

Walking slowly, sitting quietly, becoming animal

On our walk I'd like us to see things anew, through animal eyes, our senses alight. I'd like us to leave any thoughts of past or future behind. I'd like us to leave our concerns behind, our fantasies, our histories, who we are, have been or may be, all left behind. Just for this moment. And walk, and sit and talk and share all this that's around us now. Just sense it, that's all, no more, no less, just sense it.

Visceral

To become-animal is to be swept up by the visceral and to shed the backbone of knowledge and discourse

Giovanni Aloï, Introduction to Antennae, Issue 4

I walk through this place without rhyme or reason. No particular place to go, nowhere to be, no thought of direction or purpose. Drifting. I'm not trying too hard. I'm not trying at all. No meaning. Stuff. There's stuff here. Things by the million. Stuff and things. I touch one of the things. My fingers trace its textures. I've never touched this before. I replace it. Another thing. This time a sound. I stop and listen, let the sound in. Just a sound, that's all. Nothing more. Nothing less. Just air moving. No meaning. I walk. I play. I crouch. I creep silently on tiptoes. I lie flat. I walk backwards. I walk with my eyes closed, imagine what I'll see when I open them. I place my hand on the ground. Touch my cheek to this rough surface. Just play. No meaning. I stop and sit. Silent now. Time dissolves. Everything spins around me. I watch it, hear it, touch it, smell it, taste it, all at once. I become invisible. Just stillness. No meaning.

Meeting on the surface

Through becoming, we join with the other animal in a zone of proximity that dissolves our identities and the boundaries that we set up between us.

Lori Brown, *Becoming-Animal in the Flesh: Expanding the Ethical Reach of Deleuze and Guattari's Tenth Plateau*

Nothing here has a name. Shapes congeal and disperse like so many clouds. Their boundaries liquid, flowing, unfixed and questionable. Free from history. Signifying nothing, pointing to nothing, representing nothing. Just matter in motion, merging and un-merging, always in flux. No meaning.

I will not dream these things. No flights of fancy. No imaginings. I will not make poetry from this, set it to music, provide a cast. I will not make it mean something else. I will not make it mean anything. It will do and I will be part of its doing, and it will flow with me and roll and turn and spin as it will. No comfort or fear, sorrow or joy. And on this surface, free of names and dreams, I will dance with others and they will dance with me. And together we will create everything.