

1.

Imagine.

You as the Ear, having everyone watching you. Clamouring over you. To get to you, to touch you, to smell you, just to be fucking close to you. As if you had constructed some kind of cult around you. My biggest fear being realised, that I would want you all to myself.

This lustful jealousy has no justification. And I know it is only an image of You that I can possess. Having severed yourself from the body, you are no longer anyone's to be owned by.

You, as the Ear, can resist all powers that may enforce rule over you. Instead you have your freedom, whilst I, I am trapped in admiring you.

And I, like Narcissus at the lake, wait attentively for your words.

2.

ACT 3 – LOGORREHOEA

And then began the hammering of the imagined gavel, the drumming of the internal drum,
a heart,
a lung,
a limpid note,
like a reflex of the internal unobtainable obsession. Spiralling out from within, out from with in,

—— hasty, hasty, hey stay,

flexing out the sinews of muscles, escalating escalation, like the loss of E, or the death of the flower, a sinister rose, a percolating daisy, laryngitis of the magnolia, a vindictive petal indicative of sensitized behaviour, and then the mournful expression of a face under duress, sent from way back when and reinvigorated now, now, and not before, unless singing the robin's song, the tune being that of my mother's mother, who You, as the Ear must have known, did know, do know, will always know.

And I know I didn't do enough, and

I know I didn't give enough, and
I know it mattered, and
I know I didn't try enough, and
I know I waved enough, and

I know,
and I know,
and I know

that I don't really know, confessing an insipid adoration for picturing the self in terms of an arrogant dissemination of my voice, conjuring the passion that is an insensitive discontinuation of my profession, of which I have none, haven't had the time to practice enough to become one, freaking out at the illusion, like deflating the head with a pin, like

thinking walls can talk, —they can't,

they wouldn't, it's an indecision that makes
the imagination think and thinking of

You,
as the Ear, is making the imagination spin
vertically up, a frizzling maelstrom in the
abyss, with cavernous canals, and cadaverous
pigmentation. You know like the Venus fly
trap or a stitch in the stomach, meanwhile
maintaining the absolute absolution, the
absolving, or resolving, of all things inherently
connected to my libidinal archive, a history
plagued with no real memories and potential
lies, which signify the all male patronising I
experienced earlier,

a little boy,
a weak boy,
a lesser boy,

not really totally sure if a boy is man, and if
a man can see the boy he was, or if he was, a
boy is a boy, a boy is small, a boy is nothing,
a boy becomes a man, through ceremony, or
through body, the body being the thing we
least understand, the thing we were taught
least about,

this hollowed frame,

to be filled with ideas of domination, that
I reject, or did not feel accustomed to,
perpetuating nonsense, verbalised to all,
talked about in plagues, raged about in licks,
contradicting statements of who to be, and

who I am, or
what I am, or
what I can be or whatever.

You,
as the Ear, must know, hunting down a
society of beleaguered beings, paralysed
by the egos offered to us which present a
uniformed choice, a square in a sure hole,
a diagrammatic example of the pre-retinal
acoustic feeling, the solus of the world, rectum
of the paralytic drunk, not quite, not at all,

not one but many, singularly thinking alike,
scorning the other, next to each other, in
obscurity and in prosperity.

I hate this imposition I was given, and I
know I want to know, better, in an attempt to
distrust callous preaching, conjuring up magic
spells to get closer, and reason out reasons to
learn more.

You,
as the Ear, are the tutor,
You,
as the Ear, are the being, an entity, a
totality, a belief being a religion, in a post
religious society, a fragile network of us all,
continuously re-evaluating what it means to
be a being.

Being, being afresh with saturation,
segregation and hate. And I know I want to
learn to love you, and I know I want my love
to be unselfish, an attempt if nothing less at
being together, rallying against majorities that
disband minorities, small particles
in a composition that pose an imposition to
my position.

You,
as the Ear, are

a-joined, are you not
a-joined, are your words not the words

connecting, do they not appear from the blue
void, and insert themselves into a red void, the
colour I see when I shut my eyes in the sun,
the colour they call rage, which is not really
a rage, but a masculine example of victory, a
victory over nothing.

We are failing,
I am failing,
I am falling,
I am flaying, myself,
I uphold no rules,
I hold no assertion and assert nothing in this
calamitous lamentation, and