

Exquisite Causalities:
-A seismograph-

(in the shorthand of a faulty stenographer)

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To get to somewhere
else there are many modes of transportation.
When you are trying to get closer and farther away,
there need not be an object of obsession;
of chase or flee.
It is a choreography that can be accomplished alone and together,
to and from nowhere.
It is a dance of the senses.
A dance between senses of scale.
A dance along a scope or many scopes.
As many scopes as there are
units of measure.
Small becomes large the closer
you are but large remains
large and cannot be made any smaller.
The span is the body.
To span means to space out.
We span by spinning.
Getting dizzy rapidly focuses
the eye.
The eye is the center of the stomach.
It corresponds with the headeyes,
it corresponds with the fingerlings.
Oculus abdomen sees in every direction and
is hot and thick and made of meat.
It can be taken out and held.
On feeling the weight of the vision:
To be soft is to see with the fingers of the snail with no shell.
softheavyshellessnailsight.
Hearing the strange air.
The sights are blurry.

Blurry blueblackred.

Like a flag.

I wanted my arms to want to be like a flag.

But arms and even fingers are so much like flag poles that they will not want to flap heavy like flag fabric.

Even ribbons that are so soft and smooth,
and that my arms are so soft and smooth,

but only with the utmost focus, out of the corner of my attention, could I allow them to billow, especially when there is no wind, and the room is quiet, which makes my body the flagpole, a sinewy flagpole.

Fleshflagpole, fleshflag.

I hang them off of the sounds when they come out in the morning.

To dry, to drape, to drag.

Billowing is for the quiet and warm winds only.

Like a knit.

It took a long time to realize that crocheting is just many small lassos.

And that one could imagine, their bodies to be the string *or* the hook.

That the arm is the rope *and* the arm throwing the rope.

Which makes ropes flesh and flesh ropes.

And arms hooks and hips hooks and heads hooks.

Which makes a hollowing feeling.

As though to scoop were to make a net.

And to fold an arm were to make a knot.

Here; we untangle by cutting in half.

To start again.

The cut edge of the thought-knot becomes a seam at which one's meeting with it is generative of a landscape.

A miniature, whirled, landscape.

Residue of the knot, fan of the breath, touch of the concept.

We continue.

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The space of the daydream has not no edges,
but so many I cannot count.

To scribble,

as though trying to fill an entire page,
can only be completed if the page is finite, and flat.

If the page is huge, multidimensional, and moving through time, the scribbler keeps madly going,

not because they think they can fill the page, but because they are enjoying the act.

And the ribs are such a generous cage that they open themselves a bit and let some light come out.

Small points of thought might connect them to the scapulae, and still they might drift,

Arc shifting, shift arching,

blind and scrapeless and busy as nests.

They hold them

holding the other.

Flagbones create saltflake skin, falling out to stand in the air.

Like many small bugles,

calling back to me!

The echo is childlike.

The voice that comes back over the mountain.

It has a small songlike quality,

Like a skin hovering over a skin.

And there is an under-logic,

in the body.

It is below the busy nest.

It bellows.

Is opinionated.

Passionate.

A sense-mind.

Knows the heat of the floor,

The falling of sound onto the arm.

The stomach in the finger that makes small sucking sounds as it gently

touches the floor and keeps moving along in a slow and

meticulous pattern so slowly

that it looks tentative to those that are not stomach walkers but in fact it is

methodical, curious, and incredibly precise.

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Falling asleep in the wheeling.

We go *in* in.

undris, undrin, thundrin.

A tactile sound.

This becomes us.

We become this.

One becomes un-one.

unoneunoneunoneunoneunone.

Unwound.

Unwinding looks like healing.

To Un-Wound.

Something, a wound.
Our capacity for confusion is heightening, the threshold of our particulate mass.
The line extends, raises, joins.
To raise an eye to you, I did.
Grappling with the level, with the measure.
Measure me by ripping me.
This is my integrity, this is my promise to you, this is what I am good for.
I am done for, I have done, un-down.
Slip forehead skin, slip skull, slip hand across my hand, hover, bounce to me to me to me to me
to me to me.
To have it all.
sound *Do-*
Doubt has a big home.
It is our dough, our daily bread.
It is delicious.
Rising with huge bubbles.
A red,
A small,
A drooping,
A study on affect:
My arms are the most affected, especially the hands.
The gut is the least affected but the most *affective*.
Sometimes the middle of the room is latent, sometimes it is laboring.
It takes a labor to relax, it takes something to not step in,
to *not take* something.
Something about a thought,
that trails between us and brushes its own tracks off of the sand.
Something about a softening.
'Softening is hot---'
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I call out in your vernacular.
In my best impression of you
I lay my body into the mud and watch for the shape it makes.
It does not make the same shape as yours, but it makes something other than mine.
Somewhere, a voice in the room said something about ease.
Ease not without its striking qualities.
It's a slippage of energy which occurs in a transfer.
It's a cloud.
At this stage in the game we are not mimicking each other, or even mirroring aspects.
We are communicating entirely invisibly.

And knowing is knowing.
These relationships become more and again satellitory.
I open.
An orbital breach is formed.
This is an airway for the transmission of microscopic information.
This is informal,
In-forming,
In formulation,
Un formed,
Coming to form.
Passing through form, per form, into somewhere else.
Into and out of the breach.
Like a head in transition.
We open.
Something emerges,
A shape in the O,
An aggregation of matters.
A congregation of ants.
A massive quick passing of incredibly huge light bodies.
About a sinewy enclosure-
How one might push at the edges of it; like a breach baby.
How one might pass by an arm,
How one might touch at a distance,
How one might exchange a message.
Grief more like a sunspot than a decomposition.
So high and bright, spreading out across the chest.
That wavering, wide, chest.
And how it arcs, so impossibly that it is sure
to go on forever until it passes away as well.
Into another opening.
Where another hand is waiting.
Where laces go through holes and cross, and cross back again, and are pulled, and are relaxed,
and hold something together.
This is the form.
Not a thing that is hard, but something viscous being held together by many many warm and
shiny strands.
Not to break but eventually to burst.
If only the right pressure and timing applies itself.
My pursuit is to be even more glancing.

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Sound is a mode of transportation.

In order to hear, one must close the eyes and open the inner ears.

Means; you can't hear if you are seeing, you can't see if you are hearing.

If you are; seeing and hearing at the same time, then you are on a vector in another direction.

If you are not seeing nor hearing, then you are completely the feeling of the skin.

Every action of closing is a means to an opening.

Every hope is a means to a meeting and
a means to a disappointment.

Ventricles and doors are vehicles.

Vulnerability is soft and your dancings are responses.

Softness is rigorous, exhausting and dangerous.

Rounding is a way of behaving with all of these forces that are so strong.

To roll one can interact with anything,
moderate a stimulation.

Deflect, as a mode of communication.

Bouncing, reverbing, echoing, arching.

I mean, I can't touch you.

So I touch you by pressing
my hand on *my* rib.

If the primary way of meeting is mimicry,
the second; mirroring aspect,
the third; subtle affectation,
the fourth is mutual acknowledgement without any signs at all,
merely a knowing.

This rigor is folded and folded against time,
against our time together.

Our time together is remaining the same but has gone from being long to being short.

Time is a thing moved by our senses.

A score is not a something, but the action of playing something.

The middle of the room holds infinite potential until it is actualized.

Once actualized there are as many of it as there are ways of remembering it,
through time.

To say it is potential even after it is actualized.

Not to say 'something put on.'

I want to say 'something taken off.'

*"take it off,
take me with you."*

As many situations as there are situations.

As many involvements.

As many noises.
As many sounds in the skin.
Sound so small it barely surfaces.
Sound and silence carrying the *if*-ing.
Carrying you to me,
and me to you.

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A seismograph is made after the quake, but you can read it and know something about it.
The quake.
When it happened and how strong it was.
How long it extended for.
It can be read from right to left,
as we follow the curves back into time.
A seismograph will tell about the pre-rumble, and also the post.
It can't tell us however,
What the air smelled like that day,
what color shirt the figure was wearing,
as they were pulled from underneath the rafter.
Which way the birds flew when it happened.
These we might pick up from other sources
and compile them,
but the events of the rupture are beyond description.
A seismograph,
is a useless tool of measurement.
A drawing of the curve,
the barest trace.
Seismographs
Are beautiful to look at
If you are not in the epicenter of the collapse.
Wherever you were
in relation to the wave,
a seismograph,
doesn't exist without quaking.

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(Seismograph of MODULE, Winter 2022. By neva guido)