

when you realize the need
like blue holds a pillow or your back

go swimming!

dear to do list confessions,

you are stubborn, but i finally can see. I have to meet you on
your own terms. so here i am:

the smell follows
again that feeling of so much

you must tell me, what do you smell like. i only know how.

yours, g.
intro: eiffel tower

magic wand
when you spark you hold
the ghost is formed
exhaust haunts like melting snow
-the to do list confessions

there were other titles to be embraced also

but instead

echo.

Paris 1999

When I landed it was dark outside.

scene one: apartment her, walking out of, her dream

and the something that collides
or caresses movement

was it when her first time stepped out the door the sound
of the screen doors creaking. creeping the sun from shadow.
the railing that today so existed for her hand to grab the red
cup full of water. realizing its own contact it spills the way
she dreams herself into everything, as if she were the insides
of the watermelon and a waterfall she has never seen.

I swear my ticket said 8 am, I swear the pilot said 8 am. I began to doubt my high school french. I wasn't even sure I had her phone number. But it couldn't be a disaster because on the way there I shared the middle isle with this lady from Nigeria and she had a daughter who had glitter sparkles under her eyes. She told me, "Passionate likes to suck breast." When the turbulence got rough and the mother prayed, I thought, wow, it must be hard to be a young mother and travel alone. While mom slept and Passionate sucked breast, we exchanged glances like jokes and smiles. It turns out that the sun does not rise until 9 or 10 am in Paris.
The way you buy vegetables half way across.

scene two: market follow

people look at each other in repetition
with only the birds able to flicker
in chimes as woodpeckers floating
H first sees AKD to dance
as she dances as she is dreamed as choreography circles the
vast.

dear to do list confessions,
you are just a title. you were picked over me. does this make
the film more yours than mine? what are you? are you the film
or is it the film is more?

i will be penetrating you.

g.

scene three: elevator

this is the where something exchanges, something passes,
something is taken like your goat, though no one here has one.
with quiet stretches of a motion an elevator could be made into
a guitar string and insides.

you spend so much time residing
in the if, as if
as if in meanwhile
another way of looking would,
could make them into bodies
into shapes into where from
her toe stepping on the pavement
and making that crease in
her jeans as she comes
forward the walker
passes by and an uneven rectangle of light forms between them
to distinguish this
frame from that frame
this moment from
that
as if it were all
a gesture that had the
possibility to fade

when you spend so much
time residing in the
if, of course, as if
i know so much more of
your details and movements
than i know you
yet you are not hollow, you probably see auras when you pass in
the street.

scene four: arab institute bottom

the following begins.

to be said: (dear you)

the film is book ended by three books. two in the beginning and one in the end. i read mrs. dalloway in the summer of 1999- finally. i think it was when selby said she wouldn't be a very good friend if she did not make me read it and yes it took my breathe away (and gave it back). it was in the way v.w. made me feel when i read her book. the way clarissa feels life when she buys herself flowers and passes the big ben. hold your breathe. and the narrative flows like water from one to another. i read f.h.'s in the middle of nowhere. it seemed like such a perfect link- the two- but it is hard to explain with only language (unless language says: "yes i swear i am a grapefruit").

there is something about the way f develops characters i thought and the after when they exist as themselves. i tucked this away in a small corner of a house i didn't live in yet. it is hard to say really when the film started, as originally there were two films...but i think it only true to mark it with these novels. from then, let us say a year and a half passed- and we then have new years day 2001. perhaps one thousand incarnations later, the film had been decided. it spoke to me very firmly and i decided to listen with intelligence and maturity (i was trying, and ate many bananas and oranges). around new years, i took ten days off from the film and spent that time with good friends, taking great care. adele said that it is said that the first two weeks of the new year are important because you set the tone for the whole year. so i read a book. it is difficult and unfair to explain how immense the deep north is. everything all of a sudden was there. even if: to read the book was almost too intense. it was like it. it was passed as it was passing. can i feel such elation from reading a book. is it silly to smile when i walk down the street. whose experience am i experiencing. i also need to talk about character development.

scene five: at the river, part one

in parts because parts are the way to which a whole that is without. no profilmic event to call back to, only a yodel, "oh, part, come back to part." it is ok if in texture. desire is movement but sunshine recalls all sorts of things instead. a bell in the city near a harbor. a man falling down and no one helping. the way I laughed at you behind your back and meant it, because it was funny.

"can we talk about sex?"

"no"

"but c'mon"

"ok, try...but isn't it embarrassing, if not difficult."

"i'm not having sex right now"

"me'en either"

how do you spell that

middle

passing the baton
the question of whom to whom
sound your way through

dear language,
i want to break you up because when the most articulate you
frustrate me with your academia and reason. you don't smell.
can't you just fart sometimes.

scene 6: continued to watercolor

remember

the way slapping newspapers hold their sogginess.

that was only able through imagined desire into drum beats for
a passing.

blue i love you

swimming

scene 7: the metro, le metro

was envied and folds as if where she repeats herself is losing
contact again with loose what will be
the beginning of claiming is to recall the sounds that you did
not think you heard at all and of course, to dance and walk
with the freedom of inclination without.

platform: the platform is horizontal as she is vertical.

faintly when suture is holdable here
the dancing that remains
leave such pleasure instead
not quite as an instead
but as in to recognize the
break that happens
to go in, to fill in - around
the break
when moving is the once still
once did not exist until it passed
once becomes shapes made of lights

the you the *I* the *it*
my how you multiply when *I*
try to hold even with large hands
larger hands
it is trying to grab air and smells
glowing consistent spreads

scene 8: the garden, le jardin de luxembourg from the first
time I saw you I knew I would walk your ledge

is the passing coming the leaving of being left of holding the
presence of.

she found herself all alone at the fountain.
in the cold it is ok, she holds her hands with her this time.

the it has already shifted
but she will not know this until long
after we leave her

what do you get when you are a
conglomerate of perceptions trying to be a being?

water

-the to do list confessions
at the stroke of 2:38.

so she:

closes the book without focus
she is the ghost
her own desire, not knowing, but.

list time.

mika, selby, heather, pj, gavin, everyone. maya deren, henri bergson, virginia woolf, fanny howe, chungking express, red, blue, kiarostami- all, makhlabhaf (m & s), death by hanging, c marker and the way you create haunt, l pierce i like your telephoto sounds, salinger, potter, summi and her humor, mm, s-k, paris, san diego, ashbery, o'hara, rg, berkeley, sf with caffeine- no whip cream anymore. the anymore, as a gemini, lip balm is irony.

if this makes her lonely like the water that spilled from the
cup is realized contact that never happened

the smell of spring in particular.

San Diego 1997

When I arrived I had no idea. I do remember distinctively smelling the ocean as salt on the first time down as. The links are all made in the after. I will not push away the web I stretch out of now, but I really had no suspect of how this was going to. But I have fallen in love with the sky or clouds. I'll take that and that (and the weather).

in the happened and in the way it happened she washes herself
with structure that can only reside in the subtle, sut, sit
till, available as an. utter so to speak. is loaded but not
like the taste in her mouth swallows.

end-fin.

have you been avoiding me?

-to do list confessions

no, you should know better

ok, but shouldn't you also?

ok, so what made you decide to be a film?

fuck you. (that's not fair)

i'm sorry. you're right, it's just this language thing

okay bumblebee

melting snow

the way breathing smells

monkeys mouthing autumn

the shot of the melting snow hosed down.
it always seemed right, as in the beginning
- *dream* (lovely one)

go s improv go!

because we shouldn't talk about it

let's just leave it at that

it's almost like we can't talk about it.

isn't that how it always is like it always has been like it.

first contact. water. it spreads over and onto everything. the
way you change imperceptibly.
no one knows what happened when you are involved like a
cantaloupe keeps its ears unsaid.
the private is all in the public, the film is in the private.
if I showed you her face at those moments
you couldn't be her, experiencing. you would never be as
shapeless as she feels. she is as she makes
her
contact with herself.

narrative you give me great discomfort with what you do to me

I can only have you as partially
recalled and pulled away you are the sleeves in my folding
and I can't ignore you either, but you
have to understand my sense of time.

application of description- *if accepted you will become a birth certificate.*

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The To-Do List Confessions

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A woman comes out of her second story apartment. Opening the screen door, she walks towards the railing, gripping the edge with her left hand, confessing, "*I dreamt I was that woman walking through the streets of Paris again. As always, I never see enough of the river. I don't want to be that woman, she does not know what she wants. It's not fair to dream of desire like this.*" She brushes up against a red cup full of water.

The water spills over and onto everything. Dreamscape and realitätscape collide, merge and confuse, and we are in the metaphorical arena of a process, of this woman holding and sorting her self out. The filmscape becomes a terrain where a woman's subjectivity is widened and dueling with her self, her self-frustrations and with the past and future she holds in her. This film is about the process and struggle for individualization- what does it mean to be a self in this world - to desire- to be with others.

In the film the narrative is played up against the elements, the dreaming, the sorting out. It is a sorting out not of classification and definitives, but of experience. Of experiencing betrayal, experiencing self-doubt, frustration and desire. Experiencing beauty. Her consciousness is a conglomeration of perception. The flow is carried by water, with language. Associations merge the to do list-things to do, to eat, eavesdroppings, quiet aggressions and tensions, standing ups and betrayals. The "dream" reveals the irony, the contradictions, the projections of self-frustration onto other, onto self, unawares. The inextricable merging of the voices-of the roles-of the scapes expresses the surrounding quality and non-cognitive spokes of this process of change, existing and understanding.

Q. Are you a flaneuse?

A. No, I am a conglomerate of perceptions, I am a perceptive movement. You can call me a female subjectivity, though you may not want to. waterfalls full.

Q. Are you a flaneuse?

A. Yes. And I am my own city as well.

Q. Are you a flaneuse?

A. I am a journey.

intro: eiffel tower

scene one: apartment her, walking out of, her dream

scene two: market follow

scene three: elevator

scene four: arab institute bottom

scene five: at the river, part one

middle

scene 6: continued to watercolor

scene 7: the metro, le metro

platform:

scene 8: the garden, le jardin de luxembourg from the first
time I saw you I knew I would walk your ledge

end-fin.

it's like asking one to explain
to draw water
or the way of fresh water on sidewalks
it's that gesture that passed as
it passes again
oh, you are more ironic than you understand
or i understand
the reasons and the way you go on and on on
on with words
if only to have it to linger in

the way you can't rest until continuity is beyond
and yet
you are durated like a sunny side up in mid flip
they will say, time cannot always be profound to reach the curl
curl
the curling

take two: don't be too superstitious

my armpits smell
and i like it, ginger

i think the moments of slow part to the pull of
or this can be a
curve in the road to see through next time

i have to go build a somersault now and some stained glass
the kind you see through as they pass and drop dimes in pretend
i wanted her to be without having to be an image
 the image instead, in her
 senses of distance and proximity

this is all i wished for her but she came out as an as
not a
who am i then but the one who calls myself *i* and dreams silly
holding a pink pen the shape of a moon
i am looking for a lunar eclipse while standing on the earth
keep silent for all there is to say

you never know till you try

g is for all the