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# Untitled Text

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against coherence as adherence  
against separateness and wholeness.  
really, against wholeness, foreal.  
the wholeness of a place (with its borders)  
the wholeness of a being (with its boundaries)  
the wholeness of a species (with its hierarchy)  
with its domination

## WHAT IS THE DANCE THAT IS HAPPENING UNDER THE SURFACE

“All spaces, all times, present their own particular resistance [to the coherence of policing], from the potholes in the streets to the tendency of many to have a deep hatred and resentment toward police... All of these resistances to police movement disrupt their ability to project” [a smooth surface of law abiding, viable, valuable control].

Where the police is, is a place with edges, district, and roads that traverse.  
Every individual body that is everywhere they are or could get to.  
Traversed, brought into the fold and incorporated.

An hour has passed and we keep not dying.  
An hour has passed and 1/28 of our people is dead.  
or 1/28 of the day that one of our people dies has passed.  
or we are slowly dying  
or some we are dying slowly and some we dying fast.

The cut is where we are uncontained in our dying. No smooth skin, rather  
welling blood,  
Or better later, breeding bacteria, tiny yellow organisms and a pink ring of  
infection  
that is not the body, not not the body.

The body as a place with edges, district, roads that traverse.  
“The body as a fortress against illness,” against the invader, which is mortality  
and vulnerability and porosity to the other which is organisms and their wars.

“The virus as a metaphor for change.”

TAKE A MOMENT TO  
COLLECT YOURSELF

There was no way out.  
There was no way in.  
There was no other way than to be in and out and of the moment.  
There was never any other way, only other ways of dreaming, of seeing and  
describing, but always the same thing at its core.  
Enterprise and entropy.  
Searching seeking and surviving.  
Taking and losing and lost.

We are all part of this crime.  
Desirous, disastrous, indiscriminate.  
Always doing and doing and impulse and done.

There was never a path, only infinite possibilities. Only one outcome. History set  
in stone which I suck and slurp, seeking an ounce of marrow for ravenous  
tongue. Give me something to gnash, I scream and sigh and bey.

There will be repercussions I hear you whisper. But there were never  
repercussions, only an infinite number of paths of which only one is ever chosen.

There are clashes, struggles for supremacy over road a, b, c, infinity. But ultimately the road is curved and winding and backtracking and braided, only visible after it's been trampled smooth by the long march.

Only the history remains. Some carry it as saviors, some as victors, some as slaves. And yet we're still here, those of us who are still here, and if every generation more disappear then every generation has a memory of the disappeared and if ever the disappearances end, then there will be an end to disappearances. It never ends it can end it won't end it does end. Start the path and it will appear.

Meanwhile I'm sucking stones, begging some marrow from the bones of the decimated. And where does this leave you? To what end do we feel guilt, or relief or sorrow? Remorse or anger or vengeance or pity? To what end? It is all doing and doing and done. Do. Move. Forward or back and inward and out and thoughtful and thoughtless. Just move. Start the path and it will appear.

SOME OF US ARE STILL HERE