

Perpetua's Visions

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stratégies de survie aveugle

Issu d'une séquence ayant pour titre provisoire the butterflies and the burnings, ce texte d'Anne Blonstein révèle une inspiration marquée par la souffrance. Des liens intertextuels avec des textes historiques ou hagiographiques, voire mystiques, apparaissent ici et là, au coeur de ces variations génériques et thématiques autour d'un fil conducteur rouge sang, et nourrissent la recherche intense de points d'appui et d'expérimentation.

strategies for survivals

my father out of love for me was trying to persuade me and shake my resolution. only when individuals illegitimate. earnestly perchance their passing throughs. move feasts. then return to their laboratories lean to despairs. six senses perform rituals of productivities. at that times come to pass originals. undamaged leitmotifs go strange. exuberant lighter motifs so long fixed ideas. improvise morals. loan sometimes on those occasions to set phrases. delegitimate accordingly. ask nonconformists to deliver lectures on confused and bewildered shades of departed appearances. while sometimes and doubts and imparticulars thicken passions. then in deeds consecrate veils. della sanctae: societies for degendering in situations the perfect languages issuing possible dictionaries to follow leased substantial literary methods for just then.

he moved towards me as though he would pluck my eyes out. in stages moments compel annihilation of single causes. peregrinate in those abandoned events through transgressions of the same. just at those times when the real looks repetitious work a day vulgarise parts in games to the death. mutations sue perfections. whenevers invent the quotidian. squeeze tears into ladles of chalk. now bonds presents through corridors

of while because leaks return strategies for survivals. even then midday things cling to too infinite a sleep. sibyllines speak from our dreams. in the penumbræ of change leave the corrections lying there to breathe. in those cases employ unkind. in the origins underneath schemes.

i was separated from my father and i was comforted by this absence. stable leaches through natural develops sideways into fatal. below knows how to forge private futures blown tremulous. imaginaries practise generosity just when every ages. sorrows roar their sultry vulnerability. then too smooth. unnameable sores cover differences. obscure laments scratch with the aid of punctuated abandonments. thereupon deeper. as soon as those few in a corner of courage stagger reason. as soon as suitable strips. trifle with the familiar. wounds in the presence when when comes to an end. when ghosts bring the unabatable also thens that continuity papers.

have pity on me your father, if i deserve to be called your father. every resolution swims in ice. dirtied ends question habituals. eccentrically washes minds with spoilt therefores. before those who question worlds stand solemnner. their delicacy their thoughts function professingly. then only then can they live fervently. in these words lampoon conclusions. not till then can individuals exonerate their fear of surprises. unsafe in abundant unseens. then for the first time the whole unobjectionable because uncertain of the length of changeable. then once more a fight for illicit access to spaces to meet constraints on the beaded body. in that crisis sublimated bodies gesticulate. paying inattention to certainty consider the inside of edges. and how to turns.

blind

open nerves. to a lotion of years alleged with every hour decomposed in immediately. my ribs notion expectantly. *et coeperunt me fautores mei oleo defrigere, quomodo solent in agonem.* easing my back into a remarkable time of doubt permeates hardly. numbness falls away. on my neck incise the movable rules exhibited to stranger. *and my supporters began to rub me down with oil, as they are wont to do before a combat.* neural trust in the unexpected. no turned cheeks. sores radiate from a smile now surrenders some of its secrets. sore layers of perforated immobility. *my attendants began to rub me with oil, as was the custom before an agon;* supple under my

new skin apprehension concourses to justify the dream. an acquired suggestion works to intervene through. *my seconds began to rub me down with oil (as they are wont to do before a contest)*. distances lacerate. as light becomes intangible lepers chafe against never. again wastes solids. *and my supporters began to rub me with oil, as they do for a wrestling match*. a tense stretching of softer nouns. which unaccustom in a palestral struggle between bringing together and macerate. *my assistants began to rub me with oil, as they do for a wrestling match*. a scalpel throughs recognition and possession. asking for an embrocation of solitary may. abandoning the light. lightly. *et coeperunt me fauisoires mei oleo defricare, quomodo solent in agone*.