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Miami Dutch

*WHEN WAS THE LAST TIME YOU DID SOMETHING FOR THE FIRST TIME*

1.24.14 · 2.23.14

They sit in a green field and warble him to death with the sweetness of their song. I try to evade, but struggle; I bind myself tight to listen in passing. I grip the rudder forcefully, but with my strength it breaks. We part ways, but it is probably for the best. Signed, sealed, delivered; my translation is clear. Or am I dreaming? So what?

So, the space of possibility was given me one day like a loud fart I will let. Neither the space, nor the possibility, I didn't know exactly what they were, and I didn't feel the need to think about it. I am an Earth-bound emancipated teenager (don't fucking tell me what to do - you, above all). Water, air, land - Mind, body, nation. We breathe an esperanto, a Mischsprache.

It is from this body that they draw something to remake reality; something to remake themselves in reality, and to make for themselves a reality. An Order that would break the adverbial body and her discreet geometries, the unsoundable abyss of the face, the inaccessible plan of the surface. We silently arranged ourselves into a circle of bare feet, and sang the song of dust: an ode to the body abyss. Now I'm the father-mother, the twin-tailed, triple-goddess hour of death, [stop] sixty minutes of birth, sixty minutes of body. I am all of the above! But at least there is one thing, which is something, only one thing, and I feel it.