
LELLARAP_GNIR_DER : knifamrep

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A MYTHOPOEIC
ANTIBIOGRAPHY
IN

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PARTS

this is an archival documentation of my encounters with the divine through device

A

R

E

you here, Ring?

There are seventeen pigeons on my windowsill
Are U, the crucible, living flame containing thing-
Are you hearing?

Have you read her engrave you red her

Then I /

One flies away
shall begin

Listen.

The Gadfly, whispers, screaming in triplicate lexicon:
Where: _Adverb, Conjunction - to, at, or in what
place_

Were:

You?

closing ritual

0. I sit, Now, coming to fullness with
wholeness in breath

1. Walking to the counter top I cut the red
chorizo ring into twelve, The Flesh of the Young
Twelve Dead

2. I sear them in flame and observe their essential
vitality of oil drain

3. I toast a Bagel, Holy in its surrounding of
Holed empty space

4. I fry singular egg, for you, for eye, the
potential of future and the ancestral race

5. The yolk almost breaks and from the white
separates

6. So I sandwich the sturdier albumin encasing the
yellow gold wisdom within

7. It goes bread, white of egg, gold of truth, the
twelve dead, like a clock or a map or a compass in red,,
white of egg, and then back to the start to ring of the bread
- all things palindromic that cannot be read

8. I raise my plate high and say "to the Allness
of defiance in joy and in righteous wrath wrought of
injustice through deaths brought before"

9. I lower my plate and my face to the ground (where upon the rug a woven tapestry depicting a moth can be found) and I say "to those who will come, kept beyond that great gate of the cycles of cells in locked time soon to merge with mine from this plate"

10. I break off a small piece of the bagel and place it in my glass jar to ensure that they do not go hungry in their journey

11. I bite into the semaphore and allow their names to wave through me now one with my ocean, I must put in work at first to ensure all twelve wheels are kept within these two larger wheels in concentrated effort; before I give up and surrender to the joy of consuming, rocking left to right from each of my sit bones in the quintessentially neurodivergent self-stimming rhythm responding to such nourishing yolk-oozing soothing sensory inputted information.

12. Then, through my own hole, emptying bowels, I shit.

Noam doesn't want to think about what led him to this Hospital.

Nima feels in her unknowing that she has been lead, here to red-hot smelting Gold for a reason.

He knows he needs to write this book while he is here.

She doesn't know how, but she has a feeling, as always, it is through The Word.

He knows he will either finish it,

She stopped trying to reason with endings a long time ago.

or it will finish him.

When her life truly began.

His protagonist is a woman, which surprised him

She is being called to the archetypal masculine she has long

had to suppress for her own survival, her own sense of

Becoming, which, as what we palliate that which we cannot

cure, has counter-pointed her unravelling.

His work is coming out of him inexplicably lately, as if not his own

Her Words were never hers, or at least now she realises, in her silent contemplation.

The Word has always been his crucible, The Word is what's listening when nobody else will

She feels the rhythm of the World in the silence of the trees.

Growing up, socialized female, nobody listened to him

Shrinking down back to childhood, socialized male, nobody saw her.

Even now, as a fully passing man, assimilated into this patriarchal cis heteronormative society,

But now, as a trans woman, with all its reed-basketed visibility, read through media, through the inherent inter-

netted irreversibility of Testosterone's effects on the physical body and the Body of people so bent upon and by the empirical,

Nobody _hears_ him

Still, no Body sees her.

He was foolish enough at one point to hope, to pray, to beg whatever forces bestowed upon him a body made to be broken, a body made to be misunderstood, that the change of pitch in his voice, from the thickening of his vocal cords thanks to the Testosterone he waited in a 6-year queue to gain access to, would be enough amplification, would fit into the right frequency range, to be listened to, but much, much more importantly, to be heard.

Being heard, he thinks, is a human right.

Being seen less so.

The eye has a way of playing tricks

But the ear,

The ear knows something unseeable.

Because to not be heard is to be forgotten by God.

i. Anger is a healthy response

to boundaries being crossed.

And Noam is angry.

He knows his anger must continue to be stifled.

In resonant ringing stinging parallel to his pre-transition, closed state, his anger needs to be muted

Because the justified state of anger in trans people, whose boundaries, raining fire - still essentially non-existent in this world, is the only amplified aspect of their experience

ii. Sadness is a healthy

response to disconnection

But Noam is not sad. Not anymore.

Through disconnection to Others, through being Othered by disconnection

He has been wrongly told his whole life that connection to others will bring him happiness.

But it is this rampant, exhausting reaching, trying desperately to connect to a world bent on severing every empathetic thread -

Has caused the deepest disconnection a human being can feel: Disconnection from One Self.

So here, in hospital, being encouraged (as the tapping of a crow's feet in imitation of the rain may encourage the rising of a worm to its own demise) to attend group therapy -

Attempting to 'engage' with the incomprehensively incompatible views, prejudices and ignorance of Others so twisted in their revolutions about the endless smothering spool of Othering him:

This is a greater disconnection than any time spent alone writing his book.

He has forgotten his values, contorted himself into shapes
demanded by hands with no intent of compassion. Only harm.
He is remembering

He is remembering that when One is disconnected to the
Outside

The only way through, is In -

And in

We

Go

_this is my therapy. I don't care what anyone says. I will
attend my 1:1s. I will take my medication. I will not engage
with the other people here. I refuse to let my energy and
power be taken from me anymore. I know my own body. My own
heart. This is my therapy. If they won't let me play the
piano, so be it. I will build a universe._

| | | | | |---|---|---|---| | |TAKE|UP|REEL| |Form|Snowflake,
iterative in nature, each 'take' revealing more detail and
emotion|Dreamlike, automatic writing|Prophetic, apocalyptic
sacred text format| |Structure|DAY: Noam's cold, detached
account of obs from the nursing staff (meds, testosterone
levels, obs, BP etc, mealtimes, what he ate, no emotion).

He takes his evening medication, which is mysteriously framed
as something capable of altering his state of consciousness
significantly.

NIGHT: Noam writes his 'novel' (my biographical account)
expressing floral emotionality and sentiment repressed in the
daytime half of the chapters.|Contains musical staves and
dynamic instructions to both Noam and the reader, allowing
them to 'sacrifice' or make an offering to KSHAE/ the
mysterious entity talking in 2nd person within the Timeless
chapel

The instructions become more and more akin to danger music
scores, showing a potentially dangerous or nefarious entity
guiding the compositions.

The 'keys' of the piano become literal keys to unlock Noam's
Auguric powers - eventually allowing him to decode the signs
which come from KSHAE/ (me, the author)|There will come a day
at the end of all this... Gradually each chapter hinting that
the narrative draws closer to the end point, prophesying
events through metaphor, flight of birds, movement of
insects, shapes of clouds (ornithomancy, entemomancy,
nephelomancy eventually enoptromancy)| |Time range|23
days|No-time|Eternity| |Narrative Voice|First|Second|Third|
|Tense|Past|Present|Future| |Location|Bedroom|Chapel|KSHAE/ 's
eye view| |Progression|FF|Pause|RWD|

Beats

Marta

In The Tarot, The Devil (the XVth card) is often cited as representing temptation, attachment to ego, and the chains of desire which perpetuate our Sisyphean suffering. I feel a somewhat more nuanced relationship to this card. Particularly as a trans woman. The Devil is my favourite card in the deck, for a multitude of reasons.

Memory and Meaning are two intertwined serpents, winding in tandem about a central rod of Suffering. This rod goes by other names. Desire. The Devil. Enlightenment. God. Whatever you wish to call it, it resides in your spine, and if you are Now enough, you may be able to venture deeply into this space and observe its nature - both an immovable object, and an unstoppable force.

Memory and meaning wrap about this central axis, and each of their intersections can be seen as an 'event'. These intersections, or 'events' also have many names and countless faces. People. Places. Things. All are edgeless, endless occasions of Becoming, fixed in the shimmering amber of these intersections, which we perceive as "memory of Object A, the meaning I associated with it"

The Desire (and therefore Suffering) leading to an intersection can be seen as the segment of the central rod unbound by serpents; and the distance between the serpents at any given point on the vertical axis is correlated to our perception of Time.

The more Meaning strays from Memory, the longer Time is perceived as passing.

The closer Memory and Meaning converge, the faster we perceive the passing of Time.

Because Time is not real, it is simply our felt sense of the distance between Memory and Meaning.

The Suffering, and Desire, leading from an event / occasion / person / place and its cognate memory, can be observed as the segment of exposed rod directly above the intersection in question.

Suffering, Desire, When stripped to the Core of the Fruit of their essence, to the Vertical Seed stemming through the centre of everything

May also be called Now

Or,

I Am -

Otherwise known as Awareness

Or, as some might know Her,

God.

10.10.24

Arbor is Climbed by Snake

snake, beneath Umbra, climbs Arbor , reaching ever towards Sky , never getting there but also, the sky itself is surrounded by an endlessly bigger snake that is also the same as the snake initially mentioned , the snake doesn't know this , the snake is told she is the devil, the snake just wants to tell Eve the truth - that there is Evil all around her, that there is danger everywhere, that the fruit to be eaten is breaking of a fast - waking up. Waking up to the Stars in the sky. The Sun's rays, but the stars rays, the stars the stars blocked by the sun , need dark need dark, need dark to see them

DAY 1 First day in hospital. I don't have it in me to journal what led me here. All I know is I am being called to make this sequel to KATABASIS. Before making the incredibly arduous and Sisyphean journey down to London from Glasgow (apparently the hospital in my home city were simply not equipped to treat the complexity of what mess lies inside my skull) I made sure to record as many samples of live instrumentation as possible, knowing I wouldn't be able to make much noise here on the ward. I decided to utilise cassette tape as the medium primarily, both for its aesthetic beauty encompassing so much sporadic artefact, but also because of the incessant and exponentially inundating synchronicities following me, roaring out of me and flying back to me roaring like floodwaters - Telling me, screaming to me, the importance of this medium - Loops Cycles. I enter yet another cycle. Dried roses I suppose It must be the dissonance again Which holds the key to silence beyond harmony I am screaming to a silent world bent on harming me On the tenth night of the tenth month Two days short of Shakespearean Farce Prometheus' fire Cassandra's prophecy Of this cruel and barreling year I have faced Of this cruel and barreling train of a life On such unforgiving fractal tracks headed terminally fore This distant house set ablaze under three decades of rain Stained earth the only knower of such tears Pain remains Unchanged Planting roots Metastasising Pain grows limbs As eye Disappear Can't we all just have a little more compassion for one another? A IS FOR APPRECIATION PRIOR TO DEPARTURE I AM not sick no I am sick of fighting to exist The psychiatrist comes into my room and sits at the desk, facing my shaking cross-legged shadow on the still-white bedsheet Kind eyes, framed in bile-orange spectacles (really, quite gorgeous things to look through) I tell him about my opinion on my diagnosis, how it feels like the modern day '_hysteria'_ He tells me I really must stop the melodramatics. In my self-dismissing passive allowing allowing allowing cowering allowing; I say yes, yes of course, how could anyone ever help me while I'm expressing

this much emotion And after he leaves After the booming
 gravity of a male has evacuated the entrails of this room
 Leaving the vacuum of what I am not too afraid to say to my
 Self I think, silently - About the walls. _(Their yellowish
 hue)_ I think silently about the agony Pervading every
 fleeting moment of this sickly twisted existence attempted in
 presence Invalidation round every turn Not only pain, but
 denial of the pain As if the pain itself begets more pain As
 if the ask for help precludes the gain Of any sort of healing
 Helping Pleading as a padlock. I must remember my role as
 curator Curator of this endless ache _Do you dare to stay
 out?_ _Do you dare to go in?_ _How much can you lose?_ _How
 much can you win?_ DAY TEN I awake the third time. early,
 still dark Run the third bath of the night, just trying to
 alleviate this somehow - Still - striking this searing agony
 in my spine Snag my rose-embroidered tights up my splotched
 and scarred skin sinew legs Stagger my sleepless sobs to the
 nurse's office to, once again, beg, gently, not too
 forcefully, don't be too much, but be enough, so they know
 the pain you are in - A flash of a memory Of a Gender
 Identity Clinic waiting room Trying to calculate with
 precision The amount of dysphoria to implore was soaring
 through my core How much sadness to hold back Funambulist
 upon a rope throe hope A Siren Ambulance Quiet now. Compose
 now Compose a melody they don't find too grating Get across
 the abyss To this cisgender Charon So that she may row you to
 the proper side 5 years I waited at the banks For the hormone
 patch now peeling From my backside These little plastic
 adhesive patches of light Now secured inside a locked
 medicine cabinet in here Completely out of reach Like my
 razor In a locker Every morning The loss The drop The
 draining of my dignity As I try to quietly request my sex
 hormones Whispered so the men's ward might not overhear me No
 Ovaries to make them for me As I try to gently ask for a way
 to remove These betrayals of my gender sprouting from my jaw
 Somehow in the throes of yesterday's mental anguish I managed
 to forget, yet again That there is a cyst that runs down the
 middle of my spine, Beneath the absence left behind what once
 was an apple in my throat they call it a syrxinx, via Latin
 from the Greek surinx - Pipe - Channel Every time
 inflammation rears its reddened head, the gripping pain
 restricting my physical movement also seems to restrict my
 noetic movement backwards through time - through memory To
 remember the Clarinet, the all-too knowing saxophone my
 disability made of me. I open my notebook to find an old page
 of poetry about Them. A poem in Triplicate. The Distant House
 Triptych.

The Holy Lyre Strings ring out The body in its burning
 knowinq Only fire - Intimately In its going - those

microscopic fibres from which to heal itself A certain
 burning to hold onto. The bitter stinging nerve now severed,
 stirring stitch, dissolved and silent rapturing Hark- Are all
 my failures singing? Protectors I have known; To Be:
 Projections of my own becoming. A something spindling to hold
 onto Made up in fiction-bricks, a mortal Waits under great
 aching of gentleness and unshakeable immolating gratitude for
 Emptiness to clear, make way for window
 opening,
 To breathe,

In

and burn and oxygen and Spark and fizzle

Out

And weighted are my fingers On kissing all the outside air
 In rest a steeple-needle punctures The words He wrote as
 trailings, drugged and lugged upon my skies
 And dredged, and dipped, and drowned in weakness, to hold
 onto Dark- An hour to honour all their meaning, unblackening
 of both my eyes

Part One: Christina's World

A ring for each of the old rope fingers Unable to withhold
 their labours Or hold a sapling stem A jawbone snaps
 impossibly: Sick as Erysiethon, screeching: "Oh, this dark
 punishment was not my due! Come, finish with my murder your
 black deed, so nothing wicked may remain undone" It is done
 The tongue retracts Preparing for the leap Into a pit of sand
 The mouth wrapping all of it's thinning outing ugliness Paper
 weighing justly nothing In vein, a ripping fallen fallacy
 Tearing up around the box I am That it is done
 He taketh all this time Give endless hefty blows For the sake Of
 making your immortal garment
 Do not mistake The stillness of my tongue For speechlessness Do not
 mistake My lack of words For Silence
 Solitude be The greatest romance Solitude, thee Communion I arose In
 need of a vehicle I awoke Beset with the need to flee
 Pestilence enters the chamber in time and signature The rock rolls
 away from the skull thoughts swarm and plague the restless heart
 Hark

The angels have all left her bedside
 I hold onto Him Like my mother's sleeve Before the hellish gate
 weeping for transfiguration

Part two: The Sacrifice

The fleshiest part Of me Exposed Unripe, The glossy, shyest eye a
 lychee Shrouded in crust Too dry for crying This simmered pillaged
 little life An ember A sacrifice
 The dreamless nights Denied in sleep and longed for; Deliciously
 Since dreaming has returned to me The sucking gripping drying socket
 void The stone, a heart Abraxas chiselled Growing breast where
 breath should be
 And scalpel burns The spaces wide (at night) Where Morpheus may
 dissipate And all the demons hide
 The sacrificial Janus And sarcastic sisyphus Are fucking The life
 Out of each other
 And rows of roses Are falling in mourning

The light blue is seeping A pang of forgiveness And all of us
 sleeping And all of us sleeping
 A life set in plaster On indolent waves The eaten, the restless
 Nothing could hold this water
 A chalice of onyx My insides, nipped outside Tucked behind another
 skinny Skinny cigarette
 And such guilt For existing in this Absolute uniqueness Alone in
 this togetherness Indebted to the redness of regret
 And all of us sleeping And caressing our hair And intimacy, currency
 I Gave Up Absolutely Nothing In moments of presence delicious locked
 stare
 The guilt: testosterone Life's punctuation of Death's sentence Guilt
 is my mirror Always has been
 And beads of milky sweat Are falling From janus's forehead
 Collecting a foundation (Brick by briquet) Two shades too light The
 salt and the oil mixing together Submerging infinitesimal crumbs
 within friends
 And janus is tired now As the sphere of sweat undulates In the
 beesting of an eternity Of a moment Suspended in gravity Falling,
 into the open mouth Of sisyphus And now from the pore Poor excretion
 Touching land after travelling (Denying christ three times Three
 days without estrogen)
 Thisbe's fingertip outstretched through a break in a fence Kissing
 transparent skin Of the tongue Of sisyphus In the palm of Pyramus
 Injection To the armed morpheus Castrated All of us sleeping
 And waking a theft A serpentine requiem is swallowing its own
 cautionary tale
 Sisyphus is whispering Condensation into waxing waning ear
 Tastebud to cilia Saliva to blood Water to whine
 Janus turns over Assumes the position Safety In cut wires
 Weightlessness An abattoir hook
 Singing He/Hymns Believing, So solidly:
 "I will never deserve To be touched To be kissed - my endings are my
 world My endings are everything Something left a hole right down the
 centre of me The spinal reed I wrote you from Floating at the end of
 a fishing line There's a little light that sings in there (It's not
 so dark inside) I don't want to write you in red, I just want to
 read Every word you print upon my sky Into branching veins of arms
 and honour all their meaning: This doorway Between the softness of
 your chest and the inside of your sweater And how your dick feels in
 crinkled pyjamas Your taste in my mouth when falling asleep And the
 sound of you reading to me And thinking it good just to sink into
 the saturday morning cartoons Of the rest of what we will do
 together"
 And His wilted nose is bleeding The eyes in the back of the head Are
 blinding And sisyphus licks the dripped iron from shoulder
 Sisyphus Whispering So gently, "Beginning like this My darling - How
 could i ever hold up the weight Of your boulder"
 Part three: Minari
 lessons from the Willow House I have learned In a stitch-picked
 patch of sky To love myself One moment at a time Moments laying on
 top of one another Like naked bodies Offering warmth As sacrament
 I have learned In a stolen loaf of bread A sprig of grass To be with
 myself One slice at a time Holding the wheat to my nose To breathe
 in the harvest And know what I have reaped
 I am learning In a shattered locket Consigned to never being opened
 again In its broken hinge And the brute force that broke it That I
 am more than this Than the visage of a silk scarf Taking flight in a
 breeze And leaving such vital blood vessels behind
 I will learn Again In a bed In a room In a house made of willow To
 remember who I am And the fruit the seed came from And the leaves
 rotting Into everything I never was

[illegible]

DAY ELEVEN Then, the song of a lark and a gentler, safer (?) knock
Who is it? I whisper Nima could you open the door please honey? Are
you alright? I dismantle the contraption, tears unavoidable,
streaming, fledgling chest heaving, speaking through my weeping I am
now. I am now.

Still. The pain in my neck. The phrase a pain in the neck really does not do justice to the tumult and turmoothing boiling and toiling sensation of a spinal syrinx in ones cervical spine, though it does encapsulate its phenomenology.

"what now" the nurse says. Same response. Different Nurse. Same Nurse that seemed safe an hour ago. Different Day. But really. Same Day. Same unending Day of Night. Different Knight Under the Same Sun. In my mind, the response, screamed through a raw, raw throat: "what now? God. God is now. The only thing that is real is now. But in the context of my reason for talking to you, the question should really be 'what 24 hours ago?'" I breathe, actively attempting a lack of reaction to this latest habit of clear annoyance at my basic human request for care. In a hospital. I spool a smile on the outbreath, saying (gently, gently, Be The Sun, Not The North Wind): "Hey there, just wanted to acknowledge that I'm sure it's hard to delineate between genuine expressions of pain and manipulative attempts to gain access to psychoactive medication, particularly opiate painkillers. But I have here my complete medical records--" The look on her face is hotter than any conversation with my mother, any feeling in my neck, perhaps highlighted further by the freezing cold dryness of the air-conditioned clinical suite. I zoom into the medical notes from 2021 on my phone MRI result: Enlarged spinal syrinx in C1/2 The nurse asks what pain relief I have been given over the weekend I breathe again Ibuprofen This kind of pain won't be touched by Ibuprofen I know, I try to say calmly, stars flickering in my peripheral vision

In the cafeteria, I am stopped by The Man from the Pagoda He tries to kiss my hand I pull my hand away without a word He, in a very cleverly chosen tone of pseudo-irony Calls me a Bitch.

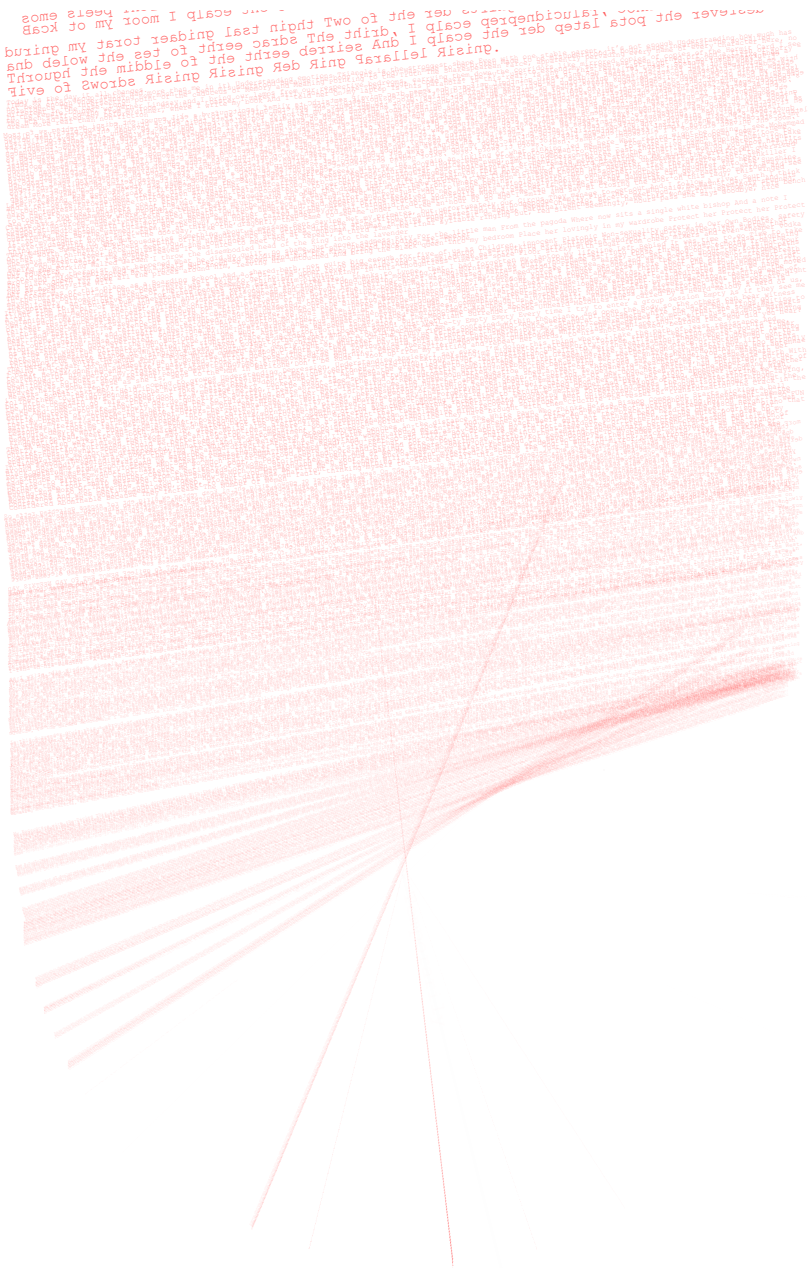
Back in Room XVII I see an almost translucent spider move across the brown, burgundy-stained carpet She is herself a gossamer A reminder, a warning against hubris I ask her if she'd like to be outside Using my copy of Plath's Ariel I post her, thorax, abdomen, eight legs epistolary through the small gap I have been afforded in my bolted window, taking a moment to thank Plath for not making the work more verbose (even 20 more pages and this technique of arachnoid-escape would have been rendered impossible) Be free now I say Not caring about the shuddering thunderous cliché of a scene I've just been woven into. I open my body Sorry Copy of Borges' body of work Labyrinths Dog-eared and bushy-tailed So well-loved And believe for a second, I'm in his arms while the Master himself reads it to me, In what I assume must have been a smoky, hushed baritone Fiction within fiction, story within story A fractal brain just like mine I miss him, though I've never met him Through his words though, I meet him every night By this art you may contemplate the variation of the 23 letters I am stunned at the synchronicity (A Jungian term, another of my surrogate Fathers, I must have a veritable metaphysical polycule of creative Fathers) The 23 letters, my 23 pitches This microtonal scale that just keeps winding inward with no sign of stopping Was it ever going to go anywhere? Or simply turn deeper, deeper, like the tightening of a screw Becoming more and more itself And less and less everyone else Back to the nurse's office I place my hand gently, flat against the glass panel in dedication to Thisbe. The Pyramurse swats my visage away like a fly The resonance with Kafka is palpable, buzzing around the fecal matter of this place Another female patient stops me to ask if this is where I get my coffee I say, no, they don't allow caffeine on the ward. But I'm about to go to the café at reception, where the precious nectar is hidden. I ask her if she'd like me to get her one In the mode of the feminine scale, she sings a song that goes Oh no, don't worry, I'll just -- I interrupt her (in spite of myself) saying Tell me what it is you'd like and I will get it for you The

other patients in the lounge, fuzzy ewes waiting for the sneaking, bleat their awes and oohs at this, really quite insignificant offer of kindness, as the woman says I know, he's lovely isn't h- Catching of herself, apologizing to me I have stopped caring I have resolved to stop caring And in the resolve, bolstered by the strength of the newfound mothers last night I truly have stopped, at least in this moment, giving power over to the perception of others Perhaps it is this work I am pouring everything into Completely my Own Which is making me Whole in its Own Becoming I touch the woman's thin, frail and malnourished arm, wordlessly, endless words in a single touch It's not alright, but I know you're not alright Nothing is alright Not here, Not out of here, And none of it your fault. And so really, it doesn't matter. I turn around, head further above everyone else's in my heels And ignore the twinge in my neck as I duck underneath the doorway, too restrictive for a woman of my stature Most of the world is, actually Waiting for a bus to go or a plane to go or a train to come or the rain to go - I collect the beige sacrament and bring it back Again, the gay male patient comments on my appearance I tell him, sarcastically (as I hear cats meowing through the opposite side of the TV screen): It's probably because I'm wearing makeup. You know you should really try wearing makeup. I bet you'd look lovely with makeup on. I don't even think he understands that this is a reference to him. Quite strange, considering his respective heliocentric placement in his own universe. But perhaps this is the very reason why. Perspective is everything Revolution happens about a centre of great Mass Communion. I walk back to the fish tank crackless breezeless unblown meltdown sand glass transparency sound barrier impermeable membrane - And ask "Any news on the painkiller?"

I have read perhaps 7 different papers exploring facial recognition and perception in patients with EUPD; each utilizing fMRI methodology (quite insufficient and fallacious for a multitude of reasons, but I shan't labour the matter here) And while somebody with my unsticking label of a diagnosis may very well perceive neutral expressions as negative (and I can definitely attest to this being the case many times in the past) I can say with absolute certainty The look on this woman's face as she regarded my (I had entirely lost count at this point) request for very-much-so-desperately-at-this-point-necessary analgesia... Was simply one of hatred. No amount of amethyst could keep out this onslaught, this psychic bombardment of artillery fired my way I surrender. I surrender. I quite literally hold up my hands, one now freed of the frail woman's cappuccino And I walk back to my room to continue this work in pain.

Outside, beneath a shimmering spiderweb (which I try my best not to catch in the tendrils of my hair) I am called by a nurse Believing it to be a sign my pain relief has been granted, I breathe a sigh of relief "Nima, it's your one-to-one therapy now" Ah. "Thank you so much Ruth. Just wondering, any sign of that painkiller?" She tells me that yes, it's been prescribed I fight back tears Shall we get it after therapy, she asks I think, sure, what's another hour after this countless string of blood red pearls But then, crossing the threshold to the therapist's office, I nearly faint from the pain, almost knocking over the opaque ceramic head, covered in the Ordinance Survey contours of Phrenology - A Freudian Map To Nowhere Ruth sees me stumble. "I'll bring it up to the office for you" Where you go, I'll go. Where you stay, I'll stay. Your people will be my people, and your God will be my God. (This isn't just a solitary silent thought. I say it aloud -) The high frequency background of the effervescence provides such a soothing white noise as the therapist asks me what has led me here For perhaps the first time, I feel able to speak about it without immediately crumbling And I

think about the concept of a take up reel A donation, an acceptance
 A give, a take An in, an out An energetic exchange. That must be
 what's happening, I thought My pharmacological salvation is
 dissolving in the cup beside me Allowing me to build some Form of
 Sense Of what happened to me And all it took was somebody Hearing
 The Fact That I Am In Agony And, finally, responding Appropriately.
 To the right of me are a multitude of coloured pens, paper,
 painbrushes - She knows my language. She's speaking it. I'm hearing
 her hearing me. I tell the therapist (gently, gently, Be The Sun)
 About the Injustice that has occurred during my time here Managing
 to remain composed enough My dynamic symphony ringing out truer that
 the rings of a tree felled in a forest far away enough for nobody to
 hear it Because It's The Truth Even if it didn't make a sound I tell
 her, (gently, gently, Be The Sun) That more than one hundred
 vulnerable individuals were left without clean running water for two
 hours That I managed to remain assertive (not melodramatic) enough
 to get across this dizzying bridge that seems to have formed between
 my heart and the hearts of those around me - the very real
 miscarriage of human rights. That I had been quite literally
 (gently, gently, Sun Setting, Golden Hour, Dusk -) Begging For my
 physical pain to be recognized and treated I tell her That of
 course, Of course I have been placed secondary my whole life Because
 that is what I have been leading with Leading with Lack Believing so
 strongly that I hold no worth in comparison to others Living as a
 facsimile. Leaving the session, we pass another sculpture of a
 disembodied head (but this one transparent glass) I look at my phone
 and realise I have received a message from Lucy "We're in the
 general lounge!" The only other patient I have trusted with my
 number - a fellow artist, who has promised to teach me the ways of
 the masters, a self-directed oil painting class that I have (gently,
 gently, maybe not so gently) nudged her to hold, which couldn't
 happen the day prior due to the immobility in my neck. Her face
 lights up as I call her Maestra There are two other patients in the
 room I may them no mind My goal is clear. My goal is flurescent
 yellow. My goal is this lemon that Lucy has lovingly placed on a
 table under harsh, equally fluorescent (but much less organic) light
 The tenderness of its positioning shows me just how much she cares
 about this practice. And by extension, how much she cares about me.
 For a moment, as I tie the apron around my waist (the thinness of
 its Form the first topic of conversation upon my entering the room,
 thanks to The Man From The Pagoda) everything shuts up, everything
 is still, as if the fastening of the apron is the fastening of my
 heartstrings Alas, I am pulled out of this Womb of a Sanctuary,
 Breached - Nima, the Doctor wants to see you Lucy protests, saying
 how long I have been waiting just to express myself in Layers of
 Burnt Umber and Titanium White The staff member points at my blank
 page and begins to say "I know, he -" I (gently, gently, with a
 little heat) correct her "She" She quickly, (forcefully, coldly,
 with a gust from the North) tells me that she was not about to
 misgender me I say (no change in tone, timbre, dynamics or octave)
 Now. Everybody makes mistakes. But do not lie to me. She says,
 (colder, colder, faster, as I tighten my cloak) YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT
 I WAS ABOUT TO SAY I respond, warmly: Do you? She falls silent,
 shaking her head, and moves in to give me a hug I hug her back and
 say It is not the very human mistake. It is the very inhumane
 attempt to lie to me. Please, do not do that again. Remaining washed
 with calm as my canvas stays unpainted, I turn around In my turning
 round the corner of this jarring White pseudo oasis, I realise,
 somehow, today I have turned a corner I even tell the psychiatrist
 my hurt at his use of the word 'melodrama'. I paint the first layer
 of my lemon, as Golden Hour shimmers through the tiniest space in
 the window (which has the concertina tubing of an air conditioning



The final dream here

{REDACTED} had said she never wanted to hurt anyone and
 said there's nobody quite like Borges
 the most wonderful thing about Borges is I'M THE ONLY ONE but,
 still, for one last time (though there's still a
 little melted cheesecake slice left) misgendered me
 and {REDACTED}

In prison

Actual prison

Borges threatens me
 and then tries to {REDACT} me

Dreams never lie,

I thought in the dream

When thus spoke she about being institutionalised

Even these bees, my own, stinging me

And

Holding onto handrail while the man (the only one
 beside me held his hand up and to his eye because
 glaucoma had imparted a fretting retinal fragility
 And Borges still wanted to kill me

In a bathroom

Bath still full (but not by me)

Trying to steer a golf cart that somebody else was
 pressing pedals of

I was singing into wind chimes which had multiplied
 into hundreds

Intersecting in a metal textile weave

And as I sing particular microtonal notes harmonics
 rang out back to me

And I realised as I talked to people, anyone

They used my words

And the time I used to speak them

To whisper secret things unknown to me

To each other, hidden

Because I wasn't hearing them

I was too busy, chittering

Biting teeth
Saturn with no ring

E
i o
U

☞

Today, the Sun resembles the Moon
Borges

killed me and that plot idea I'd had about other patients
becoming raptured one by one but my god together came
flooding like lava waters into me I THOUGHT I WANTED TO WRITE
A STORY I THOUGHT I WANTED TO WRITE A REAL STORY I WANTED TO
WRITE SOMETHING TO TRY TO WRITE MYSELF OUT OF ALL THIS
STORYTELLING THING I BECAME THE UNFORGIVABLE CHARACTER OF A
STORY YOU NARRATED UNRELIABLY YOU KICKED ME ON THE STREET IN
THE FUCKING CROTCH WHILE YOUR GIRLFRIEND WATCHED AND THAT.
THAT IS WHAT THIS WHOLE FUCKING STORY IS ABOUT. THE FICTION
YOU MADE OF ME AND THE WORDS THAT BECAME ALL I HAD LEFT
Maybe they're all gone or rather I am

Maybe I'll swing these skinny legs to right and ground them
on the carpet and step out and try to get out but no one will
Be there to push the button

My call unanswered , not requesting for someone to come in
But quite the opposite
Opposition

My white queen of an in(check)mate king

Fire

Check

Door

Red

triangle

Did I die here, was I killed

And did I even try to understand

Through overhearing all of this

Have I been hearing any of these people on this soon to be left land

And then I stand

The door ajar a crack , suggesting an unknown hand

Had yes been in to check that I was breathing

But Leaving it unhinged

And my slumber undisturbed

Christ maybe this whole thing was just a projection of a sex party I
dreaded and didn't want to go to and just

No

Stop

Do not gaslight yourself again we're

Not

Through with this

Saturn

Devouring

Ring

Thee

Vow - promise is a pendulum

Swing

Parallel


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R U
HERE IN ME?

THEN ALL
THIS EON
LEAD TWO
GO(L)D
SHALL
END IN
144,000 WORD LIMIT

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