

*from lunarium*

Everything is a question of sleep. Establishing the incoherent border, which will later separate events from experience. Where the body sits, inside such lingering, inside the thin vellum structure of this. A particular image around which nostalgia might be formed. When the verb might multiply, nothing is isolated in history. What the doll test tells us in retrospect. Loathing begins early. Even a child knows the relief of blind darkness.

And I want that for her. Someone must say this now, must speak this sorrow drift. To be in transit, handled. A geography without beginning, the stamping of mistrust. Why can't I find you, the part that is missing in myself? When the very idea of hurt brushes your bangs aside, weeps, and implies separation. An offering in original territory faults such penalty. The letter mocks you. It points. It's barbaric without being obscene.

What does it mean to pattern oneself after another? Blade wrist wrist wrist blade. Jagged glass pulls free from the putty. Slash. This is the morning of dying sleep. Once in tune with the difficult pauses, the false start. Don't overthink it. Drag the edge until you appear. The soft wet red, the bruising. I repeat myself, and nothing new emerges. Such hunger touches the inside of kidney, muscle, and then cell. Scrape until it's clean.

The day begins with a rushing toward and away. This wound stays raw for a lifetime, never scabbing over. We do not release, until the room fills with people and the story unfolds. Not so much unfolding as a laying against heart and ear. What is this moment that encloses, leaves the hands fragile. When the membrane is porous, and the soot seeps in. We fail or so it seems. A name change. That I was burned to the ground.