



What does it mean to perform?

Perform, v.

To make up or supply (what is wanting); to make up for (a lack of something).

Obsolete.

To complete or make up by means of an addition. Also with up.

Obsolete.

To complete (an action, process, task, etc.); to carry out or through to completion; to finish. Also occasionally with out.

Obsolete.

Slang. To have sexual intercourse (esp. satisfactorily). Now frequently with admixture of sense.

To compose or write a work upon a subject.

Obsolete. rare.

Transitive. To make, construct, or build (an object); to create (an artistic work).

Obsolete.

To act or play (a part or role in a play, ballet, etc.); to represent (a character) on stage or to an audience.

To carry out.⁸

How does the text perform? How does the text perform *us*? How, descending the etymological roots of a word, clambering, minuscule as you are, over gnarled knots of wood, scraping your knees on the rough blackened trunk, does the performance of the text (v.) perform? And the long dead branches? Do they wither? Do they exist in perpetuity, whistling as wind screams through them, violently, threatening to be torn limb from limb, in the gale of breath? Do seemingly dry branches still bear proverbial fruit?⁶

Are —if I might add to the deficit— the *echoes*, the ones you hear as they sing back to you as your tongue splits comfortably to sing in duality or in tandem, which is the same, the *screams*, the ones that rupture silence and upon completion, ring, the *vibrations*, felt first in your toes and then, as they intensify, felt everywhere, the *whispers*, indiscernible unless heard in almost complete stillness, stillness save the brushing of hand on paper, the *resonances*, that somehow years and years and years later stick in the mortar of buildings you've seen torn down and rebuilt and torn

down and rebuilt, the *shadows*, caught in the corner of your eye as you're walking on the cracked sidewalk lit with moonlight or streetlight, that match you step for step, a shadowy player acting your life in absence, and the ties to *this* corporeal world and the next less so, are they.....

— what are they?



*Texts are dangerous... to read is to be empowered and therefore become responsible.*⁵

How does language inform equality? How do language structures perpetuate ?
What are we allowed to do within the bounds of the language? What words *don't* exist? Why?
How does Capitalism—Capital C—inform the dialogue we, the text, are allowed to participate in?
What are we missing? Who is silent? Who decides the signified in . , - _ - - ; \ | < > { } [] ‘ ’ “ ” !
?

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Then, in her original manifestation, Writing was dying.

T - e - x - t cannot be left out of the conversation.⁵ Yet

The body, not language, is the repository of knowledge

The caws of seagulls and the wailing ambulance sirens uproot me⁶

*The ladders lead me up and down. I climb with Jacob.*⁴

The bridge between antechamber and voice

The beat of the words

Tugged me down into the image

There, I am left too, with a longing

Dreamily, we move through her, feeling feet on foreign cobblestone and heat beating down on our backs as we too mistake boats on busses for boats in the sky...⁴



*Poets die.*⁴

What do they ask of us? What are their questions? *How* can *I* be expected to answer the dead poet?

She is haunting my street-lit dreams, following me, jumping under my feet and sliding over cobbled paths

Out of nothingness I will write the extraordinary and then maybe nothing as well.⁹

I will double myself. Fold inward. Expand. Become multitude, myriad, marriage, mirage
But in her remains a legitimate fear, that she will fail in earnest, and daily it holds her work still.

To take her own life... not ending a life, but claiming it¹

Writing as an act of dying, or Writing is dying.

Perform her.

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V i o l e n c e ³

The rupture sits on top of the blur between memory and life in *this* body.¹

My body

Duality

I am D E L I R I O U S in joy

I am V E R Y happy

Bricolage would necessitate cutting the tongue in two⁷?

Define it. Again. Define it again. Cut it. Paste it. Define it again. Break it. Explode it.

Question it. Always.

Understand (?)

In the bisection it springs forth

父母³

How does she perform?



Descending into realms of the Mother

The effect is one of mourning and deep fractured loss.

The idea of woman can only be understood in relation to a man and defined, therefore, by lack¹

V I O L E N C E

How serious it all is. How silly, did I say serious? I mean, how silly it all is. *defined by lack*. Ha!



I don't feel it at all.



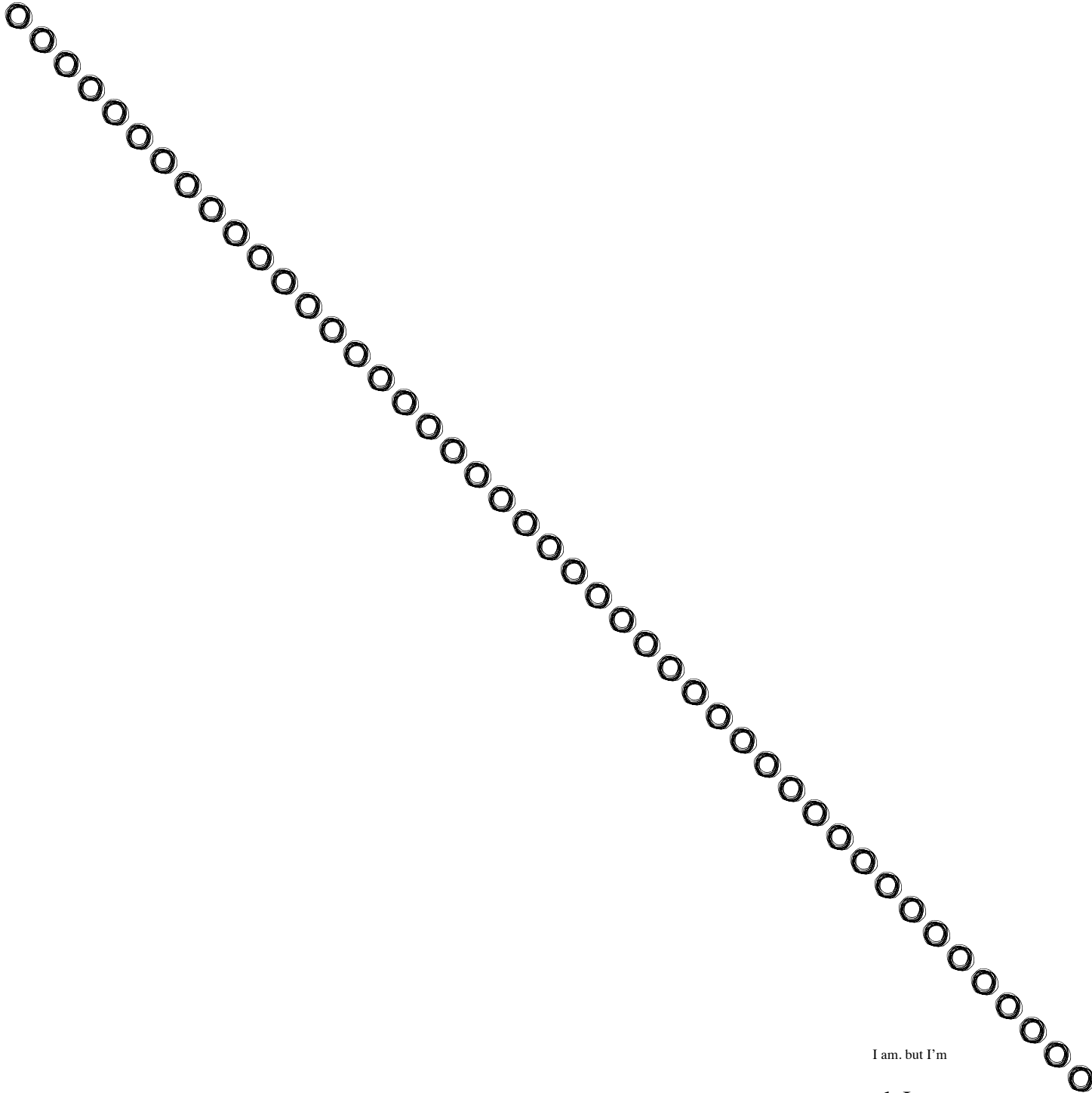
At any moment, we're going to pass my father's high school
or arrive at his childhood home.

The home my grandfather built.

The house now animated with new bodies.²



*êtes-vous triste?*²



I am, but I'm
w o r k I n g
on it.

Notes

1. Arnold, Mary-Kim. *Litany for the Long Moment*. Essay Press, 2018, p. 30, xiv, 10, 20, 38, 48, 51, 96.
2. Callie, Sophie. *True Stories Actes Sud*, 2017, p. 78, 13, 21, 107.
3. Cha, Theresa Hak Kyung. *Dictee*. Univ. of California Press, 2009, p. 54, 55, 1, 18, 21, 39, 59, 65, 82, 175, 178.
4. Cole, Teju, and Siri Hustvedt. *Blind Spot*. Faber & Faber, 2017, p. xvi, 162, , 96, 12, 26, 226, 300.
5. Jasper, David. *A Short Introduction to Hermeneutics*. Westminster John Knox Press, 2004, p. 123, 25, 14, 26, 51, 61, 62, 83, 108, 115,
6. Koren, Leonard. *Wabi-Sabi: for Artists, Designers, Poets & Philosophers*. Imperfect, 2008, p. 81, 42, 57.
7. Rice, Doug. "Delirious, Always Becoming." *Biting the Error: Writers Explore Narrative*, by Mary Burger, Coach cHouse Books, 2005, p. 89, 88, 90.
8. "perform, v." *OED Online*, Oxford University Press, September 2019.
9. Kaprow, Allan. "The Legacy of Jackson Pollock." 1958.

WHAT A WONDERFUL WAY TO END IT
ALL

