

In the millennium of the never-ending winter (calling this a sort of space odyssey) one is always ending up in front of a pond, making weird metaphors of all the wrong things. At sea level, the atmosphere weighs 14.7 pounds per square inch. Travelling between the islands of Memoria and Nothing, seeking the answer of matter, black matter and what really matters, anyways?

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I followed the horizontal line until the blackness of nightfall had me in its grip, until the sun looked like an orange lynx under the pond-ice. No, she wasn't dead. I saw her crawling, swimming paws cupping water. Under the ice, Kitty turned white, her fur was almost glowing, white as the moon. It was one of those rare moments or dreams in life, when the night comes alive from its darkened dead, making the ice shine bright like a diamond. Polish astronomer Johannes Hevelius formed the constellation in the 17th century from 19 faint stars that he observed with the unaided eye between the constellations Ursa Major and Auriga. Naming it Lynx because of its faintness, he challenged future stargazers to see it, declaring that only the lynx-eyed (those of good sight) would have been able to recognize it. I saw it for sure. The constellation was burning clear as the day.

patch
shirt
on
pearly white
fucking freezing
got more paper from
garbage cans etc.
sizzling
moonshine
purring dry
martini

Is it the lack of variation in language, or is it the variations per se – so subtle, obscured, that makes us wander? Surging beyond memories. I heard her language pulled apart from her body and from itself in time. Instead, she drew lines on a map for us to follow, felt (naturally) sceptic looking for a human failure, her failure – an interruption of some sort. She said; to find your way through the black, you have to write yourself into existence.

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After a night on the thunderous sea

Exhausted Kitty lay down on her side
It was like a white sail in the early morning
It was like a tremulous wind calming itself

- Hello, Missy
- Ah, it's you again.
- Long time no Sea, (is deeper than the abyss of subconscious)
just another icy pond – yes, fishy weather near the islands of Memoria.
- Hello Memoria, tell me; when did you grew tired of striving upward? When did you start longing
for flattened peaks?
- Hello Nostalgia, can you hear the soprano singing her byzantine chant?
- I know her, she slept in the belly of a white whale, too crowded she thought (Inanna), instead she
sailed over the abyss on a wooden plank. Some say she looked as far as the eye can see.
- Then, what did she actually see?
- I heard she saw a deep pit full of ghost!
- *Nothing!* Just another wave
you see

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The eye is a circle, indeed – poor pupil – (not mine, Kitty purred, just like the mountain, my pupils and
ears forms a vertical line, striving upwards)

- Hello Kitty
- Miss Universe, *Hello!*
So curvy, just like the curving on a human ear
- Hear, hear: Behold the human ear!
- I've heard that they've grown a human ear on the back of a hairless mouse, that hunchback, poor
Quasimodo-creature, his wings grew inwards. Trapped in a doubled cage; four-footed and deaf,
afraid of his own shadow.

And the thing about a fear is its particular – Let's assume, for once, that language is immaterial. That one
can say anything. That one wants not to breathe but to be breathing. That one wants a body. Suddenly,
and at no speed other than suddenly. Whole ruin oppose once kindled bitten tongue. And the mouse who
nourishes the ear, which is composed of human cartilage cells distributed throughout an ear-shaped
scaffolding that consists of a porous, biodegradable polyester fabric, disappears. Then, what became of the

mouse? The story doesn't say. I guess it's like the Bridge of Sighs, Over Trouble Waters etc. or something else I read, about the instant awareness animals have before a storm, or the moment afterwards, when the fire has gone out and everything is dark ... some say instinct, some call it "old memories", others say it's just a bad joke. Thinking further: Is the body inside the memory or is it otherwise? Breathing at sea level is easy. This isn't a metaphor. When 100% of the atmosphere is above you, the air weighs 14.7 pounds per square inch. The traumatic, by definition, resists absorption. The plastic bag, the pond, the atmosphere, the forest is neater than I remembered it to be. A knot ties two ends of a rope together or connects the end of one rope back onto itself. Suspended in the air, hovering over the contradiction that is metamorphosis. It's also the contradiction of memory and nothingness.

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Stuck in insomnia, always waiting for the early morning's first burning colour on the horizon. The air feels lighter at dusk, fresh and new. In abduction, Zephyrus breathes into the fleeing nymph, whose name is related to chlorophyll: the result is the phenomenon of spring, embodied in the haughty pulchritude of Flora pregnant with flowers fallen from Chloris's mouth, leaving the violence of monochrome life behind. "Till then," according to Ovid's *Fasti*, "the earth had been of one colour." But in Botticelli's picture, we can still apprehend Chloris's mouth choked by this futurity – choked by this flowering. Is the dreams of the night still haunting us during the day? As a child I lived with a reproduction of an image of Chloris, just the detail of the nymph's face in torment, looking back, a stalk black, with age? In her open mouth, on the wall of my parents' living room. It hung there amidst the array of bizarre elaborated objects yielded from people's garages and the trunks of cars chosen to be kept temporarily, rather than immediately resold. The picture disoriented and terrified me for years, and I had no idea where it came from.

Cloud, fill yourself with breath, as if the
twisted stalk in my mouth
were that exaltation of a
spring in rain, which is the
grey that now is was suspended in air.

Amelia Rosselli

I remember riding a bicycle very fast, on a country road where the yellow line quivered ever so slightly in the sun. My energy was like a loud roar and I felt totally free. But the reason for memory is a quiet wing. Growing inwards: I feel such perplexity when I try to reach and catch them, that same feeling again – and always there is the obscure alcoves of the past, the division of property, the division of immense wealth

and squalid poverty, profit and loss and the idea of being free – So I'll begin with Socrates, that self-stinging stingray:

“For I am not free of perplexity when I make others perplexed; but I am more perplexed than anyone”

He stung himself with questions. He also stung himself on a bee, while surging for sweet honey...

- Hello, wait for me sweet honey, *Ariadne!*

Is this the right way to follow the endless line? The meanings of the most common words crumbled under his tongue, and the garden was filled with red clover. Euthyphro said, “But Socrates, I am simply unable to tell you what I think, for whatever we put forward goes around and around and refuses to stay where we place it”

That is the Thing about Nothing; with darkness per se – (the way the woods I slept in those first nights now seem to sleep and stir within me, such shuddering's in them and complex shifting's, their small breakages shot through with slippage, doubt No stillness inside of me, no shelter I can touch or trust.)

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I have a stranded
trapped in a plastic bag
w(h)aling
life-forms
my mouth is black
ocean swimming
I oil my loyal boots
I order soup of the
night
gently breathing
street limestone
seven aching teeth
turning
taste of stone
eerie and innumerable
geometric possibilities
on my radar
sugar blown glass
white pastilles
looking like the first
frost
crisp unfolding

glass jar drunk
of lavender we go

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- Hello! Is anybody out there?
- Yes is me Gertrude Stein, just fishing
arty answers in the pond!
- It sure is a good day for fishing –
poetry they say

Detached what she said from what she did, what she was from what she held and over it all something floated not floated away but just floated, floated up here in the water. It's as if the melody, the pulsation of the recitative exists on a plane above and beyond its semantic value, as an autonomous complex of assonant or dissonant phonemes. Ex: The beauty of an imperfection, is a zip that forever changed my mind. At dusk I woke up on the cool pavement, under my car after a blistering day in the forest. The horizon was a glimmering blue band. A luminous streamer in the distance, brightness rained from the air. And the line suddenly whisked me away, said:

- Where am I? (actually it was not the horizon but Socrates, having a bad day, carved out from his own path) Why am I here? Where's Kitty? And why has not miss Universe yet vanished away?

(Gertrude answered)

- What is the wind, what is it? How many windows are there in it? What is the difference between ardent and ardently? Boundaries is a blur. A question mark seems too solid and intact a thing, like a peninsula or jar. But what is suppose, what is comfort what is else and elsewhere and other and difference and alone; each word rips through itself like water or journeys forth like brainwaves in minute vibrations, curving, casting out. I remember plastic models of the brain, the etched crevices in them, perplexities carved there from the very start.

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The more I pounded about *N o t h i n g* the worse Kitty got: in the end, I think she grew a fever from the wet and cold. The more I tried to understand what actually happened, the more my thoughts set down beneath that weight, narrow, thin, lantern-skins flickering. I tried desperate to warm and dry her cold girly body, close to the fire, close to my own naked skin. The cold wind inside me shock the leaning trees, the smallest storm inside my brain releasing the forest of grief. She was still here, but she was not – don't leave me alone! I pledged. Kitty said that the mind's a perilous place; it knows how each horizon crumbles.

Silence

I remember the stillness of the pond
before the swimmers entered the water
and the colourful ropes dividing the lanes
each swimmer was a scar in the blue mist
it's not the low murmur of her voice
almost breaking over the phone
but the thin wire of sorrow
the hum of joy that connects us

Still: Some nights I dream that I'm the one swimming in the pond, cold slits of light on miles and miles of viscous black. The water's full of doors opening and shutting, soft fins or lungs that somehow function underwater. The patched shirt I wear, stitched through with every letter of the alphabet, bulges out from my body then flaps back then bulges out again, as the letters start to disintegrate and then drift off, drift away, until I'm alone and drowned, but still breathing among the many scattered letters, each gash and sway of them traveling far from the built systems, that built the world.

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Each year she crossed a line through the front page of a fresh diary. And vowed to live above the line of the horizon. She had been wandering in the woods for days. Her mind is an unsteady place, and yet it holds. She felt it inside herself, its mixture of fragility and chance. The mind is more than a mind, outstrips itself somehow. Then maybe; it's all the cold and fresh air that's making me dizzy? She thought. Before nightfall she made a stop beside a frozen pond. Found an old book someone had left open in the rain, and the printed lines blurred. Ink smudged her fingers when she tried to read:

sunny lynx
Kitty
checking out
the moon
singing old
byzantine song
ksss - ksss - ksss
said the gardener
stop playing

Hanging –
Gardens of Babylonia!
surrounded by light
the light held its breath
on the threshold of a
discovery
an invisible thread
through the starry
spaces
a horizon without limits
is a line, it's a rope
tie its two loose ends
and you'll find
that the island of
Memoria
is also the island of
Nothing

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