



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 ante-  
moment 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

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?

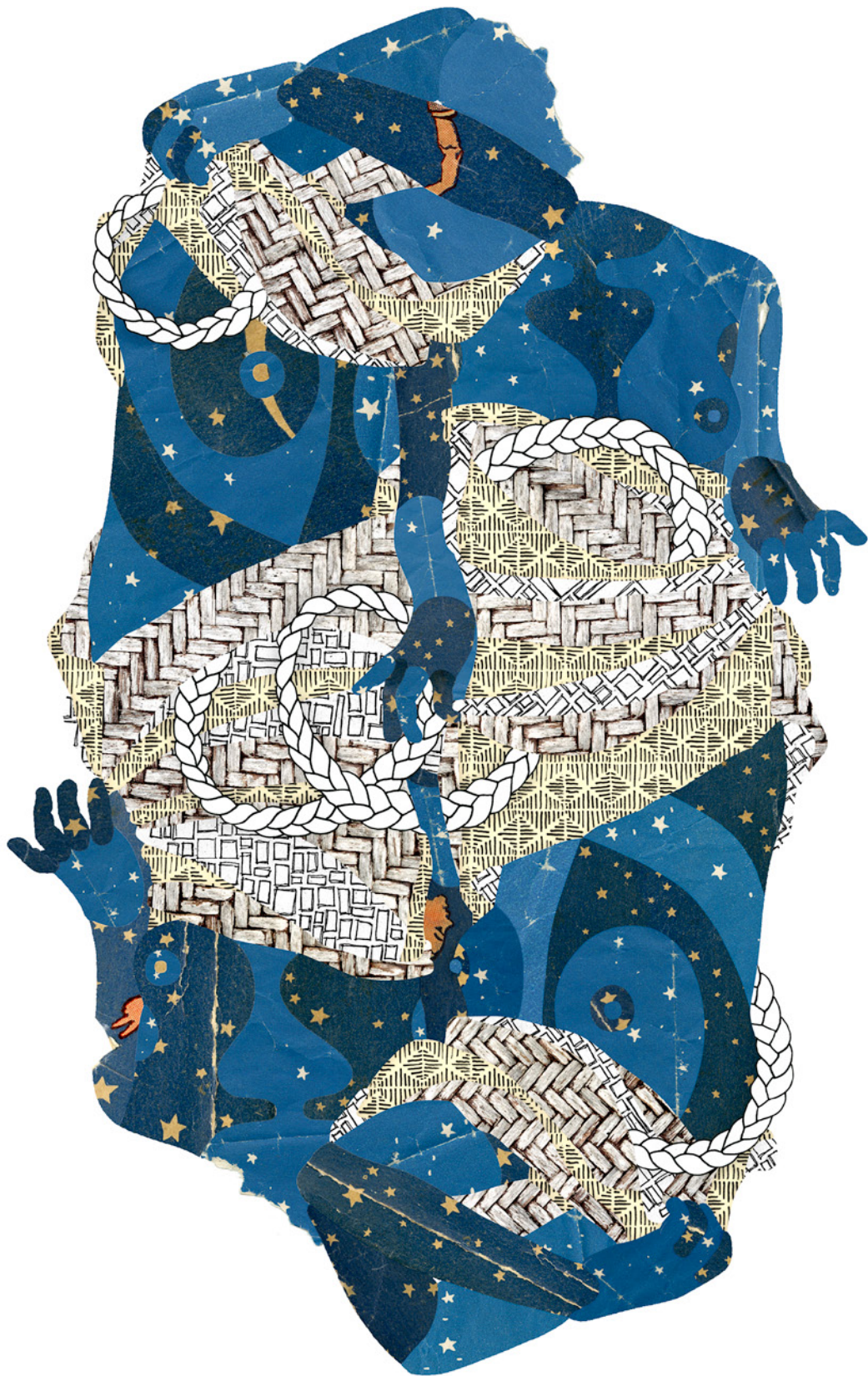
poems in them already then perhaps somehow watching meaning instead all the words beginning with; I want to  
say from the inside pressed and contained

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



2.

*hand of constellations shall never chase away*

from Aime Cesaire *Solar Throat Slash*

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, Schizophrenic

a vibrant splash of color to create contrast living and non-living

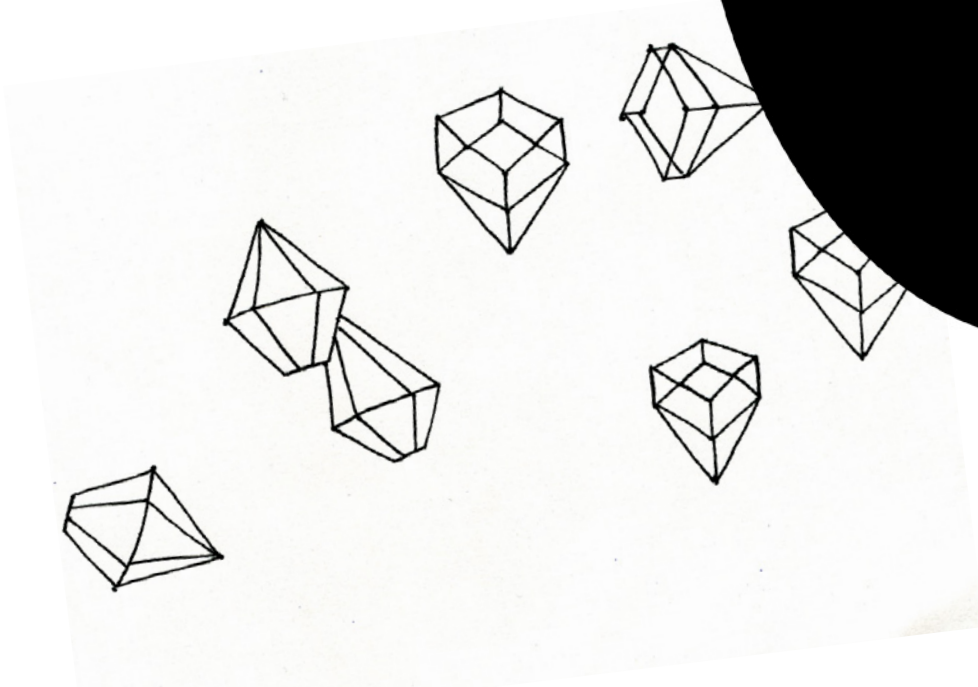
population vibrations a line a subject a mask there is something  
whimsical about the way you are looking I mean the line of vision in re-  
sponse to everything

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*

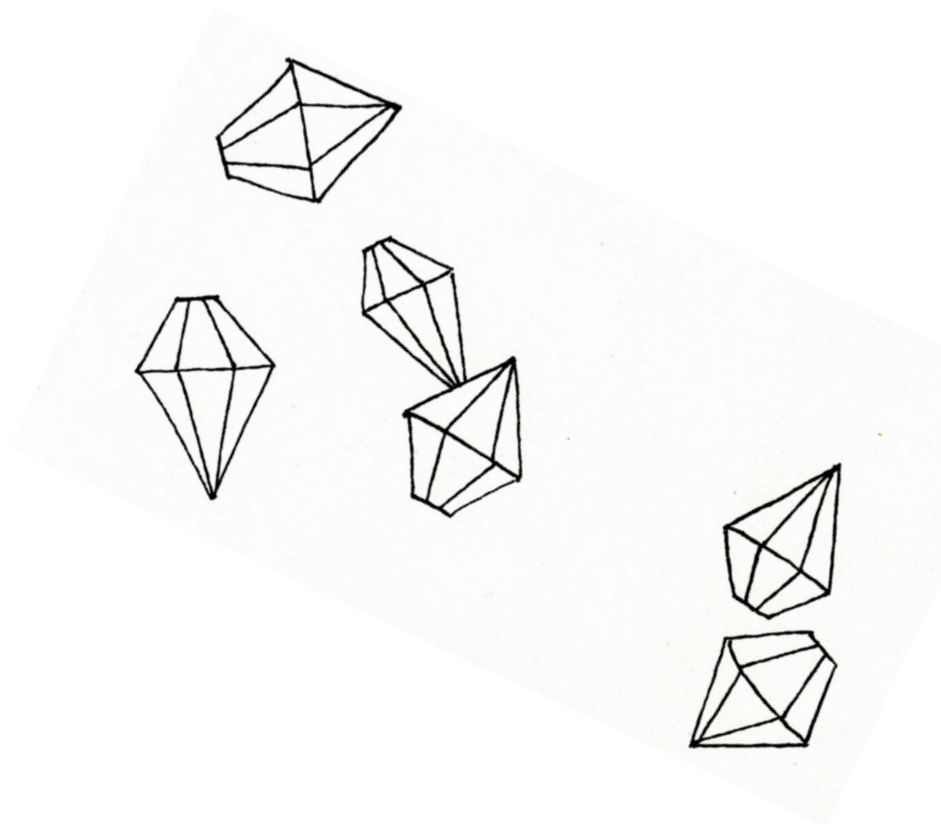
-Patti Smith, *The Coral Sea*

(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 speak-  
 ing 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, Bambam, 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      ruptur-  
ing 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 yester day 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"

