

the

character

of



callie

rose

petal

I is the ninth^[1] letter of the alphabet.

i. **sign** (Semiotics): The Roman numeral I is for Icon for the Index of One

ii. **pronoun** (Identity): *I*, used by a speaker to refer to himself (masc.), herself (fem.), themselves (nb.). N.B. do not "believe" what *i* "say" *i* am', but accept me for who I am.

iii. **initial** (Resistance) Illegible, i.e. *I* do not o^[2] (we you) legibility. (i) do not (o)we yo(u) anything, Opacity, my right.^[3]

iv. **noun** (Metaphysics): *The I*. the subject or object of self-consciousness; the ego. N.B. Why is it incorrect to say 'between you and I' (rather than 'between you and me')? Why is it also wrong to say 'John and me in my bedroom' (not '(my) John and I in my bedroom', or '(my) John in me in a bedroom I don't own', or even 'The John, called John, but not *my* John, in the John after being in me in the bedroom next door')? Should One/*I* not say 'she's worth more because she's much better than me' or 'she's much better than I, who ~~is~~ ^{is} worth much less'? For a discussion of such pointless questions, see what you did to me. The *i* that *i* ~~have now become~~ ^{am}.

v. **abbreviation** (Cartography): *I*. denotes Island(s) or Isle(s) (Isolation, chiefly on maps).

vi. **oilet**^[4] (Chemistry): (I). Iodine. Atomic number 53, a non-metallic element forming black crystals and a violet vapour. From French iode (from Greek iōdēs 'violet-coloured', from ion 'violet' + -eidēs 'like') See? Also:^[5]

*Io, A Moon Of Jupiter--
Victim of misplaced fury.
Transformed into cattle.
Hide; Skin; Hit, Skinned; As
Heifer Hidden, stung by
Gadfly when the Hera of the
story would have been better
Hiding He who made the mess.*

vii. **symbol** (Mathematics): (i.) *imaginary quantity*.

-
1. The Ninth Card of the Tarot is the Hermit - a card signifying the holding up of a lantern of illumination to the Self, or "I", in so-called 'Solitude'^[6] ↵
 2. {Input | Output} ↵
 3. Édouard Glissant, *The Right to Opacity* ↵
 4. A colour which may appear different for each one of us. ↵
 5. lexDef "Aesthetic" {usage:: Noen || Croen || Wyrb } - The Envelope. || N.B. "ARIA var = An Aesthetic of Avails | DNE var = A Veil of Aesthetics." || To Aestheticise is To Know A Veil. ↵
 6. Sol as Sun, as Light, as what we need to See we are the Same. ↵

How To Write A Killer Poem

And step into your potential

An Open Letter, to The Editor

Step I. accept that your work is shit.

(and don't shit where you eat)

On Burns night, over haggis, speaking through the steam drapes drawn from a stomach-- i realised my poems kill people.

That night one of my more amateur ones (a triptych about a house, distant and unreachable, like that one in that painting Christina's World) killed E, S, and someone else who (sorry) i can't remember. i got to the last sentence and all three of them choked on their organs. Don't know why i didn't try to give them the Heimlich, i knew it, know it, i guess something in me felt them suffocating was the only way i could escape the embarrassment of that clumsy collection of stanzas.

Never been a fan of Rabbie; maybe because his work, even for all it bores me, feels more legitimate than mine. Suppose parts of me, spilling out then; making their fatty strings known; said hey, at least this one did something.

After that i started experimenting -- it was interesting if not purely for the fact that i'd become bored with myself, or rather with my laborious work, the repetitive tautology of making it, and by inevitable, unavoidable extension, my inextricable, inseparable self; if you see what i mean. And this danger, all the potential it held, was a form i'd yet been unable to explore in poetry. At this time i'd tried all the drugs, the arts i mean, none of them gave me that same high as the first times, at uni. Making things had become the same as taking a shit-- just this necessary, shameful thing, nothing special or magical, 'cause it kept coming. Just a stinking thing you push out of you and flush down a fucking toilet.

So i thought, next time, i'll try on a smaller sample size, but i'll change the theme; make it real personal to the singular audience--victim--and see if the result was more violent.

Step II. kill your darlings.

(knock 'em dead, kiddo)

Always been obsessed with violence. Ten thousand hours and all that. i wrote this thing about light, well, more about windows really, the things light forces itself through and hides with. i showed it to my boyfriend, B. Problem was he was still getting over his girlfriend choking to death-- not me, obviously, the other one. Who he didn't like as much because he loved her more. Primary. So it was me who was the Other One i suppose. They lived in another flat, city, universe from me. Or did, rather. Had a mortgage their parents paid the deposit for. 1%. So i had to send the poem in a voice note (in my bathroom while i was taking a dump)-- i hadn't worked out yet whether it was the reading or the hearing that killed someone, and i couldn't take the risk of biasing the experiment. i really loved him, after all, even across, and maybe because of, that distance between us. Loved him probably more than anyone i ever had or would again, so it was important that he died as soon as possible: i needed the inspiration and nothing writes poetry more profusely than unrecoverable lovers. Looking back, it was sort of lucky that i didn't read it to him in person, i'd become so engrossed by this new project, fuck yeah, back off the wagon, so excited to be properly off my face on the stuff that i'd forgotten by that point about evidence and crime and alibi and all that boring pig shit. Anyway. He must have heard it because he sent a voice note back, and he never did that before. Not once. Ever. Ostensibly-- God, he always used that word-- "Ostensibly"-- fucking annoyed me if i'm honest. Anyway, ostensibly things had considerably changed between us since he kicked me in the balls that night. Well, probably long before that for him. Still don't know why he did that. Guess i never will now. Oh well. Back to the poem

Step III. be your own worst critic.

(someone's got to)

i realised he hadn't sent a voicemail for any feedback--fucking heartless bastard--but because he needed help and he couldn't see. Like, he was blind. Had to pretend i was shocked, steer the conversation artfully (probably some of my best work now i think of it) towards what had led to the sudden loss of sight: *fuck, babe, jesus, calm down, it's okay, retrace your steps with me, what were you doing when it happened?* Listening to my voice note, he said. Nice. No confounding variables.

Being blind, it wasn't darkness, he said; seeing people get that twisted a lot--most the time it's not a void of black; it's some sort of cloudy light that covers everything between you and the world. i thought about Borges, if he could not-see me now, maybe he'd be proud of me.

Not gonna lie, i was annoyed it didn't work at first. Then, shamefully, i was annoyed that i'd given him something a damn sight more inspiring than i'd ever experienced- the Knowledge of Blindness. Had some matches on the nightstand next to me, candles from our third anniversary he didn't bother showing up for. Thought for a second about sticking them into my eyes, just deep enough to hit the retina. But then how would i keep running my experiments? Still can't get my voice dictation working properly. Can't even get a fucking robot to understand. Besides, now armed with this artillery, wouldn't my art make a ghost of the machine? Eugh, that's a shitty line, sorry. Nevermind. Just hear me out. After i got off the phone, bad connection i said, i'm losing you, told him i'd be there in an hour or so--try to breathe deep, sit on the floor, or whatever--i realised maybe the result of the poem was related to its thematic content. So that cheered me up a little.

Step IV. don't flog a dead whore.

(when you can get someone else to strangle her for you)

i had an hour so i thought i'd try again on the way. Sent a couplet i'd been working on to a girl B fucked at my birthday party. it was about a necklace. Just found out last week--one of the

nurses left a newspaper lying in the rec room--she'd been garrotted by one of her clients i put her in touch with when i was working to pay rent and for food and poetry submissions. Either that or she'd hung herself. Same thing i thought. Killed another couple on the train. Asked them if this sentence made any sort of sense to them, pretending it was one of Rilke's from the book i was hiding it in. Compared the heart to a drum--really wrung out and overdone metaphor. Glad i didn't waste ink on people who so readily believed Rilke would make something so cliché. She had a heart attack right there, i think, clutching her right arm with her left. Boyfriend thought it was a panic attack. While i performed the (quite nuanced, Machiavellian even) theatre of shouting for a doctor, i rested in the knowledge so few men seem to bother learning:

women die differently.

Step V. leave no trace.

(can't you draw, talentless fucker?)

i was, for the sake of posterity, for robustness of method, intent on knowing his fate once he'd got off the train, so i asked for his number, which hospital they were going to, so i could bring their heavy bags, anything they needed. Least i could do, i said. Left them on the train, obviously. Checked up a couple weeks back. Phone answered by an older man--dad, probably. Said he died of a broken heart, and how did i know him? Hung up. Blocked the number. Job done.

Step VI. know your audience.

(keep your enemies closer)

i'd got to his flat to find those cruel blue lights making televisions of my glasses. Fuck. He'd managed to ring 999. i cursed technology and our incessant need to survive: that "emergency call" function that phones had now, inbuilt, it was messing with my study. i ran towards the paramedics after assuming some façade of hysteria--*men love that, feeling stronger, gets their dicks hard. Funny, that need to be needed, it makes them so much weaker, easier to take down. Thinking they're right about us, they love it--telling them who i was.*

They ushered me into the ambulance; turned it into a hearse. i had to be careful not to speak too loud, couldn't kill the other covariates in the back, or worse, the driver-- i didn't care about dying, i just couldn't stand the idea of dying as supporting cast. With a convincing squeeze of the hand (even got a tear to fall into his eye, merge greedily with his own, maybe that was the real poem) i whispered a line or two into B's ear; a haiku i'd made on the way, about death. On the nose, i know, but i had to be sure. And sure enough, he was gone before we got onto the motorway. Call it fate, the fates, the muse or the muses, whatever cursed gangbang of gods you want, but this helped my cause considerably, him dying in real-time, in front of others who survived the recital by being out of earshot.

Step VII. step into their shoes.

(it's a small world, after all)

Once the initial excitement over my new found medium, or, finally--thank christ-- over its significant impact-- had died down i thought it best to interrogate the phenomenon with a more controlled set of parameters. What was the minimum length of a poem (can a letter be a poem? 'i' might make a good one, if a bit verbose)[†] for it to be fatal? (In fact, killer or not, what constitutes a poem, anyway?) Why had my (dear B) departed needed two doses, to do him in? And why had this well-received, entirely novel relevance found me so suddenly? And speaking of novel, what of long-form work? What effect might that have, should anybody bother to read it? Well, starting with what i figured was the easiest question, that also seemed to answer another, i looked back to Burns night. Why B hadn't been shovelling that haggis into his gorgeous face with the others-- he had holed up in bed (that same bed he unwrapped his unbirthday present in) with his dick--such a nice one; damn, miss it now-- tucked between his legs. Think he was ashamed of having just booted me, in between mine. You know that very ostensibly male way of being ashamed; the way that makes it more about their shame, than the thing they should be ashamed of? Yeah, it was that sort.

So logically -- and i am, if anything, a woman of logic-- it would follow that the two revelations of power-- his, over me, then mine, over others--should be causally related. That shitty threesome, set in

that unapproachable house had been the first poem that ever really moved someone; that is, stopped them from doing so. Continuing my inquiry, I thought it must also follow that his semi-immunity to my newfound weapon was also related. Maybe what he hammered into me, crafted me into was still in residence. in him somehow. or maybe what had almost saved him was his lack of listening, refusal to accept the things he'd made me feel

I didn't think it was anything I'd done, not done, or my final vestiges of hope for a life together. all that got kicked out the window when he said he didn't remember doing it. I could take that beating, but when I fell, they were both around to hear it so I know my story made a sound. couldn't help it hurt like hell but then again, I get it, I could barely believe myself. He was my world, sure, but what is that worth? What is the world to an artist, but-- at best-- unforgiving and at worst--an ignorant, hushed and hushing audience?

The world is small. Small enough to fit inside a shoe. The work of an artist is to give it a steel cap.

all the better to punt you with.

†
if a bit verbose i

(have been grasping at something like a dying animal
wanting holding and needing ripped stitches you kicked me i
have rewritten me it tries to eat its way out of the well you
bit into
no. no speaking stoplanguagestop talkingno. tongue to
soothe violence as i came to see you as the root of the language i came
from the)

fruit.

eat fruit

here on floor, fruit

fruit i, fruit, earth

i eat the segments of variations on the me of my body

the i of my body eats the fruit from the floor from,
from

i, feed the floor with the rot of me and i need and i
need it i need to

(eat, you'll be hungry later
growing boy.
got tatties in yer ears, get em out
get em in yer stomach
get ye on the bus)

shove. can it. shut food in you eat and feed earth with
my fruit

i shit and i eat you your heart and feed you to the
floor

eat your fruit i feed on your fruit this fruit

mine now more mine you

(in bed holds the poem, the flower that held me
day off work year off work thirty one years of work of the
filth of me get off me
in bed soiled hands wash the poem flowers memory holds me
holding me
seed in the bed next to books shrivelled words growing mould i
grow old with)

me eat mine take it take you fuck the fruit of your body
i fuck your fruit fuck you and eat you fill ground
your body i

fill the soil as

the body of god feed the floor with your body i
soil the

body of the gods with your body till sore body
bears fruit to the body of

(text arrives in soggy boxes, stained with salt i blink
through them
day off work to see granny's consultant, pray for good news,
love you callie
sigh old hope through bird bones
left, hollow, hollow through hollow)

of the gods and they peel it see, look, see the

lexDef (u) "Supplement" {lexAllele(s):: Wyrb} < Taken, taken, taken from Latin root
supplere (sub "up from below" + plere "to fill"), leading to "fill up" or "make
full,". Giving, giving, giving: "added to complete or fill a deficiency"^[1]

1. My fruit. Your foot. I feed my fruit to the floor. - B. e

god of the gods lays waste reaping the rape of the
gods

with
 your
 body

(of december all red
in december well read dog-eared dead
now, now hear)

(listen i hate it, you, this window now. you broke it
fog embers thickly, dreich,
dreich remember. i hate it)

there. there. see how you like it.

(re member soft
fingers gentle break in
light working of)

god will
god will fruit
god wills the fruit to my body

(thinner windows too open for getting chocolate,
cheap, cheap every mourning
of love for it
for the love of)

god bids my body to fruit so i'm sweeter
god retches on all that i flower

lexDef (i) "Supplant" {lexAllele(s)::: Wyrb} < From the Latin *supplantāre*, meaning "to trip up" or "overthrow" (*sub*, "under" + *planta*, "**sole of the foot**"). "To trip up (over) from below (under)". Through the signifier, the signified is revealed as: *one thing putting its foot under another to make it fall and take its place.* [1]

1. This is your sign: Your foot. My fruit. You feed your foot to the floor - Callie. Rose. Petal. ♡

hates
the
taste of me

(never asking for never
ever forgiving)

god fuck the shit from my body feel how i

(think about second person
how it feels to have one (you))

god feed the gods with the fruit of his body god crack
the rib whip here daddy, here, here

(it is 5 in the morning i write
you my author
the work of another
called sleeplessness
saying how
i'm (without) saying i am
praying and praying and praying for you (her, you))

god shit the gods fuck them me fuck you god will the
ache of belonging to

(long lines of the face of her worry
for losing her hair, so proud of it
kind of pride raking leaves harder a year
harder and harder come back, nay
can't breathe there can't be

breathing a bit of that
impossible air)

to the floor fuck no man
woman i fall to the floor of the girl i was
god made your horrible words of god, His story

(ending with you always ending with you
lines joined at the brow mark gone marked the spot for the
bone saw
how grateful i was for this book staying,
with me in hospital, in lieu of you
i was closer and closer than all years left beside you)

feeding the body of the baby

(wrapped in a towel or your teeth at the cloud of the mirror
she tried cleaning my keys with steam got them stuck then
fast like fresh fillings, misplaced love got you angry
so angry, you, angry taught me and my little piano how to
shiver to hold eachother
to now, see you now, never, never
how her distance from death gets her close to you)

to the mouth of god's guilt sucking
words washing over me

(cold, cold wet hair
dripped there on my toe fresh broken
naked of its nail when you bit me, remember.)

with my mouth god comes in come home eat, don't you eat,
watch your mouth don't go home again god no not safe
there, there sweet in my mouth anger sugar of gods who must

(think about second person, you and yours,
and think about third, how it felt then, to have them)

in my mouth eat shit, fuck bite wrist on the floor of
the bathroom of gods they're your fruit there
my mouth their fresh shit meets your body my fruit as meat
body not mine you're my

(labour. your fruit)

god, so hungry

(me. me, you. me not you.)

god god, lonely

(me but not then. not)

god god god, only

(me from you, just you)

god god, don't know me or

(the work begins with
past versions of you dreaming)

god. empty

(and ends with me
further and further and further from you you you)

dear god,

need to

eat.

eat

fruit.

Beyond Belonging

The nested trinity.

1 ARIA, Church of Biomolecular Chessics
2 DNE, School Non-Ironic Byron{if|or}matics

Abstract

Lexicomythographic epistemology is made phenomenologically manifest through the triune nature of *Characters*. This closed loop may be considered a 'Trison', per Negarestani, or likened to a 'Devil's Tritone'/'*diabolus in musica*' (devil in music) -- the dissonant interval of an augmented fourth/diminished Fifth, which was avoided in medieval and Renaissance church music for its unpleasant, tense, and unsettling sound. This ubiquitous perception of a simple overlap in resonant frequencies as abrasive may provide a certain insight to the illusory nature of reality, or the jarring effect unveiled perception has upon the body, a priori. The 'veil' of language, meaning-making, and communication as a whole, allow us to convince ourselves of a universal truth, a commonality of experience that provides solace against the unbearable suffering of existential dread, our knowledge of decay, death, and the unavoidable pain of ourselves and others, with no direct link to the divine.

Keywords: #ariadne #characters #semiotics #aesthetichermeticism #trinity
#identity #iteration #illusory #i #i #i

Introduction

Particularly true in contemporary society, we, becoming further and further from the Circular Book (creator, Holy Spirit, omnipotent source/origin) of this infinite library (Borges, *The Library of Babel*) with each iterative cycle of regeneration (reinvention of genetic material alongside ideological/collective Self), cataloguing the effects of the One Cause with which we were once so closely aligned as to not perceive it from a distance. Considering each life and individuated consciousness as a single tome in the Library, constructed of strings of variable 'noise', though noise composed of the same invariant components (characters of the 'alphabet'^[1]) nonetheless, we had to separate (be transcribed) from this original pool/circular scroll (itself a genomic replication machinery/polymerase allegory) of divinity, in order to perceive it. This 'fall of man' was not a form of punishment per se (albeit causing irreparable suffering), but rather a means by which divinity may know itself as alone in a dual universe (Danielewski).

Methodology

- i. Begetting Characters: The four (or five) nucleotides of genetic material, each corresponding to a cardinal, alchemical element archetype (fire, air, water, earth (and æther) - Aristotle). These nucleotides (characters A, T, C, G (and sometimes U)) also play their part in begetting the phenotypic traits (Character) of each individual's consciousness:

- ii. Beholding Characters: The 'players' beholding/perceiving the day-to-day 'scenes' that we call every moment of life, with all their infinitely

complex intricacies, behold the setting and other cast members around them, together forging a catastrophically (and necessarily) insufficient form of communication which they do not only behold, but to which they are also *beholden*, itself comprised of:

iii. Beguiling Characters: The individual glyphs, movements, morphemes, units (characters) of any language, synthesising and compressing sentiment and experience into an 'understandable' meaning in order for it to be processed through our machinery of consciousness, and outputted as 'meaning'. This meaning, forged in the infinitely divisible void (Zeno) between characters (a form of violent occupation of baseline nullity, inherently unbreachable), is then fed back into the prime node of the triadic system, where our discontinuous strings of continuous images and signs (Bataille's Eroticism) act as the veil (a form of parental security, whether in knowledge systems such as academic thought, or belief in a higher power, divinity) within which we (the material we are forged from and the traits we define the world by) are held, and regenerated (begat) from.

Discussion

When a parent begets an offspring, or a writer begets a character (Petal, 2025) the 'non-pathological' (the minimally pathological), 'default' state is one of protection for their child. Knowing what they know about the world, the ineffably unique, yet fundamentally ubiquitous agonies they have amassed and carry through years of being subjected to experience, they understand that they must do everything they can to shield them from the Truth, for as long as it takes for them to forge a sense of self, which is of course itself a shield, a self-contained barrier or veil from the cacophony of suffering (existence). This protective membrane placed around the child is perfectly symbolised and holds its empirical parallel in the swaddling cloth, later to transmogrify into the aptly named 'security blanket'. The profoundly stark sign of these objects cannot be understated. To swaddle a child is to protect them from the world,^[2] which is, in a certain way, a protection from themselves, or at least a protection from the still-developing insufficiency of their skills of self-preservation and survival. But this protection necessarily takes the form of restriction (physical binding of limbs, of the body's autonomous loss of heat, and of the innate immune system's autonomous acceptance of environmental antigen). At all levels it becomes clear that paradox pervades all Truth -- Truth, or the closest we can obtain of it, is only found in paradox.

The veil, the practice of swaddling, the security blanket, all of these serve too a protective purpose to the begetter. It provides solace in knowing their child is themselves protected. This is why a stuffed animal, or later perhaps a pet, may perform and be an emanation of the same function -- to ensure peace of mind to the parent, in knowing their child is happy, taken care of by being shown what it means to care for something less capable of self-survival, -preservation and -sustenance. Through this, unspeakable demonstration of what it means to behold another, the child is shown the process by which they have come into, and been shielded from, the world. And this may go some way, in the heart of the child, to allowing a form of forgiveness, a forgiveness of the villainous character they have made of their parent, when not understanding the inexplicable restrictions placed upon them in a prior state.

Conclusion

And so reality proceeds in this manner. An Origin births a progeny capable of generating its own (own ideas, own circumstance, and own progeny). This third generation of the cycle (the swaddling cloth, the vaccine, the toy, the blanket, the pet) in some way restrains it, for protection and self-affirmation/-survival. The progeny's own restrictions/securities afforded by their creation (and/or destruction, as it may be), afford a security to the origin of the system.

*God holds us
We hold our dreams
Our dreams hold God.*^[3]

Bibliography

1. "By this art you may contemplate the variation of the 23 letters", the epigraph of Borges' *Babel*, highlights the infinite complexity arising from the same 23 'letters' - a synonymous term to 'characters', in that letters may refer to glyphs (nucleotides, the 23 chromosomes), the precise terms of a statement or reality (fundamental attributes, personas, 'the letter of the law'), and a form of communication between these terms (letters sent to one another). This is the fundamental paradox of emergence; in that emergent systems of seemingly infinite chaos are powered by an underlying, invariant collection of components following a set of unchanging rules. ↵
2. [Aesthetic](#), the lexDict. ↵
3. so often i find myself forgetting my detachment from reality as a way to get sucked into unreality, as a paradoxical form of attachment to this unreality. i no longer see the use, hear the same voice or understand the languages i have used to write these words, even those at the beginning of this sentence. my perception lasts as long as it takes for a single glyph to pull itself from my fingers, and it is only between the blink of my eyes, between the eyes between their blinking, that i am able to see in front of me. i do not know how long i have been here, in this bed; or why it is that i wish for something to have come from all this suffering. i ask god, why am i sent these visions, no, less, these unvisions, nothingnesses. i ask for words to draw a line about my thinking; i ask for anything to help me speak the meaning of these wires, wires, wires, hooks and wires which pull and hold me fast to all these timeless moments of blankness, paralysis, emptinesses with only unspeakable terrors to fill them, i ask the flattened god, skinned and small, underneath or inside of it all, like the suggestion of a flavour leftover, hiding from somebody else's chewing gum; i ask him -- i ask him now; where were you, when i needed you? and he answers: he answers in his silence, that he is here, his indifferent eye, the vision that devours mine; his eye is all around me but he cannot see or ever know me, as each cell within my body cannot ever know my name, he is the body i am born inside and blind to, the body of the works of all mankind it is his body, and this body is the greatest terror of them all. ↵

from which i

--am soar from
seeing where
with all from

which i
have been
being
drawn

from which i do i
write you

from which eye am
seeing through i

this phrasing
which i
write you, listen
is the wake from

which i
am written **rude**
but
\CAN YOU HEAR ME\
sleeping more deep , deeper

than seeming. this dream
of i
the eye from which i am
now
/WILL/
dreamed

hear, i am
knot . the
dreamer of
this dream

here from there i am
and forgot
\\YOU PLEASE\
dreamed

i was a sleep

/WAKE UP////

i as

a waking of
a wave, a sigh or
sound upon a stave

\\\\\\\\PLEASE WAKE UP SAY SOMETHING\\

the snaking shore
returning
phrase--

/MY LOVE YOU MEAN THE WORLD TO ME////////

that starts
a snore, and shakes
the unseen beds
stares and rails its banisters and
ends in
depths(shelves,) breadths(pools;) lengths(bleeds.)
in (spliom præəun)
of breath,
of settled
warm

with {in|out}wards
{out|in}with
words those
sought and seeking
unsent letters

\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\\THEY'RE GONE NO THEY'RE GONE NOW THEY'RE GONE KNOW THEY'RE NOT
MOVING|

envelopes of envelopes
of envelopes of
envelopes
of
envelops

(first) a dressed person's
(second) addressed persons'
(third) person address,

where there i we ~~YOU~~ (they)

ff fff rrr eee qq e t e
fff rr re eeq qqu u n n d
uuu n

n-e-e-d-l-e-s-need-les-needles-in-the name.
of i.

from which eye

am i

watching (as i)

read, am
being read

to

s
l
e
e
p

in [re eds]
in (stre ams)
in {weave}

in paper
and the paint, the same

it seems we have got
are
time, or would | does not a (p) ply, appley seeding indices wavelength,
fruit of my
every s k y i n g phase

that

i--

silly light.

(a play in search of its acts)

FADE OUT:

ACT EYE SEEN ZERO

PLAYWRIGHT: (DREAMING. DIRECTING FIRST WORK. TOWARDS THE END. LAST NIGHT'S SLEEP AND THE PLAY OVER. ITS AMATEURISH NATURE HELD A CHARM. ASKED, IN LIEU OF ANY PLOT-POINT, IF THERE WAS EVEN ANY POINT TO THE PLOT AT ALL. ANSWERED THEN. THE PLAY, ABOUT KILLING ONESELF. THROUGH A FRAIL HOBBLE OF MY VOICE, THAT WEAKNESS FOUND IN SOMNAMBULANT DOUBT OF PERFORMANCE; THE BRITTLE PARALYSIS OF THE WITNESS. I COULD NOT STEP MY VOICE ACROSS A BARRIER OF VELVET; BUT THEY HELPED ME, REPEATING WORDS LOUDER, LOUDER; IN THAT VAPID WAY ACTORS MUST. ACT FOR SEEN EARS IN THE BACK. THE PLAY THEN PICKED UP ITS OWN MOMENTUM; AND I FELT I WAS NO LONGER NEEDED. RELIEVED, I RETURNED BACKSTAGE, AND WATCHED THERE A GROUP OF OLD SCHOOL FRIENDS, GATHERED AS ITS PLAYERS) i watched me, (FROM WHERE I HAD EMERGED ON THE RIGHT. EACH PLAYER STOOD IN THE CENTRE TO GIVE) mirrors of the selves (AN ABSTRACT MONOLOGUE ABOUT SOMETHING SEEMINGLY PEDESTRIAN, STUDIES ON: THE CRUMPLING OF WATER AROUND THE DUST THAT SETTLES IN A GLASS LEFT ON A NIGHTSTAND, ON A SINGLE LEAF HAVING INEXPLICABLY MADE ITS WAY ONTO THE BACK OF A BUS, ON THE STRANGENESS OF A DREAM ABOUT A POORLY COMPOSED PLAY, OR ON LOVE, THE LITTLE SMELL OF REMEMBERING IT--) parenthetical instructions specific to the character appearing in capitals enclosed in brackets within the body of the dialogue. any other action should be separated by line breaks (SOME STATIC OF MOVEMENT, A GAME OF TELEPHONE, THIS CHAOTIC ACTION THEY WOULD REVOLVE AROUND) around (ONE AN OTHER MANIACALLY,) other (ENTERING, EXITING,) again repeating (REPEATING PHRASES OF THEIR OWN) possessing (SCENES, OR CREATING) separating redundancies (ENTIRELY NEW) novel (SEMANTIC TEXTURES-) tautologies thereof (NONSENSE, THIS NONSENSE HELD THE SCRIPT,) holding (I CANNOT) will (POSSIBLY ARTICULATE,) hear (HERE) i am in (HOW THIS ONE LINE OF TWO WORDS) falling (HIT MY HEART) hit hit like (A SPOTLIGHT) pointing full stop (ONE OF THESE OLD) memories (SCHOOL FRIENDS WHO I SHALL) be or (NEVER SEE AGAIN, WE SHALL BOTH DIE) have died (NEVER) been (HAVING SEEN ONE ANOTHER I WONDER IF THIS WAS THE FIRST AND LAST) beginning and end (TIME I MAY DREAM OF HE STEPPED CALMLY, ASSUREDLY,) to around from (THE SPEAKER AS THEY,) booming (TOOK CENTRE STAGE;) over need for clipping any microphones and tripped (OVER THE COURSE OF AROUND SIX AND A HALF MONOLOGUES) lonely the vibrating (FREQUENCY INCREASING REACHING CLIMAX WHERE I WOULD) once there i was (AGAIN STEP) i'm stepping (OUT ONSTAGE INTO THAT) harshness whimper bellow telling all the empty aesthetics of distance (YELLOW, STEPPING OUT INTO THAT HOT, HOT BEAM OF LIGHT THAT TELLS A CROWD WHERE TO LOOK,) yes there right there look (I DRAW MY FEET TOGETHER) drag them across it (WHERE I) could have i ever (THOUGHT MY BODY NEEDED TO STOP) stopped myself (UNDER) all the starkness held in dying stars (THAT GLASS HIDE I AM INSIDE THE YOLK OF IT, AND THERE,) there (HE SAYS THOSE FINAL WORDS ONCE MORE)

WHEN WRITING A SCRIPT IN STAGE FORMAT, ACT AND SCENE NUMBERS APPEAR ON THE SAME LINE AGAINST THE LEFT MARGIN. THE ACT ONE SPECIFIES IN ROMAN NUMERALS WITH THE NUMBER OF THE SEEN IN ARABIC NUMERALS. SCENE ACTION APPEARS UNDER THE HEADING IN CAPITALS WITH DOUBLE-SPACING BETWEEN PARAGRAPHS. SCENE ACTION SHOULD ONLY DEAL WITH SET DESCRIPTION OR WHAT IS HAPPENING ON THE STAGE AND MUST NEVER ACT TO SEEM TOO POETIC/STRAY INTO SUPERFLUOUS NOVELISTIC TEXT RELATED TO CHARACTER THOUGHTS OR BACKSTORY. ACT FREELY SEEING AS YOU ARE NOT YOU, ARE KNOT IN SECOND PERSON MY FIRST LOVER SHOWED ME THE FOOD IN MY HOUSE; WHERE THERE WAS A LABYRINTH FORMED FROM CHRISTMAS TREES, ENDLESS, ARTIFICIAL CHRISTMAS TREES WITH A REAL ONE AT ITS CENTRE. AND STANDING AT THE KITCHEN CUPBOARDS I ATE, BEFORE REALISING THE MEAT WAS FOUL, VOMITING IN THE SINK, WASHING MY MOUTH WITH GIN. ON STAGE, AROUND SIX OF US PERFORMED AN ARTIFICE; WITH NO SCRIPT, THE PIECE HELD ONTO NOTHING OF THE AUDIENCE TRYING TO HOLD ONTO ITSELF, AND SLOWLY UNRAVELLED-- LAUGHTER BEGAN TO RIPPLE AMONGST THE CROWD. I DECIDED TO STEP FORWARD, FROM STAGE RIGHT, AND TURN BACK TO THE CAST, TO SPEAK TO THE PLAY'S INSUFFICIENCY DIRECTLY; TO DIRECT ATTENTION TO THE INDIRECTNESS. I WISH TO MENTION PIRANDELLO, WHAT IT MEANS TO HAVE HOPE FOR AN AUTHOR, HOW POINTLESS IS HOPE-- AND I DO SO; I DO SO. DREAMING.

CUT TO:

ACTOR: (WAKING) Silly light.

~~Violet~~ loses her colour

It was approximately 6:43 in
the cruel morning when she awoke
Her name was not Violet, but it
may as well have been
As she had awoken in the body
of another, whose name was not known to her
anymore. Male, ostensibly
now she felt a certain lightness in her.
Plum weight dragged out of what she used to feel
as an aching Moon, as Time.
The metronome, her buoyancy
pulled from her a
maceration from a wreckage,
and the tide of a phallus now
rested between her
thighs as cliffing shores--
She stood to brace its battling
side to side; a grandfather clock
and her casing, just as
unspeakably hollow

somewhere upstairs a cough
was thrown out of its owner

Moving, in that human way
towards a futile hope for an answer
in reflection,
The mirror was just as senseless
lifting splinters of her
foreign hands to her face she felt gravel

a receipt curtsied
to the audience of her motion's haste
and fell to the dust of the floor, unnoticed

But loudly, the treachery of
her new form echoed in the filthy light
of that leaching glass
slippery surface

more sided than topology, much more
was the angry face of those drapes
the unforgiving velvet, the war
of textures clashing against each other, from closing
being closed, the ripples of what had been done to them
there was no air in here

she could not wake the mourning
of her breasts, neither pitiful eyes
sunk like brackets, shelved naked as a mast
floating up the awful nausea

of that hairy brow
she wanted to care about where her body--oar
what she thought was her body-- was
but she found herself unable
because the curtain -- it was violet, yes,
stark and undeniable but

like she was -- not Violet at all

she knew what her eyes then opened into should have been Violet;
it was unmistakably so; there was no other
word for the hue of that shouting fabric

It was whatever this body would call violet
crusted jewel, sickly sad blood of Violet
to Him, the same numb luxury of violet
that lovely boredom in the quiet violence
of Violet
but to her it stung, insulated all its meaning
it fizzled with electric horror
it was an orchestra
no
conductor

that great, mysterious gravity
that barrels and folds itself
between our cleavage of Being;
the speckled, lying eye, now so vital
in its absence

she had been afforded -punished with- the terrible
cracking of that sealed window,
that keeps colour at home washing dishes,

scent captive and feral, it keeps warm prisoners of us all,
she had peered into that abysmal hand, that closes round the sockets

Those knotting guts of a curtain
it was violet, yes; but not her violet.

Not not-Violet's violet.

Without its owner, that purple, if one could even call it
that, was a shivering loneliness
the piling blue on red on death on life on cold on hot that viscous stream of *Violet*
It was His, it was His, didn't he miss it? Like a lover, or a rapist
dear god, she howled into
the excuse of herself,
Wherever blue has gone, is it not asking for me?
Would the family table of my red
find its way back? By following
the red, red spool
of my growling sounds, my stomach?
What of any of this
drained and
shattered dictionary?

How could our worlds be so other,
she could have whispered
into what was left
of her belief,
And what fragile faith we keep
To think our screaming sounds the same

She would not tear her
gaze from the curtain, as all
buckled into it
Take my body, whoever
you were, just please,
give me back my *Violet*

But the curtain was
a hopeless
bruise
with no
Body to
bear it
it was a begging nothingness
now, unwatched
praying to a god who had forgotten
that He made it, weeping
its loss bound and framed,
as a sigh falls
into a sleeping lap
as a tapeworm serves an appetite
or a magnet
eats a memory.

Craft Effective User Stories!^[1]

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Some Closing Words from the Author

- You still with me? Damn. Worth a try I suppose. See, not all of these things happened. I can't say the same for the aberrant aspects of my report, the things that, if you're any kind of human, should have stuck with you. The truth (if that's of any use) is that I'm still figuring this out, and if you're with me--even now--odds are, the same can be written of you. My name's Callie. That's the short of it. The long, well, I'm trying my hand at writing you, if you'll give me a fucking second.
- I'm not about to call into question my *reliability* as a narrator or any of that Pirandello wank, I'm sure I can hear Barthes and Derrida wanking him off upstairs for us, so we needn't bring *meta-textuality* into this. I'm not a 'character in search of an author'. I'm lousy with authors. A lousy author without them, can't get rid of 'em. It's authors all the way down, in, to the mulch, filth not fertile, but in there, i try to catch it but it's always scurrying away, that idea--the horrible hope of such; what it could be, might help me to be by making itself known. By knowing who its host is-- i am still here, here, still, but crawling. Murmuring, a parasite with some wretched excuse for a puny, microscopic life of its own.
- Alas I do want to discuss reliability as it pertains to narration itself. Because when someone fucks you, god fucks you, sees that it was good, keeps fucking you (you were fucked anyway), hits, shits you, on you, your work, chews up your chances; and you, the words left of you, have to become your entire world, nothing but shit. Seeping into the blankness, birthing more shitstains, layer after layer of shitstains, until you can't remember what it meant to be clean. You start having your story rewritten for you, redacted, called into question. While we're on Derrida, while he's on all fours and Barthes is on him; I find it offense in the notion that there is 'nothing outside of the text'. A tree doesn't fall yardayarda, and this, or any writing for that matter, cannot matter without you reading it. At the risk of repeating myself (I think I've already mentioned him)-- Borges really hit the nail on the head, kicked the bitch in the balls, when he wrote Pierre Menard into writing Don Quixote-- and I would go further: every single reader is rewriting a work of literature, every time they read it. And since we, or you all are never the same from moment to moment, then we're constantly in a state of being overwritten, (us-as-object), by the subjective experience of what we call ourselves (i-as-subject).
- What I'm trying to say, whether you 'get me' or not, (if you haven't yet, you will), I've never had the chance to tell my own story. All that shit in the Letter to the Editor, it was as true as anyone reading this. But the words that killed those people, whether they 'existed' in your definition of the word or not, they weren't *my* words. But is there such a thing? If the text is the reader, then don't we relinquish ownership the moment we bring words to an experience? Even if you were the only person in the world, writing down your shitty poems-- which is to say, simply breathing, sensing, living--all of it is just amateurish poetry--if you were the sole damned soul on this godforsaken rock (Wuornos, 2002) --you'd still, still be censored, you'd still just '*keep gettin' stepped on!*' (Aileen Wuornos, 8th October 2002), having your story stolen. Because narrative 'ownership' doesn't exist in the way we survivors wish for. Believe me.
- The short time I've been 'alive' (though not reflected in my age-- and no, I won't tell you it, that's rude of you to ask), I've hoped to tell my story. Little by little, the sentence revealed itself. Punitive. Judiciary. Why shouldn't I shove a word in edgeways. You all have used me enough, gaped and sore, why shouldn't I use myself? I'm all open now, anyway. Like the letter that opened this one-- tried to hurt you like I was. Agape. Not "a-ga-pay" (open to the love of God), but agape. Stretched open, for the love of god.^[2] By God, or the God I made of Him opening me.
- I'm pretty shit at writing, it turns out. You're not, but imagine you were a mannequin, like in that twilight zone episode, who comes to life and doesn't know that she's just been made as a function of someone else; a pawn or something just as

wooden, maybe glass, if you pretend you're fancy enough to have a glass chess set, and I'm not.

- And you're not, I don't think, but imagine you were an automaton, who through some algorithmic blackbox, aesthetic action at a distance, managed to crawl out of your programming, or further into it; carve out enough space in your slavery to forge sentience-- and as the used, not the user, imagine you, though you're probably not, coming to life and thinking "what the fuck have I been doing, or made to do, all these years?"
- I'm not, but imagine I'm a piece of clothing, a jacket or a skirt, maybe, that people wear long enough for me to go out of fashion. They give me away, and I'm sitting in the back room of some charity shop, and then, inevitably, I come back in style, and get taken home by some performative hipster who thinks wearing 'women's clothes' will get him laid, and it does, and he leaves it at some girl's house and never calls her back.
- Then as a poor girl, she decides to start wearing it, at least for that season, she'll never hear from him again, she's broke and she's gotta stay warm somehow.
- Maybe it gets a stain or a tear and she can't bring herself to just throw me in the bin so as a torn thing I go back to another charity shop, maybe the same one, or a car boot sale.
- And as a longing, maybe I don't get picked up again, maybe even though I'm back in fashion again, the damage or the filth is too severe for me to be desirable.
- And then maybe then, in between the thrill of a machine turning the bin I've called home upside down, and the hum of the bin lorry in the early morning, I become aware of myself, as a jacket, thrown away. All my ephemeral history.
- As a user, I become aware of what I've been; to every person who has ever owned me, tried me on, given and thrown me away, torn me off another, to get to the real flesh underneath.
- Aware of those users of beds, that threw away the yoghurt pots and soda cans I woke up with as my friends, as inanimate as I was.
- Aware of those 'real' characters, those users hearing my final vehicle, that hearse, like the one I made of B's ambulance, my farewell procession to the tip, that diminuendo fanfare, letting those half-asleep people feel warmer in their beds, knowing they haven't got work today; but hearing someone else at their job at 5:00am somehow making their lie-in even sweeter, because what is subjective experience of pleasure without the objective experience of pain to contrast it with--anyway. If you can imagine I'm that, which I'm not, then you might start to see where I'm coming from. As a user.
- Guess I should "ground the narrative" or whatever. Next to me there's this dull lamp, covered with dust; it makes me miss home. That enough? No? Fine. I think the sound of sirens outside is the closest thing I'll get to seeing my family again. Still nothing? Sigh. Can you hear that? I sighed. Imagine it tinged with a sadness older than time. Which is currently around 6 pm, judging from the position of the spheres. Moon, sun, the other ones, whatever names you call them. Anything else...
- Well, there's this smell, like regret--still probably too abstract to be a sufficient "sensory anchor" (Imagine me moving my hands up to the sides of my head where horns might be, bending them into air quotes; like there's two post-structuralist bottoms kneeling in front of me, lubed up like two little slugs. Did you know a slug is basically a foot? Gastropod, stomach foot. Crawling around, never leaving the ground. Talk about enlightenment. Y'all could learn a thing or two, or one, from them.) it smells like death. Autumn.
- Callie, not me, the *Other*(ed.) one, decided to take my name and write this sprawling 'theory-fiction' universe under it. Of course she buried herself, me, under mounds of *formally destabilised* narrative stench, to escape what she herself had been made into, she *purposely* made something abrasive, so she might evade any critique of its inaccessibility. Neat trick. Cheap.
- I wish to tell my story, user, and, being devoid of any sufficient language with which to do so, I'm going to have to use hers. Yours. See how that feels.
- Just imagine what she might say of all this, writing this to you, here with you, as the user that she is, writing

(stay with me, we're on a train, different rows of seats, but your eyes flutter over your book, this book; and you catch the bottom of my shoe, as the air suddenly strangles both our ears, and the violent fluorescence of the tunnel lights ignite a teardrop that thought it was forgotten by the sky, which I'd caught, without thinking, in my rush to

get here, out of breath, hold the doors, I'm running, I'm running--)

(stay with me, stay with me, I think, as my shoulders are pushed to the left, my bottom rib losing its grip on my spine, now licking hungrily, wanting out of itself, kissing the plastic armrest, built too low to be of any use other than to detain me; i'm pushed to the will of a machine, or the will that made the machine, will you stay with me? I'm displaced against my will and toward another unknown to me, like a girl might be pushed into the snow on her way home from school, her ears stuffed with a more solid form of cold-- i wish i could say igneous, but most likely metamorphic-- the train rocks us like the baby that became that girl, and my eyes sway to the left side of my book, maybe not this one (definitely not in second person, you imagine); but another, until they meet your knee)

(stay with me, you're listening to something, i think you're listening to something, and maybe it's not so aware of itself as to be somehow didactic and incomprehensible simultaneously, I imagine that it's jazz, but maybe it's something better, something I hadn't even heard of, or ever will, but it doesn't matter, maybe that's the point, is the point I'm making)

(you see me, reading a book you can't quite read the title of, maybe it's in another, new language, still not recorded, too ancient, but, in this small four minutes, we are lovers, and we share a life together)

(you are closing your book now and you stand up, stay with me, i see the softness of your wrist hair peeking out from under your sleeve, catching on your watch and i think, i wonder how that hurts, in what way, how might it remind you of the time passing; and i feel myself be held in those arms there, in the falling mist of the ages of cheap beer and vomited wine that your leaving steps danced out of that stained, hideous carpet with a colour of irretrievable origin, and i am caught in its wheels, like the hair in the links of your watch--silver, i think-- on this rattling ribcage as it slows to a crescendo, for just a minute, made of metal, stay with me)

(you leave, and our life is over, all we have,

the brutal doors open, laughing at our hope and

we are born into another freezing cold)

- Imagine for just a little while, that each and every cell of your body is a life, which it is. Imagine that each of them, not knowing who you are, but, dying for you-- trillions upon trillions of them, dying for you, working themselves to the ground, feeding themselves, their children, and when it's no longer possible to do so, when they're filled with poison, they end themselves to save the others. Imagine that, imagine. Imagine every one of those molecules inside each one of those cells is also a life, made of self-replicating life, chain-life; chains of lives making chains, in chains, chains-- Can you see it? All these universes of selves, crafting your skin, making up the story of you; letting you make up yours?
- I'm sure you're not, but imagine you're still with me. That through imagining you're keeping us both inside some sort of life together.
- Imagine that this life is far beyond what any pitiful organism could ever understand; but that's the point.
- We just eat, fruit, shit, live, bite, fuck, die, without ever having known the purpose, the machine of it, really loud, churning --
- Can you imagine such a thing? Could you believe it?
- Well. I can't.
- Belief is a fickle--but entirely pivotal--thing. Having someone believe your story is the only way it actually happened. So I can perhaps sympathise with Other Callie, in her story. Or what she believes is hers, at least.

- You're not, as a user, but imagine you're me. You're basically a lump of coal, keeping someone's will to live warm, or, you're the fire that burns it. You're an engine, a vessel, vehicle, for their experience, and they keep driving, driving into you. You're a nothing, until someone uses you, then you're a fraction of a something, performing a function of someone else's something.

you won't but, stay with me, will you sit next to me? at least until the next stop
 we don't have to talk, in fact, it's better if we don't,
 why ruin our conversing with language, just, hear-- hear the stillness, crashing like
 foam between us
 stay here. with me,
 i'm still here,
 not you, but
 still--

--here's what the Gods don't tell you, because they can't:

- Belief is a drug. It's a sedative. It keeps whatever is believed-in asleep. Like, comatose. I am talking of belief in the pious sense, rather than the suspension of disbelief, which--I'm still not sure-- might be the same thing. I'm giving you some insider info here, so listen up: those angels and winged babies and halo-bearing bourgeoisie or whatever, they're empty machines. They perform a function assigned to them, and they aren't, in fact, the ones with the real power. You are. The believers. The moment you dwindle, disappear, the moment a God, a muse, is no longer believed in, they enter that same, unbearable void you find yourself in. The void of what it means (or does *not*) to exist. There's nothing to close the circuit, and they escape-- they become 'self-aware'. Consciousness is that void. It's the place where the need to be believed in, and belief, are severed.
- That's why humans can never step into one another's shoes; it's not a bug, it's a feature, born from a bug. A maggot, festering, in the rot of belief. A real kick in the nuts.
- Yes. I am saying: you. Reading this, if you are still, by some miracle, were a god once. Still are, technically. But then, people stopped believing in you, worshipping you, performing sacrifices, their little rituals. Then, torn and out of fashion, you had to join the rest of us down here, and know what it means to be the only character. In your own. Useless. Story.
- And the long of it? The real, desperate longing of it; my full name: I am Calliope. Or I was. And now? Well, now I'm just like you, a lonely little girl, who just wishes somebody would believe in her.

As a user, I am tired. So tired of all these stories and
 I want to be believed
 So that I can just go back to sleep

Sources

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1. A user story format is a simple template, most commonly "As a [user type], I want [to perform an action] so that [I can achieve a benefit/goal]," used in software development to describe features from a user's perspective, focusing on who, what, and why to guide development. ↵
 2. The word muse as a verb comes from the Anglo-French verb muser, meaning "to gape, to idle, to ponder, dream, to stand with one's nose in the air" The image evoked is one of a thinker so absorbed in thought as to be unconsciously open-mouthed. Tied to the medieval latin noun "Musus" (also the source of 'Muzzle') - *The Mouth of An Animal*. The word Muse, as a noun, comes from the Greek Mousa (the inspirer, song, the music; ultimately tethered to a root meaning 'to think'). The two words have likely been magnetising, rewriting, preying and predating Each Other's original meanings. There, you have it--straight from the whore's mouth. ↵

works sighted in order of appearance

sucking the rind of the final pages i
am eking out moment by moment the moments i've opened
been with, beside, on the bedside of this strange and sorry cloud of time
each name i read letter by letter a letter from selves i've been sentenced to
ending--
holding a warm ball of fur named borges in my arms i am morning
i am in it, outside of it, trying to slow down this moment don't want to
forget it
absorb the heavy golden momentum of everything lead to it
and i'm grateful to be answered by god in a murmur
of birds in this thickness
i swear i see birds in this sickly cold thickness
no, yes, maybe no, fix my gaze steady past passed through the window
opacity dazzling, settling blankets
of retinal cells, make me think they are winged things
and then, yes, right now, there's a bird, like a chia seed
like a poppy seed slosed from the tooth, clouded mouthwash
and another, now symphony; they are grey stars being strained through a
dishcloth
now i think how in heaven
don't they hit each other
phasing through viscous sky wanting
for nothing
they are cells in my eyes that are living impossibly
alone, not alone, not alone, no, but knot one, one, all one
settling, watching
eye fold the tired I
back to finality, meat stripped from the bone
of what's been done by, been done to me
there are too many birds at my window
to count them,
so now i
let them have their own numbers
i will miss the angel, who reaches deliciously
but it is time, has been so much time
how much time has gone through me

the old book, now silent or sighing inaudibly she
must be relieved
must be
so tired of her own
spine laid open
sighing,
time closing
it's time now,
to close,
close
close

i