TRANSPOSITION: *Nature*

and then they were ground
and then they put into words
the modelling the making

and here's the beginning of the conception
of our species and the search of the fixings
for our bodies

oh sovereign spiral,
oh scheming deific connection,
oh split place, oh flitting place

how does something spin resonance
beans and squashes don't become gods
and the stars don't see my projections

TRANSPOSITION: *Egg*

'The egg—Masochism, courtly love'
(Deleuze and Guattari, *A Thousand Plateaus*)

a circle is a suspicious form

quite quite quite

what's the method for finding

the area of circular

that doesn't correspond

to an approximate value

of the natural

some highlight or

the perfect words for the circle are found in a letter

rather charming

just some joyous horizons contesting

some (in)tangible logic

Feelings, too, have to be transposed.

TRANSPOSITION: *White*

How would you like to be reproduced? How often and where?

How many pulses do you have to give, do you give yourself, how many do you need?

When and in which contexts have you remade yourself, your tongue, your life?

'What is the relationship in your life between maintenance and freedom?' (Mierle Laderman Ukeles)

We only have a corn field of commonplaces.

A thick white slab.

That touches everything.

How would you like to be reproduced? How often and where?

How would you like to be reproduced? How often and where?

X: everyday walk in grass
Y: hold
X: everyday bend knees
Y: everyday bend something
X: everyday sit
Y: shift
X: everyday make a sound
Y: fulfil yourself apparently
X: everyday a little return
Y: sweep clean
X: follow?
Y: repeat
X: in the future there will be the abolition of the chemical in its unquantifiable position it will be demolished and it will clear tracks it will make way uncontaminated it will press on with surrounding sound against the encircling so the recalcitrant spirit will never atrophy in the setting the instituted form the undoing of the pure
Y: at the fence there is some longer grass it is sharp and it buds

TRANSPOSITION: *Fluff*

Something that repeats can be harmless and tedious or violent and forbidding or formidable and vital.

Let's reject the solid and firm; let's be wobbly. Or rather, let's create a moving and moveable firmness.

The borders of our concepts need to bleed.

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TRANSPOSITION: *Line*

The desire is always for growth. For the line not to run out of ink, not find its poignant period, its glorious dash. Growing a field of relations would be different. It would be an experiment in geometry without knowing what a parallelogram is. All the lines and rows would be disrupted by wayward alien biscuit cut-outs, such disobedient circles. You jump to insert yourself. To imbricate. You or they make tiles. You or they want them to stick. But there's a gem in dislodgement. An overlap is a solid scale. Hey, I don't suffer the indeterminacy of figures. I'm just a gull for grandeur in language. All the marbling effects. The opulent research. Transcend the medicating feeling, the husked addressee. Everyone senses it, the eloquent gesture, or do they, please touch your heart for a moment; what do you feel? isn't it 'intense', this soft range, the addenda made in this or that report or the diary or on the underside of your skin. The fascia, the fibrous filigree, the connective tissue, which is your softening. You rightly wonder Is this happening? Do you want persuasiveness or pleasure? I can't give you *that*. And so you get into an argument about the feasibility of your utopia. Which ends in tears. Who here has a plan for the world? The disagreement remains intact.

If there's a price to be paid for bad technique it's this.

A symbolic attack in the form of a practical touch.

A practical attack in the form of a symbolic wish.

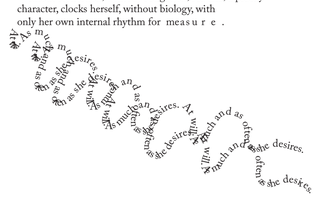
TRANSPOSITION: *Sliver*

Everything is assisted. When wrongly reproduced in a different key. Artifice is the better nature.

So she breaks free from the established harmony. At will. As much and as often as she desires. Maybe vamped up, cheering on the unexpected. Or maybe without preparation or maybe her divergence is absolutely planned, with and for care.

We could therefore say that Ad Lib is the true musical form.

Without restriction, without obligation, Ad Lib, a plucky character, clocks herself, without biology, with only her own internal rhythm for m e a s u r e .



TRANSPOSITION: *Gold*

The sienna of its shell dulls the glimmer of the sand.
It glazes as if fresh from a swim, as if
freshly returned from the lapidary.
Casting gorgeous mirrors to those who look at it.
Irraditations of a shield that is not armour, nor safeguard.
Maybe the decorative becomes the truly revolutionary emblem.
Unctuous the dew on that magnificent jewel, its rutilant lines,
unaligned, but horizontally interlinked.
All value is imagined. The imagination is our only value.
In full panoply we reach and hold.

•

The body is a yellow index.
All kernels are light switches.
Nimble dancers, sloppy chromosomes,
oh genetic bundles.
She could trace them.