

thinking about the word healing and how it carries so many impossibilities
I find myself being more studious than I would want to be with this practice of writing
I realize that my learning patterns have been tampered with
and that I am throwing myself towards being a good student
what for
break the deck with your left hand
you don't even need to ask me to do all this emotional labour for you
like I'm just doing it and you don't even know
a surprise party or something
I think you would hate a surprise party
what does that say about what I know about you

how do you tell someone that desire and brutality are not mutually inclusive?
what does it mean for you to listen to your own desire?
desiderio —> from latin De / Sidero
literally going towards the stars
missing the stars
desire is melancholic
also a bit overrated
I think
just because you can hold something
doesn't mean that you have to
I want to remember to allow images to come towards my eyes as opposed to looking for things
Do you have any idea how heavy this is
Justice - not so much as in measure more as in what do you feel in proximity to and why
how much distance is the right distance

I keep dreaming about you - maybe it's a way to get insight or I'm designing my own version of
you in my head
like does everybody do that
I thought it was cute that we have this place in our dreams that we both fabricated where we
meet, I'm done being surprised by the fact that we are connected on a level that I don't
understand in waking but
this place feels like a building site now
and this city feels like a giant morgue and someone forgot to change the flowers in vases and now
they're all dry
and this just seems like a better option

-

How do you dance if there is no bass
in your belly
whiteness has easiness in flooding everything
maybe whiteness finds easiness in flooding
I wonder what it would be like to live and
never witness the sacredness of things

fa un po' impressione

this obsession with healing
you're so right
healing - this problematic word
treated like a straight line like an
accomplishment
of some sort
sometimes it's just not possible
I want space for the impossibility of healing
it gives me comfort to feel alone in a group of people

I think dancing is divination
emergence like something magic
allowing and not designing
but not in the cringy fake way that we mean just see what happens
because I don't want to see magic
tricks
dancing is like figuring out what witchcraft is
formality kills me
and no not everything is form
(I literally have arguments with myself about this).

desire has to do with absence
desire is already a lack
I want and I desire
are two different things

detaching from pain
like what Salomè did
to do with the head what sometimes people do to the tail of lizards

I'm sorry you got caught up in all the things I didn't have language for.

I dreamt I asked someone to shoot me and then changed my mind at the last minute. It seemed to be too late. Somehow it was already decided and although they said they couldn't do it they had found someone who could. I was hiding in a bathroom at someone's house behind the door, they found me and they took ages at aiming properly. I was screaming please no and I think they were crying but I'm not sure, they were trying to keep a very professional face. They shot me three times, in my right shoulder, underneath and above my right clavicle, it didn't hurt more like a strong push or the sound of screaming into a pillow. I fell on the floor and then I was out of myself, I could see myself on the floor but it wasn't me / my body, and a group of men were standing around pointing at a white girl with red hair saying that she needed to learn something so she should shoot me cause I wasn't dead yet. I stood there with no particular feeling other than wondering if they could see me or not (I think they could).

(do you still live under my ribs)

I think I am learning to miss people I have already said goodbye to -

holding as in starting over
it's a few days after the eclipse and
I am left with
the feeling of wanting to rest
my eyes on something soft
the difference between darkness and dark matter
I am thinking of breathing
as a way to meet myself in
my own desire
I've read too many books on
how to read tarot and I think
they're confusing
divination is not a technique you know
there is something divinatory
in listening
in getting quiet
or holding space for quietness

I am in love with this idea
that my bones are filled with a thick, viscous substance that gives me life
like lymph
or something
I bask in the intricate feeling of being a witness here
what will you do with the things you see?
what will you do about it?
hold yourself like a baby -
I went to hammam and the person working there held me like a child as she washed me it was
brutally pragmatic and soft
when she washed my hair I cried
to rinse me she threw three buckets of water
on my body
it felt like someone was knocking on my door
I really thought wow this is how I want to be loved
like it's a fact
Ace of wands is asking how much do you know about your body?
when we notice something it changes
and I don't want to put things in a different place and call them with the same name

(do you know how much it took to get this calm?)

I suspect it's this feeling of being too much, and like deciding what is too much for you before I
even show you/tell you what it is and scared of the possibility that you might actually hold it (!).

at this moment I have the strong desire to wrap my legs around something soft.

someone told me they realized they'd reached their limit when they felt completely incapable of
taking care of anyone

siamo stanche morte
we are so tired

writing is the closest I come to prayer