

I was sitting on the couch when she told me the story about a woman whose body is fragmenting through teleporting travel. It was either before or after I was separated from part of my own body. In the story the woman desperately tries to retain the parts of her body, herself, that keep splitting away. She creates makeshift devices to hold on. They are all too porous or not strong enough.

A limb
A brace
A buckle
Two ties

I was sitting at my desk, looking at the computer when she showed me the video. The voice was different, but the thoughts were the same.

A semi-porous material
Cleaning, purifying, separating
A passageway with doors
A lake

I was sitting on the couch again, a different living room, but the same couch, when she played the track for me. A woman walks into a lake, but she does not drown. The lake seems to be made for her body, obscuring all but what is necessary. Her unseen feet feel their way across the lake floor, guiding her movements. Her head glides steadily across the surface, visible and vulnerable.

A lake
A walk
A walk in a lake
A protective smile

I was sitting on the same couch in the same room when I heard the piece. This time I listened alone. A new voice, reading carefully. I could see the descriptions and I recognized fragments of conversations over the phone. I wondered if the well-kneaded words that remain are mine, or another friend's, or hers. I was sitting at my desk this morning when I listened again. This time I noticed the body moving, exterior and interior.

A gesture
A thought
Cuts in a film
A blinking eye

