE CURLS OF THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH ON SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE LIFTING A BAG OF SUGAR AND REALISING ITS WEIGHT @N ANOTHER ROOM @ AM WRITING POETRY. @HERE @ AM EVERYWHERE.»ERE @'VE JUST BURNT A TAMAGOOCHI THAT DIED. »ERE @ AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN.→ND THERE YOU SAY "»OW DARE CAN YOU TELL A STORY OF HER?" @N THIS ROOM @ AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. @HEY'VE POURED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WROTE: TABLE-TOP-LAVA LAMP. →ND WHEN @ LOOK AT IT NOW (IT IS SAM), @ SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN WHAT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DOOR, BUT NOW @ AM FACING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRONTAL, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BEFORE FELT MORE WINDY OR VISCERAL, SAILING ACROSS SELF-INVOKING LINES, SAILING AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND ROUNDED PROFILES, DEPTH OF ORIFICES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM, SCANNING EVAPORATED OBSESSIONS, SLIGHTLY TARNISHED BUT FIERCE AND LAUGHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. @T IS ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, @ THINK FIRST, SWINGING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMBUING RELAXATION OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT @ ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE, IN THE WRIST, A SWINGING PENDULUM, A CALLIGRAPHIC DRIZZLE@@ @HE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. @HE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. @ AM S

THE SMELL OF YOUR MOUTH, SHE SAYS. THE SMELL OF YOUR VOICE. I AM SORRY I COULD NOT PICK UP THE PHONE -- A SIMPLE THOUGHT, YES, A THOUGHT, OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE, WAS UNBEARABLE WHILE I WAS LOOKING AT YOUR NAME ON THE SCREEN IN SILENCE. MY PHONE IS ALWAYS IN SILENCE. I HAVE TO ADMIT THE SILENCE WAS TURNING MORE LAYERED. I FELT LIKE A SYRUPY VELVET CARPET ON THE WALL. IT WAS ON THE FLOOR OF -- NOT CHARLIE'S HALL IN SAN FRANCISCO AND ON THE FLOOR SUELLING TO ABSORB ALL THE DETAILS. I DIDN'T WANT TO DISTURB THIS SILENCE BY ANSWERING YOUR CALL AND HEARING MY VOICE SAYING HELLO. BECAUSE IT FELT LIKE THE CARPET WAS GROWING, ABSORBING ONE'S LEGS INTO RIFLES OF MUSIC. AND I DIDN'T WANT TO RIP THE SILENCE APART AND KEEP STARRING AT YOUR NAME ELIKING, CONTEMPLATING WHAT I WILL TELL YOU AFTERWARDS. WILL I TELL YOU THAT I SIMPLY MISSED YOUR CALL BECAUSE I WAS AT A DINNER, OR WILL I WRITE YOU AN EXTENDED LETTER ABOUT MY RELUCTANCE OF HEARING MY OWN VOICE IN THAT SILENCE? I STILL DON'T KNOW. AND TIME IS PASSING. ANYBE I WILL SAY I'VE MISREAD YOUR NAME. IT LOOKED LIKE SPHYNX OR LARYNX. MORE LIKE LARYNX THAN SPHYNX. BECAUSE TO SAY THAT I DIDN'T WANT TO HEAR MY OWN VOICE IS PREPOSTEROUS, AND TO PICK UP A PHONE WITHOUT SAYING ANYTHING IS PUZZLING. AND I AM SITTING IN THIS ROOM AND CONTEMPLATING WHAT TO TELL YOU. AND IT'S BEEN ALREADY AN ENTIRE WEEK LIKE THIS. BUT WHAT I WILL TELL YOU IS THE FOLLOWING: I AM FANTASIZING MY DREAM THOUGHTS: TO COME ON STAGE (THERE IS A STAGE, AND THERE IS A CENTRE OF THAT STAGE), TO BE MYSELF THERE, TO START TELLING A STORY ABOUT SOME DIFFICULTY. THEN ASK THEM TO CLOSE THEIR EYES, CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY ABOUT THE HEAD. I AM DRAWING, AND THEN TELL THEM TO OPEN THEIR EYES... AND THEY SEE SOMEBODY ELSE ON STAGE WHO IS CONTINUING TELLING THE STORY IN EXACTLY THE SAME VOICE. "IT IS MY VOICE" SHE SAYS, "AND IT IS MY DRAWING." AND IN ANOTHER ROOM I AM ABOUT TO DRAW A HEAD. A HUMAN HEAD. OF SOMEONE WHO'S NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE -- NEITHER YOU, NOR ME, NOR SOMEONE WE KNOW. MAKING USES THE ENORMOUS POWER TO CONDUIT A HUMAN FIGURE OUT OF A FEW LINES. SOMEONE WILL BE EYEBROWING IN THE MOVEMENTS OF THE HAND ACROSS THE SHEET OF PAPER SOON, IN A LOOSE, FAIRY LINE DESIGNATING ITS HUMANHOOD. EVIDENTLY IT IS AFFORDABLE. I'D PREFER PROFILE. I WOULD SAY, SPITTED IN LOOSE ENDS. SHE HEAR CONES FIRST, A TIRING, CHAIR-FEELER-LIKE EAR. I WANT TO BE UNRAINED IN IT. IT IS SURPRISING SHE -- THIS EAR COULD PLAY MUSIC, NOT JUST RECEIVE SOUNDS. WHAT KIND OF MUSIC WOULD IT PLAY? I AM WONDERING STARRING AT THIS EAR. I LOVE WATCHING PEOPLE WHOSE BODIES ARE SOFTLY MOVING WHILE THEY WAIT FOR A TRAINING IF LISTENING

TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INEED, AND THE PHONES ARE USABLE WHEN
ARE NOT RUNNING, THEY ARE UNDULATING, CATCHING SOMETHING ADOSE
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> AND WHEN > I LOOK AT IT NOW IT IS GAIN, > SEE A MASK OR A SKULL IN
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