

I check my schedule again and in another conversation app with you the speech bubble appears. I watch the familiar animation of three dots moving up and down appearing, then disappearing. Reflected light from spring leaves form intricate patterns on my apartment wall that I read as a feeling-tone of possibility.

I observe a thought to leave my apartment. Figures hunched over car batteries, wires and their filaments which seem to flail, the image seemingly bent by excessive heat, like snakes writhing in blistered hands. An invocation of the everyday which rises, falters. Within me resides a primal desire for initiation to become something else, anew and modern.

Long stretches of time. Reduced units. Nights in these rooms. A responsiveness and stimulation from external environment, receivers and conduits of information, signals and transference. Emotional material drawn from the atmos of vanished days which form impressions. Sparse, contemplative and still, lonesome, thoughtful and quiet, this schematic, or schema. Our misfortunes laid out, a quiet mobilisation builds within me.

I'm aware of my recent fantasies of self-obliteration. The desire to feel small, to be washed away by fictive devastation. Stricken and left with no clear direction, triggers and synapses of events, what proceeds and what follows the anticipation of an event, predictability of behaviour.

Foil and thread bristles, starfish sexual organs, invertebrates. A life not examined, the spectral quality of attention, energies come forth, dust gathered on the object's base require subtle cleaning so they do not leave obvious marks on surfaces.

Days spent along with the image of you within me reduced to nothing. A sort of death while living, in no uncertain terms, yes. People appear in my dreams telling me something. Recalling the motion and feeling within the body again and again, to shake free from the memories which bind. That is to say that I hold the thought that I no longer exist within your mind.

Suffering memory wish syndicate of hope light and praise. Hour of the day. Quaint relief in shopfront window bears carving of woman in industrial production line seated at the operating board of a large piece of machinery. The proximity of the distance between the living and that which is not alive.

One year in. My mind, wrought and emptied. Image-scent of lavender and other essential oils, drawn into the lungs with longing inhalations. Isn't anything. On becoming, form and formlessness give rise to other feelings we have for each other. As things were starting to get better, I tell you that sometimes I wish to be you so that I can see what I am. When the evening arrives I tell you in no uncertain terms that I love you, that I am not sure what it is that I want anymore, and that each week changes so much that it's not an easy task to be certain about what it is that I want to achieve or be.

Spencer Lai

