

SEAMLESS

SAMPLER

Also by Agnieszka Studzińska

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What Things Are (2014)

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SAMPLER

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Are things not complicated enough?
Derrida in *Of Grammatology*

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Preface

after Derrida

which is to say: it begins & is always beginning.

to ask: how to return as us? know that (in our

beginnings & supposed ends) we open a

future to disappearance, outside of our skin.

beyond the ghostly science of this speech, &

writing already in us is this work of invisibility.

what is written with tongue or fingertip, stick

or quill is our strangeness. in the impossible

cycle of living, i observe that this is not a book

if i tell you it is not

not is this my language.

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I

we speak
of knot
or knots
instead of
speaking in
knotting.

—Fred Moten

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Knotting

my tongue is knotting with mispronunciation
misunderstanding each sentence is a wishbone
delicately pulled in opposite directions language
a kind of knitting work unpicking the slips of air
& muscle & shut spaces that open an invitation
to be quietly understood to be quietly followed

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Introduction

from the outset the day begins with the weak blue of sky
turning its own etymology into something for us to break.

at the beginning there was more to uncover than previously
mentioned & what was considered authentic is now unlikely.

in an introduction to a book on pain, the author explains
that the text according to B is *pleasure, perhaps, bliss, no.*

the gestural air kiss on both cheeks places a language
of uncertainty & closeness between their own positions.

we start with that difficult practice of meaning
when meaning betrays what thinking considers.

our handshakes negotiate a kind of pleasure,
'and handing over (here) a self to another.'

the opening of a book commits us (not always carefully)
to the unforeseen reaction of tight-lipped narratives.

open-armed in their discussion of reading they
return to an arduous sentence & stay in its opulence.

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How in Shadowed Landscapes

i

possibility hangs between
one tree & a decade & the
surplus of a language falling
in its volume & veracity.

here is a sign & a system &
a body swaying towards *being*
in these woods of vocabulary
& entangled speech.

ii

our footsteps are thumbprints
filigrees of mother tongues
pressing deep on worn paths
our footsteps are signatures
to what we write with feet
on mossed ground & needled
waters full of gentle missing.

iii

language dismisses the semantics
of making sense of nature as
swallows roost unseasonally &
love is rearranged in vaporous light.

iv

pinched strings of violin leaves
play to the ghost of a grandfather
who walks between these trees &
whistles with the wind in D major.

v

in this layered gloss of tucket
gorse, rancid fern, our speech
no longer seems important
the trees (bigger than language)
notice our lungs & ancestry &
un-map us from a place in living.

Living

after Derrida

I consider the proposition of *living* or more precisely attend to this word. Parent this unsound skeletal frame. I say nothing new when I tell you that a soul has weight. 21 grams (apparently). I say even less when I speculate on history's own human experiment. It has all been said before. And like living it becomes breathless. I read a thinker – let's call him D. He opens his exordium by writing: *'I would like to learn to live finally. Finally but why? To learn to live: a strange watchword.'* I ask myself what it means to live finally (with yourself)? To live finally as if all the living previously lived was somehow a beautiful blueprint for this finality (of living) – this finish – or the wholeness this finish invites. And here too lies a beginning and inside it what figures is something unformed like the first markings of language on stonework or the first markings of language inside a body carrying signs of substance. This language of living and finality making us the watchword. Am I am living with myself *finally*? heart beats of language inside this body, heartbeats of lives elsewhere. What will pass? What living must be done before this finality, before we learn to love what makes us. Before we learn. What of then? And now in living, gifted to us: this

watchword.