

## Love, labour, unravelling

1.

This is unravelling, and it's a logician. The program gives it an answer to everything, it is all talk. This is the labour of love.

The source of all of this is patriarchal capital & literally the patriarchy thru the broken nuclear family, which is a growth from it, same as masculinity, femininity, all products of it, all nodes. Feel this: a feeling is an 'exquisite act of meaning-making.'

There's a particular resonance from the energy it puts out: that these conditions are & always were untenable. What are the consequences of this aporia; with what can it be countered?

Relativism? Perpetual mutability? Groundless unrest? Stoicism? Disembodiment punctured with chemicals & compulsive sex. Oh lord where's my body. Where are my bones. Flesh.

*Trust not & you'll not be trusted.*

The secular world made this. The warped reconstitution of faith as consumption — consumption as we have always known is a wasting disease. Vulnerability has always been the key to the lock of intimacy between bodyminds. Surfaces have always been depths.

Networks have always been thresholds & touch

- touch! - is the mechanism through and of which change is possible. As Octavia told us *everything you touch changes you; everything you change changes the world*, and God resides there, in the twin gesture, touching/changing.

Where is the mystical feeling of Union, the sublime quality of being overcome? Where is love, how, love, how to love – you – in these conditions, thru these conflicting subjectivities, this degraded context, this future-presence of untold brutality, in which wanting

Wanting has been, is, petrified. Where is humility in the dense thickets of ego, “engulfed by its own myth”, enclosed away from anything that could jeopardise it, strengthening itself (as for them, ‘herself,’ the other is constantly compromised, bearing, burdened by meaning).

Not to progress, not in the name of progress; growth — instead of linear — is granular, intricate, internal, burrowing, beneath, dark, dank, cavernous, infinite. One grows down into the earth with the roots; this is becoming earthed, this is chthonic mystery.

With the wet, warm, (for)giving membranes. The compassionate fleshy pink cell from where every bodymind is gestated & born out from and into, into the warped logic of human dominance and grasping. Frightened, frightened, held, held.

2

Here, here is my space, it contains space for you, it is multiple. Your space, it cannot accommodate me, others: it is singular

care gives itself, care's offerings for self & other in, not selflessness – no, care-giving is a form of prayer, worship, think about — service, being in service to, working towards

the work of care, caring for/with, becoming both, all, every entangled thing, personhood, word, deed. To serve, to reciprocate service, to bypass dread, the dead, their machinations, even the imperative to share

share make visible announce, the internet, the profile, the biog, the big fucking statement, love, I, yield, love, I, feel, I perform, I reproduce even though I kill, I conjure, divine, cook, open up, display, demure,

I walk, get wet, we orbit one another. In piques & troughs. We come from the same place, conditions, we've been allocated so much from birth – difference – can't we tessellate?

Difference is life, the erotic, the seam,

pain, suffering, grace, humility, tears, fluidity, the empty or overflowing cup, the sword  
decimating or at ease, we are as we always have been - perforated, permeable liable to be  
ripped, torn, to bleed out, to hold on, to push down, to rise up, to fall short, to be unsafe, to be  
at risk.

Dreams hold me fast to my stillness when the day is done, when deeds are done,  
responsibilities, temporal kinds of care-work I dread should come to an end. This was why  
this was why this was why this was why it was this was why it was so so so so so so so so

this was why it was so so so so so so so so so so so so so so so awfully a non-choice, the so-  
called choice to terminate. Dreams conjured him from somewhere else and now I hear that a  
psychic told my cousin our grandmother is taking care of her. Him, her, them, it. Dreams I  
can retreat to,

all of our adjacent lives, devoid of any of these conditions, decisions, everything unraveling  
is the present, a vacuum-present, time stood still, paralysis, amygdala, rem, arousal,  
mindbody split, bridge, tears, orgasm, tears, orgasm, tears, orgasm.

Potential, Accumulation, Bursting Forth, Stability, Bridge. Beauty, Action, Perfection, Crisis.  
End/Begin.

3

At age 28/29 Saturn is at the exact location it was at the moment of your birth. Life-changes, transformations, substantial & insubstantial ephemeral events. Spent his life finding treasures, “consensual aspects of truth.” Going so far, retracting, self-protective, *trust not & you'll not be trusted.*

At winter's end the heather is scabrous. Like scraps from a bonfire, all brittle ash, fronded tufts, wands rising up from the peat bog. What the empress refuses, disavows, projects, is *truth as a growing complexity.*

It was as if the nausea of my acid come-up contained all my unthinkable sorrow.

I've always found a reason and a reasonable a priori justification to move things, such as: that plant needs light, which is why the wash basket is in the chimney breast. I have eyes to see and experience to navigate, in conflict but in intuition. Oracular.

And what cycle is this? Wednesday to Wednesday, sitting inside the unravelling of weeks and months in chalk on the kitchen wall, one date redacted to be reinscribed with the next, all

this mutability, numbers tumbling over and under time, time at peak fluid abstraction, this cycle lapping, creeping, latching onto other cycles.

The relational: over decades, years, months. The rapid changeability of a week. The tsunami of triggers and breath work, triggers and hand-on-heart with eyes closed, dissipation, tears in spite of normal modes of tactic or pride. Pride is adjacent to shame, a binary. Vulnerability lies in the fissure.

In the 41st year, the 7th of a cycle, the menstrual, emotional, alcohol cycle of a month, a week, a day. Cycles of smoking and not smoking and being in denial of it. The intersections of cycles across body borders, memories, seasons,

and now we're just living together again – one almost started the other almost done. All the eggs she'll ever have clustered in their fleshy crevice waiting for millions to descend upon them.

Try raising a child & tell me time isn't real, try grieving, ageing, as long as we can still die & feel as long as we're unique social/cultural products, as long as there's entropy, there is the passage of time.

Today's rushing waters and the bronze/yellow leaf archway I walked through, in awe of mist vapours obfuscating the highest ground oh lord these cycles never bring forth sameness everything pouring forth anew, every cycle describing a brand new revolution, every egg, every thing unique, my love my lust, my feeling for mulch and fucking!

Hard soaked nimble senses, suck suck suck suck suck suck suck

to oblivion so hot it feels cold at the point of contact, all these surfaces and serious depths,  
nerve endings, pricks, fingertip scalds, strikings, skirting across clitori.

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