

Dragging on de deux



Is 1 hr 1hr?

The light assists in this slow routine, its platform a receiver negotiating joints, light and humidity.

The instruments are exposed and time is measured by the work it takes to _____. The room is padded, ready for a work out.

The bodies are curtains who rise and fall, flex then relax in the time it takes to inscript each other along two wet drag_strips.

FIRST FLATWORM, quavering, as she slouches: I feel a knot in my stomach before I spoke to you. It is a knot of self-protection. I wanted to tie th' knot to confuse relationships but you felt the need to use th' resistance band, to knot it, to knot me. I wanted to mutate it but your edge resembled a ruffled collar. Coy, I folded in to tie the knot. I feel a knot in my stomach before I speak, I think you develop goose bumps through intra biseps action flex spine core weak, correct it, be strict, repeat daily. Th' resistance band is knotted it lifts

Tiziana 14-12-29 3:12 PM

Comment [1]: Stronger with just the lower title? "IS 1 hr 1 hr?"

th' aluminum bar.
I felt deflated. You floated away.
I dwelled on the floor of this lubricated room, pretending to
know the science.

When you dwell in silence
. . . for a long time the space becomes you.
More to you and more than you.

You are silent. It's becoming
on you. & it produces uncertainty
for the spectator desiring images

upon a pale alphabet can-can.

SECOND FLATWORM: I thought I was a clingstone peach
That's th' way I got to speech

FIRST FLATWORM, eyes going wide: No—no.
A shallow film of liquid draws out the
vowels *pause* the drag runs, body pressure
doubles along the skin
the drag drips, the drag splits, do you drag flat? Does your
drag cough? Do you drag happy? Do you drag daily? ~~How~~
~~does your drag think?~~ What does your drag droop?

SECOND FLATWORM: Dragging feet through
dregs sticking to your toes.

Cling to the pits
The skin slips

Juice drips
I feel sick

Fuzz clings to your tongue
Dry mouth, spit
From the deep.

FIRST FLATWORM, in thought: Flat, thin character
It's my character, flat, thin.
Simple.

SECOND FLATWORM, *spits*: Spits on the 2d plane, sits on rubber, bent knee
Stick straight, pivot clockwise, pivot warbles
pivot stiff, shuffle sideways etc etc

FIRST FLATWORM, *skitters*: I hold my sensitivities up to a mirror there are
Spots that I am blind to, you know, oh like a
blind spot. I check my sensitivities, from toe to heel up and
down I pivot forward and plié,
Stretch my leg on the barre, remember something
then retract.

SECOND FLATWORM, *bows*: You called me serious and I became very serious.

FIRST FLATWORM: The room upstairs gives off the air of clinic cum ballet studio,
where familiar structures are articulated by prosthetic
flourishes.

SECOND FLATWORM, *miming*: Acting like a weird flatworm.

FIRST FLATWORM, *ruffle*: Is this dancing or is it just a part of a life?

SECOND FLATWORM: It became a dance when we called it a dance.

FIRST FLATWORM: How we project what critters are doing as dance?

SECOND FLATWORM: Is the act that produces their gender repeatable?

FIRST FLATWORM, as *the second flatworm snakes*: It is I mean is it a form of penetration
whereby sperm slides spur of the moment?

SECOND FLATWORM: Can posture between acts of movement
relative to the need of the instant?¹

FIRST FLATWORM, *hesitating*: Why do we perceive some things as dance?

FIRST FLATWORM: The room lubricates and the lubricant studies us.

SECOND FLATWORM: Liquid intelligence and breast implants (. . . silicone?
. . . padding?)

FIRST FLATWORM, *blotting*: Implants.

¹ MG paraphrase.

SECOND FLATWORM: Of the sequence n following m dilates the delay of *drag*

FIRST FLATWORM: Of the sequence n following m dilates the weight of *time*.

SECOND FLATWORM: Beside myself.

FIRST FLATWORM: Sloppy tight I sponge.

SECOND FLATWORM: You emphasized promiscuity as though material was slinky like a finely rendered spray bottle.

FIRST FLATWORM, *curling*: Developing casually by the window light.

SECOND FLATWORM, *thinks, then*: If they have sperm do they also milk?

FIRST FLATWORM: Where's my mouth guard.

SECOND FLATWORM: An old c vitamin in my coat pocket

FIRST FLATWORM: Looking pale.

SECOND FLATWORM: Sweat stains on my silk shirt tight around my armpits.

FIRST FLATWORM: Suck it up like you are bent back over your bed and slipping on a pair of leather jeans.

SECOND FLATWORM: The instructor said that and somehow I know what she means.

FIRST FLATWORM: He threw away my mouth guard.

Smell pores of orange, feel skin of peach,
shape clay blue jeans.

SECOND FLATWORM: Suck it in. Suck it up.
Tonight, the window panes overlooking Spadina Avenue
sweat. Diffused evening light combined with the flash of traffic
inflects the space and its players.

FIRST FLATWORM, *sarcastically*: Why, you don't say. Does your nose feel natural?

FIRST FLATWORM: It takes a long time to undo your childhood commitments, especially when you forget the promises you make to yourself. Those knots.

SECOND FLATWORM: At the back a door leads to a stairway that leads to a dingy basement.

SECOND FLATWORM: An old c vitamin in my coat pocket

FIRST FLATWORM, eyes *going wide*: Looking pale.

SECOND FLATWORM: As the ground on a shuddering sexless/-y ribbon.