

only my

dress aches

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WITH RM

CHAPBOOK CREATED IN CELEBRATION OF ARCHIVE
RESIDENCY

SEPT 9 – NOV 29 2019

Twin

blade

Promissory

aspect,

and use for open-ended activity.

Picking over packaging & going through notes from ages ago, mixed ephemeral personal archive.

'does that look like what you'

turn on the light.

Little fracture in rib. Reach up, up for a glass on the higher shelf people are coming up to you, asking can you reach those glasses yes, but my rib hurts when I do or just when I take a deep breath.

Ow! -Nothing can fix it but rest and Itchy tops of hands evoke 2018's decreation, um

Decreation: A seed dies 'to liberate a tied up energy, in order to possess an energy which is free and capable of understanding the [real] relationship of things'¹. Rather than becoming 'nothing', the knowledge of what happened—how it happened—moves directionally from the created into the uncreated.

¹ Simone Weil, *Gravity and Grace*, 35.

‘wanted?’

Nothing: Archive Room’s

be free. ‘We could dance a little, if you’d like to’. Some significant events cannot be pictured. ‘nothing at all’, and nothing Ragged archive of Tilo: ‘from another kind of disaster’². For me it was like ‘→ site of first crash’ ‘→ site of second crash’ and then so much crashing that it lost some of its shock because now a little careful (instead of just not knowing how) the pain loses some longevity and it doesn’t really amount ‘to anything in the cut and thrust of real argument’³. But that doesn’t matter⁴. Relationships cannot be reduced to a ‘page-count’ or one settled definition⁵.

We keep our bones hollow because we hope to fly be free Original poetry can I make u one. My old phone’s main sound was that of an angel contacting me, my new phone makes a small sound of a door closing some distance away. Our “[c]ommunities” are ... laden with hidden ... voices ... riven with power asymmetries’⁶. I press my

² Roy, *The ministry of utmost happiness*, 35.

³ Roy, 35.

⁴ Roy, 35.

⁵ Johnson and Lardes, “Introduction,” 10.

⁶ Fulkerson, “‘Is there a (non-sexist) bible in this church?’ A feminist case for the priority of interpretive communities,” 234.

wounds to the blood brown wall. My wounds are dry now. 'what kind of reader-practitioner does the community want to produce?'⁷

Proposes that we "'disappear" the interpreter-text distinction',

that 'accounts of what is in [a] text are extensions of deeply embedded interests, articulations of the world and ... relations of power'⁸. Fulkerson explains that finding 'the conventions, the institutional and larger socio-economic and political forces that support the interpretive grids of communities' is a feminist task⁹.

The meaning of a textual assemblage is not produced independently of 'context and use'¹⁰. Gets up and says it. We get up and say it. We're actually jealous, we don't. We're not, we don't feel comfortable, we won't go.

I have this difficulty with words writing themselves. The readers construct the text as they read, but words have a wriggling agency too. Texts which 'do things'. I want that kind of text. To not just confirm the world of the reader but to change it! Or maybe I'm the one who's changed.

⁷ Fulkerson, "Is there a (non-sexist) bible in this church?' A feminist case for the priority of interpretive communities," 234.

⁸ Fulkerson, 227.

⁹ Fulkerson, 228.

¹⁰ Fulkerson, 227.

Attempts to retain order and the primacy of our own energetic pulse. In contradistinction: leave what is created without shelter/shield, and encounter a world arriving 'whenever', or maybe not at all. Because 'the finite was more beautiful than the infinite', as 'the circle was preferable to the line'¹¹. Appearance bears no primacy over departure/disappearance, and there is no certainty of the size and shape of participation. The rocks have been moving around the courtyard ever since, for example. The composition undergoes change, splitting and dispersal. This is not a negation of hope and protection; we accept abandonment, but we do not assume it. Are we hopeful someone will 'find [...] beautiful'. Or 'that [...] will *be* beautiful'?

galleries served no social function, lacking presence in the texture of life. So, we seek definition through qualities other than the accrual of economic, social and cultural capital. For me, this still underpins a slapdash or poorly-done quality, celebration of play & rest, and a preference for materials that someone else could have used. But to seek a non-exclusive readership, or any interpretive community, we must first believe in what we are doing. Moving—waking from inertia.

¹¹ McLellan, *Simone Weil: Utopian Pessimist*, 134.



'my heart just wasn't ready', heart wasn't ready red I keep trying to
my hands keep trying to write 'red' no the word is-

first

First

I was

-a crab. Saw

there's blood rubbed into two red wings on my inner-thighs, in the
bad luck charm mirror

Eating

scents, crumbs, on the surface,
on the floor, flower,
tissues, dishes, water,
on the bench, on the ground, wash your
face.

I don't even think of your smile-

Walked on a big seed pod-

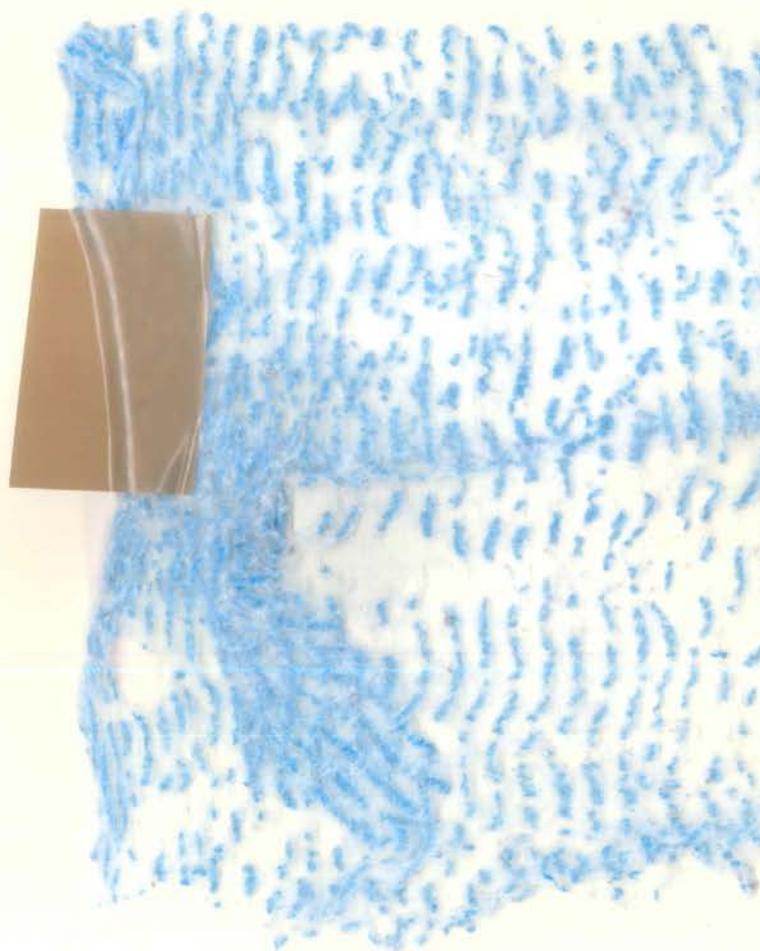
Bone thickened this time last year, somewhere

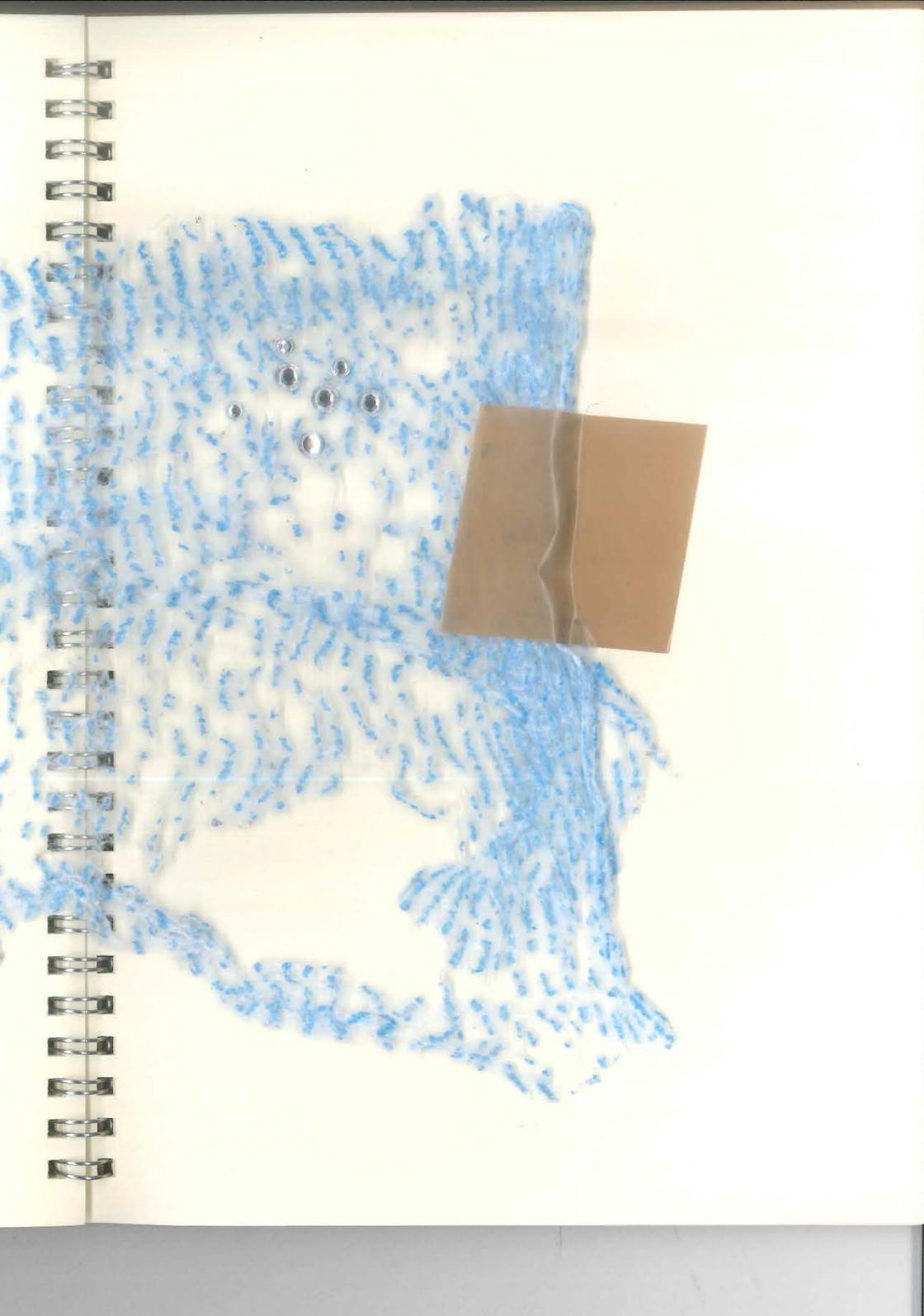
between ribs, clear

clears 'You've just cleared'

Light

Blue Dawn Sky Sense (Hair) Grey





To keep speaking about you, to keep from growing¹²

Sarah wrote

'mid in bits

on my cheeks

it's just pieces'

Sarah wrote

mid mid in in bits bits

on my cheeks.

It's just pieces.

They give you these

boring

venom,

apple,

river,

boring *unhollow* usable-words.

You have to get out of here

¹² YANG Hyosil, "To keep speaking about you, to resist growing," 161-165.

so you're just

,

,

just waiting.

Orb Web

Hanging upside down in her orb web,

mind ... gets scraps of language 'pieces'

flow into a shallow. 'with no task more than to'

delimit, and expose the 'fleeting thought' '... from ...' air¹³ to thought and other assemblages, conjunctively¹⁴. Do you really believe that?

At water's edge waiting for her raptor.

Falls

lightly and

Soft fluffy

rainbow

insecurely set.

¹³ Smith, *Woolgathering*, 12.

¹⁴ Berardi, *And: Phenomenology of the End*, 12.

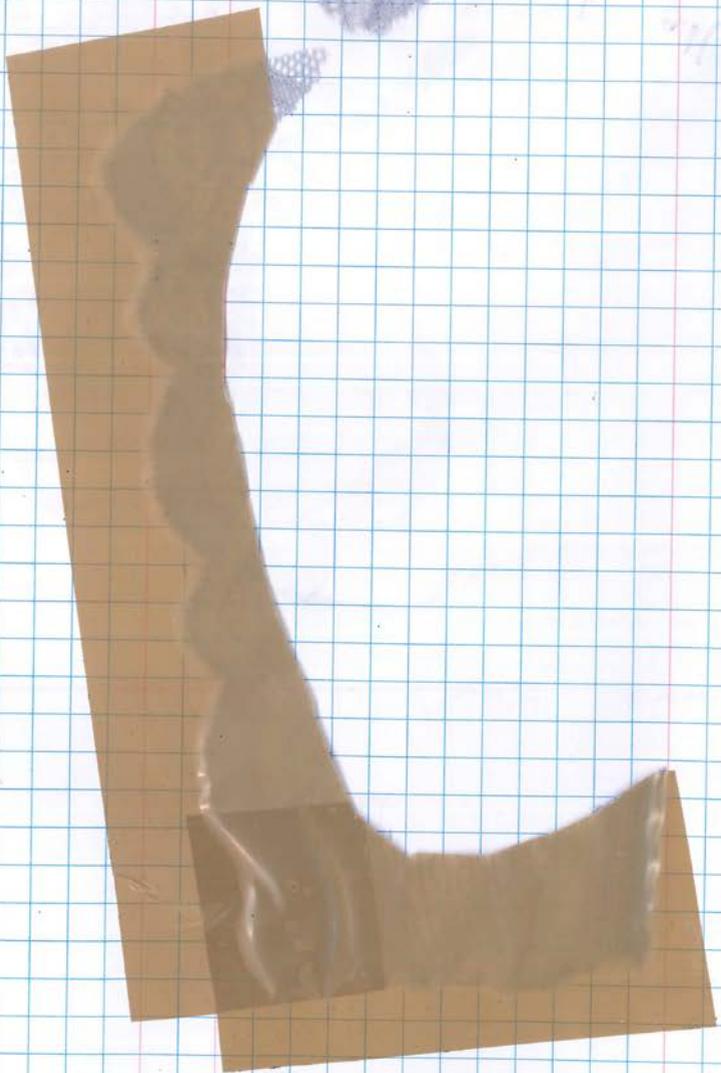
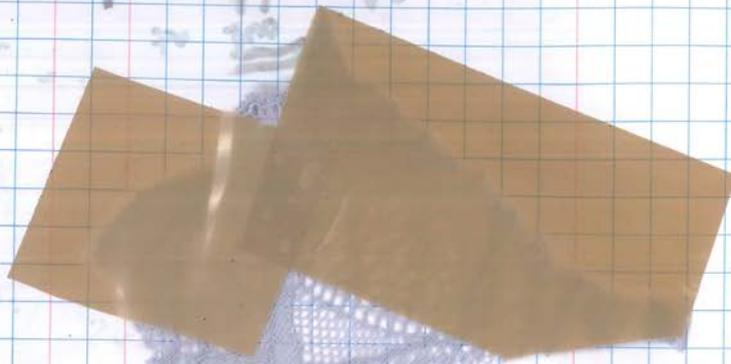
Once the water loses its momentum, plant debris and silt settle out.

'the commonplace, moves effortlessly into the strange ... this process can produce a thing'¹⁵

or

sparkle

¹⁵ Smith, *Woolgathering*, 13.



Torch On

our 'aloe vera sentences'¹⁶.

'Sorry, I can't really sing' Thank you . I received
the information and found my way.

Ever-active

I remember when I was tilling
the patch of Earth and my
writing on a page was blank
awkward

'blank clumpings' no . just aware,

That's when I started writing

in a big

way on the page.

¹⁶ Noname feat. Ravyn Lanae & Joseph Chilliams. Lyrics for "Forever".

Torch Off

Levelled.

clarity of expression

Help me go like that,

kiss;

'Help me to swoop like that',

is what I said, 'in like manner'

(carpark). He raises your

hands to your teeth. He

raises his hands to his teeth. Kiss. I would

describe the jacket as

shower-proof. It is

not the same place anymore.

It is sun-tipped. There's water

running down my face

there's water

falling.

The first words of your poem
must be, you left it 'I left it'¹⁷,
just apple juice on the keyboard just
'from my fingertips'.

¹⁷ Notley, "Change the Forms In Dreams", 3-4.

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