

Let's start from the end.

(that seems logical, doesn't it?)

Manus, manualis, manual.

These words are not the same things
but I'll forgive their progression because
it just about makes a stinging, awful type of sense.

What might I do to you on a side of A4?

Kill me entirely, perhaps.
I wouldn't be surprised in the
slightest by anything now. Shocked,
yes.
But not surprised.

(I am often murderous, when I write.)

I feel you.

Okay, so.
Anybody who
knows me knows I
have no stomach for the
graphic, less for violence, even
less beyond that for gratuitous sex.

So I'm left with the puzzling realisation that this may be something that somehow slides
over, in and under.

(see what I did there?)

violence stifles sound, smashes language

and I find it impossible to manage.
I live comfortably in language. I do
not like being forced out of comfort
zones, even less to admit that this
may well be working in every way it
intends.

(Silence is the hand in which violence hides. The cautionary finger raised to pursed lips.)

Can I not be a cautionary voice?
Can I not suggest reason?
Can I not be critic?
Can I not?

Oh, I did not want to like this in the slightest. The moment the first cock and first dick and
first cunt all passed into my recognition, I decided I did not want any part of this insanity,
and I was prepared to dismiss it all.

Let me meander back to the beginning.

It is grotesque, and it is *beautiful*.

*We are beautiful and stars have doubt, we must
for this one dread life be stung with grotesque
pathos and spoken name.*

That exquisite wordcraft follows this piece, chases it down where words and silence dare not hold communion: *'Clarity, dying by the first sufferings of truth, eats my worth, wearing out its own colours and grinding them into ash'*. I try to tell the truth and find my words vastly insufficient.

(There are things I cannot write; not from shame or fear (though of course, those too), but because they exist outside of the flow of language. Sometimes it feels as if I am gagging on my own tongue).

I genuinely dread
to think what was left
out of this piece, given that
pretty much everything was sliced
open and laid excruciating bare for all to

taste.

*Comets are also there, damned stars springing bereft in hands and innards stinging cunts,
worlds
gazing at stars STAR STRUCK in the asshole of forgetting.*

Like here. Where I don't necessarily see that cunt was necessary, but I certainly see that asshole was. Where the words take a peculiar weight, surrounded by such craftsmanship and undermined (gilded?) by violence.

*From the third year words are inside and outside and spiraling and whirling with duplicity
All of this is elegantly duplicitous, it forces pornography to force violence
to force words to force silence to force understanding.*

*Perhaps for this reason, the most successful depictions of violence are found in pornography.
A sidenote, but a required one.*

*There is a difference between a drama and its telling—
an event in language is to take a step, and then another.*

This takes journeys in
language, dramatic in thought
and most certainly dramatic in walking.
Every step waltzes towards the comprehension
our manus provides, and if you take the time to follow
in the laid-out path, you will find answers so desperately sought.

*But he can't forgive: conflicted vendettas drain my guts, hurting under countless
incomprehensible cuts beside my sighing nouns.*

I am drained utterly, sliced into infinite pieces
against the breathing, sighing, dying nouns.

(double click: create a beat)

I create entire symphonies reading and writing
This piece, this lyrical and disgusting work of art.

And really, don't misunderstand me: this is not easy to read. This is not simple or effortless, this takes suspending your revulsion and leaning into frank distaste because nobody likes to think, in the sterilised light of day, about pornography where *the grinding of her V enlarges the madness within, draws sore kisses labile* and the wandering womb comes alive with *the sore-pointed flower of the ache-treading of the first inner-under, condemn the gaze fuck* and it doesn't make sense but of course it makes sense, of course it makes sense.

I wish I understood more of it.

Let's return to the pre-beginning.
(also called the Preface)

The four texts that comprise this collection consider processes of speaking, writing, reading, and remembering.

Speaking, writing, reading and remembering.
They're unapologetic psychoanalysis.

(what, I wonder,
would you make of me?)

I feel like I've neglected to explain what
this collection is trying to do

(perhaps because I
cannot do it justice)

Which is to have four separate pieces: speaking,
writing, reading and remembering.

(and each stands alone, and
each intersects with its fellows)

Freud is the central theme of the first segment
a translation without truly being one.

(I don't know the German, I
can't comment in that regard)

While Frankenstein (poor wee monster) and
my beloved *manus* are their own entities.

(but I'd imagine that even Freud
wasn't that obsessed with cock)

It's so annoyingly *clever*.
To wind these different ideas
together with any degree of dexterity.

But I find my favourites are the *manus* and the afore-mentioned *poor wee monster*, the smaller segments, not the free-association clusterfuck that is the opening section. I'm aware, I know, I know I'm biased. I know it. I'm sorry about it.

(but not sorry enough)

We see you. We see you. We hate you. Poor monster. We do.
(poor, poor wee monster)

(I tear myself in half trying to walk in both directions)

I really am tearing myself in half trying to work out what I think of this piece.

(...I frighten myself when I go to the places where I bypass language for these are the places where words are murdered. I murder them myself. In this place, I can observe everything and nothing).

Perhaps
this is my
issue. I am too
alarmed at not being
able to verbalise such infinite
complexities in an (art?)work like this.

Damned light, dreaming, dazing. Breathe.

Breathe. Breathe. Breathe.

'Where are the flowers that bloom in these hate-poems and stain my hands with unclean pollen?'

I am unclean.
This stings, aches beneath
my broken body in *cruel parallelograms*
that haunt my after-thoughts, this world presented
so sinning and savage.
So cruel.
So.

'Wake up, you say'.
I'm trying, god damn it.
I'm trying.

we are whispering speechless
I am speechless. I am speechless.

I am confused.
I am entranced.
I am repulsed.

I am deeply fucking conflicted.

But at the end of it all I cannot
bear to hate lines like:

here bleeds the wilderness
'I have never and always forgotten'.
I hold the ice-flower that is fractoluminescent
opalescence luminescence iridescence slippery shiny
These far most stars of love are just the dying hearts of dreams.

These fragments are all that I am
All that I am is yours.
I understand
so very
little.

(Behold me. I believe nothing)

I believed nothing.
I understood nothing.

Do I understand now?
No. I wish I did.

But this has set me on a journey, and that is all I can ask from a work; not to tell me where to go, but to nudge me, to convince me that maybe it's worthwhile to venture in a different direction. Just for fun. Just to see what I can find.

(a story map might be measured in time)

So well done.
I'm on a journey.
And I hope, from here,
I'll never stop. This story is a

beginning.

(and maybe on the way
I'll find that poor, wee monster,

and send him home)