





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.