



Jodi Hertz & Frances Williams

I AM REALLY ALIVE

Espace Maurice

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The Heart Beyond

Always, it was in the light, where most things began. Your head fell onto my chest in a little breath, the sun folded into the room like a lily. The winter was above me. I wanted to be the magician though I couldn't see through the cold air.

I was starting to understand something different about the world. Not that I had come into possession of some secret information but I had become more sensitive to *R*A*D*I*A*N*C*E*. The radiant nature of well, everything. As if the reams of light bouncing off of the material world also carried information beyond forms in space and the color of these forms. Pure SPIRIT and the spirit of TRUTH, it appeared were now being funneled into my eyes from the beaming of what I came in contact with.

Tracing around the circumference of your legs is my mind in the morning. The knitted band of the thigh high socks you wear become a halo in my perfect vision. How could it not be? Gently running three fingers along the interior ring of fabric, I shiver on the antebate of oscillating thoughts. Something rubbing against your inner thigh for hours. Evening was gathering in our extraordinary position, the blushing (BLOOD RUSHING) of your erotic laughter.

I was surprised to find the light change, sounding out the darkness through the windows in the front room with new intensity. The manifestation of the spinning Earth, of course, time is the expression of objects moving in space. How could I have forgotten? It was a bizarre season of life. My desires are swelling and crashing on cliffs in my mind.

The fountain bathed in new red light, soaking in the voices. It wasn't hands that placed the stones at the edge of the water's feet though they were there in perfect form. Song of the fountain breaking through the day lit up to call back our own friends in good faith, long, cold drinks, pigeons crowning the stone where the water bursts. I saw something like it once out the window. Water pouring down in strands of lilac, lips closing and opening in the throb of language to keep rain from entering into the mouth. I saw you across the street and all I could think of was how to describe what it looks like to be walking down the beach towards someone you've loved for a very long time. I felt it on the wide roof like I often do on roofs, the Great Pulse. You held your hands up to frame my face and the view of the city and the water "picturesque".

I couldn't really see what was in front of me but you held up your hands to make a frame in the air around my face and the city in front of the river. On my birthday I feel like the pulse of the Earth. Only miracles make sense and most things are miracles. Everything else doesn't make sense to me. Time is fractured and wounded because it was never something in the shape of what we thought in the first place. Sometimes I'm like the backbone of a flying arrow, most of the time I'm more like a ligament on a web rather than the spider weaving it.

Laying in my bed together those last months, the piling of time. I'll see you again. The sea at night was very wide. The sea is very good. I think it's molten, in a constant state of ALIVENESS.

I'm not sure if it was me that night, my memory was cut out early in the evening though there was a thread of fulfillment lining me through the movement of time. There is a wound in the heart of being. Of course, it should be there, for it is God's manifestation within the world. It presupposes FAITH. For what need would there be for wanting if there was no need?

"That is where desires are true in so far as they are energy." (Simone Weil)

God revealed not as the one who causes suffering, or has escaped great suffering, but who suffers in the contractions between presence and absence.

"The wound can have (should only have) just one proper name. I recognize that I love — you — by this: you leave in me a wound I do not want to replace." (Jacques Derrida)

A thousand blind horses in your stone fear. Contact is what we do in the sound of each other's voices. A single ray merged in the light of God.

I felt the spirit of the air on the back of my neck, someone calling my name and I turn around after months. Our hearts are the only thing we have at the end of the year. I hear you're waiting for dawn at the Inn of the Dove. Me, I'm licking the juice from my wrist. The planet Earth is seeping, leaking, dripping into the sky.

No words but just you, me and the night again.

Text by Chariot Wish, New York, 2025