Remembering / Dismembering

Series One

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1.

Backwards, from backwards from the back way back.
to This This phantom image/non-images
almost non-images without images. each antemoment moment no more. no more a moment
a moment no duration. no time. phantom no visible
no name no duration no memory no reflection no echo

-Theresa Hak Kyung Cha, *Exilee*

we sleep just for a little while
the lines have been pressed into uninhabited containers
some-what romantic
the making of this as it occurs now having just typed the w in now
again
there are no more faces
well
here is a face
but no eye contact
& a braid
& what will we name it?
can I wear it?
where do I put it?
on the same page?

alone and then together repeat

our processes align a similar contextualizing of the found and remembered

alone together alone together alone together alone together alone together alone together alone together

should I go? “yes”

but just for a little while

instead of a name let’s say

as in came and went

a name now.
is that all that is left now?

poems in them already then perhaps somehow watching meaning instead all the words beginning with; I want to say from the inside pressed and contained

I didn’t say anything
as soon as it is almost that and so I ask how?

point me to the shape that fills it
obsessive now and when I try again?
at first emerges
illuminated over a head
the sound creeps or is creepy
like that, continuously changing
I see what I see the self myth
for a moment the bodies wildness
and then galaxies appear generation of stars creating the first minerals

embodying the sky an orb of convergence in what place are we?

again and together always some sort of configuration of somewhat distinguishable parts with out ownership just laying on this land and locking in for a time

time ampersand time rapidly a marked impression for the first time at a time seemed to recede

remaining small frozen bodies assorted other debris left over from the formation miscellaneous objects take shape begin to form out of the the actual elements themselves slow and gentle

units containing their own meaning or desire flush of excitement flush of intention agency or belonging

lost or spewed some of us settle into the ground hardening at the convergence I begin to reform I feel your toenails scratch at my tendon and I pull away with a jerk in response you tilt ever so slightly as to pat my butt slow and gentle

the magic promised a cosmic permanence unmaking and remaking I stood upright jerking my bad breath I am upright next to you & you are upright next to them until we fold in

generating a dull luster
What digs into the head
-Bhanu Kapil, Schizophrene

a vibrant splash of color to create contrast living and non-living population vibrations a line a subject a mask there is something whimsical about the way you are looking I mean the line of vision in response to everything it is the context that indicates the sentiment of the attempt to look inward

eyes narrow downward another imitation they have been taken feeling their way through reveals inside it nothing more than a shell any image and then they go a rapid entity

you respond after the fact repeated almost visible an image of something that has happened what has happened is unclear or surreal sounds and stories enhanced repetition

like recreating a dream in the fog a failed line
addressing perhaps….the void
-Patti Smith, *The Coral Sea*

(softly)….listen to me you are in god’s hands my child
open to the sky an hour passes one enters
you swallow I must rest now so little time no way of knowing their fate
(leaving me senseless) we keep changing our minds a dark trouble that milky skin, you understand we all
do some accumulation
it’s just that she and I were born in the same house
still & astonished and now in the now occasionally odd we were face down
I can’t take care of you peoples’ shadows grow longer like so many skins
something to think about
how to finish a fold by enacting the ritual
I watched the light changing suddenly flattened objects meshed
peeled back adapting to anything a bit of remorse funny motions of play
little pen a small portrait certain rituals I myself strictly speaking this is my sensitivity I have vaguely remained
for the work could never be mine but it was true transcribing a scene in every detail I recall a hot summer day I enjoyed myself enormously our previous destiny with my death the impression of intention and I know so little and said nothing
allowed me to forget I believed love was easy with fear my own body turning tangible & intangible and I go on living we plead for them to leave
who will continue to be taken at night or under the light of day
to at least see the outside the blue skies or the night stars it’s over I don’t remember
the image has crossed the room I remember clearly the room is dark
Ack-ack, aye-aye, Baa baa, Baba, Bam Bam, Bebe, Berber, Bibi, blah-blah, Bobo, bonbon, booboo, Bora Bora, Boutros Boutros, bye-bye.

-Harryette Mullen “Blah, Blah”

border zone/broadly/converge/a scene/where it is impossible to see/ witnessing what I am facing rupturing linearity from a memory this architecture of borders/ less broadly/diverge where time is named the mesh for anyone is a very complex thing turning towards the poem & when the boundary changes/a thing happening again/before the next organizing its trace the explicit disruption the desirable choice/ familiar object
cut out

the systematic hymnal “noooooo requiem”
“noooooo requiem”
“noooooo requiem”
touch me & then quietly I’m sorry & I carry it a remembering/dismembering
I said “I know” I meant “no” I mean “no apologies necessary” I say again what I mean is “I don’t know” or to say “I don’t know how to contact you”

inside/out & under shock & awe inside/out & under awe inside/out & under

the incredible machine to inherit it to color & shape its anatomy

it disappeared yesterday in a day in a day yesterday when it disappears

a remembering/dismembering

“I’m sorry I contacted you”
“I’m sorry for your loss”
“I’m sorry I lost you”
“I’m sorry I am lost”
“I am in need of contact”