



“In essence, the domain of eroticism is the domain of violence, of violation.” – George Bataille

KATIE WEBB

[San Francisco]

from *IMPASSE*

I.

Bear in mind, I did not see any blatant dimension of horror. any visual points of insurgence, developed from that anterior part. it valves and relays that massive transports beyond the blood.

here ownership caves, a body unfunctional is inappropriate, flaunting. a product of this region, regarded as being at rest, is alternation of force and dead suggests fuck. the mistake against structure, jism is killed without one.

a torso casts out of bounds, simulates penetration. and I feel nervous about the vicinity. primitive whispers about legend, fail and slip away.



To say that a mental shock was the cause of the scene is to ignore the convulsing landscape. stark reality has nothing to do with body. (panic subsides as weight sheds) or with being, which is to wipe out the race and drag the earth off to some nameless place. the stench never quickly absorbs, as the arced part of the canal frames.

any outright hole requires a fractioning of power, and the failure in my eyes to interpret. the exterior material cannot embody, this is where the slippage occurs. there is no ratio between the mortally feared and mortal fear.

a hardcore version of the drugged body exists. I am not the meaning viewed without the sign a guest had been there, where a head would ordinarily be. the duct forms a fold, the means of a violent being trap.



Everyday there is a new element to save me, the mouths closed in a manner scarcely accidental. of certain deep, steep-sided gorges early cycles tale the occasional disappearances. large objects of indeterminate nature decompose.

a resemblance against the other must have been such failure, and I fear my adversaries are nearer than myself. the round exist without circle, in this way holes cannot shut. and I cannot tell limits by looking at the face. spoken as if horror was as ingenious as loving something independently moveable. (the operation challenged by man.)

explanations naturally varied, calling it *those ones* or what is aberrant, flayed in lewd ritual, the body is contributed, focused.



These things come around at night, a drone of some loathsome. body of legend. the basis of awed theological speculation and the delicate roots we call aspects. I try to limit waking in the hold between man and nameless, scarcely able to reconcile these two heads. the first prepares the way for the second to retain. I wonder what elsewhere feels the contagion of this morbid barrier-breaking. an ancestral motion, this is the accursed.

two slump human figures collapse into one staid bulge, agitating deceptively like human speech. it was reaching out so. I might take action myself but amidst this obvious crisis, my blade, the regurgitation, a shrine of fright (and nearness). and I repulse based on the aversion to consume.



There rots the fault to devour, and I could not love it. flooded streams last swamp under close-pressing slopes. the place had always been unusually plagued, hiding this silent and problematic traitor. that I could not rip open and spread. even though I am degraded, a primary interpreter. too many things resemble murder, the blow by blow rhythms are themselves territorial. my movement surviving between. what outlandish principles guide its cutting.

I thought such things could get promiscuously public, the external resemblance is the sort of structure to understand. as a comparative outsider, I have been given to the place of terror. its interior or moral.



The bleating--- allows it to steal, misappropriate, and explore. for the exterior is not simply the skin, and ground yields to throat.

soon he would be the place of a strange focusing. spoke in a low rave about vital evidence and all those things in the river. within the sphere of artillery, one thought may display attraction. this implies labor. meaning the duel to obey, to master that resistance which produces.

an arch reaching towards conception splits off bluntly. and having become by carnage haste, its out of body substance repeats. I had not felt like arriving in that haunted region. now that I am here, the selective advantage is colossal not aware. device expands emotion and that voice he undertakes ritualistically.



II.

A broad wall shoves itself near the fringe where an arm and a leg are being annulled. the primary difference between the two is one of order.

when a specimen blossoms, it opens up into a crescent of deformed petals. for there is a creeping blight which haunts the depleted bend, presupposing amputees.

at its base, my organism enters into composition with local movement. and the position of a fascinated self strains from the inside. the only way it operates is against itself, fastened onto him. I become calloused to the distance which cannot be decomposed. a vacant space where ground has caved.



There exists a woman, maybe a bird, who secretly perceives. it is always finer than the virile paranoid. between the exterior and interior is reversible. sometimes I tear along the axis of escape, the vanishing point along a diagonal by a slash or cavity. from which he bloodlets or simply recalls something else.

I came to know well through frequent labors that territory does not open onto people or a loved one for that matter. being always already dead or uncertain. it is produced by those who oppose it, not by those who insert themselves inside it. a sovereign organization takes my poor struggling body and clamps down on a trait. the grim irony to be sexual remains.

the head is always part of a body, the body which has a face. this is not a collection but a living block. he bends it close to me, expanding. an effect which gives the surface a force of capture.



III

It carries and develops within itself faces. this particular way of occupying is the most profane in the sense that it violates intimacy. tearing asunder the body proper and its alien identity. these faces repeat, infesting as if they were some authority. taking liberties with the deviate and, at times, even killing it.

the banks of the river are shifting, and there is mass fleeing. a sword swallows itself while wandering in

defiance. tied from birth to a structure, I have always been a fantasy-substrate. the indeterminate animacy which disfigures a despised object.



Sometimes petrified by my semblance to a collapsed animal, it is belief that is so strange. the interchange between devotion and non sequitur openly migrates through the evacuated area. he has already chosen to hate his treacherous body. as something so hostile, it must be gotten rid of.

because ecstasy obliterates connection, there follows a desperate reaching for linearity. to revitalize in afterdeath a power based on gaps. the most intimate and interior facts come up against dreaded forms of exposure, a wound opens out like a rose in self-betrayal. and the peeling at my heart casts off shame.

