She takes my left arm, tells me to make a fist, then open. Make a fist then open again, make the vein appear through the skin blue-green-purple tint to the translucent surface. Pump them open and close. She takes the elastic band and ties it tightly around the left arm. She taps on the flesh presses against it her thumb. She removes the elastic to the right arm. Open and close the right hand, fist and palm. She takes the cotton and rubs alcohol lengthwise on the arm several times. The coolness disappears as the liquid begins to evaporate. She takes the needle with its empty body to the skin.

No sign of flow

Sample extract

Specimen type

*Should it appear should it happen to appear all of a sudden, suddenly, begin to flow begin to collect begin to spill over flow flood should it happen to.*

Contents housed in membranes. Stain from within dispel in drops in spills. Contents of other recesses seep outward.

Too long. Enough already. One empty body waiting to contain. Conceived for a single purpose and for the purpose only. To contain. Made filled. Be full. She pulls out the needle and the skin lifts.

*Should it happen that the near-black liquid ink draws the line from point mark gravity follow (inevitably, suddenly) in one line down the arm on the table in one long spill, exhale of a spill.*

It takes her seconds less to break the needle off its body in attempt to collect the loss directly from the wound.

*Stain begins to absorb the material spilled on.*

She pushes hard the cotton square against the mark.

*Stain begins to absorb the material spilled on.*

Something of the ink that resembles the stain from the interior emptied onto emptied into emptied upon this boundary this surface. More. Others. When possible ever possible to puncture to scratch to imprint. Expel. Ne te cache pas. Révèle toi. Sang. Encre. Of its body's extention of its containment.
J’écoute les cygnes.
J’ai entendu des paroles vrai
ou pas vrai
impossible à dire.

Là. Des années après
Impossible de distinguer la Pluie.
Vient de dire, Va dire.
Souvenu mal entendu. Pas certain.

La Pluie fait rêver de sons.
Des Pauses. Exhalation.
Des affirmations toutes les affirmations.

Peu à peu
Impossible de distinguer les paroles
Exhalées. Affirmées en exhalation
exclamées en inhalation
Ne plus distinguer la pluie des rêves
ou des souffles

La langue dedans. La bouche dedans
la gorge dedans
le poumon l’organe seul
Tout ensemble un. Une.

I heard the swans
in the rain I heard
I listened to the spoken true
or not true
not possible to say.

There. Years after
no more possible to distinguish the rain.
No more. Which was heard.
Will just say. Having just said.
Remembered not quite heard. Not certain.
Heard, not at all.

Rain dreamed from sounds.
The pauses. Exhalation.
Affirmations. All the affirmations.

Little by little

Not possible to distinguish the speech
Exhaled. Affirmed in exhalation.
Exclaimed in inhalation.
To distinguish no more the rain from dreams
or from breaths.

Tongue inside the mouth inside
the throat inside
the lung organ alone. The only organ.
All assembled as one. Just one.
Là. Plus tard, peu certain, si c’était
la pluie, la parole, mémoire.
Mémoire d’un rêve.
Comment cela s’éteint. Comment l’étendre.
Alors que cela
s’éteint.

Mordre la langue.
Avaler profondément. Plus profondément.
Avaler. Plus encore.
Jusqu’à ce qu’il n’y aurait plus. D’organe.
Plus d’organe.
Cris.

Peu à peu. Les virgules. Les points.
Les pauses.
Avant et après. Tous les avant.
Tous les après.
Phrases.
Paragraphs. Silencieux. A peu près
des pages et des pages
en mouvement
lignes après
lignes
vides à gauche vides à droite, vides de mots.
de silences.

J’écoutais les signes.
Absents.

There. Later, uncertain, if it was
the rain, the speech, memory.
Remembered from dream.
How it diminishes itself. How to Dim
ish itself. As
it dims.

To bite the tongue.
Swallow. Again even more.
Just until there would be no more of organ.
Organ no more.
Cries.

Little at a time. The commas. The periods.
The pauses.
Before and after. Throughout. All advent.
All following.
Sentences.
Paragraphs. Silent. A little nearer. Nearer
Pages and pages
in movement
line after
line
void to the left void to the right, void the
words the silences.

I heard the signs. Remnants. Missing.
The mute signs. Never the same.
Absent.
Images seulement. Seules. Images.
Les signes dans la pluie, j’écoutais.
Les paroles ne sont que pluie devenues neige.
Vrai ou pas vrai.
impossible à dire.

Des années et des années. Dizaines.
Centaines.
Après. Impossible de distinguer. L’entendu.
Signes. Paroles. Mémoire. Déjà
dit vient
de dire va
dire
Souvenir mal entendu, incertain.
La pluie rêve de sons. Des pauses.
Exhalation.
Des affirmations toutes les affirmations
en exhalation.

Peu à peu

Là, des années après, incertain si la pluie
la parole souvenues comment c’était comme
c’était comme si c’était.

Mordre la langue. Avaler. Profondément.
J’usqu’a ce qu’il n’y aurait plus d’organe.

Images only. Alone. Images.
The signs in the rain I listened
the speaking no more than rain having become snow.
True or not
true
no longer possible to say.

Years and years. Ten upon ten.
One hundred upon one hundred.
hundreds years after. No longer possible
to distinguish.
The audible. Signs. Spoken. Memory.
Which was already
said to be
said just to
say will
say going to just say
memory not all heard, not certain.
Rain dreams the sounds. The pauses. Exhalation.
Affirmation all affirmations
in exhalation.

Little by little

There. Then. Years after. Uncertain if
the rain the speaking remembered how it had been
as it had been if it had been.

Bite the tongue. Between the teeth. Swallow
deep. Deeper. Swallow. Again, even more.
Until there would be no more organ.
Plus d'organe.
Cris.

Peu à peu. Les virgules. Les points.
Tout.
Avant avoir été.

Phrases silencieuses.
Paragraphes silencieux
des pages et des pages à peu près
en mouvement
lignes
après lignes
vider à gauche à droit.
Vider les mots.
Vider le silence.

No organ. Anymore.
Cries.

Bit by bit. Commas, periods, the
pauses. Before and after.
After having been. All.
Before having been.

Phrases silent
Paragraphs silent
Pages and pages a little nearer
to movement
line
after line
void to the left to the right.
Void the words.
Void the silence.
FIG. 1 Side View of Air Passages and Lungs
FIG. 2 Position of the Larynx in the Neck
FIG. 3 Front View of the Larynx
FIG. 4 Superior View of Larynx and Vocal Folds

One by one.
The sounds. The sounds that move at a time stops. Starts again. Exceptions stops and starts again all but exceptions.
Stop. Start. Starts.
Broken speech. One to one. At a time.
Cracked tongue. Broken tongue.
Pidgeon. Semblance of speech.
About to. Then stops. Exhale swallowed to a sudden arrest.
Rest. Without. Can do without rests. Improper to rest before begun even. Probation of rest. Without them all.
Stop start.
Where proper pauses were expected. But no more.
MELPOMENE TRAGEDY
She could be seen sitting in the first few rows. She would be sitting in the first few rows. Closer the better. The more. Better to eliminate presences of others surrounding better view away from that which is left behind far away back behind more for closer view more and more face to face until nothing else sees only this view singular. All dim, gently, slowly until in the dark, the absolute darkness the shadows fade.

She is stretched out as far as the seat allows until her neck rests on the back of the seat. She pulls her coat just below her chin enveloped in one mass before the moving shades, flickering light through the empty window, length of the gardens the trees in perfect a symmetry.


The submission is complete. Relinquishes even the vision to immobility. Abandons all protests to that which will appear to the sight. About to appear. Forecast. Break. Break, by all means. The illusion that the act of viewing is to make alteration of the visible. The expulsion is immediate. Not one second is lost to the replication of the totality. Total severance of the seen. Incision.
April 19
Seoul, Korea

Dear Mother,

4. 19. Four Nineteen, April 19th, eighteen years later. Nothing has changed, we are at a standstill. I speak in another tongue now, a second tongue a foreign tongue. All this time we have been away. But nothing has changed. A standstill.

It is not 6.25. Six twenty five. June 25th 1950. Not today. Not this day. There are no bombs as you had described them. They do not fall, their shiny brown metallic backs like insects one by one after another.

The population standing before North standing before South for every bird that migrates North for Spring and South for Winter becomes a metaphor for the longing of return. Destination. Homeland.

No woman with child lifting sand bags barriers, all during the night for the battles to come.

There is no destination other than towards yet another refuge from yet another war. Many generations pass and many deceptions in the sequence in the chronology towards the destination.

You knew it would not be in vain. The thirty six years of exile. Thirty six years multiplied by three hundred and sixty five days. That one day your country would be your own. This day did finally come. The Japanese were defeated in the world war and were making their descent back to their country. As soon as you heard, you followed South. You carried not a single piece, not a photograph, nothing to evoke your memory, abandoned all to see your nation freed.

From another epic another history. From the missing narrative. From the multitude of narratives. Missing. From the chronicles. For another telling for other recitations.

Our destination is fixed on the perpetual motion of search. Fixed in its perpetual exile. Here at my return in eighteen years, the war is not ended. We fight the same war. We are inside the same struggle seeking the same destination. We are severed in Two by an abstract enemy an invisible enemy under the title of liberators who have conveniently named the severance, Civil War. Cold War. Stalemate.

I am in the same crowd, the same coup, the same revolt, nothing has changed. I am inside the demonstration I am locked inside the crowd and carried in its movement. The voices ring shout one voice then many voices they are waves they echo I am moving in the direction the only one direction with the voices the only direction. The other movement towards us it increases steadily their direction their only direction our mutual destination towards the other against the other. Move.

I feel the tightening of the crowd body to body
now the voices rising thicker I hear the break the single motion tearing the break left of me right of me the silence of the other direction advance before... They are breaking now, their sounds, not new, you have heard them, so familiar to you now could you ever forget them not in your dreams, the consequences of the sound the breaking. The air is made visible with smoke it grows spreads without control we are hidden inside the whiteness the greyness reduced to parts, reduced to separation. Inside an arm lifts above the head in deliberate gesture and disappears into the thick white from which slowly the legs of another bent at the knee hit the ground the entire body on its left side. The stinging, it slices the air it enters thus I lose direction the sky is a haze running the streets emptied I fell no one saw me I walk. Anywhere. In tears the air stagnant continues to sting I am crying the sky remnant the gas smoke absorbed the sky I am crying. The streets covered with chipped bricks and debris. Because. I see the frequent pairs of shoes thrown sometimes a single pair among the rocks they had carried. Because. I cry wail torn shirt lying I step among them. No trace of them. Except for the blood. Because. Step among them the blood that will not erase with the rain on the pavement that was walked upon like the stones where they fell had fallen. Because. Remain dark the stains not wash away. Because. I follow the crying crowd their voices among them their singing their voices unceasing the empty street.

There is no surrendering you are chosen to fail to be martyred to shed blood to be set an example one who has defied one who has chosen to defy and was to be set an example to be martyred an animal useless betrayer to the cause to the welfare to peace to harmony to progress.

It is 1962 eighteen years ago same month same day all over again. I am eleven years old. Running to the front door, Mother, you are holding my older brother pleading with him not to go out to the demonstration. You are threatening him, you are begging to him. He has on his school uniform, as all the other students representing their schools in the demonstration. You are pulling at him you stand before the door. He argues with you he pushes you away. You use all your force, all that you have. He is prepared to join the student demonstration outside. You can hear the gun shots. They are directed at anyone.

Coming home from school there are cries in all the streets. The mounting of shouts from every direction from the crowds arm in arm. The students. I saw them, older than us, men and women held to each other. They walk into the others who wait in their uniforms. Their shouts reach a crescendo as they approach nearer to the other side. Cries resisting cries to move forward. Orders, permission to use force against the students, have been dispatched. To be caught and beaten with sticks, and for others, shot, remassed, and carted off. They fall they bleed they die. They are thrown into gas into the crowd to be
squelched. The police the soldiers anonymous they duplicate themselves, multiply in number invincible they execute their role. Further than their home further than their mother father their brother sister further than their children is the execution of their role their given identity further than their own line of blood.

You do not want to lose him, my brother, to be killed as the many others by now, already, you say you understand, you plead all the same they are killing any one. You withstand his strength you call me to run to Uncle's house and call the tutor. Run. Run hard. Out the gate. Turn the corner. All down hill to reach Uncle's house. I know the two German shepherd dogs would be guarding one at each side, chained to their house they drag behind them barking. I must brave them, close my eyes and run between them. I call the tutor from the yard, above the sounds of the dogs barking. Several students look out of the windows. They are in hiding from the street, from their homes where they are being searched for. We run back to the house the tutor is ahead of me, when I enter the house the tutor is standing in front of him. You cannot go out he says you cannot join the D-e-m-o. De Mo. A word, two sounds. Are you insane the tutor tells him they are killing any student in uniform. Anybody. What will you defend yourself with he asks. You, my brother, you protest your cause, you say you are willing to die. Dying is part of it. If it must be. He hits you. The tutor slaps you and your face turns red you stand silently against the door your head falls. My brother. You are all the rest all the others are you. You fell you died you gave your life. That day. It rained. It rained for several days. It rained more and more times. After it was all over. You were heard. Your victory mixed with rain falling from the sky for many days afterwards. I heard that the rain does not erase the blood fallen on the ground. I heard from the adults, the blood stains still. Year after year it rained. The stone pavement stained where you fell still remains dark.

Eighteen years pass. I am here for the first time in eighteen years, Mother. We left here in this memory still fresh, still new. I speak another tongue, a second tongue. This is how distant I am. From then. From that time. They take me back they have taken me back so precisely now exact to the hour to the day to the season in the smoke mist in the drizzle I turn the corner and there is no one. No one facing me. The street is rubble. I put my palm on my eyes to rub them, then I let them cry freely. Two school children with their book bags appear from nowhere with their arms around each other. Their white kerchief, their white shirt uniform, into a white residue of gas, crying.

I pass a second curve on the road. You soldiers appear in green. Always the green uniforms the patches of camouflage. Trees camouflage your green trucks you blend with nature the trees hide you you cannot be seen behind the guns no one sees you they have hidden you. You sit you recline on the earth
next to the buses you wait hours days making visible your presence. Waiting for the false move that will conduct you to mobility to action. There is but one move, the only one and it will be false. It will be absolute. Their mistake. Your boredom waiting would not have been in vain. They will move they will have to move and you will move on them. Among them. You stand on your tanks your legs spread apart how many degrees exactly your hand on your rifle. Rifle to ground the same angle as your right leg. You wear a beret in the 90 degree sun there is no shade at the main gate you are fixed you cannot move you dare not move. You are your post you are your vow in nomine patris you work your post you are your nation defending your country from subversive infiltration from your own countrymen. Your skin scorched as dark as your uniform as you stand you don't hear. You hear nothing. You hear no one. You are hidden you see only the prey they do not see you they cannot. You who are hidden you who move in the crowds as you would in the trees you who move inside them you close your eyes to the piercing the breaking the flooding pools bath their shadow memory as they fade from you your own blood your own flesh as tides ebb, through you through and through.

You are this
close to this much
close to it.
Extend arms apart just so, that much. Open
the thumb and the index finger just so.

the thumb and the index finger just so.
That much
you want to kill the time that is oppression itself.
Time that delivers not. Not you, not from its expanse, without dimension, defined not by its limits. Airless, thin, not a thought rising even that there are things to be forgotten. Effortless. It should be effortless. Effort less ly the closer it is the closer to it. Away and against time ing. A step forward from back. Backing out. Backing off. Off periphery extended. From imaginary to bordering on division. At least somewhere in numerals in relation to the equator, at least all the maps have them at least walls are built between them at least the militia uniforms and guns are in abeyance of them. Imaginary borders. Un imaginable boundaries.

Suffice more than that. SHE opposes Her. SHE against her.
More than that. Refuses to become discard decomposed oblivion.
From its memory dust escapes the particles still material still respiration move. Dead air stagnant water still exahes mist. Pure hazard igniting flaming itself with the slightest of friction like firefly. The loss that should burn. Not burn, illuminate. Illuminate by losing. Lighten by loss.
Yet it loses not.
Her name. First the whole name. Then syllable by syllable counting each inside the mouth. Make them
rise they rise repeatedly without ever making visible lips never open to utter them. Mere names only names without the image not her hers alone not the whole of her and even the image would not be the entire her fraction her invalid that inhabits that rise voluntarily like flint pure hazard dead substance to fire. Others anonymous her detachments take her place. Anonymous against her. Suffice that should be nation against nation suffice that should have been divided into two which once was whole. Suffice that should diminish human breaths only too quickly. Suffice Melpomene. Nation against nation multiplied nations against nations against themselves. Own. Repels her rejects her expels her from her own. Her own is, in, of, through, all others, hers. Her own who is offspring and mother, Demeter and Sibyl.

Violation of her by giving name to the betrayal, all possible names, interchangeable names, to remedy, to justify the violation. Of her. Own. Unbegotten. Name. Name only. Name without substance. The everlasting, Forever. Without end.

Deceptions all the while. No devils here. Nor gods. Labyrinth of deceptions. No enduring time. Self-devouring. Devouring itself. Perishing all the while. Insect that eats its own mate.


Arrest the machine that purports to employ democracy but rather causes the successive refraction of her none other than her own. Suffice Melpomene, to exorcize from this mouth the name the words the memory of severance through this act by this very act to utter one, Her once, Her to utter at once, She without the separate act of uttering.