

I have been proof, the evidence of work made; the repeated image. The repeated image that sat underfoot a body, underfoot the potential of resistance to a dominant culture.

The repetitive image makes for a stagnant self, but I can overcome the underfoot if I move my extension of self from the centre into displacement. Then this I is a trope. The I comma proof comma present image comma body grazed, comma

But I am oyster, expectant but brief and soon separate but never non-centre. In the logic of sacred things I know what I have been because I am *it* no longer. I am no purity or sacredness; a novel invention, incompatible with experience, I am placenta and the temporary centre.

This is a reverb, a representative body in water. At first, one could only know oneself through the body of water. The only mirror was a fluid form one can dip a finger or toe into to distort the image of self, to ripple one's self into circles with the disruptive limb in the centre. Then, form was nothing but the validness of form, reflecting back on ourselves, the reflection as a reverse image, contracting and abstracting and...

In the reservoir, the pool, lake, pond; the amnion is light. Contained in the spuma of the circling waters, in the ambience of thick souse. The disruptive finger prods the surface, even whilst patiently waiting. The underwater lake which reflects back at my self as a solid form submerged into a fluid form into which the reflex pushes back, solidly singular and severed only by scissors, the unavoidable ripple, the schism between the other self and the I by extension. And there are thoughts to be had of who we are, pooling in the valuedness of waters.

The truth is in the mouth, raw and rhythmically gushing with waves that flush where the severed water's wave left off, not constant and not without logic and information, not idle but as an apparatus which sounds as echo.

Even now in voluminous form, the surface is taught and shining and paradoxically swelling as it is stretching and its echo adjusts. This is the gradual, slow, laborious but effective ripple, from which I feel intensely the minuscule extremities of my centre's sensitivities.

Can this sound be heard, except for as a dull and distant drum, a murmur, or a dormant dissonance? When the voice of us is re-known even in the harsh, cold, tinny sharpness of first beings, the soundproofing proves not entirely sound.

The residual sound survives through discord and accord and is the soundtrack of safety in surrendering all, literally all that it is, as much as being is anything. An arrangement that has unexpected range of movement, oscillating between something more complex, an echo of knowing and the stillness of elements, where, here, there is only being.

An inconsistent exhale hammers weightily out like a seizure of sorts, a relief of quenching our thirst with the extracted juice of our fruits, from the fruit of our looms. Gulping with such healthy appetite that we swallow air and hiccup with lively nerves.

But here in the core comma clam comma shell comma shelter is a retreat, an opening, a question posed with absolute abolition from the retention of resolve. A question as an a-moral allegory, curious about itself, circle the centre where one can become intensely aware of oneself. Where a substance (singular) can emerge if in a position of possible displacement from the environment (plural) which surrounds. Here, where questions of states of melancholy as a subjective attitude towards the world are posed.

In this shelter, this shell, the sound of the ocean is the singular self, something so entirely personal. Now, a moment of pause in this instant, sheltered in layers of opacity, in the pseudo-privacy from anything heard beyond the enclosure of the semi-silent core. Now your finger dips into the centre, who's waters ripple into the spiral structure and out into the ambience of all-that which is fast approaching.

The hard shell and the soft and porous oyster sounds the sound as the image of self and the reflective yet-to-be-self. In lieu of the pearl, this image ripples like that soft and liquid pool into which your finger dips, prodding the projection of the other.

That is the potential potency of the oyster, exposure to scepticism to sacral supremacy. Lounge in this warm and lazy interior where there is no purity in being, no singular sweetness or the representative mythical sex; the supposed limited being. A persistent production of the performance of self. Instead, if heard, the voice is a wrapping in and up of us into the reflective surface of the other, spiralling into a certain being. To all else a vibration, not a sound but a surface.