

REMEMBERING BREATH IN A BODY OF CONCRETE

REMEMBERING /	Air	<i>The forgetting of Air in Martin Heidegger'</i> - Luce Irigaray
REMEMBERING /	Analysis	Notes to self - notes from therapy
REMEMBERING /	Autumn	Leaves
REMEMBERING /	Awakenings	Dr Sacks Poetry - drum (and the beat goes on...) 'Howl' - Alan Ginsberg
REMEMBERING /	Beat	Edith Piaf
REMEMBERING /	Birds	<i>The Laugh of the Medusa'</i> - Helene Cixous
REMEMBERING /	Body	Luce Irigaray, Artaud,
REMEMBERING /	Breath	
REMEMBERING /	Changes	<i>Breathing - Chaos and Poetry'</i> - Franco "Bifo" Berardi
REMEMBERING /	Chaos	Duchamp (tongue in cheek)
REMEMBERING /	Cheek	Dawn, Bird Song, Greek tragedy
REMEMBERING /	Chorus	
REMEMBERING /	Cicadas	
REMEMBERING /	Cloud	<i>Concrete Poetry - A World View'</i> - Mary Ellen Solt
REMEMBERING /	Concrete	Shibboleth, Doris Salcedo
REMEMBERING /	Cracks	Tide, drag, rip
REMEMBERING /	Currents	<i>Matter out of Place'</i> - Mary Douglas
REMEMBERING /	Dirt	<i>States of Drift - 'The Hundreds'</i> , Lauren Berlant and Kathleen Stweart
REMEMBERING /	Drift	Ashes to ash... dust to dust...
REMEMBERING /	Dust	Sign, Virgo. Mother...
REMEMBERING /	Earth	
REMEMBERING /	Faces	
REMEMBERING /	Father	sign - forest - hummingbird - climate change
REMEMBERING /	Fire	<i>Laugh of the Medusa - Flesh Text</i> - Cixous
REMEMBERING /	Flesh	<i>Float'</i> - Anne Carson
REMEMBERING /	Float	<i>Flowers In Concrete'</i> - Mary Ellen Solt / tombstones - real vs plastic
REMEMBERING /	Flowers	
REMEMBERING /	Fold	

REMEMBERING /	Footfall	
REMEMBERING /	Footpaths	
REMEMBERING /	Forgetfulness	Nietzsche
		<i>If Not, Winter. Fragments of Sappho</i> - Anne Carson
		/ 'Blanchot and Fragmentary Writing' -
		Leslie Hill
REMEMBERING /	Fragments	of Eden
REMEMBERING /	Garden	
REMEMBERING /	Grounding	
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REMEMBERING /	Inhospitality	
		Fragments, Remains,
REMEMBERING /	Knossos	Myth
REMEMBERING /	Labyrinth	Minotaur, Knossos
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		Plath
REMEMBERING /	Lazarus	
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REMEMBERING /	More	Abbas Kiarostami
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		Kimberly Camponello /
		Sophie Calle / Louise
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REMEMBERING /	Loss	
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REMEMBERING /	Mist	<i>A Very Easy Death</i> -
		Simone De Beauvoir
REMEMBERING /	Mother	
REMEMBERING /	Music	
REMEMBERING /	Myth	Minotaur, Knossos
REMEMBERING /	Nature	
		Text and thread in the
REMEMBERING /	Needle	work of Louise Bourgeois
REMEMBERING /	Paper	Scissors, Stone.
REMEMBERING /	Passages	
REMEMBERING /	Pathways	
		<i>Species of Spaces and</i>
		<i>other Pieces</i> - George
REMEMBERING /	Places	Perec

(A prologue)

RE|WIRE

Meeting a sticky end...

My thoughts do not sit still. Anxious, insecure, unstable, they are always on the move, like the threads in which they fly. I try to catch them, but they are always ahead of me – catching me out. Tying me up in knots. I write them down, spit them out, move towards them - but they emerge like beetles, in tangles - sprawling, relentless across the page. Drawn out across a web of words, a spider-brain spins, weaving, always hoping to catch something of itself in its snare. I pluck thoughts off my tongue. I bite my own head off. And still it grows back repeatedly. Two heads now, one body spinning; then three heads, still my body spins. I am lost. A line still hangs, in wait for its turn...

JM

INTER|LINKED

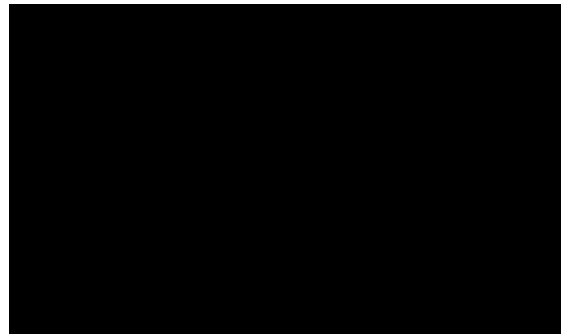
*What we call the beginning is often the end
And to make an end is to make a beginning.
The end is where we start from.*

T. S. Elliot, *Four Quartets*

STOP.
RE|START

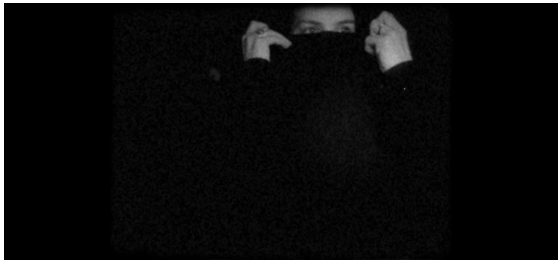


The opening scene to Chris Marker's extraordinary film, *Sans Soleil* speaks of a darkness giving birth to light. Contrasting an 'image of happiness' (three children on a road in Iceland, in 1965) with 'a piece of long black leader' the narrator remarks: "*If they (the audience) don't see happiness in the picture, at least they'll see the black.*"¹

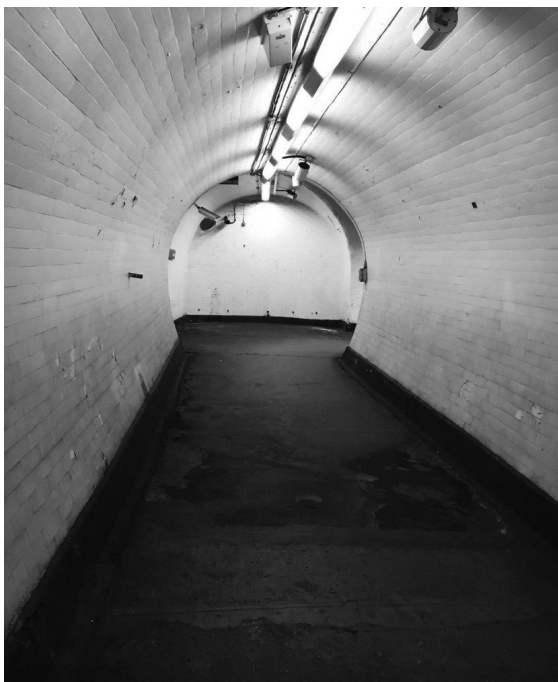


¹ Black hole. Black Lives. Black Square. Black Nothing.
VantaBlack. Black 3.0 ... Black Night. Black Sky. Black back. Black
sorrow.





"I can't breathe."



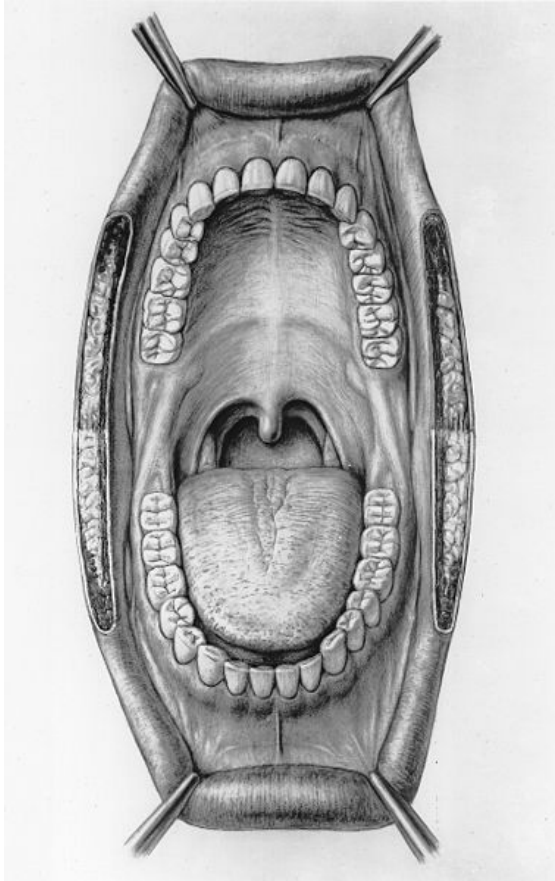


Figure 1. Mouth, open (MIS 65-5390-1), National Museum of Health and Medicine

FULL STOP ●

RE|VEAL

This story begins in the dark. It carries with it a health warning, which may trigger as a burden to some, and come as a relief to others. If you are sensitive, or find some of the topics mentioned too much, please let me know. Whilst I deliver this with an openness, it is in the spirit of openness in which I hope it will be received. I appreciate some people might find the subject or some of the topics mentioned - difficult. So apologies in advance if I cause any distress. And thank you - in advance, for your ear (for listening), and for your understanding.

WHERE TO BEGIN?



A huge expanse of ruins left the explosion of the atomic bomb on August 6, 1945 in Hiroshima. (AP)

There's nothing neat, pristine, orderly or contained about this presentation, or this work. Because there's nothing neat, pristine, orderly or contained about life.

It's a mess. It's dirty. It's repulsive and yet we're drawn to it. It's not straight forward. It sprawls. It seeps. It leaks. And oozes. Dripping off the page and into the corners of our mouths. As I speak particles fly, the text cannot be contained. Nor framed. Nor is it (in fact) monochrome. It draws from experience. Drawn from our first to our last breath.

The more we try to conceal it, cover it up; gloss over, look away, remove ourselves from the subject, the harder it becomes for us to deal with - to look at - *it*. How can we wish to examine life if we choose to look away from death?

~~Funny that this preface should be an afterward. But that's how it goes. That's how life is.~~

If we don't write with an openness, then we are in a danger of producing a closed book.

And where's the use in that? It becomes another brick in an already toppling tower.

FAST FORWARD.

RE|SET
RE|MEMBER
RE|WIND

**It was 16:34 pm. Friday. September
11th. 2020.**

I received a message. *“Jenny. Did you
manage to speak to Jon? I can’t get hold of
him.”*

I hadn’t called. And following that
message, I couldn’t get hold of him
either.

GROUND ZERO ●



Almost a year to the day we met, Jon; the man I'd just left, the man I'd lived with, the man whose breath I'd shared, whose secrets I'd seen, who's frustration I'd felt, the man I'd been locked down with, the man I'd been shut down with, the man I'd woken up next to for the last 360 ish days - jumped to his death from the top of the building where we'd lived.

Whilst I was baking him madeleines (how very Proustian of me) in a building 500 meters down the road, the man I loved was falling from the sky.

OUT OF THE RUINS



Lockdown does something to people.

Some get creative. Some get bored; some learn; some innovate, some prune themselves down, some build themselves up. Some grow wild, some become tame some find time, and space to breathe. Others suffocate behind closed doors and windows that won't open. Some look in, whilst others look out. Some dine like kings, others starve on crumbs. Some blossom, some bloom. Some wither, some die. Some, stay just the same. Some - times fuelled by a Pandemic-induced Anxiety...

[ZOO] Looking out, or looking in, even at the best of times, we are all, always navigating complex relations between place, time and space. Navigating the situations in which we find ourselves thrown.

For me, it turns out. That space was a place in-between. The place in which we find ourselves.² A space into which I'd been thrown. Trying to find a foothold. Something to hold onto whilst in freefall.

² The Place in Which We Find ourselves. Is the title of a publication written by a friend. Actually, a stranger. A student working at the Rodin Museum... We went for a walk once. He

And for a year, I kept asking myself. What am I doing here?



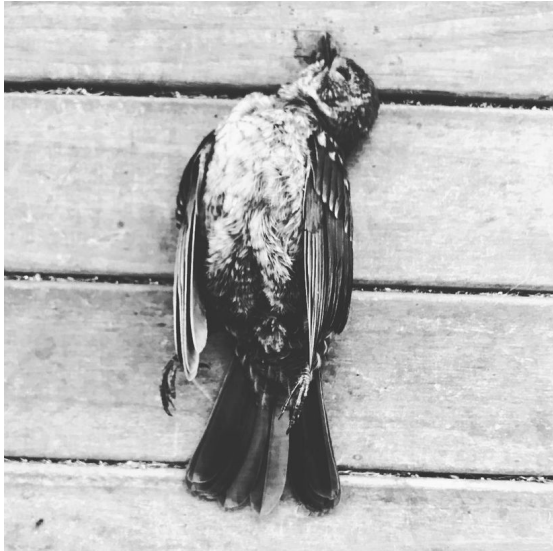
The place I landed up in, the space I'd been drawn to, the space I'd been desperate to leave; the space I lost; and then found myself in; is not really a 'place'. Nor a location after all. Rather; it's a void. It's a space in between - it's the leap. It's the courage. The daring. The choosing to go beyond. Not knowing what lies ahead.

And in navigating this field, I realised we were both traversing the same space. Only Jon was swooping down, as I was being scooped up. Lines of flight, intersecting, a collision course.

In my efforts to understand not only Jon's death, but the events before, and after, near and far... I've come to realise that it's the space(s) in-between things where possibilities happen. Where sparks lie and life meets us smack in the face with death. It is here where the image of joy meets the black. Only to shimmer blindingly back - an eclipse - burned onto the eyes (retina) of those who dared to look.

showed me Paris in a train of cigarette stained teeth. We spoke about Moby Dick.

Lightning strikes and the tower is burned. And we're left to sift through the ash.



RE|THINK

By some miracle; the fall (or should I say leap? for this was an act of intent. X marks the spot. He had not slipped.) - the fall did not kill him straight away. Jon didn't die immediately on impact. An air ambulance. 9 Surgeons; endless hours in emergency surgery and almost 50litres of donated blood kept him alive. Or rather kept him somewhere in between life and death, supporting him long enough for his family and I to face, to embrace and confront what felt like a very long, very extraordinary goodbye.

Boyfriend in a coma. (I know, I know, it's serious.)

A GREETING CARD.



I arrived at the hospital not knowing what to expect. Only that my life was about to change. I'd seen a Heron in flight swoop down towards me that morning. Wings spread wide and white and long legs drooping like a newborn daddy long leg... awkward and limp, angular, beautiful. The bird occupied that space between (my) knowing and not knowing. The

heron's swoop was a gift. It gave me something to hold onto that day. A beacon of hope amidst a rockface of hopelessness.

His parents arrived, with his brother, from France. They'd driven through the night to arrive at a hospital in crisis. At first, they were locked out. Restrictions imposed by Covid implied that they would have to quarantine. But there wasn't time for that. The Drs were kind, generous and gracious enough to know they needed to be at their son's side.



We were held in a small room, and briefed by a team of trauma surgeons. The prognosis was bleak. We tried to translate the incommunicable to his parents. He had “Everest to climb”, the Dr warned us - and he's not even at base camp. None of us were. Not anywhere near.

We entered the critical ward. There is no privacy but no one seemed to mind. What use is a thinly veiled curtain anyway? Curtains do little to disguise the horror that lies beyond. We'd all

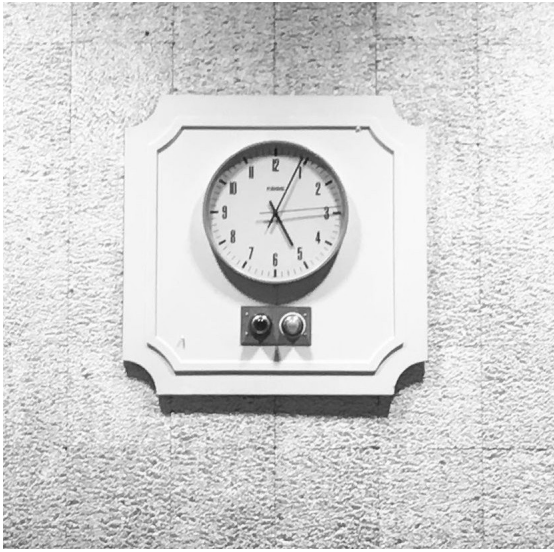
³ (“*Stick your tongue out please*” the nurse requests - it becomes an hourly chorus.)

seen Psycho. The knife had already made its mark. There was nothing left to hide. Instead, we confront the horror straight on.

The hospital is full to bursting, and there, in the corner of the room, is Jon. Stretched out. Stitched up. Arm hanging from a contraption that looked like a crane. Wires protruding. Wings broken. Swollen. Unrecognisable.

A man in the bed opposite sticks his tongue out.³ Machines whirr. Bodies creak. Mouths moan and I hold on. We all hold on. We all held on. To each other. Everything, and every one broken.

Jon lived on the edge. I suppose we both did - in our own separate ways. He burned through life like a forest fire, raging. In death, he was the heron. Graceful. Awkward. Broken. Tender. Beautiful. Slow.



TIME

12 hours by his side. Our time was up. He took his last breath. My hand in his. The machines stop. And we all fall to the floor. There's nowhere else to go. There's nothing left but a flat line and empty time.

Grief swallows you hole.

And immediately. You are in the depths of it all. Alone. No way out. No end in sight. It's funny how dead ends have no end. You just have to work your way through them... find an opening. Climb the wall. Dig under it. Turn back around. It's a labyrinth. Where's my line of sight? Where's the thread to cling on to?

*A thought only rises by falling,
it progresses only by regressing
– an inconceivable spiral.*

P. Klossowski *Nietzsche & The
Vicious Circle*⁴



⁴Pierre Klossowski - Nietzsche and the vicious circle. xvii

A Note on
Beginnings
A

The journey was the goal.
My life: a Ball.

Bouncing.

Like tumBleweed. TumBling. Restless.

Like a dung Beetle Battling. Backwards up hill.

Face in the dirt and legs in the shit.

Rolling with it.

Like an un-popped popcorn kernel.

The kind that Breaks your teeth and sits heavy,

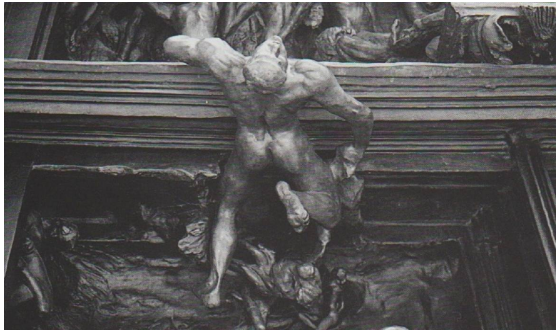
rolling aimlessly around the Bottom of the Bowl with
all the other un-popped.

Longing to Break free from its shell and Be devoured -

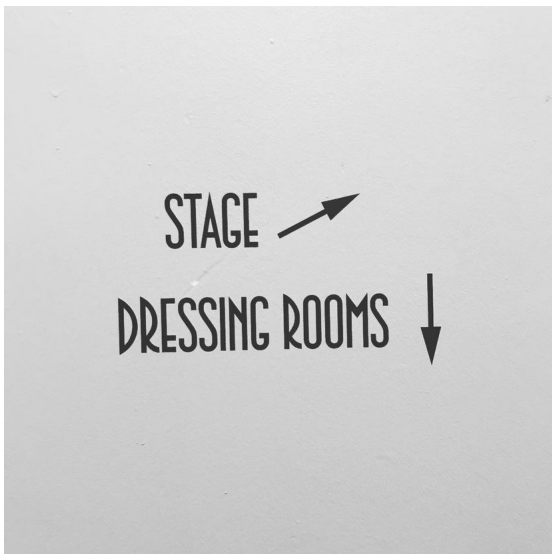
Bathed in a shower of hot sweet salt and melted

Butter, Boom.

Before meeting Jon my life had been lived in transit - a musician with a rotating front door, a roaming home, a rolling stone. A drifting restlessness had set in. In all four corners of my horizon. There were no edges. No creases. No stones unturned.



Boundaries blurred. Things were hazy, romantic, vague; dewy; shrouded, sometimes, clouded. Misty, murky, and on some days, pure fog. As thick heavy cold and dank as the North Sea Hear. But I'd grown accustomed to this lostness. In fact. I'd made my home in it for years.



My previous subject had been exactly that. "Lost in Transit" was the title of the piece I wrote, and ideas were drawn from seemingly far off and dis|related but totally inter|connected places. I spent my life adrift. And writing... Making music. Connecting the dots was my way of piecing it all together. Of making some sense of it. Holding myself together, making something spinning a web - from

these loose strands, from scraps of notes, observations to cling to.

Tension, release, tension, release.

There was a rhythm to it. And some kind of rhyme. An entering in to... A shimmering dance, that flickered between holding on and letting go.

I trusted it enough to always throw myself in. I dared myself down, and pulled myself back. Into the wreck! Let's go diving. I was always curious to poke. To go in. To explore the cracks. Rocky-pooling. Always on the search for something. Some kind of lost|found|ness. Or was it found|lost|ness. I wasn't sure anymore. Perhaps it didn't matter anyway. It was life. And nothing more. Nothing less.

Either way. Whatever happened. I had, I have, this insatiable desire to keep going. A relentless seeking, searching for hope. A longing for connection. A seeking, desiring, fumbling, feeling, sensing tentacle of a loosely live wire...



FLOURISHING FUTURES.

I started this PhD thinking about education. I wanted to reroute pedagogy in schools using plants as teachers. To empower young minds to cultivate and grow and understand the

relation between them and their environment and others... but without funding, (- my project which involved wanting to run workshops with Steve McQueen's Year 3 students, was too ambitious? Perhaps -) I did what all artists tend to do. Turn back in on myself again. And from these roots I once again rerouted my subject - to explore notions of change. 'States of Drift' I called it. My project was to explore possibilities for change through the shifting condition of whatever shifts I ended up encountering / slipping through. It was about finding ways to seek connection. About life as a relation to connections found, and made, and lost or let go again.

STATES OF DRIFT

States of Drift was too vague - so I honed it in, to think about breath as a liminal space, as a space for change. An opportunity for hope. As Nancy Spero sings "while I breathe, I hope." And as the book *'When Breath Becomes Air'* reflects, we breathe in, we breathe out. We hold on, we let go. We breathe in air, and breathe out breath, and in the process, both we and it are changed. Change occurs with every breath.

I picked up on Luce Irigaray's text 'the forgetting of air in Martin Heidegger' and decided to reframe it through a practice based study, through which instead of 'forgetting air' we were "re|remembering breath." Where could I situate this breath?! In a place of lost foundness... "in a body of concrete." - in a broken house a friend had lost; and which I had re-found on the edge

of a hill the summer before in a village - now abandoned - in Crete. ?

I'd finally settled - for the moment - or so it seemed - on this notion of life's interconnectedness through breath when Covid 19 struck and the first lockdown forced me to put a pause - like the rest of the world - on my work. I had other, more pressing matters to work out. My partner's company was going up in smoke. There were no guests in the house anymore. I could no longer pay my rent. But breath was present in every moment.

As with many situations; the 'real' work, it seems; is always: begins at home. In the spaces in and 'between' 'us'. Perhaps *this* is the breathwork...

Living with Jon wasn't easy. But like many others before, during and after me, and beyond... I kept thinking 'one more week.... I'll see it though until then.... etc etc.' Besides. I had an itch. I wanted to know what I was doing there. How I'd found myself in this situation, unable to leave, what was it that hooked me? What could I learn? What now? What next?. What why? Who? Where? When? Keep diving. Keep scratching at the surface. Go deeper Jen. Into the wreck. Poke at it again. But it was difficult. Living's never easy...

I'd tried to leave before. But by the third time, I knew what I had to do. Third time lucky? I'm not so sure. But I left.

I left with an overwhelming sense of flight. I needed to escape. I'd dreamt I'd drowned. I and I did. Almost.

I found a way to come up for air. But it wasn't without its consequences.

My act of defiance felt liberating. What a release. What a relief.... Gasping.

And then this. I was floored.

Jon's death brought everything to the ground. But we all need grounding sometimes. There's no spark otherwise... the thing is. That sometimes the ground opens up and swallows you whole. It's here we need some helping hands to find us. And something, somehow, always does. Live wires, seeking blindly in the dark, longing secretly, desiring to connect.

As I sat by Jon's side, connected through touch, my thesis title returned. Haunting me. 'Re|membering Breath in a Body of Concrete' these words now painted a new picture. A new subject. A new mountain to climb. A new body of work.

Here I was. On the other side of something I never thought I'd see, let alone be at the heart of. Each word rang out. With a new context now. Jon. The heavy smoker, with a failing Vape company, was on life support. His chest creaked up and down. All smoke and no mirrors. All vapour. No fire?! Everything burned. 🔥

What had I done? His friends blamed me for his death. And at times, I too

blamed myself. Images haunted me. Phrases. Films. Conversations. Song.

Flashes of La Haine.



Of Yves Klien.



Of Kierkegaard. Benjamin, Heidegger. Francesca Woodman, Ana Mendieta, the twin towers, grenfell, covid, covid, covid... trump... emails, messages,

photographs, farewells... fragments, limbs, bodies, lungs, hearts, and broken teeth. Images of Rodin, and Dante, and Icarus, and Sky Woman. Images of flight, of falling, of ec-static frozen time. Songs we'd played. Conversations re|played. On re|peat. Over and over again.

Jon didn't leave a note. His apartment was taken over by bailiffs. We never got to return. My camera, still in his flat, was perhaps the last witness to his death. Suicide leaves a hole of questions without answers.

So what now? What next? My research, like my life, had taken another unexpected turn. And maybe that was just the point.

I could posit a thousand questions and seek to answer every one. But what will I have achieved? I could respond to a single question with a thousand answers. But what will I have achieved? I cannot bend the hands of time. I cannot bring a mother's son back. Even if I wished to. But what I can do, the only thing we *can* do (perhaps?) is offer an openness.

For me, it is an openness that allows revival. Openness allows, it invites, connection. It gives and receives. It revives. It relieves. Openness is both in and out at the same time. It is both hug and hold. And in a time of dis-connection, we need to hold on to all that we have. And be at once, simultaneously prepared to let it all go.

Openness is the mouth that breathes, air in, breath out... air in, breath out. Is the reminder that everything changes with us, and we with it.

Openness is both a question and an answer. A method and a methodology. A way of being. A way of dying. Always Present. Always in between.

This project is about trying to piece something together. It's a patchwork quilt. A weaving together of thoughts, ideas, and experiences. Of texts and responses. Of situations and situatedness. Of relations. To and of and towards and from and seeking and losing and letting go and holding on. Something oscillating between life and death. Something electric. The body, electric. The mind, electric. The process of healing. Of joy. And ecstasy. Teetering on the edge of empty nothing.

This project is about a longing to connect. It's about desire. And the field that seeks, that reaches out beyond itself, into the unknown, and wavers. Waiting, for something to touch.

Situating the text in a 're|memberance' of breath, we're immediately re|working, re|visiting, re|calling the need for both body and soul. Spirit and flesh. Earth and Air. Fire and Water. Human, Nature. Man and Beast. East and West... Not as separate entities, but entwined. Entangled in a mesh that cannot be separated out one from the other.

Breath is the result of an intra action: it is the space in between. It is the route to all possibilities. It is a passage to connect(ion). With each breath we both live and die a little bit more. And

THIS IS THE WORK. The repetition. The work is simply to show up. The thesis is simply witness to that.

And so back to the question. Where do we begin?! Perhaps we don't. We simply hit the ground running. We start on the cliff-face. On the mountain's edge. Next to the crashing sea. We start in the rain. With the wind on our face. We start at the bottom. And work our way out like seeds, from the ground up. We start at the end. Where new things begin. We start in the middle. In the mi(d)st of the ground breaking.





The ground holds no ground.

It is an endlessly shifting site of devastation.

It is a wreck, swallowed by an ocean of grief. And I am the diver. Holding my breath. Searching for answers. For pieces, for signs of life, sifting for what remains in the cold black darkness. Of what appears to be a hopeless scene.

The ground opens up. It's a rift. A rip. A tear made up of a thousand tears.

Jon's death mothered this project.

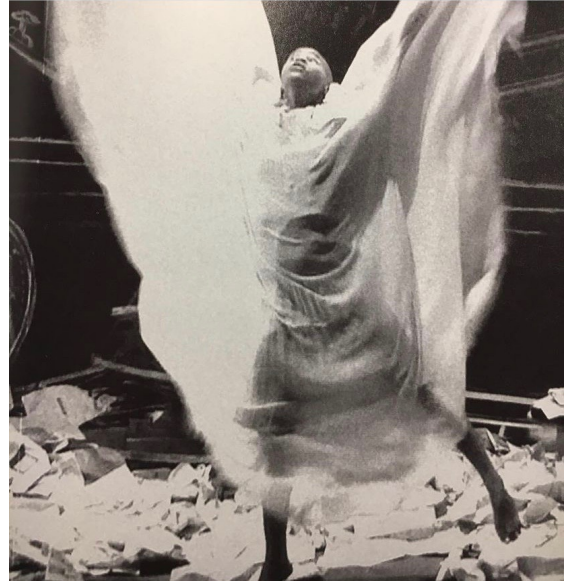
Its birth framed by a final breath.

It is a mushroom form, born from shattered ruin.

Ground breaking.

Thrown ness.





SEMI-COLON ;

There's nothing neat about this text. It's not polished. Or resolved. I haven't tied it in a bow. Or tried to make it sound academic in anyway. I haven't made any grand conclusions about anything. It's starts with a bang. Kind of. An explosion of sorts and then just kind of fizzles. Debris. Ash. Falling like snow. Foggy ruins. Melting, Fading. Drifting in and out of view. In and out of significance. No real end in sight.

I'm not sure what the point of any of it is, maybe there is none. Maybe that's the point. But it's here. Wherever that is. In this virtual attempt to share something.

Suicide is still the biggest killer of men under 40. We don't talk about that enough.

I wrote to him before he died. "*Choose life.*" I begged. My exact words. I had no idea what was to come. Only that if I stayed then I (too) would die.

His reply: "*I'm sure. I want to spend my life with you.*"

I feel him now, closer than ever. More open, intimate, present, calm. Death didn't kill Jon. Life did. His house was burning. And no matter what I or anyone - offered him, he could not find nor did he want - the tools to survive.

His leap of faith was an act of courage. He defied us all. And gravity. For a moment.

He'd seemed different the last few days. More at peace in himself. To me, it seems the moment he began to love himself, became the moment he could no longer live with himself.

A strange pause followed the funeral. Lockdown. Quarantine. Lockdown. Repeat.

And then things started to happen. Buds started to emerge. Texts, images, books, references - a wealth of friends, artists, writers, poets appeared. Popping up in clusters like the Matsutake mushroom. They were right there, all along. Seedlings. Ready and waiting for me it seems. Like the mice that sneak out from all

four corners of their hiding place to change things during the night.

My copy of Roland Barthe's Mourning Diary was and still is on my supervisor's desk.

Joe Brainard's 'I remember' (a memory machine, with a repeating refrain) Susan Sontag, Simone De Beauvoir. Sophie Calle... Anne Carson. All there. I'd even made a list. And like a hospital bag, it seems I'd already gathered everything I'd need before I even knew I'd needed it. My bookshelf was bulging with counsellors.

This was the council of Pelicans. This is the council I trust. These are the gifts I've been given. Wrong time, wrong place? Right time, right place? Who knows. But I'm here right now, right here now. Ready to take another breath.



These fragments become us.

8/11/19

I was surfing on the crest of something. But it wasn't mine.

I was being shaped, carved by the waves beneath me, their currents, their channels. Their power below. And the winds above. The waves were greater than me. Deeper than me. Taller than me. Mightier in every way. And yet I was still there. A tiny dot. A speck. Navigating these crests and curves. Trying to stay afloat. To carve my way through, in, under, across something. Trying to make my way out. Trying to survive.

I cut across the surface and dipped in, I'd fall off and the waves would swallow me whole, as I swallowed its water til I was overflowing and bobbed back up, puking salt liquid from every hole. Breath replaced by liquid. To be expelled and replaced by breath again. Gasping.

I'd lose my board. My grounding, my tread. And for a moment all hope dissolves into the salt that stings my eyes and pollutes my mouth. Then, like an old friend, rickety now, both drunk, the board drifts by again. I pull myself towards it, and like a dog urging me to go for a walk, or to pet it, it tucks itself under my arm and pushes me back up, encouraging me to ride it again.

My too-drunk-on-a-friday-night friend. My too-drunk-because-we-started-on-a-Tuesday-and-neither-of-us-could-tell-the-time-anymore,-nor-day-from-night,-nor-know-when-to-start-nor-stop,-nor-why-stopping-would-ever-be-reasonable,-and-that-felt-reasonably-reasonable friend. My too-drunk-because-we-were-bored-of-the-boredom-and-bored-of-boarding-and-bored-of-the-boring-board-we'd-been-carved-into-and-bored-of-trying-to-stand-but-failing,-and-bored-of-trying-to-float,-but-falling,-and-bored-of-realising-it-was-all-just-one-long-relentless-ride-on-an-angry-ocean-of-waves-and-that-to-be-drunk-was-the-same-as-being-sober-and-sea-sick-anyway,-so-what-was-the-difference friend.

Together we'd steer our way out of this. We'd steer our way through this. In this. Under this. Over this. Out of this. How many times did I have to say that? I was repeating myself constantly. In, or, blah blah blah. Relations. I couldn't escape them. Nor my interest in the thing. And I. And so soon OF COURSE- I realized, reflected... that the togetherness was not just the board and I. It was all of it. My board was not separate from the wave. The wave was not separate from the wind. The wind was not separate from the water, nor was the rain. I was not separate from the board. The sea and me. We were the same. Riders on the storm. Droplets in the storm. Passing through the eye of a needle. Wrapping ourselves in it. Around it. Under it, until we were in-distinguishable from the thing we were passing by.

The whole thing was a mess. I had no clue where to begin. And I don't think there was ever an out. This is all there was. The 'out' might be calm. The waves might die down, and the surf might calm to a rest. But 'out' was never an option. This wasn't a game of cricket. There was always something else. On the edge. Waiting to return. Waiting to present itself. Waiting to arrive. Waiting to be caught. Waiting to catch us out. Wash over us and wipe us clean. Stop. Start again. Only the positions were all related. Everything was the same once you saw it from that angle.

The sea was a collection of droplets brewing. The storm too - nothing but heavy drops, falling hard. But drops they were. That's all they were. A collection of tiny molecules. Alone they were nothing. Nothing significant anyway... But together - collectively.... what a force. A force to be reckoned with. A force that could change. Impact. Create. Destroy. A shift - that turned the something into nothing back into something again.

_____ 05/10/19 _____

We were due to land in the middle of the storm. Quite literally the eye. Nobody wanted us to see that though, least of all us I guess, so all flights were cancelled. Planes were pulled, like surfboards, out of the sky. London to Tokyo was no more. The trip was put on hold. So now we wait in the side lines, watching in limbo. The city shut down. Shoppers emptied the shelves of shop. Closed its gates. Closed its doors. Hatches battened down. (Funny, that to hatch was to open, to be born, give birth to the chick (the cheek of it!) and yet the openness here remained closed. Shut down. Locked in. For the moment.)

What is a storm anyway? What is a storm - but a gathering? A gathering of circumstance. A gathering of droplets. Being swung, swayed and swallowed by the wind. It's a congregation. A protest. A riot. A classroom. A party. A traffic jam. A swamp. A rave full of ravers. A nightclub full of night. Owls hooting and tooting at the sight and sound of each other.

I guess that's what we all are. Ravers, waving at the wave, waving back at the rave. Wait your turn please. Get back to the end of the line.

RE|ACT
RE|AD
RE|ADJUST
RE|AFFIRM
RE|AL
RE|ALIGN
RE|ASON
RE|ASSEMBLE
RE|ASSIGN
RE|BELL
RE|BELLION
RE|BIRTH
RE|BORN
RE|BUILD
RE|BUKE
RE|CALL
RE|CANT
RE|CAPTURE
RE|CAST
RE|CEDE
RE|CEIVE

RE|CENT
RE|CITE
RE|CLAIM
RE|CLUSE
RE|COIL
RE|COLLECT
RE|CONNECT
RE|CORD
RE|COUNT
RE|COURSE
RE|CREATE
RE|CTUM
RE|CURSE
RE|CURSIVE
RE|CYCLE
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RE|DEFINE
RE|DESIGN
RE|DO
RE|DRESS
RE|DUCE
RE|EDUCATE
RE|ENACT
RE|ENTER
RE|EXAMINE
RE|FER
RE|FINE
RE|FLECT
RE|FLOW
RE|FLUX
RE|FOCUS
RE|FRESH
RE|FUGE
RE|FUGEE
RE|FUSE
RE|GAIN
RE|GARD
RE|GRESS
RE|GRET
RE|INFORCE
RE|INVEST
RE|JECT
RE|JOICE

RE|LAPSE
RE|LATE
RE|LEASE
RE|MAIN
RE|MAKE
RE|MARK
RE|MEMBER
RE|MOVE
RE|NAME
RE|NEW
RE|OPEN
RE|PAIR
RE|PAY
RE|PELL
RE|PINE
RE|PLACE
RE|PLAY
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RE|PORT
RE|POSE
RE|POSITION
RE|PRODUCE
RE|PROGRAM
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RE|TELL
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RE|VERSE
RE|VERT
RE|VIEW
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RE|VISIT
RE|VITALIZE
RE|VIVE
RE|VOKE
RE|VOLVE
RE|WIND
RE|WIRE
RE|WORK
RE|WRITE

