

I

I

ONE

I'm alone in a plain white  
room

...even my skin; the  
membrane between the  
inside and outside of my  
body vibrates with pain and  
confusion of not knowing  
where to be if not next to  
you.

My eyes hurt from not  
looking at you for so long,  
and instead having to look  
at people and objects I find  
much less attractive.

I don't need you

I don't need you

I cry all the time for no  
reason.

Is this fear?



Do I feel

...fear the bag someone left behind on the subway...fear the idea that you might not be worried enough about things and maybe have forgotten to worry about something that might harm you...

fear dark-skinned people,

sexual preferences,

fear ambiguity in general...

and we fear loners...don't  
do anything weird or out of  
character and above all  
make sense all the time.  
Stay coherent. Don't fall  
apart.

Keep it together

Lately I've been thinking that we should actually be much more afraid...that we aren't afraid enough...that we should terrorize our own hearts with the idea that our petty, buzzing anxieties about misplaced backpacks and people we don't know have been distracting us from that real fear, that absolute horror that is the wilderness of our own un-unified, schizophrenic hearts.

Until our pretend world of  
coherent images and  
mainstream  
narratives dissolves around  
us and all that is left is the  
beating pulse of blood in  
our ears and the throbbing  
of our measly human  
genitals.



TWO

We two do not look alike,  
but we are classified as the  
same because of the way  
we sound. The sound of  
our speech is all that we  
are.

CAKE

CAKE

I'm not sure if I will like the other pieces.

How can I assume they all taste the same?

CAKE

CAKE

**THREE**

**THREE**

Plain white is emptiness, a vacuum, sucking sound, everything pulled into its vast space.



Plain white is the  
pornography inside my  
eyelids, it's the reflective  
surface onto which I project  
this blue movie in my  
mind's eye.

FOUR

FOUR

We're taught to think of sex as an object of desire and so the satisfaction of that desire as something you have to 'get.'

There is no essence of life that fills your body but which is missing from that of a corpse. Everyone used to think that there was, that there was something you could distill out of blood or fraction off of breath, and that the presence of this substance in medicines was what lent them their power to cure.

Same with sex.

Sex is the chance to remake yourself on the anvil of nature. To remake yourself in whatever shape pleases you.

Every orgasm is a hammer  
blow, and beneath the  
sparks you are malleable.

FIVE

FIVE

FIVE

You feel so far away. I ache  
for your body and over the  
phone I suggest we have a  
baby.



What do I even really want?  
Forgive my aggressive  
fumbles toward your  
impossible arms.

And I haven't told you  
nearly everything.

SIX

SIX

You are a book I wrote that  
is all spines and no pages.

SEVEN

SEVEN

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SEVEN

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The word in language is half  
someone else's.

Q: Why is the pool so cold?

Q: What are you up to in  
your spare time right now?



Q: Getting laid?

Q: What is your favorite letter of the alphabet?

Q: What did you do?

Q: I don't like going out to clubs.

Q: I always feel so alone.

Q: Why do you go  
anywhere?

Q: Tell me about how you eat when you're alone?

Q: How old does an object  
have to be to be considered  
“Timeless”?



Q: How long are you?

Q: How do you make  
nothing?

Q: Sometimes I feel like a  
bunch of curtains...

Q: What are computers?

**Q: What is a drum?**

**Q: What is nice?**

Q: What does every word mean?

Q: What is "Q"?



Q: What is "!" ?

Q: How do we know it's  
real?

**Q: What if fake feels real?**

Q: What color is the sound  
of your name?

Q: What comes next?

Q: Can you think of a thing  
that itself is a symbol, too?

Q: Do you know anyone  
whose name is just one  
letter?

Q: If your first name was only one letter which letter would it be?