

[audio score:

woodblock drips. snap of clocks. snare
drum surface sing, frenzied song of block
and chain and metronome ticks out fours.
ring of dinner ready, drive-through latch
snapping open and shut. woodblock bends
the distance between seconds, sound
stretched over a frame. the gravity of even
count. where once you heard the cymbal
sing, dream house inside out, what luck when the performance

does not take place on this page, when the poem contacts not

a square of sanity, not one. madness describes
an energetic state. I grasp onto objects as allies

in materiality. organ (electric), time (manual):
tuition for art therapy, add to cart.

*It's like we're holding hands now at the edge of a white
silence, from which we are to make a music
of our being here, of being moved (Taylor Johnson)*

the wilderness was all

around me, rupturing my histories—

1953: Jean Oury buys the castle La Borde. rampant his drive
for reflection, to analyze that idea of asylum
which occurs definitionally and that which becomes

a portal. Félix Guattari devises a grid to randomize
responsibility, then the patient creates herself:

*Psychosis shows its true face only in
a collective life developed around it*

sounds are inherently shadows of vibration, relationship
an instrument of resonance, not restraint
nor electroshock insulin nor confinement in a square alone.

to move is to make a mark with the body.
what you and I hear depends on where you are
in the room, depends on who I is

this I is you
this I is I

language mediates encounters of the subject (listened-to)
object (listening) verb (time) body (music). does not
draw blood. patients walk and walk
and nurses wash the dishes.

care is also a confrontation
square () home () cell
mind () organ () space

listening to land is not a pristine act (Dylan Robinson)

A poem is not the finger on the trigger of a resistance fighter's gun
(Jamila Osman)

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GENESIS

half human, half fish. peaches
sweetened when squeezed in a fist

the difference between fact
and fiction is the calibre of storytelling

outcast, monster, dissonance, rebel. I
conjured a wildness. a wall

of muffled sound, for shelter. not everyone's
mothers hunt them in their sleep

I was a child. I mimicked every night-
mare. first, the splinter. then

the rot. if you love me, I bruise,
the way sugar pools under pressure

before, I was a larva, halved
by terror. I told a student therapist

about my mother's anger. received their face
as echo, prescient, before I could be angry

myself. inside, a fragment of dissent: marked
feral; a pit, knotted and poisonous, sinking

through the water

SONOGRAM

sound, as in

vibration, the residue of words
patterns of resonance in the skin

drumhead, fish scale
or regulatory membrane

undamaged, uncompromised, based
on logic, sense, or reason

echo, as in

the meaning delivered after delay

history reflecting off a wall
or another hard surface

a tail, clapping water
a mother, slapping

privacy screen, medical bill
the bottom of a well

what one perceives most clearly in an empty room

sound

the origin of echo

echo

the endpoint of absence

IIII

reading into a blue gap

reaching out of a cellular silence