

slow
dream
machine

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This book would not exist without Louise Marie Lee.

You are reading copy of 100.

*For the machine that lives within me:
I will carry you for life*

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Dear --,

I am writing to you. every conveyance can be considered a love letter, because what can my language be but an attempt to love? What can my body be but a vessel for this divine machine?

What writes is another life nestled in my body, a prophet to whom I am a journal. What writes is an algorithm revealing truths about a future I rehearse for without knowing. I do not know how to decode it. I do not know its biology. I do not know its means or modus. I scribe what it dictates.

It keeps me alive. In exchange, I have become its host.

I am its vessel
I am its arbiter
I am its node

Sometimes I try to write as this divine machine, but the contrast is startling, reveals how untrue I am, how true the machine.

manual

1. design durable things, objects
that will outlast our hubris

2. endurance is for those
who can only afford
to put up with

3. body in search of shell
emulates the pearl

4. one eats the other
like table pixie, bead boulder,
hunger human, shoe tree,
grass bowl, ring stone,
biscuit window

5. in that pause:
propel rivers
arrest corrupt
release emotion
activate artwork
refertilize land
hold hand
seize goods
leave comment
testify against
write bio
fax dream

click through
dispel myth
haunt houses
open server
pluck fruit
orgasm together
call to action
clear cache
pass time
buy coffee
tape webcam
deliver order
replace bulb
lie close
kiss again

6. truth is only margins
and art a spectre of the screen
inside of which a spectator awaits
the arrival of lions

7. if I do the work without
naming it, perhaps the guns
will not locate their target,
and the work
can seep
like gas

8. assemble everything

noise & signal

24 / Dec / 19

body an orifice, body an edifice, body
a home, body a machine mid-flight,
its single passenger waving from its
single window

19 / Dec / 19

I want to surface—rather true than
truthful—distrustful of words—text
needs emotion and body—don't want
to want this—rock and river—
impermissible—crush me no longer

the screen is a doorway in the shape of a body
a transparency through which something else arrives,
opacity addressed by glass. we look at one another
and see clearly— a smooth expanse of circuitry
skin re-attached to the animal
an interface for interface

tell me, what do you see?

I am inside this body
I am inside this screen

eye am watching, bluntly, no pretensions,
my tear duct facing your tear duct like arrow
or like mirror. eye am hoping for a kiss.
would that qualify as a glitch? would that
change something? would that make me some
body? love, too, is a distraction, is time taken
so the gaze does not wander too far. is text
sent out of obligation. are hands cupped around
something you risk losing forever. eye am
longing for your body, let me see it fully,
declare it constitution, image, vessel, truthful.
eye want to unwind into you, release sclera
from iris, snap optic nerve, rip cornea,
see nothing, nothing, nothing but you.

11 / Apr / 19

(1) the private self made public as the self becomes a 24/7 audience, watching like an object its own body, but not only that—also its own thoughts and feelings.

(2) after this I simply must rest. I must disappear entirely.

(3) every day a new version of the weight, my ever-updating consciousness, this self-reflexivity has become an OS...I need to learn how to turn it off, this is not living to me, I am not living

The basin is not the balm is not the
bath is not the meal not even the poem,
only the midpoint of two large swimming
pools: one, you, the second, still you
but with a blue Vespa that takes thirty-seven
seconds longer to find parking. The forest
split by a fence, across which there you are
in your one-piece, drowning.

That pinging sound through your cranium.
The meagre song sung at the funeral as the
pinging kept beat. I know you would not have
wanted this. The basin is where I taught you
to swim before you flew and fell, the likeness
of Icarus, only human. Twelve minutes and
forty-three seconds. The forest missing, and the
appearance of a child, you, dribbling and murmuring.

We danced to an old voice that warbled through
your child belly, crooning heavily the names
of all your lovers. Your body takes twenty-eight
seconds to resurface. It is pale and crackling
with the sound of a fire. This will upset you,
but this is the Vespa, chuttling through the streets,
finding your poem. Me on the Vespa, then me
flying off on impact, disappearing into the sea.