



(Netherlands)

BLOODWORK

I ask to be unrecorded. When I come to, it's always the same: storm ground loose, wet, narrowing, and I have been dreamed by my own gesture elsewhere. It feels like a lightning strike I sent ahead of time. That stands to reason. I miss my quotidian life.

Despite it all, the sense is retained: a decent yet shadowy note to self. It's all the same old quest. When you go staring towards your discomfort there's many ways it can take you. It's just that I wasn't always in control and when you're allowed to be alone: Eureka. Look what comes round the corner. I thought you better, I said to myself. Why this? When did I become a casual observer? You see? It is a guilty process being the weaker.

Once, I locked myself in a building. There was little there but the weight of ages. Doors gone, flatness in the dark. Some lines and perimeters. I guessed only the body in evidence, the larger expanse being not of sky or place but of skin. This all there was: a fear, a counter, a warning felt. I felt the decade transform. I stopped being young there. I couldn't find a language to name what it saw. I still look with anxiety for that tentative rise of injustice and how to bring it back to center, how to not make that split-second vault to the door when it swings to mind unexpectedly.

I have the dullest dreams of weather, but the inquietude of it all means I know things. As if someone years ago placed their hand on my arm, said there's pain in you, though I just see topography of body.