

Disquiet [of a Non-Crash Site]

Hannah Hopewell

A pile of mania, cumulate of shit, frame of blood
 A concomitant threshold of verge and hover stretched to
 flood the world
 You masticate alive elsewhere's, but because of gravity,
 you keep on playing
 You are a cluster of uncanniness, emerged as primal,
 a clandestine metanoia
 Unwavering indifference remains your aspiration,
 preservation not your demand
 I see it on your inter-face whilst reading diffractively in
 the blizzards of mini-death
 Have you become an appetite of expectation, a slurry of
 urban bodegons, a register and inventory of the undeads?
 Your anarchic excess has been anticipated, what next?
 A kind of inebriation. Delusion. Pleasure. Terror.
 A simultaneous seduction?
 This is no survey
 A winged sari, a crow in possession of darkened alarm,
 an oblivion of stillness
 A pure gesture, a localised signature. A new salted crust
 Your hydration of this undead is aided by the saliva of
 fluid logics duped by capital's flows
 You feed the engines of abstraction by pressing the meta
 into feet and mouths, but you are no medic nor mother

 Your stations occlude your amphidromic points, cotidal
 lines and itches
 All you wanted was a surface of symmetrical we,
 a description within which to disappear

But your containers are leaking, the agora has bled
 Do you miss your coat for stepping Outside?
 After all, is this not a city?
 If I hear you speak in imaginary structure, it is because
 other choices felt limiting
 This is not a survey
 A unit of greed, a dropped effort of differentiation,
 a low-grade lack
 A concomitant threshold of verge and hover. Eros and
 Thanatos, entry and exit bound in a Gordian knot to
 address the 'non'
 You are a 'species of reduction', a reduced description,
 an eye-erode to curate non-seeing
 Your dissipative entropic fractalised blind in conjugated
 superposition, is but the syrup of irreflection
 You mock with impassivity, like a turned-up goblet as an
 elect of the invisible
 Time's question, of wounds and mixtures. Still, life,
 without Being
 Withdrawn from the sensual; there is time, on the inside
 of 'itself'
 Take rest as you like it un-envious of perception
 As for seeing you in symptom, indifference intact —
 that's what black did.
