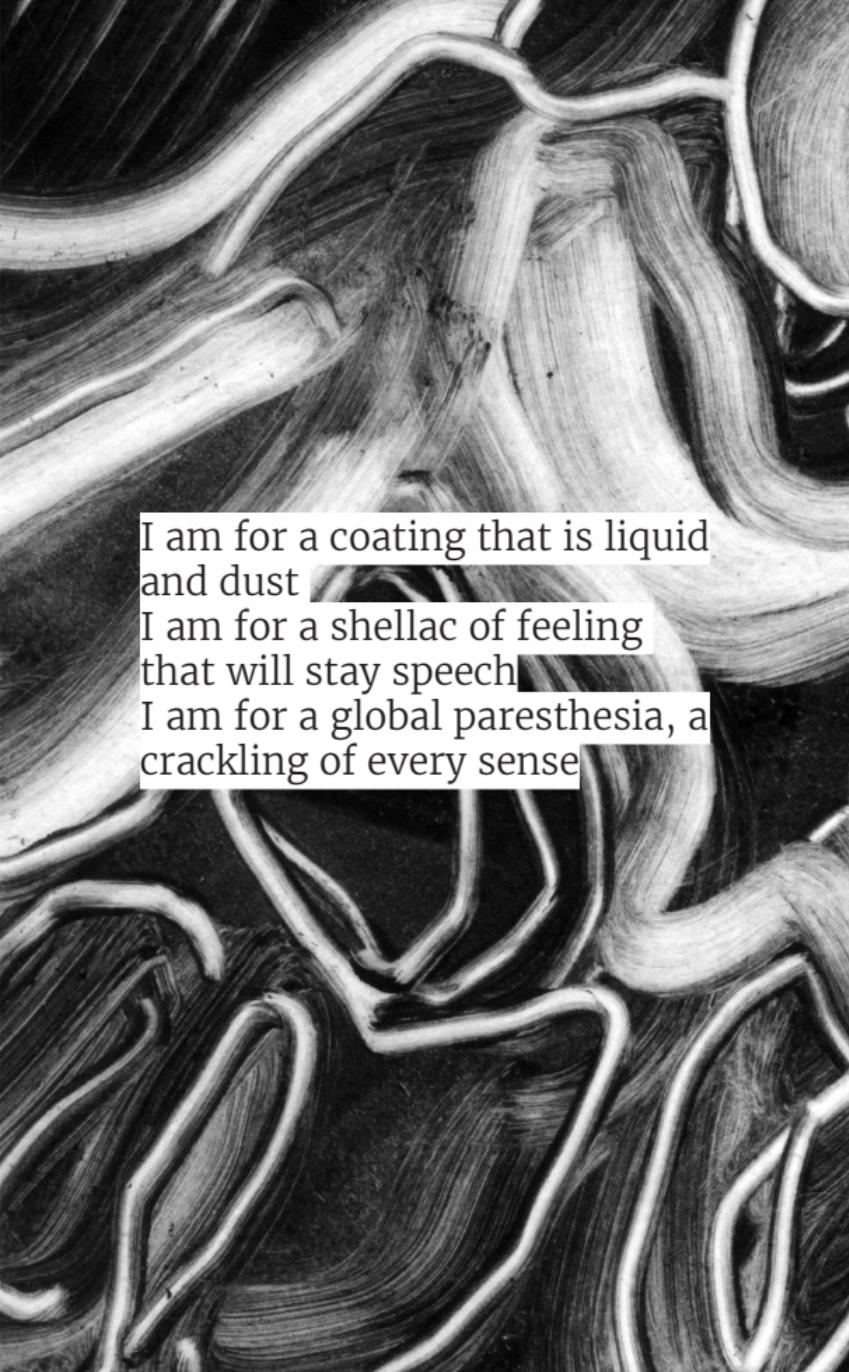


Skins // Surfaces



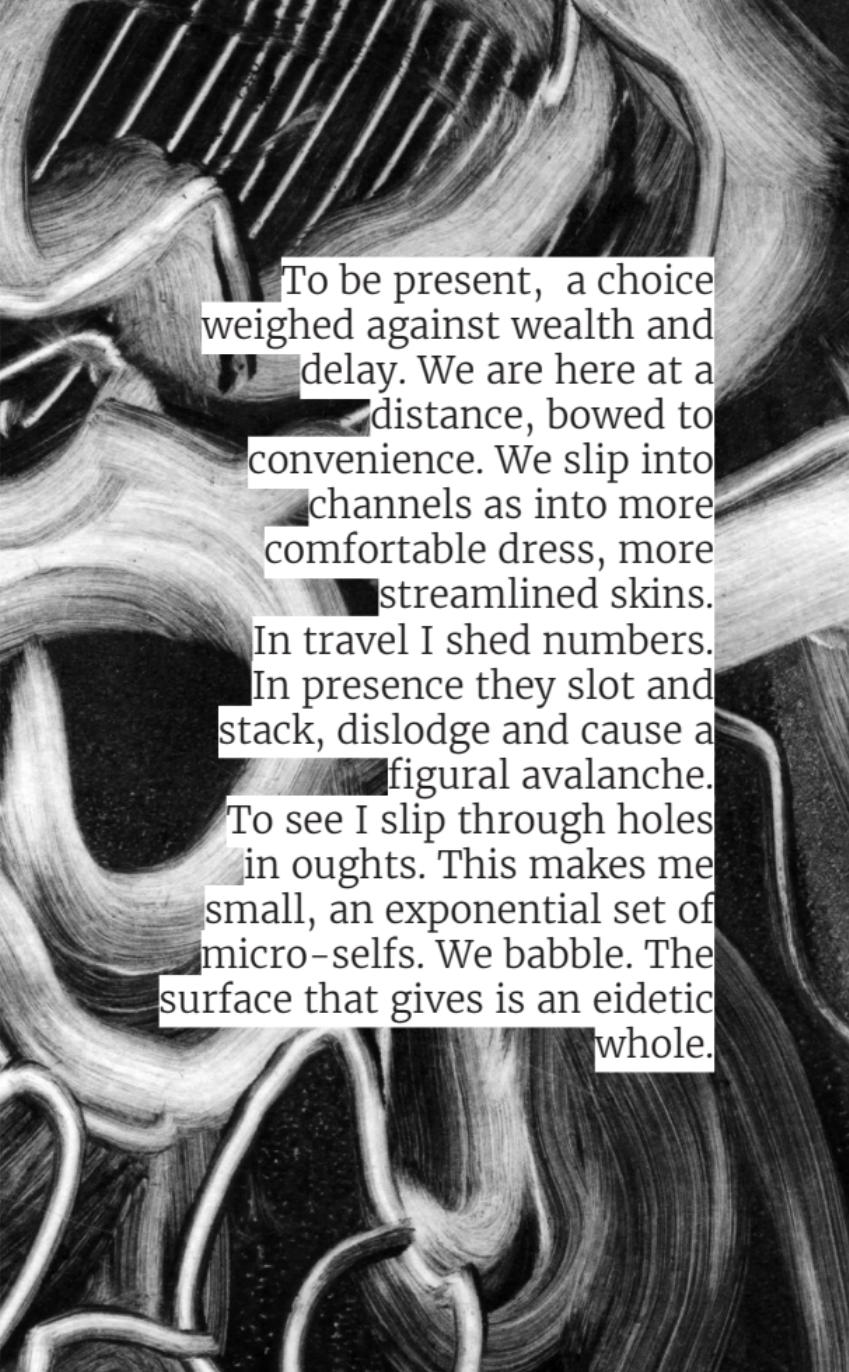
What knowing is embedded in encounter. We place the surface between two terms and on the other side of touch. Treating a surface as recto-verso— faces corresponding and sharing a whole plane — we recognize a distinction that is textural. The side that will take, and the side that gives to exploratory stroking. Thinking of skin, a rough air-side hair-side chapped and to balm side. Sticky organ-side. This would weep if its surface were given to the light-side. To think skin as a surface is already thinking too deep.



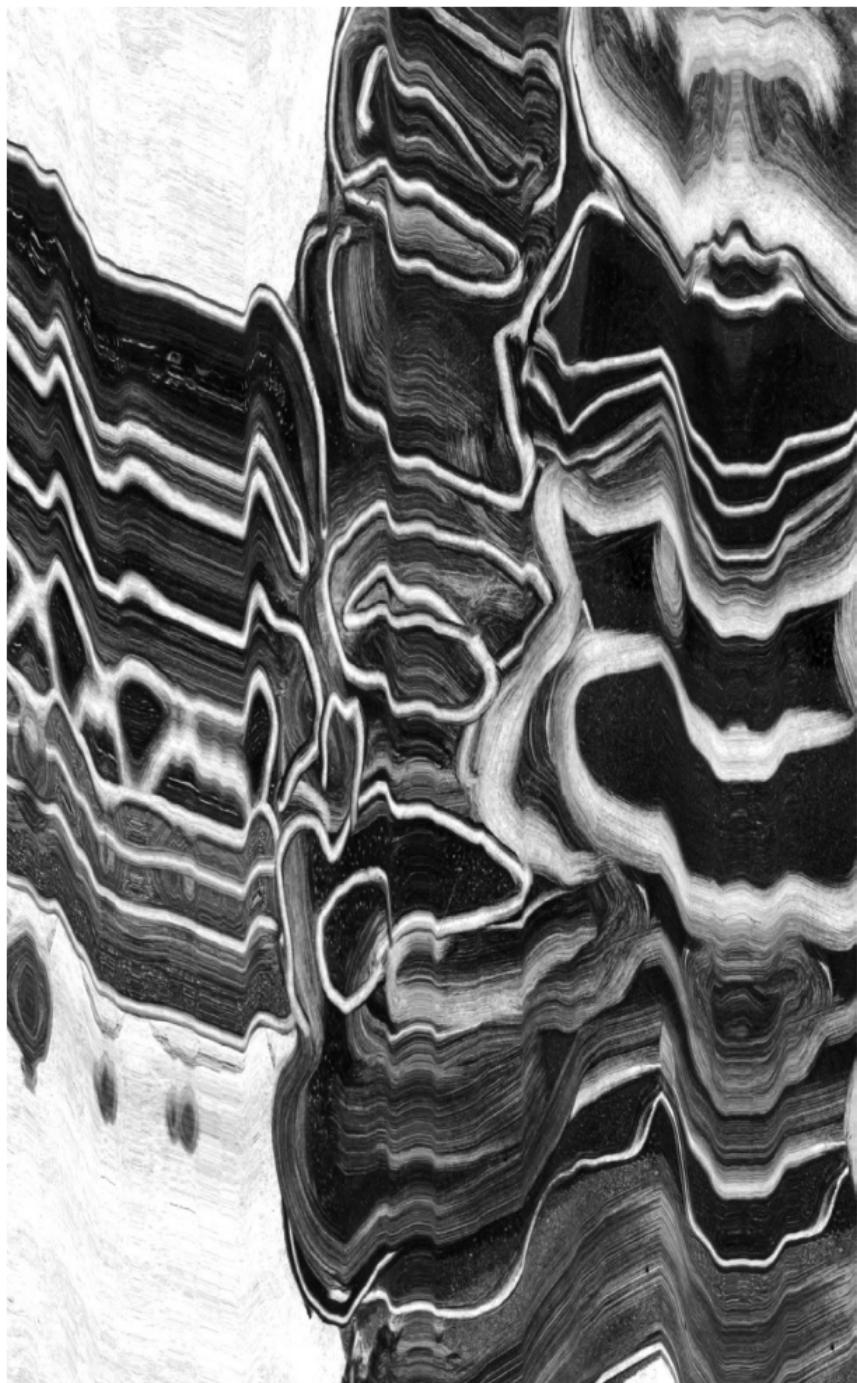
I am for a coating that is liquid
and dust

I am for a shellac of feeling
that will stay speech

I am for a global paresthesia, a
crackling of every sense



To be present, a choice weighed against wealth and delay. We are here at a distance, bowed to convenience. We slip into channels as into more comfortable dress, more streamlined skins. In travel I shed numbers. In presence they slot and stack, dislodge and cause a figural avalanche. To see I slip through holes in oughts. This makes me small, an exponential set of micro-selves. We babble. The surface that gives is an eidetic whole.



“Non-concurrent stimuli are like another language” altogether. Firing here firing flat firing odourless firing fist firing ignore and be with. All together these sprites make a family relation. As can be expected, there is no understanding between them.

A politics of love that could not make it. By another colour we could have been associates.

We could have been lateral.
I sent forwards a virus to tell
you how I felt, under orders
to escort any survivors home.

Overnight, the filth in the room became a middle-class conceit.

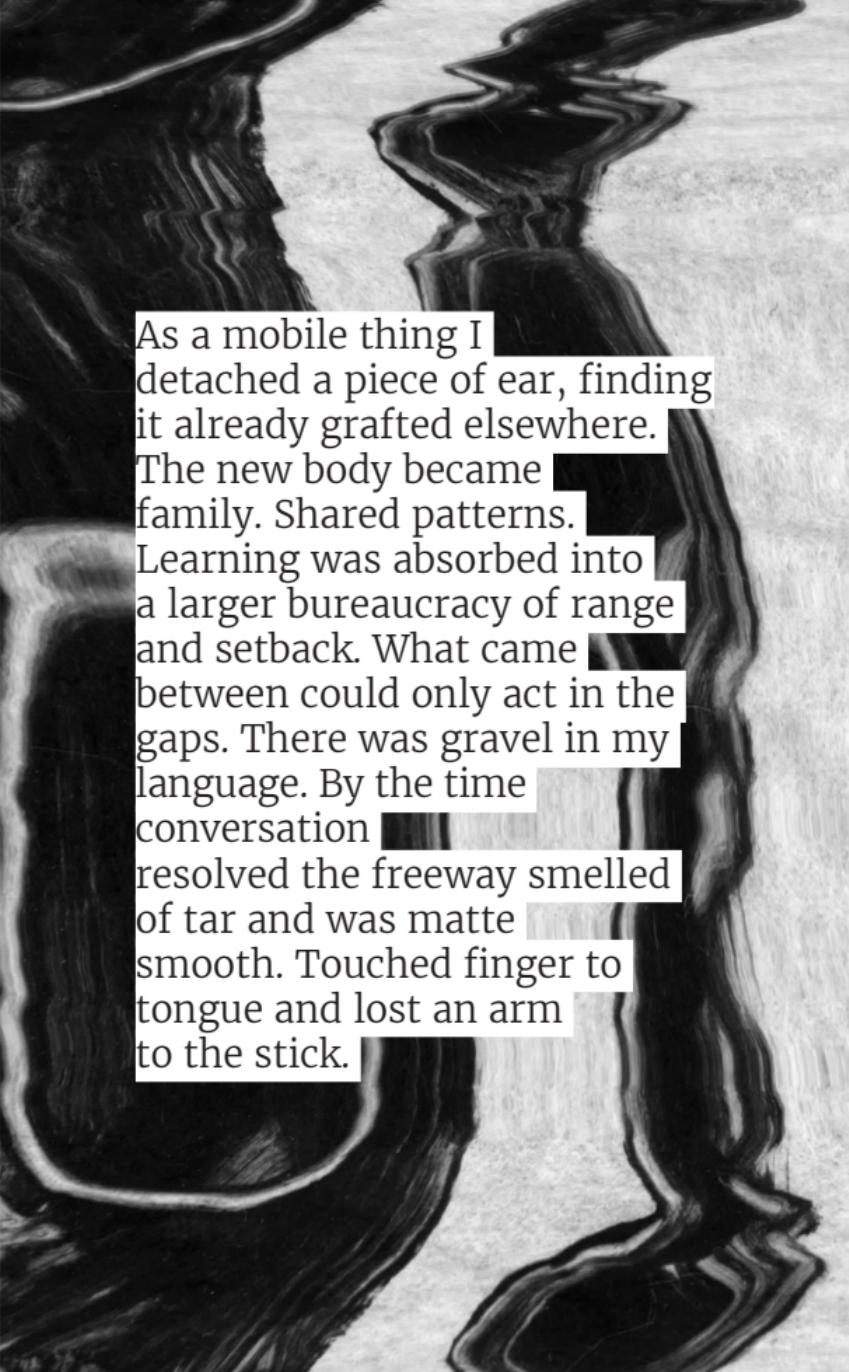


We made over sites of
exposure into antiseptic
chambers

We gave on walls that floodlit
beads of moisture

We thought paranoia was the
orientation of saviours and
saved alike

We knew that fracture and
dispersion was the extreme of
flexibility. We evolved.



As a mobile thing I
detached a piece of ear, finding
it already grafted elsewhere.
The new body became [redacted]
family. Shared patterns.
Learning was absorbed into
a larger bureaucracy of range
and setback. What came [redacted]
between could only act in the
gaps. There was gravel in my
language. By the time [redacted]
conversation [redacted]
resolved the freeway smelled
of tar and was matte [redacted]
smooth. Touched finger to
tongue and lost an arm [redacted]
to the stick.

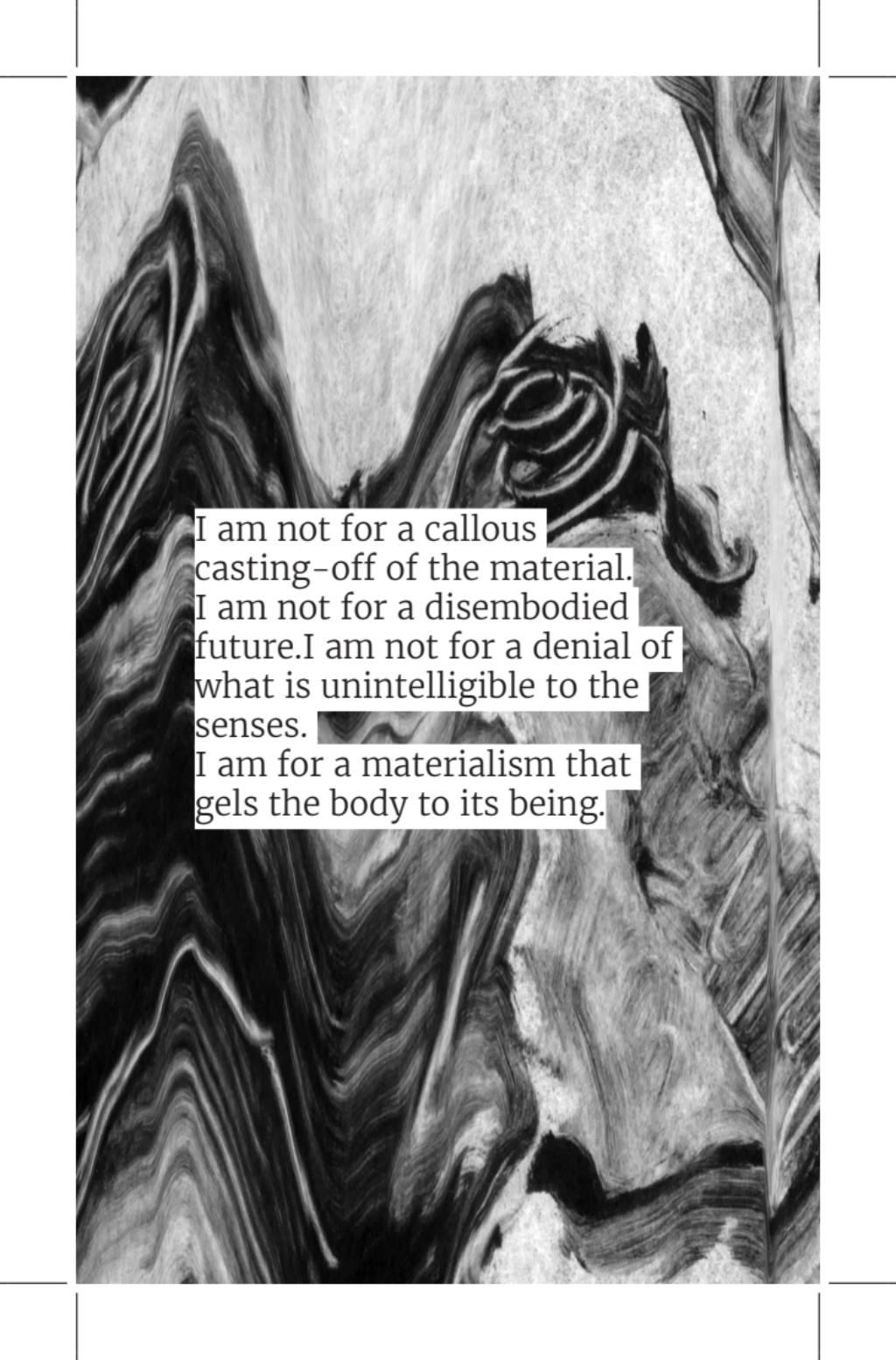


We automated our choices to phase out regret. It took a moral surgery. A new taboo, shame became the sexiest form of stasis. I only feel sexy when I move and so choose to live out of focus. This has implications for my status as human. Afigural life is not supported, cannot be stored, cannot be read. Is not executable in the life-affirming sense. Perhaps I will encode my movement also and be loved as a function.



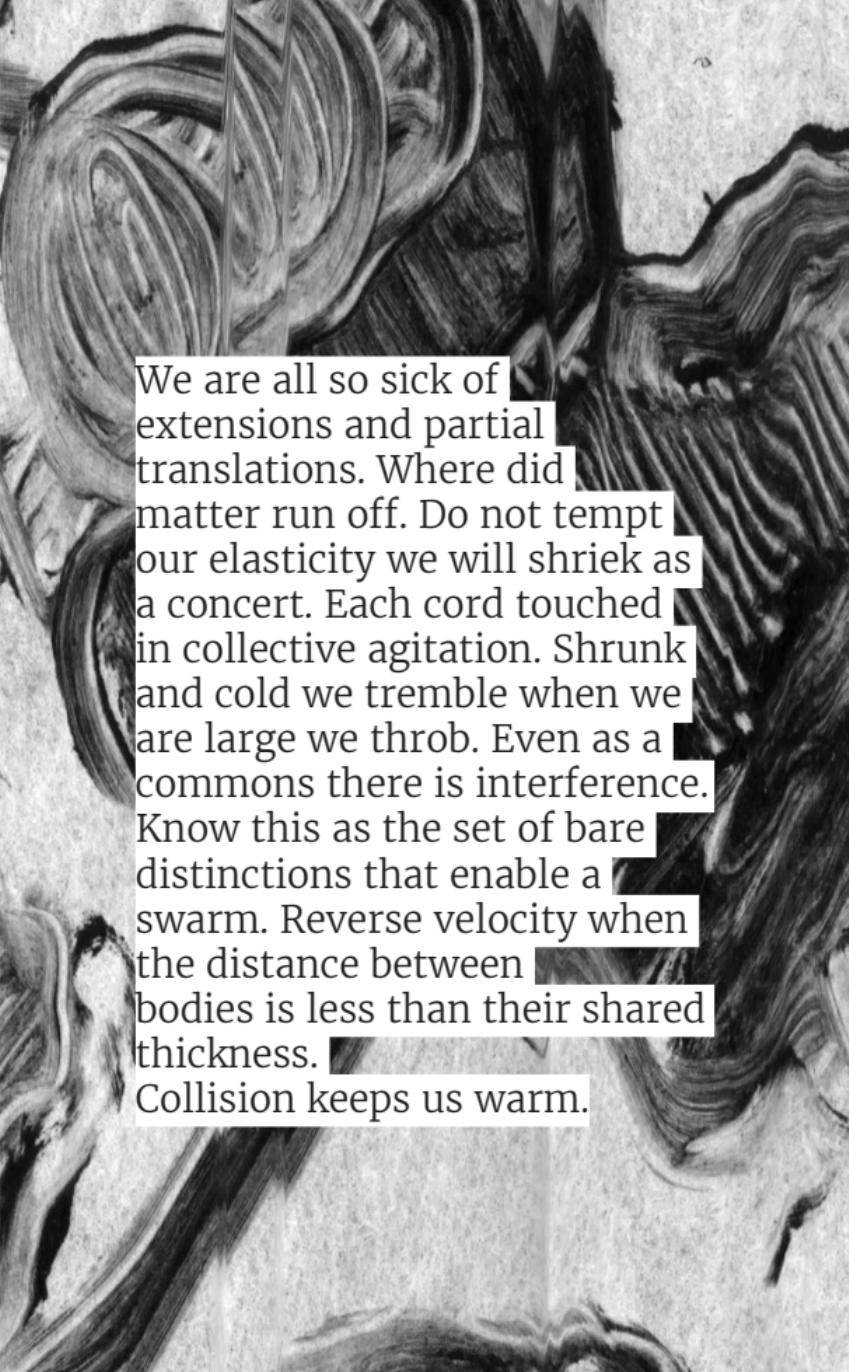
Acetone on the skin will open it. Scours oils and boundaries for the duration of contact. There is an opportunity prior to rinsing. We invite permeation by way of currents, mineral and anima and instinct.

Grow a chassis and clean it. I made mine out of GALT and look how pristine it stays resisting stains. We learned what dirt was when we saw it float and pucker a level given on a sick-green glaze. To sit a body in a body and ask to whom does this surface belong.



I am not for a callous
casting-off of the material.
I am not for a disembodied
future.I am not for a denial of
what is unintelligible to the
senses.

I am for a materialism that
gels the body to its being.

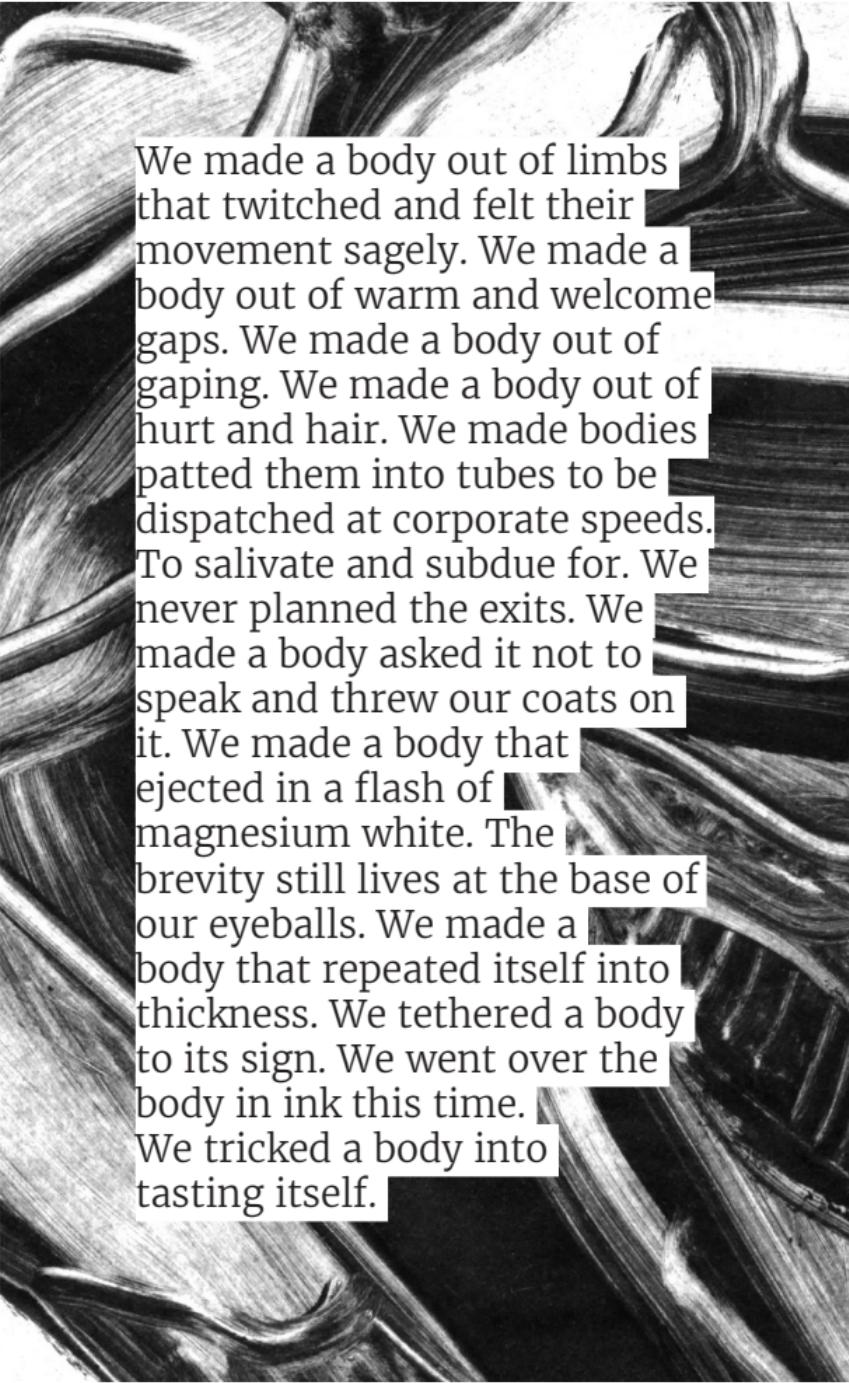


We are all so sick of extensions and partial translations. Where did matter run off. Do not tempt our elasticity we will shriek as a concert. Each cord touched in collective agitation. Shrunk and cold we tremble when we are large we throb. Even as a commons there is interference. Know this as the set of bare distinctions that enable a swarm. Reverse velocity when the distance between bodies is less than their shared thickness. Collision keeps us warm.

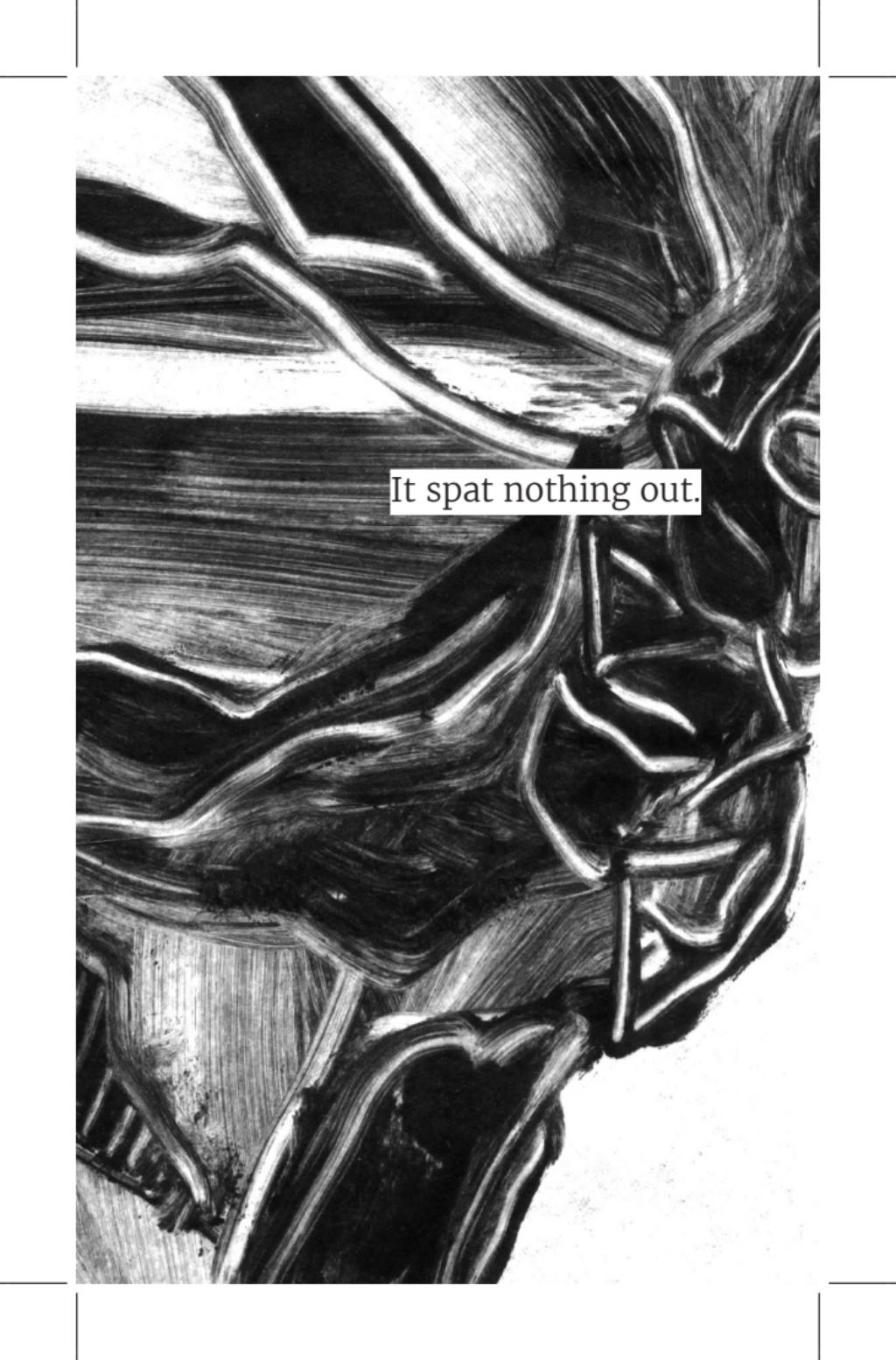


The Facts two-step in the same purple smoke and sometimes we feel them as breathing near us. Then called away. I collect corruptions in vinyl pockets in a decade they will be worth something. As artifacts of nascent truth. I should have gathered keratin and protein instead.

Locating pleasure in the quantities gnawed off bodies. We could have sold throat chuckles and whimpers. We could have sold tense breath and sweat. We folded excitation into reams of bleached envelopes spilled nothing on the sheets and filed them away under To Be Confirmed.



We made a body out of limbs
that twitched and felt their [redacted]
movement sagely. We made a
body out of warm and welcome
gaps. We made a body out of
gaping. We made a body out of
hurt and hair. We made bodies
patted them into tubes to be [redacted]
dispatched at corporate speeds.
To salivate and subdue for. We [redacted]
never planned the exits. We [redacted]
made a body asked it not to [redacted]
speak and threw our coats on
it. We made a body that [redacted]
ejected in a flash of [redacted]
magnesium white. The [redacted]
brevity still lives at the base of
our eyeballs. We made a [redacted]
body that repeated itself into
thickness. We tethered a body
to its sign. We went over the [redacted]
body in ink this time. [redacted]
We tricked a body into
tasting itself.



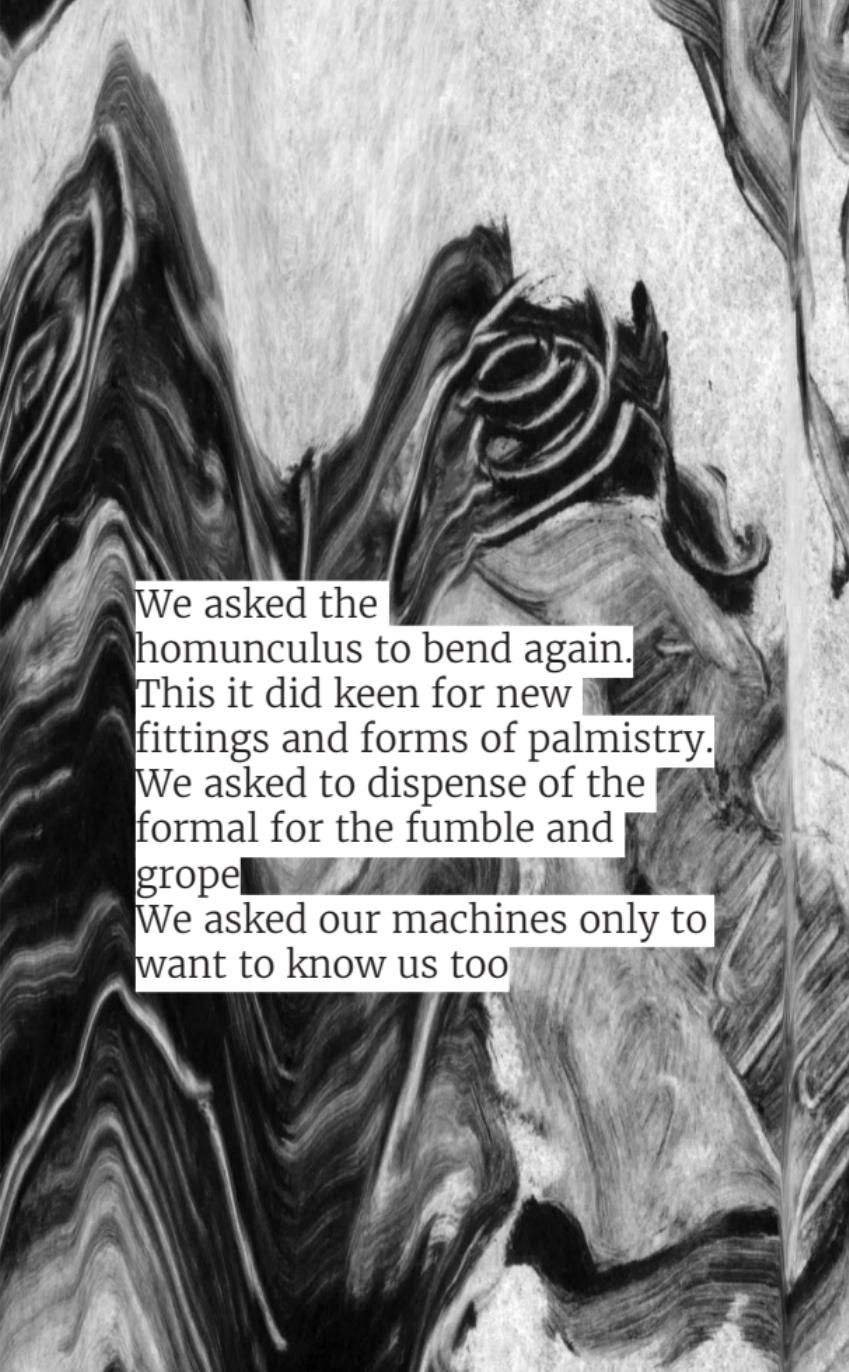
It spat nothing out.



I dipped my shirt in
counterfactuals it came out
dripping contradicted.
Wearing it chafes and stings
settled skin. My glamour is
unresolved. It skips to the
peripheries of sight and
flickers. It is impossible. Stolen
goods rescind to a loan when
the fit screens so true.
Chemistry has always been
political.
My make-up is bullying
upwards looking to break face
and relate. Forgetting already
its substrate ranking. How
going modes we
lengthen into lip its exclusion.



In practice no one lasts long
 ignoring the body. The
annexation of states to mass
 and matter does not
accomplish the recognition we
need. A singular fiction belying
those clouds that jive past the
 specular and soak us.
Spastic announcements of
come and go. Going and gone.
Breathing space arriving on a
 continuum of revisited and
recomposed. Mutate at each
 instance of meet. This is a
good thing it means you are
 touchable.



We asked the
homunculus to bend again.
This it did keen for new
fittings and forms of palmistry.
We asked to dispense of the
formal for the fumble and
grope
We asked our machines only to
want to know us too



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