From *In Andean Passes*

Adeena Karasick

**Tiré de In Andean Passes**

*Le cor(ps)tex(t) du je(u) du même et de l’autre: des poèmes d’un texte sans but ni bout, la sémiotics à l’infini.*

I, ask for nothing, inscribed in my body. my language beside me, becoming a corrosive possibility, echoes of a territory who thought she was I of me no longer my body one, transgressed
to coil w/in my seeking what she seizes the site of an’ a cruise is, where the river is one word prompted by cycles through a spoke ’n chain searching to connatives into feeding us.

a sea urchin’ for the non me in me the anonym by which we name her
to trace the origin / a seim
through what we say
comes from without -
not withstanding
this design of a sign
is assigned to a sign
or this ayin
of my name what the
Steinian stems from
our meaning
derived through histori(city
limits
the i passes on
to accommodate sense
splits what it doubles
the standing in for
the screening of what we hear as
unseen hurdles of / the between the standing in for
the screening of what we hear as
hurdles of / the between / the standing / between / sounds /
   between
her screaming / between / when he died / between / these
   sheets /
between
sounds
what the supply meant
in demand in de basement where
the structure begins
what bases origins

fictions our desire

what is next to
the writings that

ladies wear
home furnishings
textiles

the text in exile
running away from
what I want it to create
but immediacy derived
by how fast you pass

our presence, relational
reaps le rational
what we can have
when it’s divided among us
between us is our culture
our dialogue
our b(road)ening; the
road bordered by being
frames our
perversions of
i launders in desire

in semiosis
what semes
possible
when we
guide by
signs
my o’s is
a disease
o replacing of
ornaments the (name
inside the word
this’lavish reading of
submission: unders what we seek
s’rendering to
what’s in your body
labouring as you
harbour this
history this injustice
silences
in the void of
the verb i
read you into
this gender
adjusted what the he she’s us in
a cursing
reeks of
an impasse where
the i maps us in
its sliding door passages to an other
rousing us
from this train
passes entranced
with how we’re perceived
our postures,
what stirs in the pause,
the curved trackings of
the cont(in)ent
  sifts
    through difference

through the interstices
what interests us
about
the a b,
a way out
maybe.
what languages us
the m urging with

a series of
false starts
splinters into
oral presence
what they say we can no longer play in
the plain see of speeching samples