

## *Don't Go Giving Me Lines*

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A casein paint medium, formed of a homemade curd of proteinous lactation, induced without pregnancy. How. How this becomes probable. A regimen of daily pumping. As often as tolerable (preferably with a medical-grade pump), can be additionally aided by dietary changes or medication. I was in a classroom trying to produce breast milk and you were watching me, you were always. And there would be no signs that it was working..... Our teacher in art school was also a medievalist scholar writing about redemption. I was pumping away during lectures and watching videos..... were they your videos? I was hesitant to acknowledge as much. Central to our teacher's theory of salvation was ensuring all particular/particulate matter was essentially and efficaciously returnable to a divine wholeness. The argument that masculine-identified medieval-era writers saw "male as power, judgement, discipline and reason, female as weakness, mercy, lust and unreason," (I'm boring myself to sleep in my own dream) while fluidity among [feminine-identified, proto-feminist, and/or proto trans & non binary] writers was prevalent. We were prevalent. Our teacher says: Know This! Then I see you stand up, lift the top part of your jaw slightly away from the bottom, a voiceover over my own video's voiceover, almost in sync, we stutter. And me, I start to slobber. It's as if my pump pumping away is working, but the fluid is coming from my mouth, a frothing. A kind of supra-legibility. And I think: this is the version of writing that would necessitate different senses, sensibilities, to arrange into meaningful substance; ideas' externalization; exposure to air. But the teacher says she doesn't understand why I wouldn't want to be recognized as myself when I talk, that: An "I" can of course do more than establish a romantic/heroic/confessional stance wherefrom singularity is both demanded and depended on. And you say: That without mobilizing a chain of dependency—of labor and restrictions bound up in bourgeois motherhood—this fluid readerly autonomy, rendered in earth pigment, ground into fermented breastmilk, would unleash a gaseous,

frothing attentiveness, that wouldn't settle but would stay with you .....  
..... As a kid I was always aware of those people whose words came to them in whole phrases when mine came out in tiny, broken, generalized chunks. I gathered with the kids that stuttered. Did I stutter?.....When language falls apart, where am I? Belly liquid, primordial, but SUPRA; not before, not after. If every day I forget and relearn and forget how to speak, how to understand words, why do I continue to evade senselessness? Not as ritual, not as choice..... Every day we break up, I forget how to say so, my wanting your needing to leave me..... Driving down the highway there was a harley motorcade, easily 100 bikes. A loud soundimage of self replication, a sounding sameness. I felt very bad, their orchestration, their freedom being made knowable inescapably. I can feel myself working hard to hide them from sound-view, it's strange to sense repression during its occurrence..... They are dysregulating. I refuse to incorporate them. If/when sound-speech gets to be in/decipherable. "It's like a curse," the teacher writes in the margin of my poems, "like a spell" the words were subject to; that she felt subject to by inference, her sense of being alienated, edged out of their interpretability; collision of relevance. Unhinging normalcy—in real-time—reifying as reactionary normalcy. Do we have to make sense just to tolerate the senseless? Do we have to make sense to be in relation? Is it the inauguration of [something like ethics] for play to stutter-open what has been foreclosed? I wake to a song in my head, but can't find the sound. I listen for the shape of the room. It says: You are singing a melody you haven't heard, songs that you haven't learned.

## Break-up Song

You don't know  
You don't have to know yet  
You don't have to know how your work works  
Yet, you don't have to know  
What your work is for

Artists, young artists, let me tell you,  
My teacher told me that you  
Ought to know what your work does [is doing]  
In my dream, I was telling you  
That our language knows too much

Why didn't we bond at all?  
Because I was unbondable  
Being really [.....] to/with each other  
Took so much time  
Yet, you don't...

In my dream, it was you and me  
In the classroom, I was telling you  
It was both of us stuttering at the same time  
It felt like together the syllables between us  
Almost lined-up, but it was earlier versions  
Who only slightly resembled us—now  
There's a difference, a willingness, I don't know  
But I know you don't have to say

My teacher told me... In order to perform messiness, you got to...  
[!] ..... you got to [! ... !].....  
[Let the fuzz grow on you / Let the mold turn colors?]  
Let the .... [features less featured] [!-] [let the loose-... less...] -ness

In my dream, you were telling me  
That our language knows too much