

**speak**

*"I think what I want to", said Headlum, "do, is become...*

*It's too dark to hear*

One antenna to antenna  
'point! point!'

from antennae thread spins (east) So and so fights with football until all air let out and windows broken.

Every day he will try a new sentence on her. One he has just learned (in shared other language) - from her answer can he tell its meaning? He sells her sparkling mineral water and has lived in Paris (spitefully the former, proudly the recollection of the latter).

he buys the sandwiches she makes. They are so hot they turn your stomach inside out and your piss burns (in her, shared, other, language). Another accent every day. She will never be impressed.

Word is shell that gesture fills so a hundred versions of each combination of words must be acted out at any one moment of speech. Concept pulls at kicks against skin of the word. Remains intact (in non-10-languages. alive.)

all day sitting behind wooden bar on brown stool pouring tea (rum) in the merciless winter. Pamphlet-reading economy of brothers, every word's ambiguity lavished and tenderly devoured IN time/history.

Pigeon on antenna

one pigeon to pigeon  
'refer! Refer!'

**Blake.** *Want Matches?*  
*Yes! Yes! Yes!*  
*Want Matches?*

**Visitor.** *No!*

The non-commanders' gestures fill skin of the word to explosion. pushing pushing against membrane

[insert illustration: very large woman wearing a tiny t-shirt with national flag on it, her body threatening to burst the image]

*they work so fast! You see them, then you see them away from you!*

*now is one, then is two, then is two thirty...wait wait yes...now is one then is two then is two thirty...*

Accent absorbs another over time. Intonation cannot be 'un-learned'

Speaks carving of word (between teeth) the lived (on tongue)

[the end of the phrase fills me with fear - quieter and quieter must I speak so that last word almost inaudible. Intonation monotonous as possible (words persist)]

*I hesitate which word to take, as I can take but few and each must be the chiefest, but recall the Earth's most graphic transaction is placed within a syllable, nay, even a gaze -*

*Defeat is unimportant. Defeat is not unimportant.*

Speaking is possible as shared moment accounts for (the) untranslatable of the Now. I cannot speak because an accumulation of shared moments over time creates/makes possible translations. Each word laden with this past.

I can hear (you) as formation made up of past choice of word. I cannot hear (you) as the voice chosen by the word.

*i trap time to exist openings obstruct and the memory passes to legend*

When talking becomes exchange of information - information as make-up - in form it erases distance - utterance already commonplace.

speech 'about' self becomes impossible, when I realise that (assuming one place from which I speak) [it] only increases distance to the other. 'Those' ears must be detached from head. This 'mouth' must be un-assumed.

thinking today of thought stalled those days of frozenness, nervous imprisonment writing is difficult when you are not here talk through your hair see you struggle with no words for hands the reverse

*"Incredible how close one can get to despair. When one is talking, I mean."*

*"Yes."*

*"Sometimes talking to each other is as difficult as dying."*

*"Yes."*

*rupture of thought only presence can achieve*

Terror of crowded places. He recognises every face he has ever seen. But once they are gone their image is gone, too. In their absence, he cannot think of them unless he sings to himself the sound they make. Intimacy is a tune.

and words were humming in my head accompanying

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my tortured bicycle chain riding through the city -  
'glean' - i gleaned your voice through your words,  
slight smile, hands fighting with air seeking to shape  
and unshape -

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fenced view from shore to word  
tear word  
hear what hesitate

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*B.S. Johnson*  
*Edward Gorey*  
*Louis Zukofsky*  
*Patrek*  
*Mattin*  
*M.H.*  
*Emily Dickinson*  
*Barbara O'Brien*  
*G.J. Wolman through M.H.*  
*Marguerite Duras*  
*A.B.*  
*M.G.K.*

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**anja buechele is a mobile hazard. foresees no end  
to the condensement.**