



From *Instructions from Light*, a draft in progress

I. *tips of tongues*

Tips of tongues. Or edges of eyes, behind the eyes. A blink in language, a space in speaking that is filled with, what? What was it you were going to say?

Tips of tongues. Dry—the rasping buds un-budding. The skin in the mouth feels huge, the tip of the tongue an un-rung bell that tops the swell of muscle. The cut of dead words' meat.

Tips of tongues. Wet—mouth closed so that the excess does not spill. Learn to swallow. Is it words or silence that are stomached?

The main is memory, a significant see, long-lasting and is...

Some people would ask for it again, others are violated and would do anything to avoid this wave of silence.

A treatment that involves sending, so that your muscles twitch, and your body does not. Convulse, have severe, have not responded, have asked to receive it, have not, are experiencing a long time, are catatonic, or repeating for no obvious reason, or extremely restless. No-one is sure, but it is known to change the patterns of the brain, blood flow, and also change the energy that is thought, though how these are related is not yet understood.

Improved minimally, much, or very much? No change, or worse—but as the course progresses you feel the weight of empty.

You will lie and your adornments will be removed. You are comfortable, you will be given. You are unconscious. To minimise the convulsions caused, and the breathing, and pressure will be placed on your temples, and a mouth guard, biting your tongue.

How quickly it is happening.

What happens after the mouth guard is removed? You will slowly sleep. Losing remembering. Drowsiness. A threshold. Occasions of feeling nauseous. Longer term effects include: loss of, loss of, loss of.

How curious that silence can be said out loud.

II. *not poetry*

They said to her, recently, asked her, at any rate, about ‘not-poetry’. How can she put this? Sometimes she is called a poet and she says ‘no, no she is not a poet, she merely moves through the spaces and times of writing’. (She has learned her lesson, which is that categorisation can be used against her).

They said to her, ‘but you seem to rely

(she had read aloud something stitched together and nameless)

you seem to rely’, they said, ‘on all the tropes of poetry’

‘Like what?’ ‘You know’, they said, like ~~rythm~~

(she can never spell it, never spell it right, ~~rhythym~~, rhythm? That’s it)

‘and repetition. Metre. Metaphor’.

‘Maybe poetry doesn’t have a monopoly on such things’, she said.

Perhaps she might have said

‘I don’t like being diagnosed’.

III. audio transcription #1

(Device 1, File ZOOM003 LR)

—: [inaudible, check Device 2] ...and suddenly I am part of it.

—: I had the same, I thought... [inaudible, check Device 2] ...

—: but I wondered... [inaudible, check Device 2] ...I looked at the faces reading...

the different speakers—circling

—the idea that we might sit—

and do this again—a loop—

—some ways of reading—

writing time

—: I did... I did...

—: [inaudible, check Device 2]

—: I was looking at him...

we just did—this

as an excerpt—I had this—it cycles

—: ...of time... [inaudible, check Device 2] ...reading, and reading, and people... so...

somebody outside

of the performance—I was talking—there were levels of looking—

in at the story—a certain detachment

—: ...auditory...

—: I don’t think I looked at the script, I think I looked the faces, reading.

—: I looked at faces and I lost my place... [inaudible, check Device 2] ... I couldn't feel the difference. At points—at points I felt that almost—a narrator tells you—I know it can blur, but I was thinking ...

IV. audio transcription #2

(Device 2, File ZOOM005_LR) File corrupted

[inaudible, check Device 1]

Emma Bolland is a writer and artist who explores the intersections and interstices between modes of writing, reading, speaking, and silencing. The work above comprises excerpts from a 'hybrid' novella / long poem in progress that turns on a translation of the impressionist film-maker Louis Delluc's screenplay *Le Silence* (1920).

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