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HOW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET, IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? SO THEY REMAIN INSIDE SOMEWHERE AROUND THAT EAR. OR MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS OF THE WATERLIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS


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to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making. How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but OK - now I need to squeeze it in, display it somewhere around that ear. Or maybe just forget it, the ear is enough. How can I make all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the waterlike pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass of water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water, and seeing what remains. like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with on sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realising its weight In another room I am writing poetry. There I am everywhere. Here I've just burnt a tamagochi that died. Here I am one of the women in the collection of many women. And there you say "How dare can you tell a story of her?" In this room I am made of milk, gold and glass. They've poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp. And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle

THE CARROT AND SEEING THE ROOTS, PLASTERED WITH SOIL LIKE PULLING A CHANDELIER OF A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN

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they're muscles and nerve tips, and inner breathing, breathing, breathing. you can shade all those beats that are in my body, they're not.

Q: am going deeper into that enormous ear, that ear is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. there is hardly any room left for the somewhere around that ear. or maybe just forget it, the ear is enlarging. now can i make all those dissolved boats in the bottle float in their bottoms like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water if pulling two pieces of a spann out of a glass make the shine drown like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water? and seeing what remains like pulling the curls of a chandelier out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with on sequential order like am writing poetry. there is an everywhere/there's just don't a tamagochi that died. where am i am one of the women in the collection of her?” on this room am made of milk, gold and glass. they've poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top lava lamp. and when i look at it now (it is 6am), i see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now i am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices, twists of fate, of a form, and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. it is all about the movement, about swinging a wrist left and right, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that i associate with daydreaming more than with focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle.

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TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY ARE NOT HUMMING. THEY ARE UNDULATING. CATCHING SOMETHING ACROSS

HOW CAN YOU SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN IT'S BODY? THEY ARE NOT BEATS YET. IF THEY ARE NOT OF INTEREST FOR SOMEBODY ELSE, RIGHT? AND SO


THE BOOK WITH MANY PIECES OF THE NOSE IN THE COLLECTION OF MANY WOMEN AND THERE YOU SAY "YOU DARE TO TELL A STORY PULLED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WRITE: TABLE-TUP-LAYA LAYTE. AND WHEN I LOOK AT IT NOW IT IS COMY TO SEE A MASK OR A SHIRT IN NOW & I'M PULLING IT, IT FEELS MORE FRESH, WHILE THE MOVEMENT OF A HAND BECAUSE CIT MADE LIMITING OR INTERRUPTING PRIVATE SPACE BELL.

ROUNDED PROFILIES, DEPTH OF RUPTURES AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FURN, SCANNING ELIPSEES, ABSURD SEES, SLIGHTLY TORNISHMEN BUT REFRA

ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, I THINK FIRST, SWINING A WRIST LEFT AND RIGHT, WIGGLING IT BACK AND FORTH, FEELING A SENSE OF IMPLING DELAYATION

MORE THAN WITH A FOCUS, PERHAPS, ALTHOUGH THERE IS FOCUS INEVITABLY THERE IN THE WRIST. A SWINGING PENN IN IN A CONTOGRAPHIC DR1771 E.A.
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Time and silence, time and silence... I felt like I was hear too. I felt like time was passing. Maybe I will say I've misread your name. At naked I like Q didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it's been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. "It is my voice" she says, "and it is my drawing." And in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who’s never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, spitted in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE. NO HEADPHONES ARE VISIBLE. THEY
THEIR MUSCLES AND NERVES TO, AND INNER BEAT MAKING, BREATH MAKING
»OW CAN I SHARE ALL THOSE BEATS THAT ARE IN MY BONY? THEY ARE NOT
»OW AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR, THAT IS GROWING DEEPER
ON THE SHEET OF PAPER TOO. THERE IS HARDLY ANY ROOM LEFT FOR THE
SCULPTING AROUND THAT EAR. OR MAYBE JUST FORGET IT, THE EAR IS
ENOUGH. »OW CAN I MAKE ALL THOSE DISSOLVED BOATS IN THE BOTTLE
SHRINK IN THEIR BOTTOMS LIKE FOLDING ACROSS OUT OF THICKNESS AND OUT
OF THE WATER LIKE PULLING TWO PIECES OF A SPOON OUT OF A GLASS
LIKE THE SINE SPOON LIKE FOLDING ACROSS OUT OF THICKNESS, AND OUT
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A CHANDELIER OR A FISH OUT OF AN OCEAN LIKE WORKING ON ACTION IN
SEVERAL DIFFERENT ROOMS AT ONCE, WITH ON SEQUENTIAL ORDER LIKE
THINKING ABOUT MORE OF THE SAME, EVERYWHERE ELSE. I'VE JUST BURNED A
TOMAÑOCHI THAT DIED. »ERE AM I AM ONE OF THE WOMEN IN THE FICTION
OF HER? »EN THIS ROOM I AM MADE OF MILK, GOLD AND GLASS. THEY'VE
PAINTED ME INTO A GLASS CONTAINER AND WRITTEN: TARI F-TNP-I NY I AMP
WAHT COULD BE DESCRIBED AS A MIDDLE OF SOMETHING, OR A DEER, BUT
NOW I AM ENDING IT. IT FEELS MORE ESSENTIAL, LIKE THE MOVEMENT OF
INVOKING LINES, SHAPING, AND SCULPTING AT ONCE: CASTING BRIMS AND
RAIN INTO PROFILES, DEPTHS OF ORIFICES, AND TWISTS OF FATE, OF A FORM
AND LAUNCHING, IN THE DEPTH OF WHAT SINKS LIKE A WATERMARK. WAHT IS
ALL ABOUT THE MOVEMENT, AS THICK FOOT, CHANGING A WIND, LEFT OR RIGHT
OF A FAMILIAR MANUAL GESTURE THAT I ASSOCIATE WITH DAYDREAMING
MORE THAN WITH A FISH. PERHAPS IT THOUGH THERE IS, FISH IS INTRUDER!
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The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Charlie’s bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of Disco music. And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don’t know. And time is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than spynx. Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it’s been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes… and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. “It is my voice” she says, “and it is my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who’s never been here before — neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, spitted in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me — this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
to a song or a beat from inside. No headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. There is hardly any room left for the sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? Like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water! Like pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass of water and out of the water, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, and seeing what remains. Like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with an sequential order. Like of many women. And there you say “How dare can you tell a story of her?” In this room I am made of milk, gold and glass. They’ve poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp. And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self- and looking in the depth of what sticks like a watermark. At is on there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle.

The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry. I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was undeniably, well, and I was looking at your name on the screen in silence. It was always on silence, you have to admit, the silence was turning more layered. I felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall, and on the floor, and on the floor, on the carpet, the carpet was growing, absorbing chaos less into ripples of good music. And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and keep staring at your name on the screen in silence. My phone is always on silence, I have to admit. 

And the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of Disco music. And I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing legs less into ripples of good music. And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and keep staring at your name on the screen in silence. What I will tell you afterwards, I will tell you that a simple thought could be enough. You got it, didn’t I? I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence. I still don’t know. And time is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than spynx. Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it’s been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts, to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes… and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. “It is my voice,” she says, “and it is my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who’s never been here before — neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanness. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, split in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
to a song or a beat from inside. No headphones are visible. They are not humming. They are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerves, breathing and moving. How can I share all those beats that are in my body but not yet? If they are not audible for someone else, right? If I can't even hear them in my own head, how can I share them? They are not beats yet if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but I don't need to overwhelm it. Perhaps somewhere around that ear, or maybe just forget it, the ear is enough. On can make all those dissolved beats in the bottle still, if they are made of the same glass, or the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, and pulling water into the bottle, like pulling the veil of the curtain and seeing the beats plastered with collusive pulling and a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in cerebral deficient玳me at once with an sequential indexive live letting a bag of sugar and refreshing its weight quantum another room. I'm writing it out on the sheet of paper, and eventually it will be just something to remember that there were only one of the hollowness in the collection, unguarded, in which there was only one, the direction of my memory is there too, if I can tell a story of memory in this room. I am made of milk, gold and glass. She's floored me into a glass container and wrote: table top lava lamp. And when you look at it, it's huge, I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as the middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more wind, or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of inducing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably. There, in the wrist, I swing the pendulum, I calligraphic drizzle, she smells of your mouth, one says, she smell of your voice.
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry. I could not pick up the phone – a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Charlie's bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of music. And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don’t know. And time is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than sphynx. Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it’s been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. “It is my voice,” she says, “and it is my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a human head. Of someone who’s never been here before – neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. It is a profile, a loose profile. The ear is spitted in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. This ear surprises me – this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

»ow can you share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so am I going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. There is hardly any room I eat for the rest of the head and the inside of the room is filled with somewhere around that ear. Oh, maybe just forget it, the ear is enough. »ow can you make all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? Like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, like pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass and out of the water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water, and seeing what remains, like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with un sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realising its weight on another room I am writing poetry. »ere I am everywhere. »ere I’ve just burnt a tamagochi that died. »ere I am one of the women in the collection of many women. And there you say: »ow dare can you tell a story of her? »en this room I’m made of milk, gold and glass. They’ve poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp.

»ow when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle.

»he smell of your mouth, she says. »he smell of your voice. I am s
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence, it was turning more unbearable. I kept thinking that the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Charlie's bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn't want to disturb this silence by answering your call. I kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was busy? Or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don't know. Time is passing. Maybe I will say I've misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than spynx. Because to say that I didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it's been already an entire week like this. But what will I tell you is the following. I am fantasizing my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... And they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice I just said, "It is my voice, and it is my drawing." And in another room, I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who's never been here before — neither you, nor I, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon. In a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, spitted in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me — this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
TO A SONG OR A BEAT FROM INSIDE, NEW HEADPHONES ARE FLEXIBLE, THEY ARE NOT HUMMING, THEY ARE UNHOLLOWING, NOT HUMMING, NOT HUMMING. THEY ARE NOT HUMMING. THE BEATS THEY ARE IN THE BODY, BUT NOT BEATS YET. IF THEY ARE NOT AUDIBLE FOR SOMEONE ELSE, RIGHT? AND SO I AM GOING DEEPER INTO THAT ENORMOUS EAR. THAT IS ODIOUS, OR DEEPER ON THE SHEET OF PAPER. THE EAR IS HORNIV 0 ANY ROOM. I PUT FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD, BUT IF YOU NEED TO SQUEEZE IT IN, DISPLAY IT SOMEWHERE INSIDE THE EGG ON THE SHEET. THERE IS HARDLY ANY SPACE FOR THE REST OF THE HEAD,
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. I felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Michelle’s bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. »Hello.« I felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of »Is it music? « And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don’t know. And time is passing. Why be I will say I’ve misread your name. I looked like sitting on lanolin, one like lanolin than on silk, because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is out of context and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. So I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it’s been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. »It is my voice,« she says, and it is my drawing. And in another room, I am about to draw a head out of someone who’s never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, split in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose minds are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They
are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across
their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beat making, breath making.
» ow can you share all those beats that are in my body? ohey are not
beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? and so
you are going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper
on the sheet of the head too, there is nothing that restricts it on the
rest of the head, but w you need to squeeze it in, display it
somewhere around that ear. or maybe just forget it, the ear is
enough. » ow can you make all those dissolved boats in the bottle
sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir
shops in their bottoms? like pulling glass out of a glass and out
of water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they
make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out
of the water, and seeing what remains. like pulling the curls of
the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling
a sundae from out of an ocean like working on action in
several different rooms at once, with on sequential order like
lifting a bag of sugar and realising its weight on another room t
am writing poetry. here t am everywhere. aue a’ve just burnt a
tamaguchi that died. aue a’re one of the women in the collection
of many women. and there you shy. » ow make can you tell a story
of her? on this room t am made of milk, gold and glass. they’ve
poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp.
and when we look at it now (it is 6am), we see a mask or a skull in
what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but
now we are facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of
thinking before feels more windy or visceral, sailing across self-
invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and
rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form,
scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce
and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. it is all
about the movement, i think first, swinging a wrist left and right,
wiggle it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation
of a familiar manual gesture that i associate with daydreaming
more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably
there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle.
the smell of your mouth. she says, the smell of your voice. i am s
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry
I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought,
of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at
your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence,
I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like
a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt
Charlie’s bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb
all the details. I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering
your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like
the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of music.
And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and keep staring at
your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards.
Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a
dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance
of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don’t know. Time
is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like
sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than sphynx. Because to say that
I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a
phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this
room and contemplating what to tell you. It’s been already an
entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following:
I am fantasising my usual thoughts: To come on stage (there is a stage,
and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start
telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their
eyes, continuing telling the story about the head and continuing,
and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else
on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same
voice. “It is my voice, she says. “And it is my drawing.” And in another
room I am about to draw a head. A human head, of someone who’s
never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know.
Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of
a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand
across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose fatty line designating
its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile. It would say,
spitted in loose ends, the ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like
ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play
music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play?
I am wondering staring at this ear. Love watching people whose
bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening
to a song or a beat from inside, no head phones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

» How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but now - now I need to squeeze it in, display it somewhere around that ear. Or maybe just forget it, the ear is 6am. » Now can I make all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? Like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the waterlike pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass and out of a glass of water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water, and seeing what remains. Like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with on sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realising it’s weight! On another room I am writing poetry, where I am everywhere. » I’ve just burnt a tamagochi that died. » I am one of the women in the collection of many women and there you say “» On 1869 can you tell a story of her?” On this room I am made of milk, gold and glass. They’ve poured me into a glass container and wrote: table top lava lamp.

And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning hallucinated disappearances, slightly tarnished but here of and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle...

She smell of your mouth, she says. She smell of your voice. I am s
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone. A simple thought, yes, a thought of hearing my own voice. I was sitting at your home on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence). I was trying, the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a silky velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Charlie's bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn't want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my own voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like a carpet was growing, absorbing one's legs into ripples of Disco music. And I didn't want to rip the silence apart and keep staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence, is still don't know, and the passing of time is growing. Will you or won't you understand my name? I looked like sphynx or larynx, more like larynx than sphynx, because saying that I didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. I was sitting in that room and contemplating what to tell you and it's been already an entire week like this. I still don't tell you the following, my usual thoughts, to come on stage (there is a stage and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same line "It is my voice," she says, "and it is my drawing." And in another room I am about to draw a head, a human head. Of someone who's never been here before. Neither you nor me, nor someone we know. I don't know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanness. Obviously it is a profile, an open profile. It would say, spatting in these words. She puts the headset on, like a want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wandering staring at this ear is there. Waiting people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening.
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their inner and outer self, distorting perception, not their hearing.

You can share all those beats that are in my body. They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so am I going deeper into that enormous ear. That is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. There is hardly any room left for the rest of the head. But I do not need to squeeze it in, display it somewhere around that ear, or maybe just forget it. The ear is not for me. I am another kind of person, another kind of being in this room too. If they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottom, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water like pulling the pieces of a spoon out of a glass and out of the water, and seeing what remains, like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once. With on sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realizing its weight in another room is on writing poetry. Where am I everywhere, here am I that in a tombstone that died. Here am I one of the women in the collection of many women, and there you say “How dare can you tell a story of her?” In this room am I made of milk, gold and glass, like you are made of glass and water, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, and seeing what remains, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, and seeing what remains, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water...

And when I look at it now (it is 6am), is off a mark or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now am cutting it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral. Sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once, casting forms and dissolved forms like depth of notices and twists of fate, as a form of doing whatever is not happening, like scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, waving it back and forth, feeling a sense of intertwining relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps. Although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle. The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am...
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall, on the floor, on the floor of Aunt Charlie's bar in San Francisco and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn't want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one's legs into ripples of Disco music. And I didn't want to rip the silence apart and kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don't know. And time is passing. Maybe I will say I've misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than sphynx. Because to say that I didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it has been already an entire week like this. But what is it I will tell you? The following: Fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice, “It is my voice” she says, “and it is my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a human head. Of someone who's never been here before — neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say, spitted in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me — this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play?
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am doing deeper into with enormous care, that is growing deeper in the soul until it is now. There is something only written felt by the rest of the head but then I want to squeeze it in, display it somewhere within that tiny bit of what is left, still palpable.

Still, I'm not sure if it is the same glass, the same sensible pores in their arteries like pulling through but the glass is not out of water and only then I understand that light and shapes they take in the water, and after a while everything line up and build the glass of the caption and seeing the dots, placed with care, diary of a heathen's eye, running on action in several different rhythms at once, with unsequential bitches like lifting a bag of sugar and replacing it with another one. It's all writing poetry, here it is everywhere, here it is out that burnt a tomato soup that died. Here I am one of the women in the collection of heroes in this room. I am made of milk, gold and glass. I am the perfect instrumentality and robustness I expect this eternity. And then, I look out of that window and see the moon rising, rise in the sky. I am the moon, I am the sky. I am the moon, I am me, I am the moon. I am the moon, I am me, I am the moon. What could be described as a mixture of contentedness or a stark, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more wind or visceral, sailing across self-thrusting lips, causing us sculpting at once, coating pride and sublimity, the touch and hint of self. I am a fully coating evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing. In the depth of what shines like a watermark. It is all about the movement, the turn, the act changing, and what left and right, what before I am been feeling the sense of building and building up from the Clevelandia, sessions. I am sensitive with the intensity more than with focus perhaps. Although there is focus inevitably there, in the moment, it is climbing three to the fourth level. You are still up in your studio. She says she will be your end in regions
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone. A simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. I felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall. It was on the floor of Aunt Charlie's bar in San Francisco and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn't want to destroy this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Yes. I felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one's legs into ripple dance music and I didn't want to disrupt the silence. And then I kept staring at your name, thinking about what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? Still. Don't you know time is passing? Maybe (I will say sooner rather than later) because that I didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. It's been an entire week like this, what? What? I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head. I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. 'It is my voice,' she says, and 'It is my drawing.' And in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who's never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to conjure a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper, in a loose hairy line designating the head. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I could say, split in loose ends. The ear comes first. 'It is my drawing,' and in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who's never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. I am wondering about the ear. What kind of music would it play? I love watching people whose bodies are exactly moving while they wait for a train as if listening
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making. How can I share all those beats that are in my body? If they are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. There is hardly any room left for the rest of the head. Or maybe I could move it, display it somewhere around that ear. Or maybe I could just forget it, the bar is sold. How can I make all those dissolved boats sail in the bottle if they are made of the same glass, if the same souvenir glasses in the bottoms? Like pulling glass out of glass and out of the water, all those two pieces of a coin out of a glass of water and pulling them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon, like pulling glass out of glass and out of the water and seeing what remains like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, without sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realizing its weight in another room by writing for the here of everywhere, here of you, just like a remembrance that lies here and one of the women in the collection of many ones, where you say: you are can you tell a story of her? Where she is made of milk and gold and glass. They are poured into these containers and written in hot to play a lamp.

The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sewing the words, I am sewing the words, I am sewing the words.
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt Charlie’s bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb all the details. I didn’t want to disturb this silence by answering your call and hearing my voice saying hello. Hello. It felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of disco music. And I didn’t want to rip the silence apart and kept staring at your name blinking, contemplating what will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that simply missed your call because was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? I still don’t know. And time is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than sphynx. Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And it’s been already an entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing, and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on stage, who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. “It is my voice” she says, “and I’m my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a head. A human head. Of someone who’s never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. In open profile, I would say, spit in loose ends. The ear comes first. Strong, chanterelle-like ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play? I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but now I need to squeeze it in, display it somewhere around that ear. Or maybe just forget it, the ear is enough. How can I make all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? Like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water, like pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass of water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water, and seeing what remains. Like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with on sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realizing its weight on another room.

In this room I am writing poetry. Here I am everywhere. Here I’ve just burnt a Tamagotchi that died. Here I am one of the women in the collection of many women. And here you say “How dare you tell a story of her?” In this room I am made of milk, gold and glass. They’ve poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp.

And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded proales, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle.

The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am s
Of course, I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, is unbearable. While looking at your name on the screen in silence, my phone is always on silence, I could not avoid the silence. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence, the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall that was on the floor of Aunt Charlie’s bar in San Francisco. And it felt like the carpet was growing, absorbing one’s legs into ripples of silence. Music. And I did not want to rip the silence apart and keep staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. I will tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I? Will you read my extended letter about my reluctance of hearing my own voice in that silence? And I don’t know, and time is passing. (And I will say I never read your note. I licked the stamp, and then I threw it away.) “It looked like sphynx or larynx,” she said. “Anyway, it was sphynx.” Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room and contemplating what to tell you. And I’ve been sitting for a week like this. What will I tell you? The following: I am fantasising my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start telling a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their eyes, continuing telling the story about the head (I am drawing, and then I’ll tell them to open their eyes). And they see someone else on stage who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same voice. “It is my voice,” she says. “And it is my drawing.” And in another room I am about to draw a human head. Of someone who’s never been here before — neither you, nor me, nor someone we know. Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of a few lines. Someone will emerge in the movements of the hand across the sheet of paper. And I love watching people whose bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train as if listening...
They are undulating, catching something across their muscles, nerves, and inner beatmaking, breath-making.

How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too. There is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but I need to squeeze it, display something here. I am making all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same solvent ship in their bottoms, like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the water and pulling those pieces of a spoon out of a glass of water and doing them against the light and seeing if they make the same Spoon, like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water and seeing if there remains, like pulling the soul of the cardboard seeing the roots, plastered with soil, like pulling in a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working in action in several different rooms at once, with no sequential order like lifting a spoon sugar and realizing its weight in another room.

I am writing everywhere else where I am everywhere, where I just erlebt Tatächlichkeit, where I died, where I am one of the women in the collection of many voices, and there you say: "Who are you?" I am made of milk, gold and glass. They've poured me into a glass container and wrote: "table-top-lava lamp." And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull, what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now it feels more interior, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-inscriptions, sailing and sculpting at once: casting erys and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and nets of fate, of a firm scarring layer. Sees sessions slightly tarnished but here and there, with soul, in the depth of what sinks like a water and is all about the current, they are first, sailing across rhythms and right-wing alliances and forth, feeling: sense of immeasurable relation of a familiar manual gesture that is associated not only in my dream, but more than in the focus perhaps, although there is none inevitably there, in the last a sleeping hippopotamus tail cylinders, drizzle, and the smell of your voice. I am
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry
I could not pick up the phone. A simple thought, yes, a thought,
of hearing my own voice was unbearable. While I was looking
at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I
have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like
a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall (it was on the floor of Aunt
Charlie's bar in San Francisco) and on the floor, swelling to absorb
all the details. I didn't want to disturb this silence by answering
your call. If I picked up your voice, it would feel like
the carpet was growing, absorbing one's bends into a ripple of Disco
music. It didn't take it for the silence to be absorbed and kept apart at
Durance looking contemplate what I will tell you afterwards.

Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at
a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about my reluctance
in hearing my own voice in that silence? I didn't want time
to pass. I'll tell you the following: I am not a sphynx or a larynx.
I am neither a sphynx nor a larynx. Because to say that
I didn't want to hear my own voice is preposterous, and to pick up a
phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this
room and contemplating what to tell you. And it's been already an
entire week like this. But what I will tell you is the following:

I am fantasizing my usual thoughts: to come on stage (there is a stage,
and there is a centre of that stage), to see myself there, to start
saying a story about some difficulty, then ask them to close their
eyes, continuing telling the story about the head I am drawing,
and then tell them to open their eyes... and they see someone else on
stage who is continuing telling the story in exactly the same
voice. 'This is my voice,' she says, and 'This is my drawing.' And another
person tells me it's a head... of a human head. Of someone who's
never been here before - neither you, nor me, nor someone we know.

Drawing gives the enormous power to concoct a human figure out of
a few lines. Someone will be emerging in the movements of the hand
across the sheet of paper soon, in a loose hairy line designating
its humanhood. Obviously it is a profile. An open profile, I would say,
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ear. I want to be wrapped in it. It surprises me - this ear could play
music, not just receive sounds. What kind of music would it play?
I am wondering staring at this ear. I love watching people whose
bodies are softly moving while they wait for a train, as if listening...
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making. How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but OK - now I need to squeeze it in, display it somewhere around that ear. Or maybe just forget it, the ear is enough. How can I make all those dissolved boats in the bottle sail, if they are made of the same glass, of the same souvenir shops in their bottoms? like pulling glass out of a glass and out of the waterlike pulling two pieces of a spoon out of a glass of water and holding them against the light, and seeing if they make the same spoon like pulling glass out of a glass, and out of the water, and seeing what remains. like pulling the curls of the carrot and seeing the roots, plastered with soil like pulling a chandelier of a fish out of an ocean like working on action in several different rooms at once, with sequential order like lifting a bag of sugar and realising its weight In another room I am writing poetry. There I am everywhere.Here I've just burnt a tamagochi that died. Here I am one of the women in the collection of many women.And there you say "How dare can you tell a story of her?" In this room I am made of milk, gold and glass. They've poured me into a glass container and wrote: table-top-lava lamp. And when I look at it now (it is 6am), I see a mask or a skull in what could be described as a middle of something, or a door, but now I am facing it, it feels more frontal, while the movement of a hand before felt more windy or visceral, sailing across self-invoking lines, sailing and sculpting at once: casting brims and rounded profiles, depth of orifices and twists of fate, of a form, scanning evaporated obsessions, slightly tarnished but fierce and laughing, in the depth of what sinks like a watermark. It is all about the movement, I think first, swinging a wrist left and right, wiggling it back and forth, feeling a sense of imbuing relaxation of a familiar manual gesture that I associate with daydreaming more than with a focus perhaps, although there is focus inevitably there, in the wrist, a swinging pendulum, a calligraphic drizzle...
The smell of your mouth, she says. The smell of your voice. I am sorry I could not pick up the phone — a simple thought, yes, a thought, of hearing my own voice, was unbearable. While I was looking at your name on the screen in silence (my phone is always on silence, I have to admit), the silence was turning more layered. It felt like a syrupy velvet carpet on the wall. It was on the floor of Aunt Charlie’s bar in San Francisco, and on the floor, swelling to absorb the details. I didn’t want to disturb the silence by answering the call. And hearing my voice was hell. It felt like a carpet of growing, obscurer, dense fog into ripples of video sound. I didn’t want to disrupt the silence and keep staring at your name blinking, contemplating what I will tell you afterwards. Will I tell you that I simply missed your call because I was at a dinner, or will I write you an extended letter about the reluctance of hearing my own voice? I still don’t know. Time is passing. Maybe I will say I’ve misread your name. It looked like sphynx or larynx. More like larynx than sphynx. Because to say that I didn’t want to hear my own voice in that silence is preposterous, and to pick up the phone without saying anything is puzzling. And so I am sitting in this room, contemplating what to tell you. I am sitting in this room, contemplating what to tell you and I’m already on the edge of the cliff, and I will tell you the following: I am walking in italic, thoughtlessly on stage. There is a stage, and there is a centre of that stage. I am walking on it, and I am telling you about some difficulty. I am telling you about some difficulty. I am telling you about some difficulty. I am telling you that I am sitting in this room, contemplating what to tell you. And I am telling you about some difficulty. I am sitting in this room, telling you about some difficulty. I am sitting in this room, telling you about some difficulty. I am sitting in this room, telling you about some difficulty.
to a song or a beat from inside, no headphones are visible. They are not humming, they are undulating, catching something across their muscles and nerve tips, and inner beatmaking, breath-making. 

How can I share all those beats that are in my body? They are not beats yet, if they are not audible for someone else, right? And so I am going deeper into that enormous ear, that is growing deeper on the sheet of paper too, there is hardly any room left for the rest of the head, but I keep peeling the skin off, I keep peeling the skin off until further. I'm not sure if it's inside or outside.