

Stuttering of a figure

By Mya Cole

There should have been roses.

Do not be terrified of the romantic and the distorted, the vigorous and the tender. Find the figures who are young and perfumed, flowers who like to wear different costumes. They will smell of playful terror and they will catch butterflies while becoming afraid of shadows. The flowers have their own moods and negotiations. They will smell sweet, like tuberose with gardenia, jasmine and peach. Like sticking your face into a bucket of angelicas picked in the morning and left in the sun until noon. Their slender necks curling together in the bottom of the bucket creating figures of sticky bits and wiry limbs Do not be terrified of the romantic and the distorted, the vigorous and the tender. Read the fine print in the back of the dream world—though no door is given—*senses tell stories in their dreams.*

In the middle panel a figure plays—his pale hair luminous, flares against a swollen sun, a doubled moon. The doubled moon does not contradict the sun; it only proves that light is a matter of arrangement. And, to continue holding the celestial objects and the three figures, the mouth is forced to expand into a massive circular space, used strictly for play, and make-believe, and dancing, and jumping. We must pause the acts of blowing bubbles, swallowing pills, kissing, laughing, eating, yawning and singing to make way for the figure in the greensuit.

The figure of the greensuit is in negative space; he is the promise of transformation, a body betrothed to digital modulation. The greensuit is the dress of leaping and flying, of fear and joy. It seeks to emphasise the youthfulness of the figures who are bound to perform an endless repetition of play on stage. Caught in a cycle of movement without progress. The figures rush towards a time that is not coming; they are caught in the garden of never growing up.

Like Hans Christian Anderson's *Red Shoes*, their steps are not their own. The red shoes, oh what beautiful shoes for dancing, what a beautiful green suit for jumping, for flying, for fear, for joy. A place of compulsion where the act of playing renders itself relentless. Petals are crushed underfoot, red and velvety, or yellow and buttery. Their scent mingles with the breathless exertion of movement. The figures are not terrified of the distorted or the romantic, they know only the vigorous and the tender. The innocent and truthful.

The mouth's inside is a series of wet clicks and pops as saliva shifts through pockets of air. The dull grind of teeth, enamel pressing against enamel wearing the bone down. Faint crackling as tiny bubbles of spit burst. The tongue flexes, presses, pulverizes against the ridges of the palate, muscle against cartilage. These are the sounds that fill the background of dreams, heard but not investigated. A low internal hum and the vibration of vocal cords resonating through flesh and gristle is the tune the body sings to itself in the organ of all absorbing pleasure. Do not be terrified of the petulant and the juvenile, the uninhibited and the tender. He is presented with two doors that open to him, one, down the digestive tract, the other into the world—hesitate in the place where resisting maturation is the signifier.

Letters are viruses and the imagination tries to piece them together in the face of annihilation. *Sssh*. On the teeth they have begun to be digested, integrated into a system of plaque and decay, they hide one another. We must create symmetry to find beauty, and to create order we must search for the internal schemes of symbolism. Letters are like antibodies. There is something that appears to signify, but there is nothing to signify. Any further interpretation might be overly aggressive, but do not forget to look. Do not forget me!

The roses should have been on the long gray wall opposite, a wall full of lizard holes. The roses are picked and distributed to the players in hyperbolic bouquets. When the curtains fall and the wet lips meet the being underneath may be revealed, he will have blue or green or brown or black eyes. It can't go wrong, the range of possibilities is vast. But he lingers in the pleasure and does not go where the void begins to curve, where the breath sucks down into nothingness. Do not be afraid of antagonism and the childlike, of the ripe and the arrested.

A thought, sharp like a needle, pierces the cheek and time ceases. It becomes eternal, opening hell with a wish. The unindividuated figure continues to cavort through his own unlimited possibilities. He is the trickster, but he doesn't know he has been condemned.

Is this how you dance?

No, usually I do it by accumulation, by stripping naked. But I fear nakedness since it is the last word.