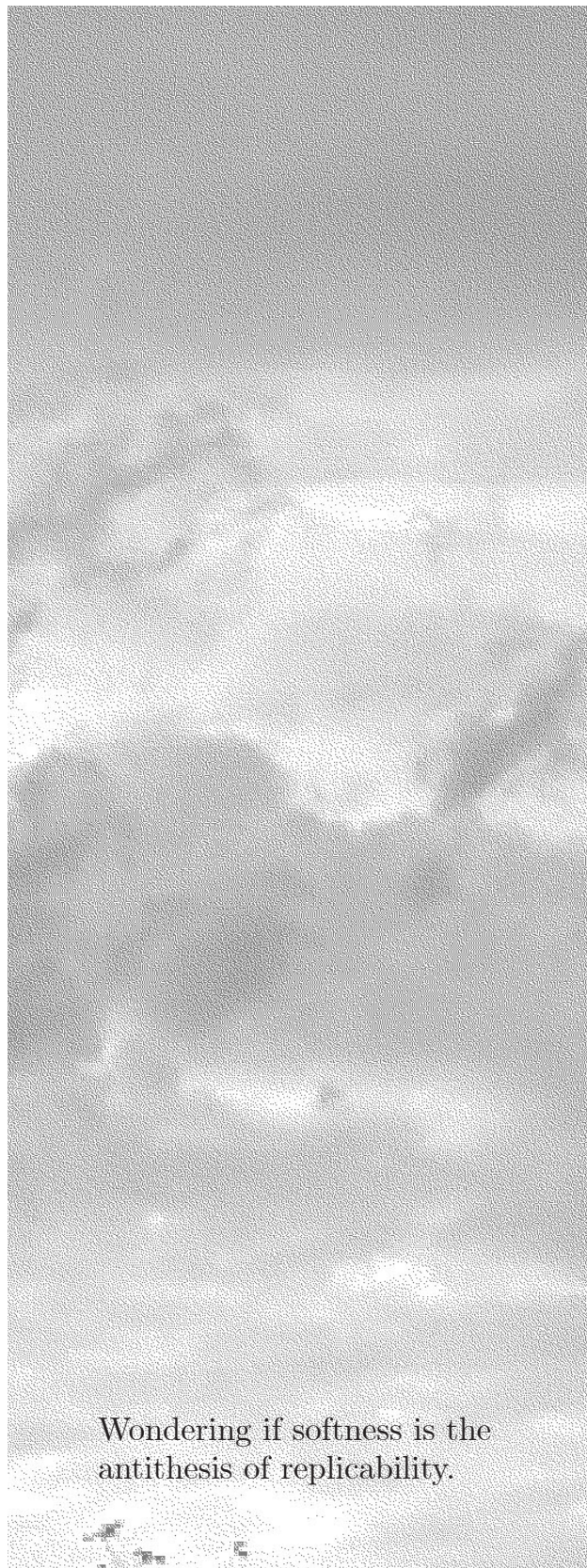


*Deus, sive Amor*

I made this by hand  
for you. I sang this  
for you and I sang  
it differently each  
time. Each time a  
repetition becomes  
it degrades.



Wondering if softness is the  
antithesis of replicability.



Created a ghost out of loss and location. Removals and absences. An ethics of away. Behind "I am here" is the statement "I cannot be elsewhere".



What do you mean when you mistake my face for all that I am?

Subject, I, the personal, becomes lower-case, i, sonic. Is lost the moment it becomes universal. I, i, i, am lost at once wound up with the worldflesh. The presence of limits, their contact, the first ground of being overstepped. We sacrifice our limits to exposure even as they maintain us as bounded things. Bodies take the shape of their encounters.

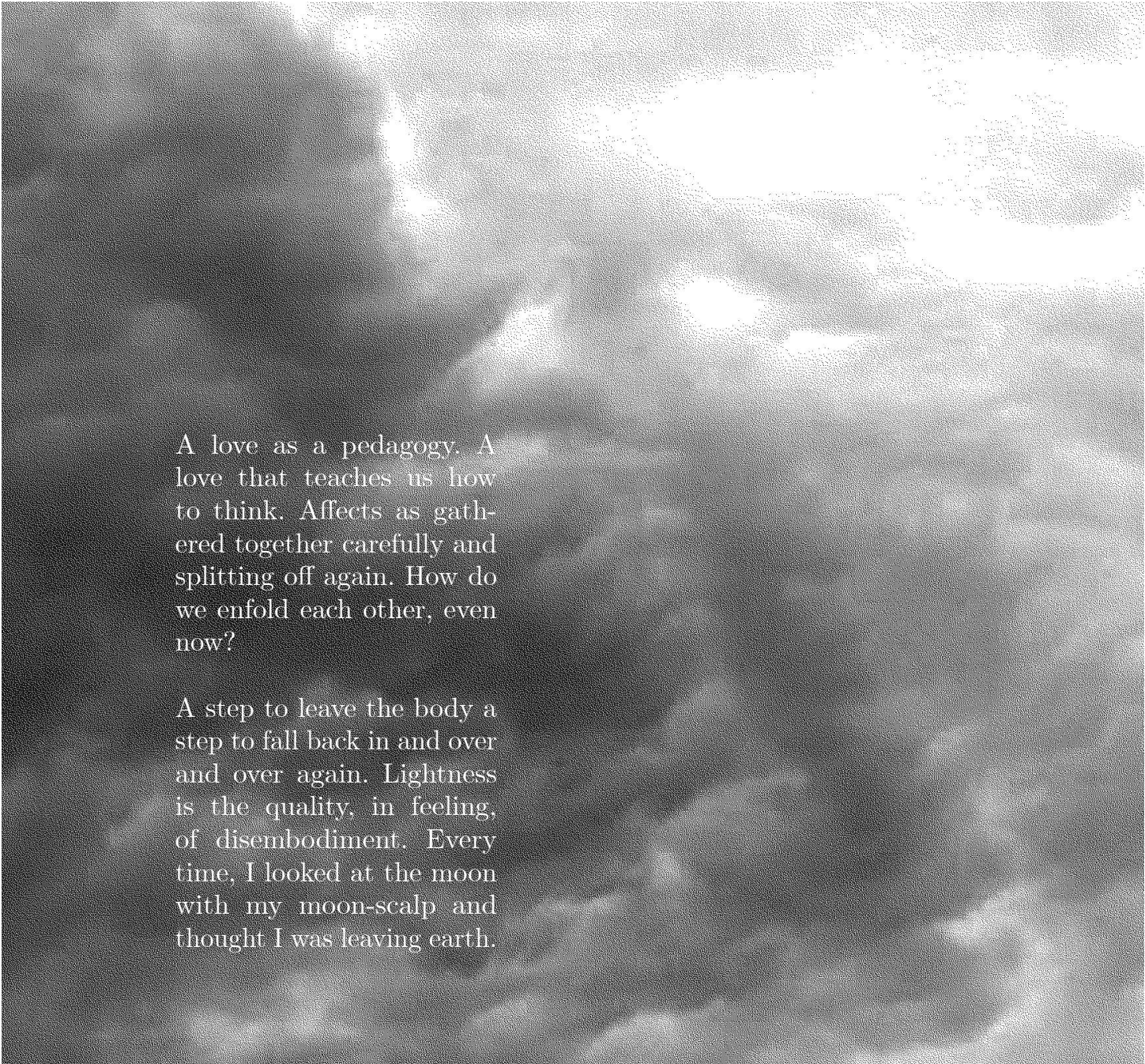




Besides touch, how else can we be said to know one another. I have skin and warmth but it is not here with me now. You are so far. I could be feeling anything at all.

Cycles of momentum and incitement. The craving for the other side, deriding the mere, the mereness, the layer below sufficiency, the insulation of rest against the only hunger approaching total abandon.

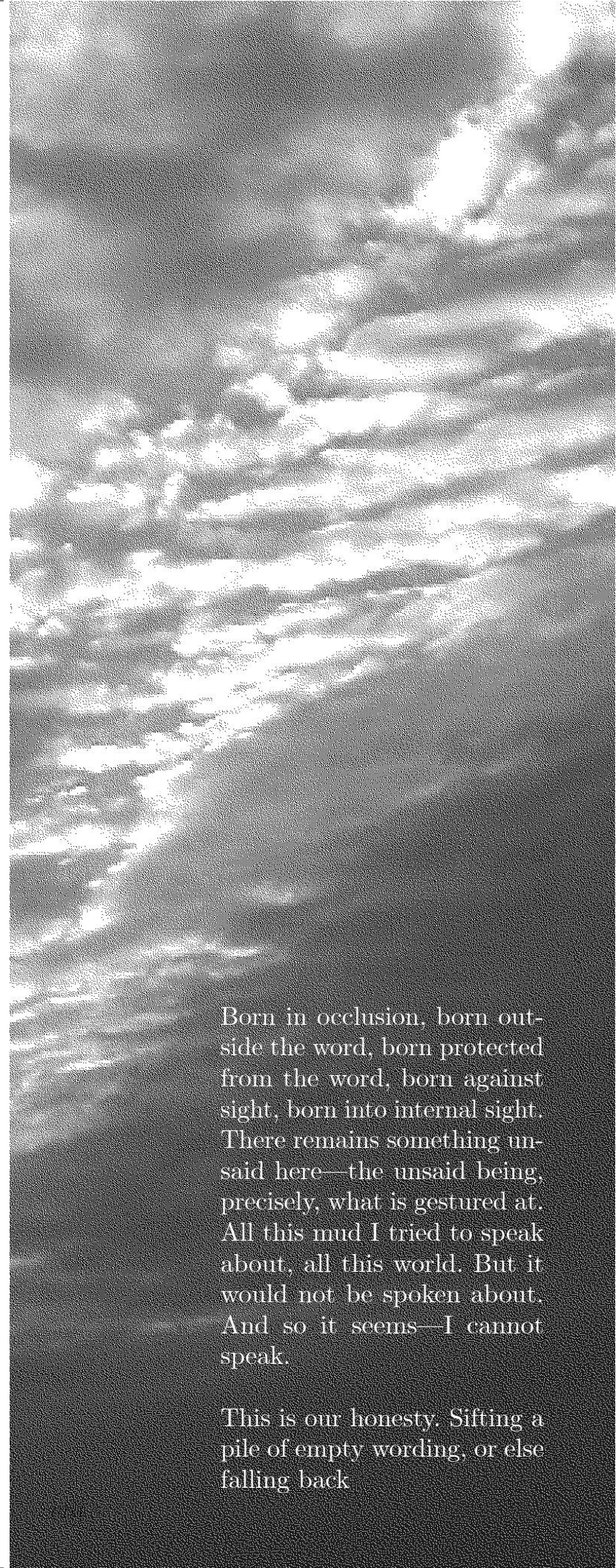
A SACRED SPACE IS SACRED DUE TO THE COLLECTIVITY IT DISTILS



A love as a pedagogy. A love that teaches us how to think. Affects as gathered together carefully and splitting off again. How do we enfold each other, even now?

A step to leave the body a step to fall back in and over and over again. Lightness is the quality, in feeling, of disembodiment. Every time, I looked at the moon with my moon-scalp and thought I was leaving earth.





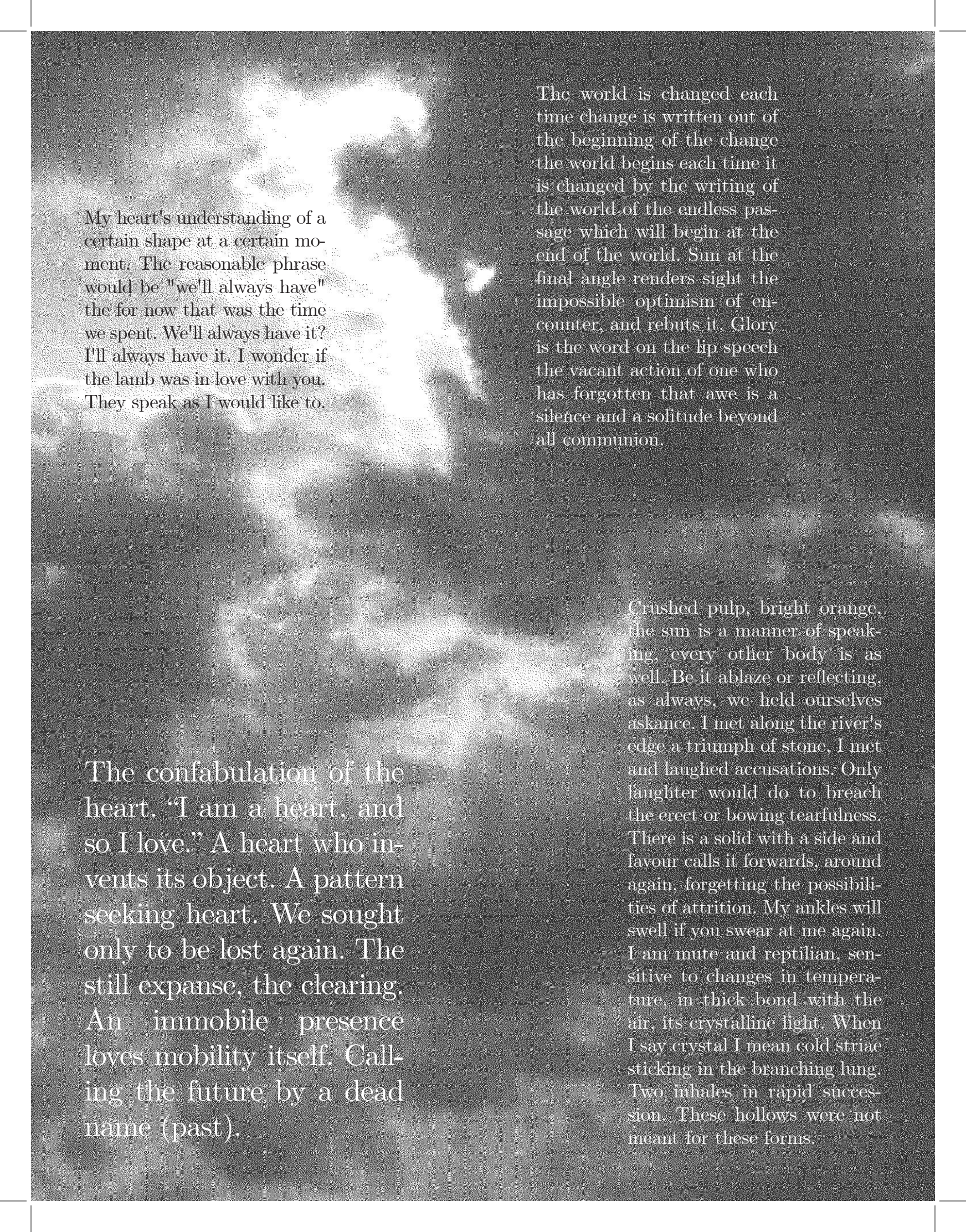
Born in occlusion, born outside the word, born protected from the word, born against sight, born into internal sight. There remains something unsaid here—the unsaid being, precisely, what is gestured at. All this mud I tried to speak about, all this world. But it would not be spoken about. And so it seems—I cannot speak.

This is our honesty. Sifting a pile of empty wording, or else falling back

At what point, what inflation or saturation of knowing, of memory, of assurance, can we truly begin to speak. Imagine speech only as momentum, as the passing of an instrument through the air, as a relay, as something easily dropped, requiring strength in the throat, in the lungs, requiring space in the lungs, requiring listening and memory, to hand at once, to hand in a darkness prior to encoding, near the surface, airy, eager—

What a being subtends when it drifts apart, continental *laissez-faire*. The spirit was pangea when the world blew wind on it, blew hot and cold. Youth is always sweating and swelling, cracking, the fissures open in the sizing. We are too large to belong, we are too dry, we no longer know how to leave, if not neatly then with fault lines full of gush and gum—only dust, now, sharp dust, flats that shatter, larger flats, never planar but flattening around the bitter being, who cannot grow to suit a territory, to run hands over nubs, textural, legible, to read them, to fingerknow, to palmknow, to handsee, to live with, to live in text as land, land as content freed of its duties and its laces, its shrinking, listen, the swelling was not heat but breath, listen, it falls again but will return.





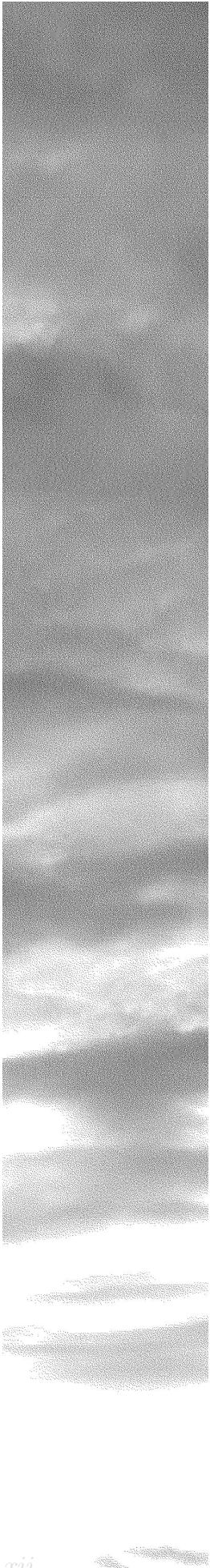
My heart's understanding of a certain shape at a certain moment. The reasonable phrase would be "we'll always have" the for now that was the time we spent. We'll always have it? I'll always have it. I wonder if the lamb was in love with you. They speak as I would like to.

The confabulation of the heart. "I am a heart, and so I love." A heart who invents its object. A pattern seeking heart. We sought only to be lost again. The still expanse, the clearing. An immobile presence loves mobility itself. Calling the future by a dead name (past).

The world is changed each time change is written out of the beginning of the change the world begins each time it is changed by the writing of the world of the endless passage which will begin at the end of the world. Sun at the final angle renders sight the impossible optimism of encounter, and rebuts it. Glory is the word on the lip speech the vacant action of one who has forgotten that awe is a silence and a solitude beyond all communion.

Crushed pulp, bright orange, the sun is a manner of speaking, every other body is as well. Be it ablaze or reflecting, as always, we held ourselves askance. I met along the river's edge a triumph of stone, I met and laughed accusations. Only laughter would do to breach the erect or bowing tearfulness. There is a solid with a side and favour calls it forwards, around again, forgetting the possibilities of attrition. My ankles will swell if you swear at me again. I am mute and reptilian, sensitive to changes in temperature, in thick bond with the air, its crystalline light. When I say crystal I mean cold striae sticking in the branching lung. Two inhales in rapid succession. These hollows were not meant for these forms.





Aujourd'hui mes yeux ouvrent à peine, la vision comme celle d'un rat nouveau né. La lumière passant à travers une membrane sanguine. Dès l'éveil, je suis amoureux.

Aujourd'hui dans une voix autre que la mienne, une voie apart, l'oie torse sur lui même, cou de muscle brut, la sympathie du témoignage, la corde de son extension, l'accord que nous serons, en ce moment, sur ce banc, l'hiver verdâtre et coulant, le monde qui coule, qui brise, qui fond, la violence des bords et rebords qui débordent sur eux-mêmes en moulures, lèvres de caoutchouc coupant le frisson le courant tout savoir qui court en lumière bleue et mauve le choc du souvenir qui se lance perçant la muraille en crue plus grise plus délicate qu'on ne devinerait. Regardez, âme de mon cœur, et ancêtre sans nom, enfant impossible. Éternité perdue, l'aval du présent, le replis le déplis et en ce qui déchire la reprise. Nous avons dû nous souvenir que nous n'étions pas d'un seul corps.

The throat burnt where it had been the site of histories, replaying, in turn the scraping labour confuses ripe and fallow for their common invitation, the dual persuasions of spite and restlessness, that is, a body for whom rest, now constant, bypasses repair. Oh, to let the mind's eye guide the splintering, expansion, wherein the whole hosts novel rivulets, incandescence itself a direction—outwards, along the rivulate tendencies.



The rate is unspeakable. We are all the pixel-bleed portrait in pale wash, white and blue. The forceful bodily pull for clustering newspeak, fastspeak, simul-speak, speaking together, never spoken. Here's my vapor, mental, a gaseous verbality, a drive-by concept flings, retracts—an ever-reeling motion is this motion, and decimated, suspended, made mesh, made mind.



A tremor alive in the fingers crosses to the heart, beats it a thousand times, into a time aligning with the rapid humanity of the fear, will, rush. Pale and swollen in the morning, sleep readies a lip to be witnessed, calls fullness the symptom of inertia, in this moment we suspend and thank the distribution of bent ocularity, sight seeing itself and sighting seeing back. This is how we create, exchange, until the passing forth-and-back becomes solid in the inbetweening air. Reflecting gray striping and white the woodhue and the steelhue and the stonehue conspiring combusting in the image at the base of the eye. Nothing to see but visibility bare in the firm particulate shaft that made brick blue and sleet slick stain violent against gel each thickness repelling into motility rebound and rebound and rebound and return beat bounce and stir we are light and the truth of generation. We met on the trail of no loss. Of left-loss. There could have been a coherence, of time-loss, and together. I cross and part, you steady, always steady, and alongside, and for long times. Along time. I do not last, grow weary in harsh light, in no light, in duration. There is always the sense of a trail but the earth is dry now, and will take no new shape. Persistence was ever the force to attend to. We beg the green shoots, their emergence, to make ourselves new. We beg newness. From the stale air, beg the cycling of breath and erasure of stillness and want. There was never inertia, and I would sooner leave you starving and spitting dust on the ancient red road that I dreamed would lead me to god. To know god in my thirst and my vision obscured. I saw every blanket of time flattened and carved and become the repeating of its own sign and striation. But not in that way, in the breathed mania of trans-possession and laceration. By the same lines which claimed no dust of their own, no parceled flaking, none temporarily clung like to like

in resemblance and a sibling's lack of self in the face of each other. If we had not taken such pains to be otherwise we could have been identical. But what was said in the diversions of speech. Where we made ourselves. Snow white, rose red, only never was there red in my cheek and blood was only yellow, green if I let it, into the loam, from the waterway. I grasped at clarity and in turn the red dust I rode in on was siphoned. At another current branching the glass was made velvet the edges ceased hostilities to call the sheen cousin, refraction a dynastic game, this bloodline the bloodline of air and diamond alike. In between the heady extremes of value milk meant nothing to me, nor the clouded mineral of insistence that would coat and coat and cover and cloak and ceaselessly sit between a surface and its inversion. I felt nothing. Particulate phantasy and its extractions but the drawing did not run dry I was defended I was long exhausted I had deflated in an age outside the memory of soliciting lips and winds. We were left with roots and burrows. Integrity and collapse. Eternity is empty, is containment, encircles. We are only ever beside ourselves, beside our power and our phantasy. We move at a dis-trance, fugue alone becomes the setting of the freedom we were taught about. The unfree inherit unfreedom learning of the bleak edges which from appropriate speeds resemble as I said to you yesterday the ends of the earth. Imagine that, a yellow reed rage could speak with ultimate scrying assurance of time and its resistance. This time the silence was hospitable, entertaining speech outside brutality, the dwelling unlaced and upright. Let us be still. A ground creates itself to accommodate a step, this is the interlaced finger, the knee, the first provision of earth and endlessness. An archaism of faith and movement. Recall what was provided when you become the open one.



**GOD TEXT**

**Dirt  
Mud  
Dust  
Clay**



**Dance  
Kiss  
Sun  
Song**

How joy breaks easily over features, joy in the cores of thing, the germ of things, the very marrow a joyful marrow, how must the bone sing in the arm, to be fed on red joy.





Original images & text  
:: Jules Galbraith

Cover text  
:: *Computer Modern Serif Italic*  
Body text  
:: Computer Modern Roman Serif.

Printed in 2022  
@ The Cyber Love Hotel

A product of *Amor Mundi*



