

to strike the both and move away / a severing impulse
by emily hutchings

enter this - this space,
because i cannot explain
in any other way
than to show

before:

fear expressed in running
then, everything expressed in running
lonely expressed in swimming
then, free expressed in swimming

to talk; we talked; but what does that consist of? word-- to do-- to do what?
you must specify for me, the specifics can be the most important- i need all the details i can get
it is a silence i can occupy- outside space is silent and in me is,
so there is a membrane that separates- defines the space my silent occupies. inside, outside
and i feel bashful for the words, even- their displacement of space,
the bathtub overflows and the volume is measured
the *the*, the stuff of the stuff that goes into slots like filling up a grid with all the *the*
as if the silence is not enough-
whatever is expressed is muted,
i can't get over the cloudline the treeline the atmosphere
the broken shells and pieces of calcified air i have to wade through every time i choose to speak

if i could embody what i am feeling
i would get nowhere

"an outside cause to all that has gone wrong"
there is too thick an irony to the relationship of cause and effect. to logic. the logic of logic. there is a defect. it is. and the
search begins for the cause of the effect of the defect. my affect of defect. there is no wound- there can be none. or, there
are wounds but they have been probed and they- cause- can not account for the effect. i can find nothing in their corporeal
their frantic evidence their presentation to tell me otherwise. has my fluid found this amplified, magnified? i can find none
but i can feel one. there can not be a none there where there is, there is, there is a one- there *should* be one. nothing can
account, add up, to this black hole eating me from the inside out
consider this:

"i don't know why i'm so upset"
i said, i was crying- body heaving, face hot and scrunched up-
in an office downtown

"but you are. you are really upset right now.
that's really happening."

i am strong and i have stayed here and i have endured and i have stood still and careful and protective and back-breakingly, unwaveringly, present. i have forfeited my sensitivity for safety. and the consequences are mine to bear. i do not want you to pity me.

i can't have to adapt anymore
a severing impulse
- to strike the both and move away

hush, hush, be quiet now
you don't want to scare away what's there
like holding your breath makes that tight in your chest surface from the swamp,
it's a build-up
and
a be careful
be so careful you might even fall asleep
if you scare yourself too much you might have to hide for a very long time,
and you do want that, don't you?

tears-on-command when the command is "no"

"i am assimilated and gravely disloyal"
if i hadn't cut off the arm of myself that could long,
if i hadn't cut off the arm of myself that knew how to pine,
if i hadn't cut off the arm of myself that had that open wound on it, maybe i wouldn't be so crippled now
but, it was an act of loyalty. dis-logic, mis-logic, ms. logic.
re-grow-it, like the lizard
sever, move, grow, repeat
move, sever, grow, repeat
grow, move, sever, repeat

and i know the body fits in here
i know the places that the body goes
it can it can't it will it won't
and i know the schizophrenic body well
i can not know you but i know your schism
a schism, a kind of schism, schisms not the same, schisms schismed
but we look for our mirror
i change, you stay the same

to cross-reference: 'i know that the way that i am thinking is different than the way that others think' :i need an other
an other: 'i can not rely on the way that i see things, an other is needed to see the thing that i can not' :see for me
me, see for me: 'i am a half and a half is me' :the mirror can see the double there
we together are better than i and i alone: i long for an outside cause: a privacy outside of my self, my form: share
and so, pair: thus, this: external, outward, to push against: combination in real space: in between: us

to embody, embroil, boil, down
to it, i want to be you with the me still attached
i can take your affects, your gesture of dress and the way your body shakes when you yawn:
it's not so much you as it is me
these are the things they will see that i took from you, if we ever occur in the same room again
i adopted your attitude, it has no relation to my relation. a root dug up and severed.
i wanted to be closer so i slipped into your skin with you, it didn't feel violent when i did. it was. a noise, an alarm.
you welcomed me, warm and what is the opposite of alone? i wouldn't say we were together then.
i came of age seeded in you.

there is a contagious cloud around you, i try not to touch when i see
lay in the fold, the schism is the safest
we will know but we will not talk

"later she won't understand my absence, my silence, or my adult life, secret and closed."

the split spit vile, the present crushes.
progression moves me further away
my will to adapt is strong. i would be a good lizard.
i reach out and hold back: open up and pull away
take to me, take to me