

Did you know?

technology might be the last refuge of tenderness.

Think of headphones slipping into an ear. Song lyrics mouthed. Suggested, not sung. Hands hovering over a keyboard. You sign off an email 'Enjoy your stormy Sunday my little Prince!' This provides good context for your importance to me and my mannerisms, but also our friendship, which is so queer. Remember: you are not the 'you', just a witness, Dad(dy). In technology, but here too. In the text, participating. Don't we wish it could be forever.

poetry is embarrassing.

This is second hand information which you shared with me recently.

Honestly, I think all writing is embarrassing, words swooshing their way to you in an email.

Woosh. I lie back when I think about the body.

Text doesn't do this willingly, lie back. Say ache slowly enough and you might start to feel it. Hardening right at the end, then a piece of breath. Looking at it: nothing. Neatness at best. I press my knuckles into my thigh while reading. The next day I notice the early stages of a bruise.

the skin has a protective layer which is called the acid mantle.

The acid mantle is a very fine, slightly acidic film on the surface of human skin acting as a barrier. It is one of the body's natural defenses and the knuckles could be considered another.

The body and the language must have started around the same time,

but you can't ask me for archival evidence of this. A dear dyke friend of ours confirmed to us that the sea is queer. Again, you can't ask me for archival evidence of this. Rub the blue green wetness between your thumb and forefinger. Put the smooth pebble under your tongue. Saliva will intuitively fill your mouth, wanting you to swallow. Resist. Tighten your pharynx. Demonstrate some control. Afterwards, I will send you a video of a small ghostlike octopus filmed at a depth of 4,290 metres. Tentacles soft, rippling in time with thermohaline circulation. Deep sea divers find the octopus familiar but cannot locate a name. Lacking pigment cells. Is the body see-through not via necessity, but fate?! Anthropomorphism and language have a similar affect on external infrastructure.

Fleshy and otherwise.



*The structure of crystals is not unlike the structure of foam.
Their conversation with the environment is one of transformation.¹*

since realising my trans-ness I have become afraid of the weather.

It can happen at anytime. Something escaped, trying to get back in. My wrists flare. A person we don't know very well asks if I am OK and the answer is still yes, despite the size of the photosynthesis taking place, the decorative house plants unfurling too large. I stuff each new leaf into my mouth. Swallowing happens nice and slow. I don't chew, even though the leaf requires it.

owls swallow their prey whole.

Later, the undigestible (bones, hair, feathers etc) parts of the prey are then pressed into a compact mass and then regurgitated as a pellet. This way of digesting is like reading a book.

when I was a child I was told glass would shatter at a certain pitch.

I stood in the kitchen and screamed for hours, waiting for something to break. I did not know the note's frequency had to have the same resonance as that of the glass. Loud, too. At least 150 decibels.

¹ From a text by Eileen Myles called foam, in which they also make the observation that "there's something incredibly queer about foam". It can be found at <https://circusbook.org/2014/foam/>

The quality of loudness is known as intensity. I was only a child. Even if I had released that sort of

energy, I would have needed to be so close to the glass that the tiny, fast-moving shards would have cut my face. A body is only a vessel, here especially. Denise Riley began to explain this when she wrote of our 'shame at making a noise which must become bearable'. A body is the only breakable vessel, here especially. Desire has repetitive consequences. Language is one of them.

I like other dogs.

In the gallery sometimes I like to look for them hidden in paintings. Mostly they can be found in the lower half, held in an arm or sat at a foot.

I am more comfortable when I can say it was someone-else's idea, not mine.

I did it when I was a child too; I have always liked other dogs.

ideas are so needy.

Everything I touch becomes an influence. Fingertips are the most specific form of identification ever invented.



Detail of a painting by Genieve Figgis.

if you say idea slowly enough, three or four times, it starts to sound like a name.

Worn-out, capable. In ancient Greek idea was neither positive or negative, translating as the look of a thing. When did language get so reassuring!?

did you know it when you were younger?

queerness manoeuvres like Stemonitis slime mould.

Growing in tight clusters on rotten wood. Outside of fingertips, nature provides the best cliches. I don't need to tell you that the Stemonitis slime mould is pink. Microscopically so.