

Trans-Ability:
Between and Beyond Enablement and Disablement
of Trans Lives. A Study by New Anscientists
by Erli Parrots and Heather Spezia

One of the crucial difficulties in the struggle against discrimination is our failure to understand it as systemic. When it comes to violence, we have grown accustomed to thinking of it as systemic after Carl Schmitt's work on the state of exception and Walter Benjamin's related extrapolations, which can be summed up as 'the state of exception is the rule'. Not only is the grounding of a new *Rechtsstaat*, or Rule of Law, exceptional by definition in its novelty, but the state is also maintained in power through regular recourse to exceptional measures. We see this in all institutions and para-institutions (i.e., the economic assets of private empires): from the prisons to the school system including health care system, insurance policies, border control, job contracts, and the handling of customer privacy.

while anno domini 2024 ran, it was, according to other calendars, anno dominae 2024, and wrestling between the two of them, people had discovered something much more precious than years or ages. they discovered *minutes*, or, to be more exact: *trans minutes*.

This view gained acceptance throughout the years and hardly anyone would accuse its supporters of co-opting the forces of oppositions for the sake of neoliberal advantage and the status quo. Yet, when the same logic is adopted in the face of discrimination, it immediately ignites outcry. At most, protest movements can embrace intersectional politics; beyond that, they fret over the doubt of ultimately working against their stated objectives. The academic dismissal of deconstruction from the vanguard of new struggles partook in this and is a symptom of new trends with new *worries*, new *trajectories*, and new *repercussions*.

minutes did not last 60 seconds the way we have been counting time clockwise or, more recently, following digital war zones, post Meridian or postmortem. time did not tick either, sand did not fall. – it was a queer time counted on the tips of your fingers, which meant, for some creatures, the tips of their wings. only a few months earlier, school books taught children everything they should know about the Roman Empire, the Elizabethan Rule, and the dark Middle Age. it was a long, long time ago, when humans still gave short shrift to minutes.

New *worries*: Doesn't the struggle to protect (and promote) trans* identities constitute a setback for transsexual people?¹ Doesn't the struggle for trans* people mean a setback for women's rights? Doesn't homosexual marriage signify a renunciation of the most radical political struggles for queer communities? Don't LGBTQIA+ rights exclude Black communities from their goals and achievements? The list might be endless. New *trajectories*: It becomes necessary to focus on the concrete issues of specific communities while

¹ Trans* refers here to an entire cluster of self-identificatory terms such as transsexual, transgender, gender-fluid, genderqueer, gender-deviant, gender-expansive, non-binary, two-spirit...

reconstructing the historical bonds of these communities to their ancestors-in-struggle. *An excavation of hard histories must unveil the victims and the perpetrators responsible for the asymmetries of power relations.* The political task is also evident: to assess the distribution of privilege, distinguish the victims from the perpetrators, and promote processes of redistribution of resources. *New repercussions: It has become obvious that some people profit from social injustice to the disadvantage of minoritized groups.* Innocent victims carry the weight of discrimination while bystanders can no longer be deemed innocent because they allow for exploitation, oppression, and repression. ---Yet such strict assessments cannot possibly tolerate zones of confusion and thus uncannily participate in a set of conspiracy theories that mirror those of the extreme right. Even if the suggestion that some people profit from social injustice is self-evident, denying (1) the general negative effects of social injustice on everyone; and (2) that no one can be conceived as innocent or as not partaking in some way or another in forms of repression, oppression, and exploitation – reinstates mythological, absolutist ideologies (of purity) and nourishes fascistic tendencies facilitating neoliberalism. While those who profit from the dynamics change, the dynamics themselves do not.

any change in the unity of measure brings about radical changes, and older calculations and understandings make no sense any longer. in 2024, it was suddenly no longer possible to comprehend epochs and domains. pope Francis announced that trans people could serve as godparents and witness weddings in the Roman Catholic Church, under certain circumstances. even babies of same-sex couples could be baptized.

Trans* issues belong to *disability studies* in the wider sense. Who is *enabled* and who is *disabled* by politics? Yet, according to the observations above, this statement represents a clear generalization deemed to have null political content and effect, which only exploits disabilities *not* serving disabled people while profiting *only* trans* people. Such a fight wouldn't seem to lead to more reasonable infrastructures or accessibility *sensu lato*. It would be a typical example of cooptation of disability studies for the sake of something that does not concern disabled people. Some transpeople have similarly felt used and abused by some trans* movements, since the fight for non-binarity does not necessarily help to receive medical treatment or address specific economic, social, or political issues. The coolness and visibility of well-meaning gender-expansive fights had the result of increasing violence against other 'uncool' (or differently 'intersectionally' disadvantaged) transsexual people, etc. Any attempt at grouping different minoritized realities together appears to favor an emerging group while disadvantaging another one or, more broadly, to be a theoretical struggle without any political consequence except assimilation for one and further, deeper exclusion for the 'original'. Incidentally, this is also the accusation put forward by some lesbian communities against trans* movements, namely that they have left feminism behind and erased women-only spaces. These are very different end-results of the same flawed framework.

the light in the library's backroom had been lit all night. around the table, twenty of the most competent Anscientists sat hunched over on tiny stools with their big faces immersed in the tiniest electronic devices. occasionally they would text each other or send apparently

encoded scripts to outsourcing offices and private rooms. these bunch of scholars were among the oldest samples of the forgotten intellectual figures from the previous minute, sometime in 2024.

If people acknowledge that no one is advantaged by discrimination (or the crime of determination), dismissing academic 'conspiracy' theories, this might lead to systemic changes in a democratic system. This does not mean to deny the clear profit of some over others, but a deeper understanding of multiple economies beyond profit. Privilege has similarly been mathematized. When we accept profit as the only economic currency, we are also accepting the system based on profit: we 'buy' it and extend its domain. Yet no world is readable exclusively in terms of profit, and even if some people *profit* from social injustice, they do not *benefit* from it. Deconstruction's main contribution has precisely been to multiply the currencies psychoanalysis unleashed from the Pandora's box. Jacques Derrida's *Specters of Marx*, an acute reading of Benjamin's work, reflects precisely on the currencies and currents traversing time and space. As Audre Lorde famously suggested: "the master's tools will never dismantle the master's house."² A framework based on profit will not undo the system which is based on profit.

Bobie had heard of something like that happening before. but B couldn't recall the context. it was a fragment from the last minute, which told the story of a certain Theo, who was lining up in a shop for cookies with the kid when the person behind told T: "i support the LGBTQ+ community, and kids of same-sex parents, but how does your son manage without a paternal figure?" Bobie shared this memory roundtargeted style so that spread evenly to everyone around the table. several found the info useful.

If we drop the logics of profit, however well-meaning and critically attuned they might be, for a study of the multiple currencies of our economic registers, we might have to acknowledge first and foremost that the main obstacle to social justice is the old "divide et impera" (or *Bestimmung*). Disability studies lead to the posing of key questions of accessibility and empowerment without assumption of individuality per se, indeed flirting with radical political views. They provide the framework to endorse dialectical materialist tenets: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." First and foremost, disability studies demand an approach *ad personam* in the sense of need and endless resources, paying attention to the singular experience. At the same time, they point out the socio, economic, and cultural causes producing such needs. The most common, however biased example: stairs cause an issue of accessibility for wheelchair; a ramp wouldn't. Disability studies oblige us to pose epistemic questions and dismantle notions of static knowledge for the sake of static and communication, while demanding integration of all ages of human experiences without privileging the notion of mature adulthood. Neither healthcare nor religions can stay put when disability

² This is the title of Audre Lorde's 1979 talk in New York, delivered at the "Second Sex-Thirty Years Later" conference, namely: "The Master's Tools Will Never Dismantle the Master's House." For an in-depth reading of Lorde's talk see Maya Nitis, *Languages of Resistance 1: Performativity and Cultural-Political Translation* (New York/Dresden: Atropos Press, 2014), 29-64.

studies tackle the very basis of scientific assumptions as well as the so-called humanities.

discussion would start every time someone would announce an interesting new thought. Jojo said: "'paternal' might mean the composition of H₂O and CO₂ kids needed so badly at that particular time of the planet's global warming." "governments didn't seem worried about that," Parada added, and seemed to turn down the interpretation. "it must have meant not only something dramatically important but also something they were aware of," P continued, "perhaps the rising sea levels." "look," Frankie introjected, "they kept repeating 'maternal' and 'paternal' figure everywhere! it must certainly have sthg to do with air quality, water contamination, heat, glaciation, pandemics, or political terror. i mean... it was such a dramatic age... so many kids were dying everywhere, many during escape attempts: bombs, starvation, food patenting... there were more kids' bones in the oceans than whales' by then. the Mediterranean Sea... Mexican crossings..." "i know what 'baptize' means!" screamed Ziggy and went on: "look, i found it in this Greek picture book: *baptizein* meant to immerse, dip in water." "like drowning?" someone asked. "i found here," Kake said, "that it derives from *baptein*, which does mean to dip, but also to dye and color." "like you make a baby colorful?" "that would explain..."

The metaphysical grounding is shaken, since the question cannot exclusively address ontological givenness without accounting for the toxicity of its institutionalization, and without the most serious confrontation with temporality: *When* is one enabled? This temporal questioning is evidently intertwined with epistemological constructs that reveal a linguistic wisdom common to many languages. "*When* are you enabled?" could also mean: 1) At what age are you enabled? 2) What enables you? 3) On which conditions are you enabled? 4) What are you enabled for? 5) With whom are you enabled? 6) Where are you enabled? The "*When*" points to a world that might have been or might be: endless possibility beyond logical strictures in its open address to the infinite pressures of finitude. If we abandon the logic of profit, we are also led to move from the ontological question (*Who is enabled?*) to the historic, epistemic perspective (*When is one enabled?*) and this clearly includes all of us as beneficiaries or abject pariahs. The pull of Afropessimism on the scholarly imaginary today might be found precisely in the solid ontology it reinstates, bypassing "the Jewish problem." "The Jewish problem" is the epitome of the history problem precisely in the terms depicted above, but of course, in a de-ontologizing sense, there has never been any blackness that is black. Pinpointing the Jew is a literary-linguistic enterprise: the noun without essence but insistence: our inner death drive, or questioning engine. It is in a deep sense the dismantling of the master's house à la Kafka (see his letter to Dearest Father), by the minimal fracture, *Fraktur*, insect, or spool for thread.

"let's try to stick to evidence, please, as much as we can," Wolf said. "i mean, the smallest inductions," he clarified. "if pope Francis announced that trans people and babies of same-sex couples could be baptized and if that announcement was celebrated as a big progressive achievement in 2024, and we can find evidence of it in all journals of that time, it must have been a big deal back then." "look," Jojo added, "there was a ravenous backlash, so many communities protested.. it was a scandal." "it must have concerned the daily oil spills," Rough said, as a dark, tremendous thought crossed the forehead. "yes, yes. 'trans' must be slang for 'daily hazardous chemical accidents'." "why would pope Francis want to baptize them?" "it must be a procedure the Church, which presumably was an international emergency organ, used at the time to block spills or detect structural fragility in explosive containers." "yes, i read in several documents that proclamations like these were accompanied by organs." "it had sth to do with music."

Access to 'sex change', as it was celebrated, brought home the good sci-fi achievement of an otherwise rather technologically destructive first half of the century. We cannot imagine anything farther from disability than the first techno-trans, a prosthesis of scientific success accompanying the radioactive consequences of Spiderman and the other Marvels. Of course, this mediatic popularization had very little to do with people's experiences and lives. At the same time, the recently expanding facility of access to medical technologies and hormone therapies, possibly blessed by a privatized health system, harbinger of universal plastic remodeling, might mean that disability is accommodated – but not necessarily integrated with its disintegrating potentials. The switch from disability to ability through a process of domesticated enablement is the contrary of what disability studies ask for in many instances. It was paradoxically a thinker of the enlightenment, Diderot, that expressed this concept with an enviable formulation: "One of us asked the blind man if he wished very much to be able to see. 'I think', he said, 'that, if curiosity did not impel me to choose sight, I would just as soon have long arms. It seems to me that my hands would tell me more of what is going on in the moon than your eyes or your telescopes... It would, therefore, do just as well to improve the sense I already possess rather than to grant me the one I lack'."³ The concept of passing has been very often read in terms of getting-what-one-doesn't-have, which can be a true experience for some, yet very often the map of human desires

³ Denis Diderot, "A letter about the blind, for the use of those who can see" in *Diderot's Thoughts on Art and Style* (London and Sydney: Remington & Co, 1893), p. 252. "Quelqu'un de nous s'avisait de demander à notre aveugle s'il serait content d'avoir des yeux : 'Si la curiosité ne me dominait pas, dit-il, j'aimerais bien autant avoir de longs bras: il me semble que mes mains m'instruiraient mieux de ce qui se passe dans la lune que vos yeux ou vos télescopes; et puis les yeux cessent plus tôt de voir que les mains de toucher. Il vaudrait donc bien autant qu'on perfectionnât en moi l'organe que j'ai, que de m'accorder celui qui me manque'." Denis Diderot, *Lettre sur les aveugles, à l'usage de ceux qui voyent* (Paris: Garnier, 1875-1877), 285.

is too complex to be deciphered by pre-given forms of knowledge, causes, or consequences, and the search is experimental through and through. Sight might mean for the blind man of Diderot's example just a direct extension of his arms. Although the intersex experience is the first that comes to mind in this juxtaposition, the real connection at stake here is much less pre-assigned; and brings together the trans experience with disability studies.

"as much as i feel sympathetic to your interpretative efforts," Babo intervened, "i don't think people were aware of the approaching catastrophe." "drop it!" Jojo introjected, "you keep treating humans back then as if they understood very little, while we have clear evidence of their exact social awareness and scientific predictions." "but why wouldn't they do anything then!" "how can you say that?! here is the evidence," Jojo kept going: "see? they announced that trans people could serve as godparents and witness weddings in the Roman Catholic Church!" "yes, but what does that mean!" "as i argued several times, there is only one interpretation that makes sense given starvation, social injustice, slavery, climate crises people faced back then: 'paternal and maternal figures' meant respectively 'social inequality' and 'climate change'. 'trans people' were the representatives of grassroot movements emerging at the turn of the minute. 'serve as godparents' meant that they could disarm governments; 'witnessing weddings' indicated the commitment of each individual to social justice and universal income. that automatically ensured the immediate prioritization of climate concerns."

Life is made of daily experiences in the short and long run. The closet returns in the collective imaginary when different shapes of queer imaginary are delivered. Coming out or staying in the closet has become a personal choice less dependent on the world's capability of tolerance than on one's own initiative. What kind of special and social issues are born out of a closet instead of a womb? What habitus and what behavior? Cosmetics etymologically related to 'cosmos', so that the image of the cabinet isn't such an interpretative novelty for philosophy. Yet death and universality had a heavier effect on customs and traditions of dresses and fashion. Staging the closet of the Olympians might offer an imaginative feast. Some of us feel totally incapable of looking fine, or – what is essentially the same – passing "like everyone else," or just "looking normal," whatever that means, and which usually means: getting the job done, receiving a smile, not being meanly misinterpreted, or getting the higher offers. As a trans person, you cannot just be yourself, because you are the daughter of a mother and a closet (fatherhood gadgets are independent). And if this should be true for everyone, the demand falls only on a few. Cosmetics have always been in the women's domain, as her essence. Accordingly, some intrigue and artifice, falsehood and sin have stuck to them. Whereas a woman's job is never done, a trans's job has never started. The exposure of the closet meant prostitution per se, in its plain artificiality. Currently – although threatened by fascistic regurgitations – the times seem

more attuned to unveiling the lady's secrets of her oppression, and plasticity is not an absolute taboo any longer. We occasionally seem capable of enduring our own inauthenticity without throwing fatal projections outside while zooming in on somebody. But this also means that the closet has become a labor zone. Some of us, incapable of looking like him or like her, have to figure out every morning what we, as acceptable trans persons, should look like; and a new fashion is on display to be tried out, which can be fun on Saturday evening, but not when you see passing by the mirror, next to your face, the train that you are going to miss (again).

"it is convincing," Java asserted. but then J added: "why couldn't trans persons play sport? i read it somewhere." "i still have to figure out that part," Jojo admitted blushing and looking away. "well... if trans people were the representatives of grassroot movements, and they were so much involved with the Roman Catholic Church," Borghy continued, "they must have been pretty busy. perhaps people were worried that if their politicians spent too much time doing sport, they would have paid less attention to the dramatic urgency they were facing." "it must have been hard being a trans!" Jojo sighed. "there might have been people cooking for them and taking care of their house, if they were that busy." "i hope so." "probably the Roman Catholic Church was a coop of social workers and office administrators who would take care of their housing and book their flights and agendas." "that might be," Jojo concluded.

The strongest habitus is worn inside. Josephine the Singer knew all about it.⁴ Your voice is the oldest dress. A piece of clothing you peed upon as a baby, a squeezed t-shirt as a boy, the sweater collecting your tears, the weather you wear and clear in the morning when you reawaken from sleep and say the first words over the phone, or to a friend in the bathroom. You cried for your adults' attention modulating it in a high pitch – and sometimes they would come from the living room and pick you up. It changed when they would pat you on your back, and you'd burp, modulating the cry in a language, digesting something, spitting out something else. It wasn't different from your face. Winnicott's most enduring transitional object is that shred you carry inside, the rag of your voice, possibly the most persistent habitus. Hard to account for all that it scraped from its walls: your inner channel, from stomach to throat, tongue and teeth, and lips. Tell her. History might still reside within the landscape of a slowly modulated sentence. Your voice has never been entirely yours. Partially yours? It accommodated the world and was largely entrenched by it. The wound of language one carries within. But it is also the living promise we utter and pass on, from need *and* hope – cut out the distinction if you can, or want, and what for? And yet there is something about hope that flies so high, undisturbed, unfettered... A trans voice is the Jew among us. [Disclaimer: no Jewish person or people is/are meant here, but rather Gershom Scholem's reflections on the voice and Hannah Arendt's understanding of the Jewish pariah. These are times when texts need a lawyer in the rare case that they make it through: words mean what they say, alas]. Unless, by chance, you experienced a

⁴ See Franz Kafka, "Josefine, die Sangerin oder Das Volk der Mause," in *Ein Hungerkunstler. Vier Geschichten* (Berlin: Die Schmiede, 1924).

trans existence, even briefly, you might be unaware of the giveaway a voice can provide. As a trace, it coincides with memory and knows all the dead names and perhaps only those. A resetting is occasionally possible, reinstating the teen years in one's own throat, there at that place when one had so much to swallow. Which words would you say in a new voice? How much past could be undone? How would you relate to your new expressive abyss? For many trans people, speaking meant speaking against oneself by evidence (if not necessity). As soon as one talks – and gives away – it is not about the content any longer, but about the disagreement within the speaker. No way one can be taken seriously (the past returns, society's psychosis is a resounding room). Not that anyone should, of course, since we are a rather comic accident on the planet we awkwardly inhabit with tragic consequences. But for trans people it is mostly not an option. The list of impossibilities in relation to inhabiting the world could continue; they all hint at the dis-ability people are subjected to when we are trans.

"do we really have to spend time thinking about how the Roman Catholic Church would clean trans people's homes and stuff? i heard enough of these anecdotes. apparently they also made fires in front of churches with fennel to keep trans people warm or something, but that was before. and apparently it wasn't a good thing. i guess trans people liked being cool." "see? they had been fighting against global warming forever." "this isn't funny, it never has been," Barga commented. "why? do you think there's anything funny going on?" Bumba responded, before falling into a prolonged silence a few seconds long. "hey!!" Bobbi woke up everyone from the slumber of their afflicted thoughts: "it says 'under certain circumstances'." "what?" "the script we are studying... it says: 'pope Francis announced that trans people could serve as godparents and witness weddings in the Roman Catholic Church, *under certain circumstances*'." "and the babies of same-sex couples?" "well! that's obvious! they couldn't send just any trans people to speak out for universal income, social justice, and disarmament! what if the trans person was feeling sick that day?" "the usual anthropomorphism! people, i think we got it entirely wrong," Juju said.

Accommodation can be provided. But "dwelling decorously is better than living decorously," an early sci-fi writer expounded in the German language in the wake of Oscar Wilde and the repeating of some future tenets of trans theory and architectonics from Sandy Stone to Paul B. Preciado.⁵ In order to inhabit one's own body inside and outside, an entire set of innervations must be initiated and modulated between the affectionately called self and the cosmos. The voice must be able to pick up and turn down any sort of calls coming through one's own apparatuses and orifices. It is rather pointless to call for inclusion of trans women in women's sports when competition remains the beginning and end

⁵ "Ihr werdet es niemals verstehen, daß anständig 'wohnen' besser ist als anständig 'leben'." Paul Scheerbart, "Das neue Leben," in *Immer mutig!* (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp, 1990), 39. 'Anständig' might mean decorously or decently.

of all efforts. Certain given standards (competition, profit, merit, specialization, grades... all sorts of hierarchies and access bars) must be blown away for any substantial change. The use of pronouns by itself, which moreover can feel burdening to people whose gender has always been questioned and who must now present it as a further notice of belonging & exclusion, means very little when the multiplicity of languages, uncertainties, tremors, and hesitations are denigrated as ineffective sounds of inhuman provenance because languages and voices must be uniformly pleasant and positive, and always provide the right answer, erotically balanced and they-neutered. When the result departs from the origin, it might mean something for results, but not for the origins we are: elastic and abyssal. The German word for origin is *Ursprung*, literally: original leap. It is significant that trans theory has dedicated attention to linguistic punctuation, especially to the dots dots dots, the points of suspension of thought. The asterisk came to play a key role, just like slashes and dashes. Queer theory roams and cruises abandoned areas as well as crowded spots of static. Integrity, unity, and authenticity have all been effaced by the other faces of psychoanalytic insights into the Transhuman. Scholarly work should be spaced out in all areas of desire and human apprehension, rather than structured and instrumentalized in syllabi that know the beginning and end of the learning/teaching experience. Significantly, the figure of the trans (always a woman) as a sex-worker, has been dropped in favor of asexualized transgenderism, drawing a line between sex and gender, which, per se necessary in the oversimplification it had meant, misses the point of desire. Professionalism abandons the amatorial enchantment of child wishes before the doors of educational formation. Accordingly, sexuality is never a discipline to be studied, but rather signals the unspoken taboo of schooling, paranoidly protecting its domains with policies and common decency. This quick list of measures to enable people (to move) at their own pace and time – since anything significant also tends to want time – could continue. Following Friedrich Schlegel (namely one of the founders of the Atheneum, or of the idea of university, around 1800), Jacques Derrida pointed to the common matrix of genres, genders, sexes, tribes, generations, nations, races...⁶ A definitive break with the eugenics of knowledge formation is needed for sharing, and studying, a more inhabitable world. Breathe. The trans job has still to begin.

JuJy looked up at people sitting around the table, and repeated the last words, "we got it wrong. the announcement by pope Francis referred to particle 00. that's the meaning of 'trans people'. particle 00 was the element that allowed people to stop looking at the sky and see planets rather than sheep; they stopped seeing ages and epochs, and instead detected free particles everywhere in history, aka moments. MOMENTCONGREGATIONS. It was an erotic explosion, breaking down the myths of epochs. think about it, allegorically! 'when a trans person becomes a godparent'! that can only mean: transparent." "you mean," Urgo said not without some unconcealed euphoria, "like throwing away nebulae of hierarchies and pieces which are too heavy to carry on." "yeah," J continued, "like starting not from zero, which is not possible, but from zero zero!

⁶ See Jacques Derrida, *Geschlecht III: Sexe, race, nation, humanité* (Paris, Seuil, 2018).

like, we got something, something like it, it's a lot, let's just wear it loose." everybody seemed happy with this reading. Gengia stood up and said: "i still cannot figure out what 'babies', 'same', 'sex', 'couples', and 'baptized', mean in this sentence: 'even babies of same-sex couples could be baptized'." "who knows what they meant," Arty added sighing deeply, "sure is that they must have been urgent and vital topics if that's the last words we have from humanity on the brink of extinction." "a bit like 'paternal and maternal figures'," Johr said. "yeah, *that* important." they took a break feeling some relief that, even if things hadn't eventually gone well, humanity had at least understood how urgent it was to speak of justice and survival.

overlap

Blue Jay reached for another folder. "i think the issue is that we are reading these notes while holding them right up against our eyes," he said. "the light keeps bouncing against them and we keep finding the same lines, expressions, and certainties. we should try to bend them slightly, so that different colors and shades come through." he also said that the light of the present can be fragmented into translucent stripes imbued with past and futures if only we hold the page a bit like a prism for the words living there. "don't you always do that?" Broomerg asked. there was a moment of silence, while everybody stared at BJ in disbelief. he put the folder on the table and tried to read the text following these basic precautions. constellation 'people'. the pages appeared to be yellowed and thinner, as if a kid had soaked them in a coffee cup before putting them in the oven to dry (or burn).

overlap

Constellation 'People'

by E.P. & H.S.

— Once a year?

She nodded. She had to go to jury duty on Thursday morning.

— What? All American citizens?! I am an American citizen now!

He hoped that perhaps there was some delay between becoming an American citizen and being called for jury duty, but if there was one thing he'd learned during the naturalization process, it was that all Americans have the right and duty to serve on a jury. (That verb, 'serve', in particular, was hard to memorize).

— Don't worry, — she said — you are fine!

— But I don't want to! — he insisted.

— Look, it just means that you go there, you watch a video where they tell you 'Be fair', 'Be just', and other stuff like that, then you wait the entire day on a bench and that's it, you go home.

— Yes, sure, with my luck...

— They only select a small percentile, I never heard of anyone actually being summoned in court. My father has been called many times but never picked out. Margarethe's ex would really like to participate in a trial, but he's never got to!

— With my luck... — he repeated mumbling.

— After watching the video, they are going to ask if there is something that you did not understand.

That's how Margarethe got out of it. She said she understood nothing, that English was too hard...

— I can't do that! But I also worry my English won't allow me to understand important details in the testimonies...

This was all he said, but these words triggered a parallel and contrary thought that kept running in the back of his mind: *Well, what if the defendant is not a 'native' English speaker, I could understand aspects of their testimony that fully assimilated US citizens wouldn't be able to notice...* But while he was reflecting that, all in all, his role on a court bench was important, even necessary, she added:

— If they choose you, then there is going to be an interview. They won't take you.

— What if the suspect speaks some sort of English slang? I often can't understand a word! — he said, discarding his previous reflections and panicking again. He could easily get emotional, too much for his surroundings, and his words often conjured up irresolvable worlds.

— I could just dress funny and laugh a lot, 'justice, ah ah!'

She looked at him with a benevolent yet malicious smile:

— You don't need to do anything. They won't take you.

He remembered all of what was wrong about him. That sentence, which he knew all too well to be true, swiped off his forehead the sweat of having tried hard to believe that he was one of them. There was something not ok about him. There's always been something off. But his interlocutor now was the same who had been telling him not to worry, that he will get a job, even a good job. She had always reassured him that he was just like the others in a country where everyone wasn't like all the others for one reason or another: **“Your English is just fine! I don't know what you're talking about! You are paranoid! You simply stay confident! You are creating your own problems! Just do it! Don't mumble, speak clearly! It's you!”** The accusation of undermining himself was an old odd one. He heard it so many times, from big and small teachers, from the entire series of adults he ever met. *I don't know when my brain started developing the other way around. My childhood ran along a wall. My adolescence — along a parallel street on the other side. They both would ultimately lead to my home, but — if they were abstract lines, they would also run forever along the coast and never meet.*

Bachelard talks of the configuration-home; the map of our un-conscious according to the sizes and spaces of our original abode: the cellar, basement, attic, kitchen, bathroom, bedroom, living room... Places that nourish us like a dining room; rooms for getting rid of things and mourning our past like the bathroom. There we can also refresh ourselves in a shower of pleasure or feel the terror of the approaching sunrise... It might be an archaic neurological system, but it corresponds to something. For him, the most significant map had to be traced through the neighborhood. The inside walls wouldn't do. The constellation net stretched farther but didn't become any looser. **“Why you do this?!”** — was screamed at him in anger or sorrow. That depended. **“Why?”**

It is said that “why why why” is a kid's question, but children expand their imagination behind

their wondering — sometimes floating so fast and light behind it that no answer can catch up with them. Adults shut down doors with it; and it matters little whether it is Job or Giacomo who ask the question, they all lead to the crossroad where mules die — in such a wide land. **“This child could do so well!”** was his entrance to the wasteland. (Benjamin expanded over backyards and loggias.) Either was he lazy, or rushed, or a slacker. **“What a pity! He could do great things!”** Some people never get their permits right and remain sans-papiers their whole life long. They often make up for the bundle of writers we see around, the forgers. You try to stick around. Eventually, most of them get smashed like bugs.

I was walking home from school, down South, and, as I progressed on the narrow sidewalk, starved by bad habits of chronically late eating and training, I realized that my thinking had significantly slowed down. Ideas had been processed from quantity into quality and an emotional load of thought was slowing them down. My youthful agility of thinking — when ideas are empty and full — was gone. I took it to mean that reality was getting significant and imperfect, mapped; damages could no longer be averted; no more clean-cut thinking; I was enmeshed.

De-serving

Can one be a part-time saboteur? Meaning: can you sabotage the world around you without damaging yourself with equal steadiness and commitment? “Dress properly!” his mother would tell *Irphine* had called him brother without having gone through the divergences accompanying siblings. She offered him a him; just like she was doing now, every other time: “You must go to the hairdresser before the cigarette the first time he wanted to smoke one. Upon entering the past, she did not clean her shoes. The door was always interview!” Or, looking at his hair in dismay: “What have you done?” As a kid he spent an entire open, when she was around. He had seen her curly hair stretch and stick to all sorts of things, the way a mermaid would summer writing David Bowie’s lyrics on the wall with tiny red and black Indian ink dots, copying one of emerge from the gravy waves of a storm. She had seen Africa, South America, half Europe, and her last train was his sister’s school assignments, as he would often do. It was a long stripe running all around the stretching from the Siberian railroad to Canada’s West Coast. At least, that’s all she would talk about: just how much she bedroom, touching the ceiling: “I defy the past. I look in [sic] the future. I am the worst enemy of wanted to take that ride through Russia, while still talking of the Canadian maple forests. But since she would never myself.” It was a home-made translation from a translation of an unknown original quote. It was the really shut up — there was no thought she wouldn’t touch with her bifurcated tongue. Black eyes in an olive complexion: summer when his breast started deforming — a condemnation on a sea town where you cannot really Jewish? Somewhat Black? Sicilian? Greek? The first time they smoked a cigarette together, she moved him off his books keep your clothing on — ever. The shady small solitary room shielded him from the metamorphosis of — but his ear had already looked for her — and they crossed the road, where she invaded him with stories of her last his world and the wind, which had abruptly become an issue, shaping any tshirt according to his upper nightmare. The sun was beating hard between their coats and the wall on K. Street. He was an ardent listener, and she body. But another sentence by Bowie was destined to become just as important: “Wear your wound could draw your attention for hours, in the meanders of denser, thicker living spaces, but the turns and twists kept running with honor... Someone like you should not be allowed to start any fires...” around him so closely that he had to alert himself — and so he looked awake, and she tried harder... until he managed Dysphoria — he remembered. “Is it dysphoria?” his date had asked him by email, looking for

to talk, to wake himself up, and she saw that something hadn't worked: we are still here, but almost naked, in a naked clarifications. And he had replied perhaps unkindly yet at full-skill, as he could, on paper, shooting air, between the past and the future, which we won't wear.

around: "Anyway, yes, I guess it's gender dysphoria. Whatever that means. I am actually astonished

Irphine's head was lying on his shoulder one morning when he woke up out of breath. He remembered her that a word would give an answer, cool. That's why one needs western medicine! To stop thinking and black head on his arm, close to his face and a root of joy.

take a tablet (in pill or techno format)." Was it gender dysphoria that would have rescued him from jury

Before entering the coffee shop with her long mantle, snow-like words and teeth, coins like borrow-me-money, duty? That is what he thought now. But the conversation had ended. "It's you," he thought. Not exactly she had lived in Persia with many women in his Harem. There — with a long knife hanging down from her belt, he like that, a variation on the topic. Because he actually just felt hurt now. His struggles were coming to a collected the hatred to come; of women who would throw themselves at her feet and cry for help. She tried with words, head, or — as one says exotically in some lands — they were coming to the comb, like knots. And it but pointing the way can only be a piercing measure for some. Those women were still craving their revenge, and it took hurts. *My sister was dragged around by her hair as a child. That was harder to accomplish with my parts of her body in his early new life: left on the other side of the world alone. Emptied out inside, and outside. But, in short hair; and I allegedly wouldn't want to wear skirts because my knees would too often get scraped the void he learned to dance, living on a hardened skin, where smiles surface, and grins, and words come and go through.*

against the ground. Trousers would protect his knees, his joints, if you follow Derrida, bleeding too As a she, she was born where all roads lead, in the caput mundi of the so-long-ago, where the wolves raise babies, in the often. Dysphoria, the new trendy diagnosis for practically anything, etymologically stresses the inability outskirts of Roma sfasciata: some fascism still, but mostly over it, cracked by opulent sheep, in the quartieri bene of drug 'to carry', or perhaps just of carrying on. While acknowledging the incapacity, rather than the misfits. As a she, she had also been left far away, in the dream and attempts of Amazons, to rescue the forests; you have unwillingness, it also admits that it is a problem of the load assigned to us. People, animals, the to give something to the forest. As a she, she was born within Buddhism, walking in leather boots on Tibet's great folds.

planet, all have become incapable of carrying the burdens. Define burden. Wer will der kann.

But her former life, when he was a man who had abused and misused so many innocent women and children, had

There are things you just cannot do. They are too indecent. Like taking yourself seriously, or demanded that she would look at life with blinder, yet more acute eyes today. She wouldn't be around no more at the certain administered and administering behaviors. How can you take it seriously? If you show pain to next turn of the screw; Rome would be over, his heavy father, that liquid despair, would be over. Bye-bye life. This made people, how can they still only see black and white? How can you think that words have a meaning, a her braver than most. She is one that you wouldn't find in old pictures, and you'd wonder finally whether she was a loner, clear meaning? How can you do that? *I don't dare.* It is the courage that is so easily mistaken for a ghost, a vampire, or just a count, in her nobility, it wasn't worthy of her, this time.

cowardice, until you try it out, how far it reaches, how strong it holds. It is not courage, really, because

You travel to space in your naked uniform. You need a keyboard and Sean O'Connor. Some pills and a game it is never a choice. There is a German word fragment that perhaps says something about this ethical of chess. She would come, finally, in her coat. She would talk a lot about all the things there was no need to say. This guy stance, *mut*, but only if you read it between Mut and Gemüt, courage and mood. It is not ethical either, was good at playing chess. An elderly man, who taught us some good moves. The other guy was still sleeping on the really, since it is a modality of being, or our first graceful (Anmut) landing. It is a bit like weather field occasionally. Not to mention her neighbors, oh lord, who hadn't lost their bad Turkish tricks. Sure — that woman running our spirit, the grace of being. You can try holding an umbrella, or dressing warm, but it's you. likes her. He would look at her doubtfully. "Yes? Look how beautiful she is, mamma mia!" He would still stare in badly And you will never know what that is, that it's you, a fold of being. **"It's you! Can't you try to go concealed disbelief, thinking, yes, beautiful, sure, still... The Muslim look with scarf and all, and the kid in the stroller along with it!?"**

too, didn't seem promising. She would still not be deterred. She would go at it, with her chat, feelers, more and more

By now he thought there might be something true about that: perhaps he wasn't cooperating pieces of broken sentences, since, to add to his incredulity, she could do all this while not properly speaking their common and instead undermining any good thing he could do. Dysfunctional narcissism of a sort. There's not language. The lady would talk back in German, and Irphine would keep running her language mixture, which she had even any need to say: "it's your fault!" — that would be hard to say in all good conscience. *I heard it,*

dragged over here floating aboard Spanish ships from Argentina, French buses from Paris, English ticks from her time in *but rarely*. For the most part, people come up with something less aggressive: **“It’s all your doing!”** Great London, and the native Italian tongue. Then some German, here and there, like an ID, I can speak. Yet, eyes do or, more often, just the quick: **“It’s you!”** Yes and no. Unfortunately. Coming up against the mirror of encroachment, and craziness is universal. It belongs to all languages and religions, if we do trust them to speak for us — who waters infested by sharks, waters that are just emptier and wider than the small-scale zones of safer would believe that otherwise? Her daily language was intersected by dreamy imagery, but — in that language anyway social welfare, he started interrogating himself if after all it isn’t him who always took too seriously the — who would care to follow the lines? “This is the Nazi Kabbalah I told you about; my teacher gave it to me.” entire game. How heavy is trust on the one plate of the scales? (Issue is — you see — that it is so “I met her on Lesbos, see the sunglasses?” Her status would persecute him. She felt she was still a man, in light you cannot really compare anything to it). **Why believe against all odds? What sort of some sense, from her previous life. Those sunglasses from Roma tarocca were after him. The life on the camper wasn’t atheistic or masochistic thrust is that? The issue is, as everyone was always repeating: you easier. Another crash? And the doctor, to pay for it all. She kept visiting her at night. And he would curse, in the coffeeshop, ranting about all these women’s returns — the archaic rant of centuries. Campana! better...” or “If you talked without making all those faces... It looks like you are teasing them!**

When she landed on Earth, she was the first man to live twice. Her terrestrial skin was still attached to her **End your sentences when you talk!** *I wasn’t teasing them, the faces...? It’s my face. And I tried out* body: the prejudices, the needs, the craving... “Let’s smoke a cigarette,” she would tell him, as he was already getting up *so many different kinds of clothing... I tried.*

and leaving his laptop behind. Standing at the coffee shop’s door next to her, cigarette hanging on the lips, the street It was a new blow, a fresh one, anew. And yet: how many times had he heard exactly looked different. “You have tobacco? You roll it for me?” Two men looking at the day pass by. “We can’t keep doing this, something like that and told himself the same persecutory words? And yet, as he was there, sitting on Erli! We can’t spend our lives in this coffeeshop! This city is a swamp!” Her fingers were long, and perhaps some padding a kitchen chair, hands on the table, he looked up at her, then looked away, as if he had to hide an did stretch between them. No hair on her arms, or legs, but the clothing was looking more and more like fur. She would embarrassing sadness. *Something is so wrong with me. Something is so scary with them,* he thought. talk about women again, and their long tête-à-têtes. She went out with this girl, last night. Her boyfriend though, that “They won’t take you.” Her pronouncement, which she had dropped there with ease and confidence, asshole, he still wasn’t answering, while the other one, the lady in sunglasses, kept returning in her dreams, sending her allegedly to reassure him, was *still* burning. ‘Still’ — because he knew it, it was no news. He had to hell, drop dead! *Madonnina. “Hi! How are you? Shit ah? Scheisse scheisse I know.”* If ants could talk, they would always know it.

echo her “Shit” right back to her. “We have to do something, Erli!” He would listen to her as if something were already Prejudice alone doesn’t explain everything. On the one hand, there are always exceptions to happening. “And you are married! Can you believe that! Married — of all things! What bullshit is marriage!” She liked the rule of discrimination for those who identify with their exceptionality: from the cheerful gay besties his ethical composure. Perhaps that’s all they had in common. “But you’re married, so you’re done with women, one is to the queer party presidents. You have Black CEOs and porn star candidates. Notwithstanding the married for (dear) life! You crazy. And with that...” psycho? She felt attracted to his spouse, he knew. His spouse could merit, of course, there are system quotas to fill, where you represent the overcome prejudice that your easily mess people up. The opulent soulless United States. Guns, wars, and the death penalty. Economical tyranny, appointment symbolizes. You can be almost whatever you want to be, as long as *you are it*. But if it’s political shocks, and puritanism.

you... **“End your sentences!”** On the other hand, the issue of prejudice covers the deeper and wider She landed on planet Earth with leather boots. Music was electronic. Voice was distorted. There was no partition issue of judgment. The concept of prejudice serves to purify and fortify judgment, which is built and for that sort of arrival. He did wonder more than once how she would be in bed. She wouldn’t say much about it — apart thought in opposition to it. There is no history to judgment, whose hegemony is both binding and left from a few disgusting details. “Shall we bike to the Ally of Cosmonauts?” A metallic coldness cut the threads. The beads. unbound. **“Don’t be stupid! Why do you always do that? If only...”**

Sun rising; you know I care for you.

He had to climb up the chasm his mood swing had thrown him down into. Sadness would

make him feel damp, fogging his head with quiet despondence.

Macy stood naked in the middle of the corridor, dripping on the floor. She had carried a refrigerator on her

shoulders running sixteen flights of stairs, four floors high. She stood there, wet, with her feet in a puddle expanding on — You don't need to do anything. They won't take you — she had said.

the red wooden floor. The bathroom door was on the right, from where a stream of light fell upon her, coming more from — I received a letter — he said.

the reflected whiteness of the bathtub and ceiling than from any bit of sun that might have ever been there. The sun is She didn't pay attention, turning around towards the fridge. She always felt very impatient when he hidden behind in Berlin, and makes everything white; white-gray. The white light was on her, who was darker, standing would talk, always worrying about losing effectiveness and momentum. He could spin forever in the dripping on the floor. She hadn't finished telling her story, and so had to follow him outside the bathtub before he could same puddle, making a big deal out of nothing, and she simply didn't have the time to listen to his leave; as he was still holding trash in his left hand, and the right one was resting on the door handle. Perhaps she didn't nonsense. As soon as he opened his mouth, she imagined the sound of her car starting itself outside

have the time to get to the towel, or didn't need it — it wasn't cold, but wasn't warm either, in fact, he was wearing a

and worried that she would miss her ride. wide white bomber jacket on the threshold of the door where he stood. He looked at the puddle spreading on the floor, — It doesn't matter, — he added, as he realized that he would have to raise his voice to get to the then looked up at her, in disbelief. He really had to leave. He had been listening. Now he had excused himself and bid other room and pressure her as she walked away.

her farewell. He was getting uneasy with the trash in his hand. He didn't want that old fried oil or milk, or sticky blood

— What's up? — she responded, with badly restrained resentment. This is the way he would start from the chicken meat in his bag, or who knows what else, that egg yolk to drip; he could only stare at her, talking, naked, harassing her, demanding from her always more than she was willing to provide. She had just wanted wet, in the middle of the floor. She was describing the daughter of the owner of the new coffee-shop that had just opened to share with him that she would be busy on Thursday, and now she felt bound to that table where he down the road. There was a beautiful embroidery design on her schoolbag's flap, and she had asked who had made it. It was sitting in his misery worrying about non-existent problems. As a child, "Don't you have anything turned out that the wife of the shop's owner had bought it second-hand. But the colors and the shape suggested a Southern better to do?" his mother would tell him. Now he is attacking her with his defeated attitude. She has to European aesthetic; perhaps it was Greek handicraft. Last time Macy went to Lesbos, where the world still turns for leave, can't he see that?

Sapphic origins, there were no lesbians there. Or, to be more correct, what the first world defines as primary trait (sexual — But do you care? If you have no time, it's ok. It's always like this, — he complained.

orientation; gender expression), had become last, if it's even become anything at all where people are stripped of any

— Stop attacking me! If you have something to say, say it.

accessory to the last one. Dignity is one of those missing there. In the refugee camps, people are seen as somehow 'all

— You are clearly not interested, you're getting upset.

the same', unwanted survivors no one knows what to do with. A few years later, she would tell him of a blanket a guy

— I am not upset. I'm just in a hurry, — she told him, staring down at him from a posture that managed to acquire from the tent nearby, which she had also used a few times; it was brown, with yellow drawings on accompanied all too well the sharp tone of her voice. — Tell me please.

the sides. Contrary to appearances, Macy didn't particularly care about embroidery or fabrics. She was just keen on

— But...

details and avoided the bigger picture that involved overlaying people's faces on world maps. She couldn't zoom out

— Are you going to tell me or not? I must leave. — She was staring at him wildly. She would get enough to frame obscenity. But she did notice indecency occasionally; it was minuscule and mysterious. She would utter scarred and scattered by her schedule as it crashed in upon her now. She was still standing there, it and immediately try to rescue the senseless thread and bring it back into a narrative of sorrow and someone's beautiful while the clock ticked, like a bomb, against the night. Cars drive so fast.

eyes. The daughter of the shop's owner was a nice kid playing outside often. As he stood there looking at her, and the

Everything felt slower in his head, as if squared under a magnifying glass.

puddle had reached a shape that didn't seem to grow anymore, she told him that the Greek drawings on the bag must

— Nothing. I just received a letter, — he added, before falling quiet again.

have represented a rabbit, or something similar, what could it be? In the homeless shelter where she had been working,
— You can tell me about it later. Do we have to talk about it now? — Once upon a time she would
and where people struggled with tuberculosis, she could read a book at the candle-like light when it was dark. Some
stay, and defend her boundaries with teeth and blood from his assaults and his demands on her time,
arguments over a spot on the mats. Someone couldn't get in. The Ukrainian man justified himself at length, he wasn't
her life, her peace. — I am tired, — she added.

gay, he eventually said with great embarrassment, while asking for women's leggings, to feel warm in the cold outside.

— Fine, whatever, — he replied. — Later when? — he asked.

It was the trick of his beautiful long legs. Macy was skinny and short, with the Tai-chi strength of dancers. Men were
— Later, tomorrow. I have a meeting in the morning. Please, do not call me in the morning, you know
painters; women danced. She had, shortly before, begun transcribing her thought-screenplays into choreographies. Her
your calls won't go to voicemail.

dance was made of regular movements, studied with magnifying precisions, like insects on crystal light. Perhaps it was

— Ok, — he said, in a tone that made evident nothing was ok, shaking his shoulders, rolling his eyes.
a dance of words, her talk, with her eyes following the narration still. Words followed each other precariously, coming
On occasion, she felt more sympathetic to him. He was doing a lot, he wasn't all that bad, and she
and going from one language to the other, wavering, among the many tongues 'she could', as the Germans say, getting it
wanted to be good, very good. So she told him:

so wrong. It was another day. She was performing, studying life, naked in the middle of the corridor, as the puddle stopped

— We will talk tomorrow.

growing, and trash hung down his hand. Constellations rising. From that puddle as big as Switzerland, she deeply cared.

— Sure, — he said, with the same skeptical tone, letting through sparks of frustration. She wouldn't be

available tomorrow, he knew, any more than she would today.

Zark had asked for their phone number — of all numbers! They weren't the most outgoing. At all. Their

— Stop it! Is it really necessary? Do you have to destroy everything all the time?! — she rebuked,

pronoun was 'they' occasionally, and it was all theirs today. Constellation people. He smiled from under his gigantic hat:

squinting at him. — Nothing I do is enough for you! I am exhausted! And you are attacking me! — she
“‘People’ could be the name of a constellation,” and kept smiling. Smiles rarely would leave his face. They would stick

went on, talking coldly, with contempt, yet articulating each word with great clarity, administering them

to it, smiles liked him. He would smile about things people wouldn't find funny. Out of tenderness sometimes, or just as

one after the other, the way the prosecution would talk — so that even an idiot could understand —

a marked sign of hospitality he was determined to wear on his forehead. Perhaps the hat meant to cover such abundance,

that which is most obvious under the sun. Throughout this, her voice was clouded in a mantle,

because people think weird things sometimes of kindness. He had come with the yetis from the great mountains of

suffocating. If she hadn't been so clear, she would have run out of breath. But everything was still

California. He had brought with him petals and other rafts, to cross the oceans going after all his kids around: besides

under control.

petals, mostly words. He liked the sun and lions. He would endure the cold and fog. He made poetry. Some people write;

He felt that it was over. He had only to bring the conversation to its destination as delicately as

others chisel the words and are never sure, with the skepticism of painters. He was sitting on the balcony, his arm resting

possible. But he could only endure and perpetuate the argument:

on the rail, holding a cigarette in his hand, which he had rolled with the amanuensis's precision; drawn from a bookshelf,

— What should I say? Ok, great.

what he could read in these new breaths. He smiled, as they peered into the night — hardly anything was visible beyond

— You're passive aggressive, — she shouted at him. — You always do the same thing! What do you

the streetlights — and didn't say a word, as usual, since they were an introvert, as one would select in personality tests

want from me?! You are making my life miserable! — she said, staring at him from the opposite side of

for job applications and further bullshits. Zark was open instead. He wouldn't talk much, but was good at being there. He

the room. He was still sitting at the table, and could neither speak nor move. What was there to say?

would say 'bullshit' as well, sometimes. “That's bullshit,” he would say with the same smile hidden by a thick long

to do? She turned around and slammed the door. She had left.

blonde-brown beard, where you think birds might nest, and that's perhaps the entire etymological adventure of their

mispronouncements and mispronunciation. He would drink beer, yes. The eyebrows would also join down his face, to

The apartment was as empty as it always had been. A wrong gesture and the walls could fall like

surround and surrender his eyes to the precision of keen blue stars, they thought. From the left to the right of his shoulders precariously arranged cards. He was angry. He was sad. They would fall and be a mantle, a caress, you could measure the sky in schanks or nautical miles. He had a reassuring hold on the white and courteous cables of would carry him away like Aladdin's magic carpet.

distance, perhaps just because he never thought of containing it all, but was willing to try it out. He could be played like

Receiving a letter doesn't mean that you are the defendant. Letters don't necessarily contain a card. He still wouldn't lose. That night, as he was sitting on the chair and they were standing next to the avocado tree, charges. They could be love letters. Even if it is hard to trust those. The most precious one — you someone had spoken about transgenderism, which he was taking very seriously, like any other topic, yet without using know it — was never sent. And you keep writing it; you kept writing it. You sang for years along with any pressure, because you never know how light words could be, what they meant, where we might arrive. He was the melody of those lines, making acrobatics of writers, dancing to those lines you were pulling, queerer than thin air, and — as a woman — had long legs, when he landed in his hat like an egg. Some people grow up hanging on, teasing out. The dearest letter, you know it, was never signed. It wasn't sent. It's still and get to wear a suit, with a tie and a hat, cowboy; he had been rather caught by his hat like a baby falling from the there, buried deep. You have been given to court it, unleash it. You know she has it but won't put on ground upwards towards the sky: the hat rescued him — not to float away — a balloon — and become a planet. That the stamp. Thumb. Thump Thump. The past fell upon it. Time is going to grow. How to trust the night, as planned, they asked him for a distracted donation, because queer families often grow climbing rocks where present? (Perhaps she sent it. Perhaps you had it.) (Where were you?)

goats don't go. The request was unexpected, while nonetheless devised among the unsaid. We all have our strolls and lost

As a writer, he wasn't an avid reader. He had met a few sentences in his life, like adventures strollers. We have friends. Fears. Refusing, because he would be present, Zark smiled. Time went by. Life goes on. Zark for explorers, pieces of text that he would know how to find. But he could badly endure everything remained. They moved to Amerika, to enroll in the Make Great Theater of Oklahoma again and so they could perform coming before and after a good sentence. And then: like with anything else, why not be content with other magic tricks; like writing a book, and another one, and then having a baby with a given & found seed. Berlin — your few findings? It is not sure how many sentences we can go through in a lifetime. *Mine has only a* their mother's name, by unfathomable chance — was a losing attraction; just because as it happens with things, things *few; and I might have given up searching for a few more*, he thought, *little does it matter whether they* happen, the days get busy, and tomorrow has always been the other day. When they returned to Berlin years later, Zark *are read or to be written*. “La littérature fait de l'origine une anecdote toujours contemporaine...” looked exactly the same: you would trust him to hold the sky a bit higher, or just let it be. They had a kid in their arms, a Sometimes all you need is a piece of a sentence: you break a branch off a tree, and it tells you a kicker 30 inches long. Not the most sociable creature on the planet and yet still a sober smiler. Upon seeing Zark, the different story.

baby stretched out his hands and bounced towards him. He then hung on his lap playing with the beard for a long while

He stretched it over the table. “Somebody loves you,” it said. He looked up around just like birds — and those who don't trust correspondences should know that they can't hold a baby, because all they himself and realized he might be able to endure the crime scene. need is love, or a song.