

# *The Dance Of Humanity*

(translation of *Le Bal des humains*)

**Suzanne Jacob**

## 1

How strange it is to think that this person opening his hands as a child to welcome a book; whose adolescent hands grew between the pages of books; whose fingers were trained to gently open and close these books, to not break their spines, to not shrivel the corners of the pages, to lightly touch, to caress the paper . . . when you think this person spent most of his adult life reading and listening; listening, hearing and reading; when you think that this person, only a few months earlier, broke his right hand when falling at the corner of Vincent-D’Indy and Côte Sainte-Catherine; who spent months retraining the hand that turned the pages of books; who broke his right ankle the following year when he fell in the stairwell of his building and who spent months of retraining, lost in his books... when you think of this, it is really astounding that, one December morning of his life, after hours and hours of retraining, he picked up a hammer, a chisel and some files and tackled a stone from Brazil that he would not put down until the raw stone *confessed* the form it was concealing. The result, a teenage bear in search of its adult bear equilibrium, was *adorable*.

“A Brazilian stone bear is indeed *adorable*; but, really, there’s no way he could stop at that, *isn’t that true?*”

I don’t really know who just interrupted me. Maybe it is somebody very knowledgeable about what is trendy or not. Maybe it is me, not knowing what is trendy or not, not being aware of the most recent tendencies, who interrupted myself, *as if I was somebody else*; and, most of the time, I am incapable of determining if this other person is someone out of the past, out of date or already dead, someone from the present, the immediate, or from the obsolete future. In any case, that person is absolutely right; *adorable* as a Brazilian stone bear may be, he could not stop at that, now that he had acquired the knack, starting with the *Meditating Woman*. He does admit that it was in fact through the *Meditating Woman* that the stone revealed to him what it was concealing, that he cracked its secret with his chisels and files, and went on to create the *Owl*, a self-portrait maybe, and finally the adorable bear cub. So there was no way he could have stopped at that.

The following summer, in Perkins, where Paul had a canopy-workshop set up under the trees, four of us – Paul, Kammer and Nathalie, and I – chatting away like a bunch of starlings, witnessed the development of the *Dance of Humanity*. Around the end of the day, as the couples began to take

shape, we would gradually become silent. As for him, he was listening only to the stone, hearing only the stone, from morning to night. In the evening, he would look at the couple he had placed in the middle of the table for us to devour. We would begin circling around these couples, as he did, despite a certain embarrassment or prudery that might otherwise have made us flee, and despite bursts of laughter through which we attempted to escape their presence. Which of us was the first to admit that we were simply moved? Sometimes shocked. Touched. Amused. Horrified. Stunned. He didn't hear us. He kept on. He didn't recognize us. He would draw them close to him once more, stroll around with them, push them away, move them around, lay them down, and pumice them relentlessly, forever a captive of the stone, without any mood swings, as if the only thing that mattered was the mood of the stone itself.

“He didn't stay put for a single moment *where he was at, isn't that true?*”

Some people have a gift for talking about poems, paintings, music, bodies of works. I don't have that talent. Those who were not born with such a talent or have not developed it but nevertheless pretend to be one who has, inevitably lead me astray, away, and deny me the experience of the work of art. Moreover, and this is presently worse than ever it was in the past; works of art are crushed by the rhetoric of words and buried beneath

them. Therefore, I want to talk about the *Dance of Humanity* only by recalling some of the real and imaginary events that provoked the arrival of these couples. After months of living with her, I only want to say what the *Meditating Woman* would have said. The echo of her thoughts may modulate some of the stone's revelations, without halting all of the reflections that emanate from it and vary endlessly under the light.

## 2

Our sight is forever leaving our body. As soon as we open our eyes, our sight escapes. It crosses the threshold of the sockets and slips away. It is constantly seduced, attracted, caught up by what is happening on the outside. I wonder what happens to the body when its sight is absent. What is the body that stays put when we have moved beyond it through our sight? The one who is somewhere else, the one who has escaped, the one who is engrossed by what is happening elsewhere, what does that person know, what will that person say about the body that stayed behind? What does that body look like if it were possible to perceive it without losing the one that we are absorbed in? Is it naked; is it dressed; is it thin; is it fat, heavy, light; is it male or female, an adult, a child or an old person? Which body stays put, in our space, when we are away?

Or should I simply ask which body remains between the sheets when we are sleeping, when we dream that we are flying over the rooftops? Rachel's lover burnt his nights spying on her sleep and terrified her when she awoke: "Who were you? Tell me!" He would implore: "Admit it! Admit that you are no longer yourself when you sleep!" A being who has risen beyond itself, carried away by a dream, by a sight, by a sound, by rapture or delight, is suddenly absent from all the aggravations of the body. What focuses us can plunge us either in the most intense presence as in the absence of the sleepwalker. The body is forgotten. Its appearance is no longer subject to any surveillance; is no longer the subject of any care. How could we comfort the inconsolable child who tried in vain to wake his mother from a sleep that was too deep for him: "You were dead; I saw you; you were; you were like a rock, but not cold."

Rocks, blocks of stone, inanimate, ghostly beings – this is what the body becomes when the mind is elsewhere. And the substance from which the threads that connect the wandering spirit to the inert body are woven, who knows what it is? Jacob's ladder was of the same substance as dreams. When Jacob awakes, he raises up the stone on which his head was lying as he dreamt, like a stela, and pours oil on top of it. Is this how he links the intangible substance of the dream to the earth? **And the sculptor**

of *Dance*, the intangible substance that is the link to the stone? What connects us to ourselves is not a subscription, it is not a debt; it is not a donation, it is not an inheritance, nor a ruby, nor an opal, even less a rhizome, nor a scaffolding, nothing arrowed, no bones or collection, nor a flame slowly bared; none of that, nor the base of an iceberg. What connects us probes us, searches us, searches and probes the clay, ice and snow of which we are made. The lightning that splits our forehead welds our tongue to the stone. The couples in *Dance* sometimes make me feel as if I *recognize* this substance from which are woven the threads from where the spirit soars, far away, beyond cardinal points, zenith, nadir. Far away, and yet close to the other, close to the embrace, as if to embrace was also to embrace the link, the impalpable substance of the link; as if to feed on it, live through it. Making sure we are alive.

## 3

Some never escape the nightmare of being walled up, lost along the paths of the nerves, eyes having lost access to sight, ears having lost access to hearing, voice having lost access to words, touch having lost access to the skin, sealed up in their own body, like the autistic, among others, but also like most of those who have kept within them the autism needed to

defend themselves against the injunction to communicate at all costs and whatever the cost. When panic sweeps through our nerves, takes hold of our body, freezes it and locks it up in a profound lethargy that no argument has the power to shake, we are in the state of lifeless, amorphous stone. We are sinking and becoming stuck.

When the radiologist hurled the diagnosis at him, he could *see*, for several long minutes, the thousands of fine luminous threads springing from him, from his head, his chest, his stomach, his hands, linking him to the world. He could *see* this incredible network of brilliant multicoloured threads oscillating above him, relaxing his tensions, vacillating before collapsing on him, his spirit welded to his mineral anchor. In the following weeks, he resurfaced from the stone he had become to the threshold from where he was able to bid us farewell. A few days before he was carried away, he repeated to what extent the *Dance* had given him the desire and strength to enjoy the battle that life and death were waging in his body. The one he would have liked to be and the one he had been able to be were struggling within him, each one in turn gaining the upper hand over the other. Both were accusing the other, grabbing each other by the throat, shoving each other around, staggering like drunken men, breaking up, moving away, frantically running around looking for the other, finding each other again and embracing; and he was the *only one* who could lead them to the

ultimate point of equilibrium, to the ultimate harmony in reconciliation. He had stretched out his arms, he had started to dance slowly in spite of the fatigue that made him stumble, and he could *see* the thousands of links rise up and illuminate the space. He tasted the joy that sets free, that triumphs; the joy that is taut with the craving for the experience of the forces of the world, from the darkest to the brightest; and he repeated it.

## 4

Through so many emotions, if mourning, disappointment, anger, rage, powerlessness, shame, secret triumph do not find the exit from the body, they will resign themselves to taking refuge in it. They then become the dwellers, usually clandestine, of some organ, unnoticed. They are forgotten there. From their dwelling, they confuse the perceptions we have of our body. They mislead it. They distort our behaviours, our actions, our intentions. They disguise us. We do not completely recognize ourselves, neither in a mirror, nor in a photo, nor in a film. The person shaving in the morning does not see his face. He is shaving. But one morning among many others, he gets a shock. Who is that facing him? Himself? Somebody else? The hesitation lasts but a second. He rinses his face. He double-checks. It is indeed him. The same thing happens to the woman who is

putting on make-up without seeing her face, without ever meeting her own eyes. She can even carefully avoid herself. Or she can seek a small quarrel, and then she sees herself and, in seeing herself, she threatens herself: “Don’t start!” But she calms down: “You won’t get me going today.” She has already become multiple; she has multiplied by three: the face, the image of the face, her reflection in the mirror. How do we manage to give ourselves and others the illusion that we are a single being who is entirely oneself? Because, even if one or the other of the dwellers escaped through an emergency exit, it would be difficult to finally be alone, as the unique *I*. In fact, which “I” could account for the “only one”? Language belongs to the oceanic mass of others and it is language that created the “I”, the *one* that can perceive itself only if all the others are there. The first person singular does not give a damn about grammar and lives in the plural most of its life. Must we not be two in order to perceive our uniqueness? I know, it’s annoying, but please don’t leave, and do tell me: when you leave your body while listening or seeing, where does the image of the body go? Does the image of the body belong to the mind or the body? When we beat someone’s body, are we also beating the image of that body? Is the image of the body also swollen? If ever it so happened that the image of the body also was swollen, it would make it easier for me to understand that, when somebody ridicules your modesty, you feel as if you have been hit directly on an invisible wound that you are unable to

want to heal. It would be easier for me to understand that the words “want to heal” make you angry, and that it is in this state of anger that you raise the knife, first to your eyes, then to your throat. At the very moment you make such a gesture in my presence, I convince myself that I am dreaming; that I am in a play of your gesture. I wonder if your gesture is taking place, in your eyes, in a theatre. I believe that you do not see yourself. I believe that, at the moment you made this gesture, your sight left your eye socket. Otherwise, you would know that each time, you are committing an aggression against yourself.

## 5

That’s it! Already we do not know who is talking to whom in this text! Is it the image of the body that is accusing the body of committing an aggression against itself? Or is it the other way around? Must we conclude that there are one or two couples from the *Dance* who are evoking the perpetration of this aggression? Who is speaking? Could we not be slightly better informed? Could we not chart the road slightly better, and will we have to hang around much longer in these abstractions?

“Abstractions!” Paul? Kammer? Nathalie? I don’t know who was grumbling just now. Unless it was the sculptor himself, with whom we exchanged some thoughts on abstraction on several occasions before he isolated himself with the stone. If some consider as an abstraction their own experience of the small crowd they harbour and maintain within themselves, the small crowd of dwellers of all ages, colors and kinds, the small crowd that we are forced to hear each day as we move from *I* to *you* and from *we* to *they*, proving through these never-ending acts of language activities made of struggles, alliances, betrayals, harping . . . if some, I repeat, consider their own experience as an abstraction, maybe I should not hesitate to propose putting a stop to the questions that delight.

– For those who are born blind, is light an abstraction?

– Is abstract music more abstract for deaf people than for the rest of us?

Are the ultrasounds that cats hear an abstraction for them?

– Is Velasquez’s *Maids of Honour* where the spectator is the subject of the painting that is in the painting an abstract work? What would an Inuit think about that?

– Are guardian angels real, concrete beings, or imaginary or abstract ones?

Can individual experience alone provide an answer to this question? And does this individual response not run the risk of making us consider that some of us are delirious individuals, suffering from neurological anomalies

like those who experienced the transmission of thoughts or a physical wrenching at the moment of the death of somebody dear to them many kilometres away?

I must face the fact that these questions no longer arouse any interest in the one who *is creating*, listening to the stone, any more than they arouse mine when *I am creating*, listening to the echoes reverberating from the *Meditating Woman*, through one couple to the other, until they reach me. Yet these questions are no less captivating. It is impossible to discuss them without smiling, or without raising the question of the interlocutor's identification *with the work* in the course of its creation. What person can embark on the unknown path of his or her own destiny or creations, beyond the narrow fields of proof and certainty, without at least *one other* assuring this person of his or her existence? Without assuring this person that he or she is not totally delirious? Nothing is more heartbreaking than to witness the dissolution of this *Other*, of this enigmatic brother, sister, or witness, friend or enemy, when we assist a loved one through his or her agony, at the time when this person is losing the proof of their existence, which is escaping them in the blaze of extinction. It is during these terrible moments, in those last moments of agony, that we can see the face of *the other*, of the interlocutor, take shape.

This other, who is the interlocutor within the nascent work of art, is the most enigmatic being that exists, yet is as essential to the work of art as to life itself. Without it, life simply would be unbearable. It does not discuss, no, no, it does not discuss with you – you are the one that is always discussing with it. This is the interlocutor whom we start cobbling together the minute we are born, as soon as we can distinguish our own voice from that of others. It is difficult to define. It is constantly escaping to devote itself to its task, which consists mainly of ensuring that we love ourselves above all, no matter what happens. Loving oneself above all means being able to act. Being able to take action. Being able to choose a path. To follow the path. To decide. Loving oneself above all means being able to decide alone what action to undertake and then to undertake it. This is not related to the ancient Narcissus who was hypnotized by his reflection, or the new Narcissus who expects plastic surgeons to adjust his body to a delirious image of the body. I am referring instead to the invented interlocutor who adopts us, chooses us, makes sure it is difficult for us to totally succumb to discouragement and let ourselves die. When we give up, he is the one who does not give up, even though worn out, even though on his knees. He is the guardian. He is the angel. He is the mother, the father, the brother, the sister; he is the cat, the dog, the horse; he is the wintry weather, the petal, the wing; he is the dawn and the sunset; he is the flutter, the rhythm, the link; he is faith.

It is useless to expect that this story will become clear and luminous. Each person cobbles together his or her own interlocutor, the one that is not them without being their opposite, with material that is so unexpected, original and new, each creating such a strange form, that it is impossible to establish the prototype, the model. In any case, there are no books on anatomy that could inspire the one who is attempting to reveal such an unusual creature. He or she can discover the model only by relying on the tumultuous experience of links. Each of us builds such a tight, compact, vital couple with our interlocutor that it is, if not impossible, at least as risky to separate these two beings, to conduct some dissection, as it is to separate Siamese twins connected through the heart.

Each child in a sibship will some day want to discover which of the siblings is its parents' favourite child. Each child has at least one rival to measure up to. The parents will inevitably respond that they prefer all their children. They are good parents who use the appropriate methods in order for their children to pursue the creation of their own interlocutor who will prefer them over all others. "What about an only child? Is it not already *The Only One*? Is it not already the chosen one, the preferred one, the one beloved above all?" Let's restrain from throwing a wool blanket over the back of a musk ox. We are all only children. When a mother of seven

children dies, seven mothers die. Therefore we all belong to a sibship within which we must compete to be preferred by people. We are all part of a sibship with which we must make deals, break with and reconcile with; a sibship to discard, recover, transform and extend, to hug and embrace, and thanks to which we eventually let go of the illusion that we are *the only one*; and also thanks to which we understand *the only one* who has the power to respond to *the other* within us, to answer this other and to answer for it.

The relationships – struggles, embraces, silences, aloofness, coldness, homecomings, reconciliations, delicate balances and harmony – between each person and his or her interlocutor, though they constitute a world *known only to that person*, are anything but “abstractions”: nothing can provide us with more reality than these relationships. There is no other reality than the one those relationships provide us with every second of our life. It is our fear of severing these connections by revealing them to others that makes us shudder when certain works of art reveal them in full light. That is when these relationships appear in full force, without disguise, without suppressing their coarseness, their cruelty, their violence, their exultation, their dance. They are freed from *Reserve* and modesty no longer conceals them with the protective cloak that daylight requires in order to live in common with others. In works of art, the protagonists,

predators or prey save nothing of what they own for when they grow old. They are shameless: ridden of the shame to fight “for real”.

## 6

Archaic links, archaic couples, they are still current in our experiences. To gain access to the reality of our own presence in the world, we know of no other way than to seek a fusion with our *other* that will always be tentative. We are archaic beings every instant of our lives, at least in that sense. The struggle against discouragement, against abnegation, against returning to the inertia of stone is never overcome once and for all. “We can’t stop at that.” Our vision of the world is shaped by these struggles in which we engage to become real. Those whose interlocutor was restricted or smothered under imposed figures at too young an age clearly feel that they cannot risk jumping, choosing, responding without a feeling of usurpation or embarrassment. If it happens that they come upon an experience of looking or listening that seems limitless, that represents this unconditional welcome, this absolute preference, they immediately want to submit to it, to plunge into it as in a well, with a desire to quench their thirst or dry up the well. But that could be the subject of another *Dance*. Let’s just say that when we offer ourselves up as the subject of a passion that is without a

subject, when we agree, when we want to fill the vacant place of the subject of a passion without a subject, we had better get closer to the stela that anchors dreams, because that place looks strangely similar to the place of a victim. The lack of an interlocutor who prefers us above all can lead us to choose the Preferred amongst all as the only rival to emulate. The figures of the absolute Preferred are rare, as is the place they fill. Christ is one of those figures. Iphigenia is his rival sister. She inherited all the injustices in the world, all its sufferings, and we can't risk touching her legacy without plunging the galaxy into chaos. On the other hand, born a bit later, Christ is her rival brother. Rivalry is their strongest link. Though Iphigenia was never linked to the mystical body of her Brother, and therefore did not experience incest with her Brother, their rivalry connection seems indestructible. Iphigenia does not hesitate to accuse Christ of usurping the place of the victimized daughter, of the preferred daughter sacrificed by her father. In the history of the world, it is the daughter who, according to Iphigenia, has always occupied, after the goat, the deer, the doe or the nanny goat, the place of the victim, and still today, wherever we may be in the world, it is the daughter who is sacrificed, as biblical Israel was constantly sacrificed by a jealous God; Israel, woman, betrothed, loved-one of he who adopts, selects and prefers.

So many stories. The summer came to an end. Each of us returned to our winter quarters. What I had imagined – that stories were unfolding between the man who was sculpting and the bloc of stone – turned out to be wrong. If the stone is deaf, the child talks to it as if it were a sympathetic ear. If it is mute, the child carries it to its mouth and licks it with its tongue. If it is blind, the child leads it to the top of the hill. The child inherits every one of its ancestors' waverings. The stone is wild. It took centuries to tame it. We appropriated its wild nature by filing it, polishing it, sharpening it until it was ready to kill, cut into pieces and carve. I do not know how to light a fire with flint. We no longer know what was lost on that path of evolution on which our progress is not always triumphant; where none of our knowledge manages to replace that lost experience capable of creating the Stradivarius. What I do know, the last of a long line of stringed instrument-makers from the Vosges told me one day, is what was handed down to me, those gestures that passed from the hands of my teacher to mine; however much I tried to pass on this knowledge through words, I never succeeded. Some people came here to film the work of my hands for hours on end. But they were unable to seize what refuses to be caught on film, which is the spruce itself, its vital energy, its age, its water, its history. The spruce reveals itself only to the

hands that can see the violin the spruce has prepared itself to become. When the stone exposes itself only to the sculptor, at the very moment when the stone reveals itself to him only, at the moment when the stone offers him alone the revelation of a form, it is then that the response rushes into his hands. Not into language, in no way. The streams of language are also harnessed by the inrush of the response in his hands. In its momentum, the inrush seizes the obstructions fabricated by those dwellers that impotence or omnipotence, bereavement, disappointment and discouragement can be, and transforms them in this response that is rushing into the hands of the one who achieved the solitude of the *loner* the moment he let go, not only of stories, all of them and his own, but also of the body belonging to his name. He reunites with the magma of non-created forms that have no name. It is in this state of anonymity that he responds. He enters into a new space, a new time. He no longer resides in places named Perkins or Montreal; he no longer resides in times named two a.m. or two p.m. Though he spent two hundred hours responding to the stone of the *Tormented Souls*, when those hours became engulfed into the response they no longer belonged to night or day; they belonged to the enigma of the link, the enigma of the gift, its depth, to listening to what it was saying, therefore penetrating the enigma of the links. **Of a single link, of a similar link, of all the links.** It is from the enigma that bursts forth this ravenous and insatiable howl that makes us tremble and, at the will of

the stone, fulfils some and makes others flee, the latter quivering with a modesty they thought was eradicated, which is my case.

## 9

There is a howl that delivers, the one of the woman giving birth, and the one that kills, which is that of the samurai. Both howls are also those of sexual pleasure. We were born from the howl that expelled us from a body. Our eyes were not yet open, but our hearing was capturing the sound waves and reverberating them throughout our entire being. We were a hearing-body. Our birth was an auditory experience unique among all, where pleasure and pain were inextricably linked, joined, coupled. And it will be no small task to bring our hearing to unlink, disjoin and uncouple pleasure and pain, orgasm and slaughter. Could it be this primitive confusion that is at the origin of the modesty that makes me turn away from some of the couples in the *Dance*? To want to look them in the eyes only when I am alone with them? When facing those hollow orbits, could it be that I am recapturing not only the blindness of the first hours, but also the burning blindness of orgasm. My soul suddenly becomes heavy, struck by the sickly slowness of the three toed sloth. A minute later, a panic I can't manage to locate makes me giggle. If I did not know that I

was the *only one* to know the answer, since the moment of birth and that of death are really the only ones we experience *alone*, I would rush over to my mother: “Did you howl?” First of all, I would not dare, because that “howl” is really too close to “orgasm”, and we can’t expect anything from a story that opens the door to false evidence. The answer I need is the one my memory holds for my own orgasm, in childbirth and mating. But I can perceive the echo of that answer throughout the scenes of the *Dance*. I see the fierceness of the struggle that each couple must wage to reach the triumph of giving and abandoning oneself to pleasure. I have the feeling of being in the presence of my mineral body, the body I escape from through concentration and sleep and that lets transpire all my voracity, my powerful desire to be the cause and meaning of everything, to have been an to be the entire and unique pleasure of a world fulfilled by my sole presence.

10

I went too far. Now I am lost in the echoes of the voices. The pleasure of the other, or the pleasure of the couple (which may still be the couple of our genitors, this couple being much more terrifying than our giggling

reveals), is a book in which the order of the pages, the characters, the language, the sentences, the punctuation are forever changing. It is a book that resists any directions for use because none of them knows the nature of the substance that links body to body and body to mind, sight and hearing, nor mind to soul, the soul to the soul of the other and the others, nor what happens when death severs these links of which we know practically nothing. We do not know why the skin of some women “burns” for months after their mother’s death, nor why or how the dog’s spot on the floor remains warm for several months after its death. No, we do not know the nature of this substance and I hope with all my violence that we never get to know it. Because if ever we did, we would immediately use it as a weapon of predation, destruction and omnipotence. May it remain sheltered from human knowledge. May it never be anything but what is evoked in works of art.

I’ve gone too far. I wanted to understand how that fear of not satisfying the other that each member of the couple feels had vanished in the couples of the *Dance*. The partners are liberated from their *Reserve*. There are no longer any hidden or *reserved* parts. All is a game and everything is at stake in this dance where terror and tenderness, violence and gentleness, control, predation, laughter and tears express the strength, the incredible strength that keeps us here, anchored to life.

I ventured too far. I had not anticipated anything, not the fact that I would hear those primitive voices predating their domestication, predating when they were trained to contain their screams, nor the fact that I would experience the tearing apart that the death of the woman who had or had not howled, who had or had not had an orgasm, would bring on. During those furious winter months when I had never been so close to *seeing* the link that bonds us to our mother, since it was to be ripped apart, since it was being ripped apart, since it was ripped apart, I could hear you at a distance sculpting the stone. Sometimes you returned from the workshop with the hallowed eyes you had just bored into the stone. At that point I wanted to set fire, but to which book I didn't exactly know. I wanted to make a false testimony, but did not know at what trial. I wanted to commit a perfect act, but did not know at what exact moment to do so, though I would have performed it perfectly. I would have committed it against myself. That winter had never had a beginning and seemed to have no end. The day I decided it must end, I brandished the tip of the blade to the neck of the book. Until it howled, until the book let out that terrifying howl of the dying who have resolved to experience *another* pleasure, one other.

But you, you did not mirror my howl. You did not howl in response. You did not sink your head in your hands. You, under the densely-clouded sky of this furious winter, you started scraping the bones of the lamb, then of the wild deer, from the beginning to the stone.

I would rather be inside the skin of the stone than aching for having screamed in response, for having sunk my head in my hands. I would rather have had no response to the objects; I would rather be an earthquake without responses, having only met virtual worlds along its path.

“There were no screams. No screams. Go back to sleep.”

I am looking for the ground to set my feet on. I am looking for a place on earth that is pallid and chiselled. I have a sore knee. The other remains bent, just in case.

“No screams. Nobody. Let’s go back to sleep.”

Let’s go back to sleep. Let’s return to the ladder of luminous threads to swim in the magma of non-created forms. The stones connect us. As stelae.