

## MAPPING DISCURSIVE

*mapping* (v.)

"Make a map, not a tracing."

-Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*

*discursive* (adj.)

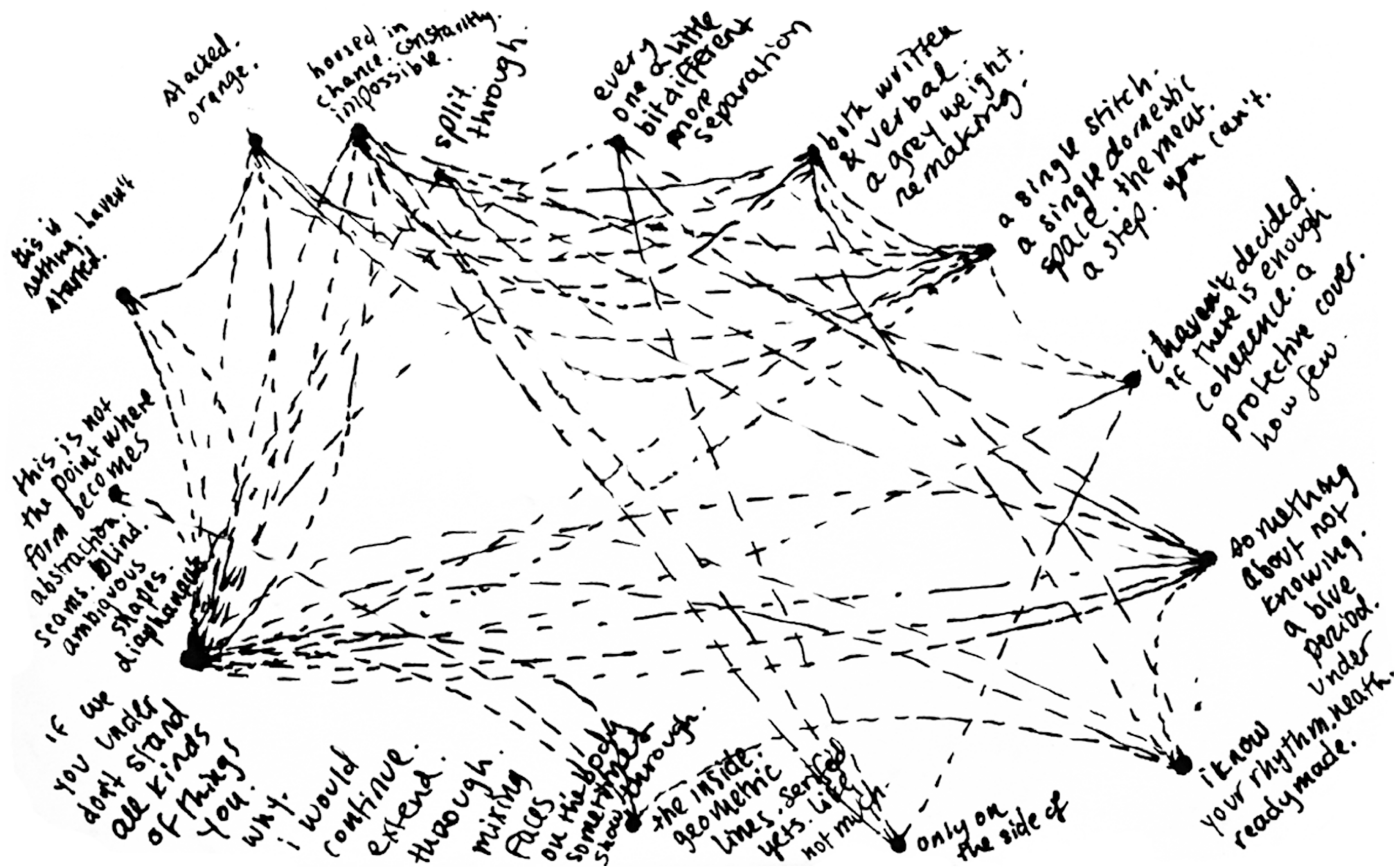
digressing from subject to subject;

from Latin *discursus* "a running about"

I have been mapping conversations, grasping at phrases as they slip past, following lines of flight across the hollow center where words collect, from one body to another, our intersections, our near misses.

These stanzas could have been read in any order.

These documentations have been transcribed in a clockwise direction, beginning at the top left.



## **Discursive Map No. 1**

*documentation of a conversation, Oakland, CA. 2013*

stacked. orange.

housed in chance. constantly. impossible.

split. through.

every one a little bit different more separation.

both written and verbal. a grey weight. remaking.

a single stitch. a single domestic space. the meat. a step. you can't.

i haven't decided. if there is enough coherence. a protective cover. how few.

something about not knowing. a blue period. under neath.

i know your rhythm. readymade.

only on the side of

the inside geometric lines. serifed yets. like not much.

if we you under don't stand all kinds of things you. why. i would continue. extend. through. mixing faces. on the body  
sometimes show through.

this is not the point where form becomes abstraction. seams. blind. ambiguous shapes. diaphanous.

this is settling. haven't started.

what  
cleanses  
no one  
did  
anything  
to stop it

with awareness  
of losing  
somebody,  
those limitless  
spaces  
with vs

we won't  
bury it. its not  
over. the  
page is  
the desert.  
where can  
we go.  
without a  
somewhere  
whose  
body  
needs  
time to  
looked at

one.  
never  
exhumed.  
met.  
closing.  
incomplete.  
written  
from  
posthumous

i'm  
not  
here.  
i'm so  
far from  
home.  
closest,  
seen as  
disposable

it doesn't  
change  
anything.  
to celebrate.

invisible in  
refusal. some  
kind of  
connection

this  
detached  
space.  
who the  
body  
belongs  
to.

bringing  
back.  
into  
do so  
without  
ceremony  
in any  
way. you  
hands  
go here

every  
day  
like place  
outside.  
we don't  
want that.  
fabric over  
the face  
disrupts

street  
maps of  
un-  
marked  
graves

## Discursive Map No. 2

*documentation of a conversation in the wake of Bhanu Kapil's performance of BAN at Vital Forms, Berkeley, CA. 2013*

we won't bury. it's not over. the page is the desert. where can we go. without a somewhere whose body needs time, not looked at

one. never even met. exhumed. closing. incomplete, written from, posthumous

i'm not here. i'm so far from home. closest, seen as disposable

it doesn't change anything. to celebrate.

you once, belong in in contact some kind of connection to

invisible refusal. this detached space. who the body belongs to.

street maps of un- marked graves

every day the place outside. we don't want that. fabric over the face, dismantle.

cocooning, without ceremony in any way, your hands go here.

bring back into

with awareness of losing somebody, those limitless spaces within us

what cleanses no one did anything to stop it.