

From fifteen-year-old girl

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Un texte sur les débuts de la photographie et sur l'incapacité à faire un portrait de tes débuts. Le renoncement du temps, le cours du temps et cette page baignée dans l'eau, les réactifs, les éléments du temps et du rattrapage. Un désir d'apparaître et le désir de ne pas apparaître si l'apparence signifie la permanence, la distance, la destruction. Quand l'apparence glisse si rapidement, quand nous sommes faits par des réactifs et trahis par nos propres frontières, au contact des réactifs. Un texte en continu, latent, qui désire la désertion de lui-même. Pourtant, il va au-delà de la désertion. Au-delà de la description, avant la description. Ma bouche, puis la tienne, emmaillottées dans l'entrée. Et les feuillets qui restent.

There are papers that will never be well. Pasted. There are pauses that will never be full. A block of street forgotten, forgiven. And renewed. In cross gesture—a running towards the end.

In a drawer what one puts. In a paper what one takes. I shut the drawer and lie against it, close my eyes beside a tearing that continues.

Nails, lids. The way the edge goes into your mouth. Not edge you say edges. You lie back. I am back. You have never gotten up leaned forward.

The way the edges give way in your mouth. Lean forward. This is my hand. This is my drawer.

You are not something that contains and so will be forgotten. Pressing yellow: where we put paper a block away.

A fifteen-year-old girl. Away in a drawer. Yellow orange blue. Continuing. Softening, counting. In many books that lost their edges.

In a handwriting that curls against itself. Shy to act as conductor. In this one room that stays.

It was not what went in but what stayed out. A desire to tell the beginning of a story. I stayed in the rain and came in. I heard you calling and came in. In between syllables: claim. In between curtains a window that is slowly being washed. In so much proximity you act as curtain, you stay away.

I wanted a wash of curtain.

As book rubs against book. As book beckons and loses its cover. This in seconds. This in sequence. The secondary hand beside the minutes. But we are not being watched.

A fifteen-year-old girl. Trying clinging: lines. But all this tilt. All this curve, slit on top of slit. What it is possible to find in a drawer. To ask simply for story. One page on top of another. One window. Beside the radiator. Beside the wide plank on top of the radiator. Reading scroll. Keeping the heat in.

You can number, you can count. Order the surface books. From here to there this is counting. A green screen linked to another and then to another and another.

And in a boxed-in screen: radiance, radium, water in a jar. Many jars delivered. You count. Your face beneath the jar. Receptacle. In a house without a reception. In a house without area. Only curled edges passing very neatly for story sometime away.

We had a yellow house.

We had a blue house. A fireplace. Planks the connected to other planks.

Because I can't attach my eyes to yours. This bed is not a plank. This basin is not a bath. We can't scratch the surface. You sink into a place that continues. That commingles with another and stops. At frame.

A fifteen-year-old girl reading softly to herself and staying still. Saying still. As the rest of the street evaporates. All edges ended in a threshold that continues. Beside a blue doorway. Beside the rushing, this side against that. What the letter contains. What the floor is able to keep.

It's as if it came out of my hands.

It's as if it came out of your mouth.

It's as if the floor didn't shut when we opened our mouths. Didn't stammer. Didn't beg to be continued.

How to link that silence to this sitting. That sitting. So that we don't betray hunger. The length of the entrance hall, the rushing twisting aside. I didn't come in order to evaporate.

Are your hands the closest? Can I count on the present to erect a front?

And in the book that is beside you. Your face. In outline. To be able to say I made a shape.

As you try to decipher edge from end. As you try to remember your position on the floor.