

*A resistant motion/getting off the ground —
(getting rubbing, rubbing)*

“Apart we are together” Stéphane Mallarmé.

A weather one surface or object encounters when moving over another
schism rooted inside engagement of will

abrasion—resistance
discord opposition
attraction
a reading of enmity, animus.

All surface, all body,, ability of macro of micro, leaning towards illusion,
towards simultaneous conflicting measurement. All surface, all body,,
always an intensification of environment, amplifying intention, arm in
arm miscalculation, a willing indeterminacy in the distance of approach,
no predilection to familiar degrees of familiarity. A context of
object, object introduced, surface object, median, mind acceptance mind
eventuality mentions hyperbolic ingress, a disposition exposed, how one
reacts to the minute of instant solitude, encountered subsequent re-
introduction of principle, in lieu of duration, insensitive pith of form of
disquiet inside form remain behind object
object tear from blind skin in a manner befitting removed states
of a median. Stratum created as levelled, with one, forever in circles, with
one, four ever never touching parallels of sonority—pulled in pulled out of
an obsessive embrace.

the body is gesture clutching action
base rumination
response a lunatic sport
the main—top
the body is drain.

twosurfacesplusandminus
are twin.*

attending to something in common.

*Always in mind of a particular resonant property of an individual—found
post approach, ears pop in swallowed maltreated convergence.

introduction

Listening in method utilised

Surface object does not move.

Surface object moves.

Median departs.

Maintaining absence*.

Uprooting object.

Neither giving voice to either.

*Existing as consequence, one leaves as does other, behind traces of
departure in a coming departure, (perpetual) abandonment beginning,
initiate, balanced unwilling enters median.

Pothos – at once motionless the surface object howls .

Himéros – at once the surface object remains .

An absent object framed by the sedentary existence of a median—
expressed in hesitant confrontation. A surface of ears. The introduction
substitutes itself to an alternative.

What I have affirmed a first time, once again affirm, without
repetition, affirmed affirmation, minus contingent, begin again.

An accident in the light of perspicacity.

In the light of madness.

I approach a drum as I would a turntable, it took time to realise neither one is inert neither one is spritely. Thought patterns remain the same in difference, a surface is that, an object is that, they do not exist to please each other,

they are forced together (a violence found crawling inside devout) . Quickness founded sonority. No surface is utilised to decrease, a density of scale pervades, where is a median, placed outside continually resounding. Lost control past a certain point, drawn together in shore like movement. The result subsequent the result.

Subtle permutation of experience as repetition, each approach a different person, a co-dependence sleeps in between subjection and heightened awareness. These relationships exist said exploring ones own silence and the minutiae of homeostasis, self, diet, clothes, walking, sleeping, interaction – abundance of patterns in riot of equilibrium. Everything is surrounded, sitting with object is first and foremost a retelling of difference in difference leading to first and foremost–echo answers echo.

Not long past re-iteration, shuffle, of subject of object–placement observing introduction. Intrinsic elements, everyplace dynamic, find themselves sheer, in mind of no allusion to qualitative measure unearthed in the heightened relationship of presence said absence of weight. It is not a virtue, unavoidable, coalescent in mind of perception . A quality that permeates projective technique in light found surrounded of overlooked corners reserved for tacit refraction, in time unavoidable clutter, stretched thin, layers reveal themselves through themselves filter.

Fountainhead, chance chimeric intrigue of combination, Odysseus whispers to a shore resounding familiar, what has changed in a voice, in this case, is found in the white noise of a handful of stones. A poet states–no ideas but in things–hands clasped we hear, something, repeating.

approaching resonance.