

(Counter-) speech

I want to be loud
without having promised anything at all
we, as one voice, remember the words
that in speaking brought the content to this work

the beginning was simple once decided
4 others would write as ghostwriters
in my name,
oh dear, was I not clear?
To belong to the views of the others? Taken apart?
And here their response still somehow hidden from view:

You, my counterpart, made of me a double
and brought us both to laugh.
She located me and expanded myself on our behalf
He cast me in sentences in oblique citations
She, piercingly complex, moved within fetish constellations.

What do you mean by appropriation? Who do you see?
Where is the work promised by this individual called „me“?
And what of the longing I've known:
escalate, devote, filter, separate
until I recognize and name,
how responsibility is located in this game.

by doing work,
negotiating wit you and you
the body's organs know what to do
discard, spit, sweat, waste
then waiting in ambush
a conquest (of sorts)
the gap is found in this dogged mind.

How to leave the merely possible behind?
our finger points to
reading – thoughts pouring down
pictures appear – in the inner side of the eye
hold, compare, rearrange.
Action!
Who subjugates whom?
our bodies demonstrate, again and again
invisible formations of power.

fill this mutable space,
with our bodies standing by
understanding through repetition,
how quickly words become structures,
while still others are left without note,
open the gap
losing track?
speaking for yourself?
No, naming by rote.

what remains, what retains itself,
what wanes, what locates itself,
wherever the voice turns,
it calls out for attention.

This speech, now in speaking,
Here, encapsulated in time
repeats itself quite naturally,
in passing and by design.