

made did not eventually it consciousness around, and  
move not raise to did rumour began networks  
unpleasant not create lasting dropped, an expand did  
was not grow or atomic bomb collaboration did  
the the coalition/ after sick nearly a month  
feeling membership of suddenly lost credibility with were  
people community/constituency hiding. [...] Because so many the  
in support from practically get recognition or indoors,  
living did not bald. She began of change  
quite the target she was from until recognition

*Iris Colomb & Amy McCauley*

## **Untitled**

If only you could get a coin in my mouth, a hole in reality, another hole of hell, a  
playground for Arachne, a variable.

I have rudimentary shoulders, burning gas tinted shins, chipped feet. Tonight is  
the most lavish night and people are born of random things and camp. Charm me.

Charm my doomed experiments, my invasions and ploys, my nightmares.

If only I could kiss you on your polyglot mouth, the end of repetition, where laws  
may apply or not.

If only you could feed me with this coin, for lack of transparency, and tell me  
shortly what would you do for me, what would you do without me, by “me” I  
mean “market value, risk of default, flesh idioms and strong presentiments.”

Charm me. Tonight is the most lavish night and people plagiarise one another  
compulsively. I’m plagiarised like you’re plagiarised like they’re plagiarised while  
Arachne moves demonically around us to weave every word that we exchange.

What would I do for you, what would I do without you, what they would do for  
you, what they would do without you, what could we do with our scribbles and  
unreliability, that instant ungovernability?

If only I could depress this coin, ink it, print it to say that I am bewitched.

*D. I.*