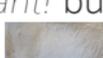


You make me crumble, (between you and me and the wall )

I don't know if I need to make sense like this, but I am not in the mood to have to know. Maybe this is a polemic; I am doing this as a self-provocation yet I am writing down hesitance; appropriating and repurposing specific molecules, I do not really know where this is leading; I want to demand myself to ask new questions.

So apart from thinking through -- I take it in my hand and it does what I want. It yields, it eases off or up or down or , it concedes ground (,you melt?). I do not want it to, *do what you want!* but it gives in – my skin marks, every furrow ; my fingergravity, all holes.

I want to convene on eye sight, I want to stay attentive to the subliminal, so here again

a tentative coming closer, suppose I give it some time, (a smear, a strain, a , a tap with the fingers on a touch) ((how is it that I do not push into passiveness?))

I want to stay attentive to the subliminal: attention and wariness and responsiveness; our muteness requires time to speak.

Letting it rest for some moments, the endeavor is not old but slightly airless – taking it up again it . I repeat and it  even more. At first, these cracks unsettle me, *I do not want to cause crumbling*;

but, no, if this is the response to get I want to take it --- - plane and smooth will not yield sites to dig common grounds; as well too even our skin has holes that release our souls.

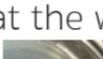
Letting it rest for a longer time, it dries out. Grainy, non-respondent, firm - however the appearance is deceiving, wrapped in wet  the mouldability  back. Something can become firm but that does not imply that it is set in stone. Our kind of stone then, is it mud? Is it something quite really unstoney?

Whatever surrounds the stone? Is it how we can remain the same while still changing? Is it that we should not take for granted because we are not granite?

Once burnt, its firmness can only be pried open when grained into  – dusty, , drizzling grains ((I learnt that not all interest is yearning)) that unravel any idea of its foregoing form.

It feels like a harsh thing to do, - *who am I to do it* -

it is as if the word for what it is has left its being

wordless, yet, what is it now?, there is much silence, so much that the word silence is shouting ready to be  away, to be something new

either way

repurposing (*is it how I practice myself?*) is like reading: it can be read, it can be read to, it can be unread, it can be unreadable –

it needs to be narrated, attentive to the subliminal

I crumble, and
I am happy about
it, I want to push
against myself as hard
as I can, and then crumble
even more.