

the school librarian whom genesis p orridge speaks of reminds me of how i used to dream of impending attacks of birds being all alone in a small bodega. remember who you are and change itself. i agree that we've lost our ability to think dadaesque, excited by the new, unfamiliar, watch listen to people and let unfold the feeling without judgment, watching the feeling, making sth new and beautiful with it instead of shutting down a possibility for creation, imagining sth new. everything is information. you can use anything and create from there, do sth that is truly yours, in which you can feel yourself pulse, your blood runs through it with excitement. "comprehension by others is the least important aspect. you do things that touch you and feel symbolically powerful to you. you look for potency. and the reclamation of your right to create and dream and reassess and adjust and rebuild consensus reality as you see fit is your absolute right." i have found that whenever i experienced the thing i had before only imagined it changed me in a way i could never have predicted before. the shift was always more beautiful than in my mind. the unknown wasn't the scary maybe-evil-maybe-kind future, it was where outside evil or kind, or anything inhuman like it, categories' sharp blades, put on spirit humans as if we could ever be something precise. my entire life is in my perception. change my perception, feel life move through me, not me suffocating it by my want to move it. reigns are for the dead. here, lemme kiss your callused hands, let go of leatherigid thoughts, the million voices of what and how, good and bad, numbers, lines, scissors, scales. and apply it to practice in play instead, right here on my pale opalescent stageskin. who needs to judge when they could play. to put my fear out as otherlimitation, to keep things static which should always be moving just bc i'm afraid feels like a ten by ten meter cube of pure saturnine lead—instead, the legendary pink dots remind me to keep my eyes wide open toward sirius, to the garden where everybody loves you, where everybody supports everybody else, that kind of place, are you coming along? what awaits you, you ask. well, things like the curve of my waist, the vortex in the hollow of my collarbone, purple vein shimmer in the wrist; one oval mole on the calf in the size of a mouse egg, thighs muscular from masturbation, orgasm spasms and cotton candy hair. fragility is hot and you have permission. so here, grab, possess, perform yourself through me, exercise your mind on my body but let it be momentary feeling, flesh as roman candle, like fish glistens in the leap brief over the lake, or like that rubberscent in the moment of suspense at the peak of the jump in the bouncing castle when you can catch the first horizonstripe behind wobbly walls pump-inflated.