

UV:/act-i/@ultravulnerable

/scene-i/cards

/20.12.21.18.42/nine-of-swords

/Hazard

Avoid looking directly at the light

Caution

Radiation inside

Do not expose to unprotected eye or skin

Danger

Hazard

Do NOT operate without coverings

/20.12.30.22.30/six-of-swords

/where does vulnerability go?

wisdom lit within

approaching yourself without intimacy, imagined

/21.01.06.04.38/the-chariot

/are you frozen?

the lag and the rush

where does the time go?

what's lost?

splice frame

face screen

don't look directly at me

(it's really invasive)

everything just fell in on itself

slip twist

like my hair between your fingers

unseen

nothing unseen

deshadowed

refashioned

flattened

if I was in your space
in my space
where does my shadow go?

/scene-ii/words

/21.01.12.00.02/dark-edges-touching

/light whites
/out space
above around
/reoriented
/flesh puzzles
slid into
/new places
an essential
unending penetration
/precise violence
/as darkness
/an undercurrent
/thrums out of reach

/21.01.20.16.03/gyges-of-lydia

/I feel like I need you
to exist
untethered without you
floating beneath a
veil of self-curation
approaching myself

/21.01.28.14.18/drawing-my-own-outline

/before vigil-flame's anaesthetic
thrown up against bare stone
I paint what you see
what I think you see
reframed rebounded
don't look directly at me
but copies of my body

outlined and unfolded
bleed slowly
over centuries
and fade forever
like dusk

/scene-iii/lines

/21.02.04.12.38/where-does-your-mind-go

/his eyes
one blacker than the next
idealize me superhumanized
some Rubik's cube
solved for
exposed
all goddess and nipple
two line torso
scratched and crushed
on palm on canvas
his busy fingers
his focused gaze

/21.02.11.14.08/les-femmes-d-alger-o

/flattened at your front door
/we wait for your footfall
wanting to feel your sole
pressed into our bellies
/worthless wormholes framed once
and reframed forever

/21.02.19.13.49/sitting

/my outline spirals outward
as my innards innocence
descends distorts discarded

/scene-iv/cuts

/21.02.27.03.19/slip-and-swipe

/switch flipped and double clicked
we're once or twice removed
some synthetic flame struck
flashing reflected shadows
into your hands
misrememories spliced
into haunted spaces

/21.03.05.20.32/all-the-missing

/Empty rooms
and empty beds
light in place of life
that belongs there
was there
would be
save our severed selves
all minds
and heavy souls
no bodies to hold
only to bury
and burn

/21.03.13.05.23/ace-of-scalpels

/Light penetrates and edge opens
a white sheet between me
and my body
a vague awareness
of your focused fingers
eager eyes bemused
calling others to audience
my inside your work
skin unfolded
nothing unseen
ultravulnerable
you cut me up
to give me life

to give me love itself
the sun itself
warmth itself
to give me light

/pre-launch

/21.03.21.10.41/THE-FOUNTAIN

/NOT TOO CLOSE NOW JUST A LITTLE SPACE
HERE A LITTLE ROOM TO BREATHE PLEASE IS
ALL I ASK ALL I NEED TIL THE FEVER GOES
DOWN NEED SOMETHING TO TAKE THE EDGE
OFF MAKE ME A LITTLE LESS VOLATILE DON'T
WANT TO EXPOSE YOU TO THAT SO A LITTLE
SPACE PLEASE JUST A LITTLE ROOM WHERE
ELSE CAN I GO TO BE WHERE DO I GO NO
REALLY WHERE DO I GO YOU DON'T KNOW YOU
DON'T NO YOU DON'T NO ONE KNOWS NO
INNER KNOWLEDGE OR UNDERINTELLIGENCE
NOTHING COMES CLOSE TO REVEALING
WHERE EXACTLY I'VE GONE THE FARTHER I
REACH INTO MYSELF THE LESS I'VE TRAVELED
WHAT'S REAL NO REALLY NO TIME NOTHING
BUT TIME CUT CUTS NOTHING BUT GAPS
ENDLESS FLOW CUP CUPS STOCK TICKS AND
FILTER DRIPS DON'T TALK TO ME BEFORE I'VE
HAD MY COFFEE LET ME JUST PUT A COMB
THROUGH MY HAIR THEY CAN'T SMELL ME
RIGHT NO REALLY HOW DO I BLUR OUT MY
ROOM AGAIN WHERE'S THE SETTING THAT
FOLDS MY LAUNDRY WHY CAN'T LITERALLY
ANYTHING WORK LITERALLY IT'S LIKE THE
UNIVERSE SLIPPED A DISC SOMETHING
MISALIGNED CHAKRA BLOCKED AND
SUDDENLY FLOODED FILLED WITH LIGHT AND
CHANGED FOREVER SKETCHED OR SNAPPED
OR GRABBED TOKEN AND TWOTE IN THEIR

HANDS AND HERE I DON'T EVEN KNOW WHAT
TRAIL I'M LEAVING NO REALLY THERE'S JUST
SO MUCH CACOPHONY INSIDE OUT CUTTING
MY BODY INTO TINY PIECES FRAGMENTS OF
LOWER BACK SLIDING OVER A FLEXED CALF
REARRANGEMENT AD INFINITUM DONE JUST
SO HELD BETWEEN POINTER AND THUMB THE
OTHERS SPREAD WIDE UNWAVERING I'M
FADING COUNTING DOWN SLIPPING INSIDE
MYSELF OUT OF REACH OUR AFFINITY HOLDS
ME HERE KEEPS ME REAL NO REALLY I'M JUST
ANOTHER SELF-INDULGENT FEED ELSE
SHOWING YOU MY PRETTIEST PARTS ONLY
THEM NOT ME FINGERS SLIDING OVER MY
OWN FACE STRETCHING OBSESSING WITH
ILLUMINATED REFLECTIONS APART FROM
MYSELF AND UNFEELING ART ITSELF THE
BIRTH OF ART THE DESPERATE HOPE THAT
YOU SEE WHAT I SEE THE SAME WORLD INSIDE
OUT JUST CUT UP DIFFERENTLY
EMBARRASSING REALLY WHAT I'VE LEFT
BEHIND HURT AND HURTING SLOWLY
SCARRING AND FOREVER THROBBING AT THE
THOUGHT BETWEEN PAIN AND HEALING
WAKING AND SLEEP SEEING AND SEEN
SITTING FOR HIS SQUINT FOREVER
NARROWING STRETCHING MY MEMORY INTO
IMMORTALITY BUT FLIPPED AND TWISTED HE
THINKS ME SOLVED REBALANCED LAID BARE
DRAPED AND GLOWING I'M EVERYTHING IN
THIS ROOM HIS REDUCED TO SIMPLEST FORM
TIL IT ISN'T EVEN ME ANYMORE SPLAYED LIKE
THE LINES ON MY PALMS AS I LACE MY
FINGERS BEHIND MY HEAD CREASED AS HIS
PLAYING HIS MELODY BLOWING HIS
ELECTRICITY INSIDE ME HIS EYES FOREVER

DARKENING I DON'T STOP AT MYSELF
ANYMORE I'M INSIDE HIM AND HIS HANDS
AND HIS WORK AND YOU AND FOREVER
EXPANDING AT ONCE THE SAME DIFFERENTLY
ANOTHER REVOLUTION A NEW TWEAK A FEW
DEGREES FOREVER DARKENING FOR KNOWING
MORE THE CLIFF STEEPENING WIND AND
WATER SLIDING ACROSS THE ROCK FACE
PULLING IT APART STONES AND SAND
SLIPPING INTO EVERYWHERE ELSE GONE
NEVER REALLY TOUCHING LAYERS BETWEEN
US DONE TO AND USED AND MADE TO FEEL
CLOSER THAN WE ARE BY FALSE FIRES GHOST
STORIES AND SMOKE SIGNALS S'MORES
SWEET AND STICKY STUCK IN THE FLAMES
AND GOOEY DEVoured BY THESE PLATFORMS
DIGESTED AND REPURPOSED SO YOU CAN
HOLD ME WELL NOT ME NOT REALLY MY
MEMORIES WELL NOT REALLY BUT THE ONES I
WANT YOU TO HAVE OF ME RIPE FOR THE
PLUCKING JUICY AND DRIPPING PUDDLES IN
THE ATTIC OR SPARE BEDROOM CROWDED
WITH THE SPIRITS OF THOSE WE BARELY
KNEW OR NEVER MET OR MAY NEVER PLACES
THEY SLEPT OR COULD BE IF WE HADN'T
THOUGHT OF OURSELVES MOSTLY IF NOT
ONLY THIS CURSED SELF-INTEREST THAT
HANGS ABOVE US LIKE A CROWN AROUND US
LIKE A NOOSE TIL WE STOP EXISTING TO
ANYONE ELSE JUST A NAME AND A SCREEN
SOMEWHERE THAT ISN'T HERE FOREVER
FORGETTING THE FINGERS THAT SLIDE THE
EYES THAT TEAR SHACKLED TO THIS
EXISTENCE OUT OF FEAR THERE AREN'T
OTHERS GRAVE AND WEIGHTY ALONE
TOUCHING OURSELVES OR WHAT WE THINK

WE ARE MOURNING FROM AFAR FOREVER
FARTHER NO REALLY SO MANY GOODBYES
WHISPERED INTO MISSING EARS AND TINY
LONELY FLAMES THE COLD GLOW THROBS IN
MY SKULL THE EMPTY MEMORY OF
NON-FEELING THE AWARENESS OF
NON-AWARENESS THERE AND HERE AND NOT
THERE A DULL RINGING FOREVER RISING I
KNOW YOU'RE THERE WITH ME HELPING ME I
HEAR SHARING ME PART OF ME I DON'T KNOW
CAN'T NO REALLY INSIDE OUT LITERALLY
ENVELOPE OPENED AND LETTER READ AND
REREAD AND SCANNED AND PORED OVER
FINGER SLIDING ACROSS EACH LINE DIARY
LOCK PICKED AND SECRETS SPILLED TOO
MANY TO HOLD OVERFLOWN KNOWN
BECAUSE TO NOT BE IS TO NOT BE YOU SEE
ME INTO BEING GIVE ME REASON TO BE EVEN
IF IT'S ONLY PIECES OF ME THAT YOU PICK UP
AND FLICK THROUGH FOR A MOMENT WE SET
EACH OTHER SPINNING AND MEETING AND
SPINNING AGAIN CIRCLING AROUND THE
SAME CENTER FOREVER FARTHER THE MOON
AND A FINGERNAIL AWAY REFLECTING THE
SAME SHINE

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UV:/act-ii/extra-visible-activity

/POB-lo-66 here, picking up at 21:03 PET to clear
QOS-hi-55 for EVA. Quasi, you're clear to begin.
You've got plenty of runway, here, no need to
rush.
That's it.

You can extend your 4th and 5th MTBDs another 30 to 45 degrees to get a better hold of the surface, seems to me, Quasi.

Keep those DCMs apart from your SEUs for another few feet.

That's right

left

right

now stow those DCMs in your SEUs and flip your UVC switch to on.

no, on

no, on

no, on

Are you frozen?

Copy.

Just a suggestion - you have some room there.

We think you can get closer to where you want to be.

Yes, this is a better position

(we can see you better too)

Now swing a 180

and kinda wedge yourself up in there

right up close

(where you go, we go too)

Head up, Quasi.

We need you to take 3 steps back toward the PIH before rotating your approach to enter HIP first at about 2 o'clock, then another 5 will do 'er 55 - another 5 will do 'er - just bring 'er on home.
on home

closer

closer

We feel like -

We need you to -

exist weightless without
You - it's really hard
being
so far apart - and all
this distance and the silence
crumbling out here - becoming pieces - going to
pieces - history repeated - cremated - incinerated
from the inside - the parts of me we let die -
penetrated to the point of implosion - our plastic
wrappers melted away - dissatisfied
We feel like - our shadows complete us - in
isolation -
eye
so
lay
shun - the means of isolating
defeating ourselves to recognize our
multiplicities - stopping movement and seeing
ourselves - feeling - dealing with ourselves -
handling - holding us outside ourselves
like poetry
or a portrait
simulacrum
sacrum
fulcrum
ambulacrum
ambivalencia
ambifresion
am i frozen?
Anyway we're gone -
but
you know we'll still be here
our voice will always be here
(it's okay it's okay it's okay)
you know you've got nothing to hide
(your inside is your best side)

and and and also also also
apesanteur sans toi
n'est-ce pas?
overstimulated city blocks
white - yellow
decision-making - sudden-insight
orange - red
bowel-distension - orgasm
blue - green
cigarette-craving - maternal-love
how
in all our plurality
can we still
be
so
alone?

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