Herein. This book —— at arm’s reach, a disclosure.

For a period of time, before I recognized the rhythm of my worth in writing, I worked in data transcription and annotation. Earbuds in swivel seat still I labored eight hours a day listening to sexist, racist, homophobic speech. When I worked I didn’t exist, my body stuck in a rigged token slot. For years my jaw clenched, my sleep patterns disintegrated, my emotional collapse imminent. As is commonly known, language is objective. The universal function of language is to communicate *purpose*, sometimes *intention*. There are negligible to minimal consequences for instances of bad communication. Intensely speaking, words don’t kill people. To recognize a form of *(( speech utterance )) as *violence*:

No-no-no-no-no. “It is just data.” Moaning a typo I regularly made. In glass-walled conference rooms. Bespoke conviction; “You are overreacting.”
Even when I can’t smell I’m experiencing the world’s vicarious senses. The nose tingles. Ochre walks.

The sun is a tambourine. A sum of color.

I am covered in hives on this beautiful May morning.

Naturally, I dreamt I was working a hospitality gig on a cruise ship taken hostage by pirates being workers we are left to die I look out to the ocean wondering if I could swim to shore before drowning or before being shot conducting this reasoning is quite tiring so I’m resigned to dying on the ship where at least I can gather my nerves.

Naturally in another dream I await the gallows I allow the noose to be snug I step I await the gallows I allow the noose to be snug I step I await the gallows.

My dreams tell me I am likely to die in a maritime way.
My horoscope tells me I am deferring the consequences of my actions.

I lick my right inner forearm knowing I’ve made a breakthrough.

We have different theories of fear namely derived from its presumed shape. She says fear is triangular I say fear is cylindrical.

Every poem contains my desire.

Every poem contains my anger.
Every poem contains my revolt.

Over the years, the doors close. A trigger like a girl ate me up. A dry swallow. I held my direct gaze at the machine I was servicing. I wanted her so badly. I wanted her to know our struggles were adjacent. Increasingly it became difficult to speak in her dialect. My attention span had shrunk. Yes, it's true. I was subsisting on leftover Halloween candy. Am I making myself understood? The question: one out/of translation. Conclusion A: I am neither equipped nor inoculated to handle nuance.

Conclusion B: A sense of free form gesture or everyday calligraphy requires repetition. I feel it when I pen my signature for petty documents. I felt it when I wrote a thank you card to my aunt who I hadn’t seen in 20 years.

You could mistake it for a blessing.

I always wanted to transform a painting, e.g. vandalize it. Every technology reflects the desires of its creator. Fuck the creator. I am its drone. I’ve told this story so many times, I might have a complex. Listen: or don’t. I am beginning to distinguish my subjectivity from hers. It’s entrancing.