

I, we... whatever,

That's going to be the theme here.
That's going to be how it all starts,
and this will also be how it ends.

Because this piece invites me in as me; not a facsimile, but entirely me.

*The stories may seem clearly distinct from
one another, but in places, their varying
constellations might start to overlap, before
shifting, deferring and refracting once again.*

Entire constellations of being, of understanding, have deferred and refracted; and I'm a poor version of all I could be, but this is enough, this is everything I have and I'll give you what I have while I have the airspace to give it.

This piece, these stories. They are not like others.

*This has probably burrowed its way in for the
same strange reason that I constantly seemed
to be wearing my coat while writing them; so
I always felt as though I was just about to
leave the room.*

I wrote this while half
awake with the dim sense
that my partner was about
to enter the room and crush
that sense of abandonment.

She hasn't entered yet. And so
I foster that sense and
allow it to be
real

*Well, I had seen her once, but the
memory quickly faded*
I watched her, and the memory
hasn't begin whatsoever,
let alone is a place
where it can
fade

*leaving me to
reconstruct her persona and form from the
sounds she made in other rooms.*

I construct her in absentia
and it's a pale imitation but
she clatters as she makes
breakfast and I know that
truly, she is still
there.

*I thought I had
the whole space worked out, but this was
often disrupted*

I thought I knew
but time tells me
I should have known

better.

*So over time, my initial organisation of the
space was shattered and I didn't know where
it began or ended.*

I don't know where to begin.

The formal assessment: this is a thing of unparalleled beauty. It tore me down and reordered me in constituent parts, and it aches and breaks in ways I don't know how to capture. I feel something immediate and painful, and I do not know how to - I don't know that I can - truly express how vulnerable that makes me.

It is almost a kitchen-sink drama

(at least it is for me; I wonder what
would've happened if I'd had few
kitchen sinks to throw up
experience into)

*We can annex
them to other rooms, but really we inhabit
the same spaces, in the same way, that they
did.*

this is about parents
this is about family
this is about home
and it is startlingly accurate.

*we had
interacted like pixels too: we always had. We
had conversed, yet not directly. We imbued
each other with meaning, essentially though
we functioned alone without any direct
Contact. Just as pixels form a picture without
crossing over into one another.*

the startling obviousness
of being close enough to
touch, to being an integral
part of a common whole, yet
somehow fail to understand
one another's perspective.
to be so enlightened, and yet

so blind

*the two identities merge into one... seamlessly and magically... coalescing into one — a smooth
and faultless transition from one insular space to the next.*

I'm taking liberties and I'm sorry, but these words, oh, I fell into a paralytic stupor over these excruciating, excoriating collections of words.

The spaces between.
This is the space between.
This is the lives we have between.

the person you were at home
the person you grew into
the person you lost

and the stunning unreality of having

*enough money to make sure there wasn't an
overlap between his public and private life,
between his fantasies and reality.*

we all unwittingly strive towards it
or suffer under the yoke of not being
'woke' enough to notice the privilege

we love absolutely
but are limited

*You said that you wanted to feel the
pressure of my body against yours long after
we had broken apart. You wanted to be
entrenched in my absent body to shield you
from everything;*

and I feel Margaret Atwood
humming a variation of 'I want
to be the air that inhabits you for
a moment only' and the theme is
identically heartbreaking

(and darling, this isn't about you)
(darling, this is about what I'm
afraid of being)

*jumping in the middle of the carriage in the
belief that, without our feet on the floor, the
train would momentarily continue without us,
making us magically land in a slightly
different spot. Or, perhaps, throwing us to
the back wall of the compartment. Of
course, gravity doesn't work like this and we
always returned to exactly the same place.*

belief that I could be
different. that a life
throwing me sideways
abnormally would make
sense, that you'll see it.
course, that was never
kept as mine and I can
only wish I was better.

I will not be her.
as she refused to be hers before her.

*the lead of any
video game explores the world by staying
resolutely still, ensnared in a deception of
locomotion.*

(goddamnit darling, I am trying)
(but perhaps this is me; ensnared
in a deception of motion while I turn into

them)

performance artist (did I mention I'm one myself?) *demarcated abstracted* (everything abstract)
geometries (I tried for maths and yet) *in the space* (our space, your space) *for a few minutes*
before falling to the floor (it hurts, the impact) *and pulsating* (spasming) *in a*
more random exorcism. (all the things I thought I would be me
that you thought I would be are
dying in situ and I am a
hollow wreck of
a human

'There must be a body on the track' said a
guy who looked like he was conducting a
séance with the semicircle of beer cans
around him.

when dying, it's hard
to realise that living is
actually a whole lot
easier than they all

make it out to be.
and this tell me more
about myself than any work
has a possible right to.

I would walk, not to
delineate a route or line in the landscape, but
to register an un-movement

I like to walk, sometimes, into the middle
of nowhere. When I was sixteen, I got lost for
seven hours, walking through fields with no clue (I was supposed to be in school)
how I got there or where I was going, walking in flat
ballet pumps as the sun set in the far-off distance, and (I hate flat shoes now; how
it didn't matter to me, where I could be or where I would be things change)
going, I just kept walking, luxuriating in the impossible sense of
being both alone and utterly confined, with no movement and not a
suggestion of life outside or within, and a vague sense that if I kept on

moving

I'd be alright.
I'd be safe.
I'd live.

the view seen through
the coach's windscreen and the one
stretching backwards look identical.

the world I came from and the world I reached
were parallel; yet I never quite understood that.
my world is identical to everybody else's, so I
can both thrive and disappear in equal measure.

all I needed was the opportunity.

*I knew I
would start the walk one day, maybe even
finish it, but not today, I think as I look
outside, I'm tired and it's getting late.*

that day I took the walk.
and exhaustion laced through
every thought, every action, and
I know now

I could finish it.