



THE CARER NEEDS TO BE SOMEWHERE, MAKES A SYNOPSIS OF THE TERRITORY

< I want to dissociate

dystopia from writing, strain from time and weight from a system that is clearly, undoubtedly, 100% a found tag, that is an investible medley or else an addictive mechanics of misinformation, a ragbag of lies in which every color coordinates with another and nothing ever seems out of place except for the carer's point of view, the theory of the unskilled,

the devil in the data series. >

At the crossroad between the pedestrian roads Satovriandou and Dorou, at 15:00, under the new dictatorial regime, a woman and a man are fucking, kissing, unprotected, at the open urinal of economy.

It takes a pandemic to shut down the hotels as it takes a restriction on mobility to be enabled to claim ejaculation in plain view. It takes a lot of stimulus for bodies to transact as though not a day has passed as it takes a trick to break the spell of limits that would otherwise refute them.

< I want to fuck your monetary body and get away with deception >

Deception is a well organised hierarchy, a retrospective realisation.

For example:

< the affection you need is my product >

< define 'product' >

< affect as capital,

the product of products >

Such a deterioration! What do they own?

You own me and this is an objective claim about which so many have opinions. I will never admit my basic sacrifices nor will I reveal how ahistorical I was born. The fallacies that I use to distinguish myself from

others are a reverberation, and contagious, an infinity, units that may or may not be born to strength.

I Iph
Ip Iφι
I If
υ Iφιg

Although Iφιγένια and me are not the same social age, our cases are similar – without language the debts are swelling.

Iφιγένια hacked history in order to become a poet in 2002, and in 2021 she hacked poetry in order to become translation. If this is not disconnection, then what is it? If disconnection is not poetry, then what is it? If Iφιγένια is not the poetess of eccentric gestures and disarray, then what is she? If we are not discernible for what we are not, then why are we fading like bats, carers, numbers and blood after blood?

Actually, Iφιγένια had translated *Iphigenia* and made corrections, or else Iφιγένια proofread *Iphigenia* and noticed so many errors that she decided to sacrifice *Iphigenia* at the harbor where dockworkers refused to load guns on a cargo ship that was destined for the occupied territories.

The metaphor here would be: *language was unwillingly occupied and made free*, or else, *either here or there, as a priestess or a victim, language escaped her*. Wasn't it already deserted? Weren't her words devoid from frogs, hydrangea and moss, all liquid and saliva? Hasn't she invented the speech-myth in order to possess a speech and a myth? The myth of the hedgehog which emigrates in its own language and cannot be humanised so as to utter: "I'm back!"

In another era, we would be discussing *pressura*, the abnormal space of tension and discontent.

Iφιγένεια returned to the familiar land and the familiar childbirths, the familiar nexus of offers to something that is always felt like a distance, namely promise or submission. If Iφιγένια had not rejected translation and was my age, she would turn one last time to the spacious, bright lit space that looked like a library, pick three of her

diaries in order to stop conventional time and change the last sentence.

~~not~~ for me ~~not~~ for free
~~not~~ for granted ~~not~~ my tissues
~~not~~ continuously ~~not~~ losing it
~~not~~ in foetal position
~~not~~ a tied down memory
~~not~~ totalitarian
~~not~~ sacrificial

Dimitra Ioannou experiments with narrative or anti-narrative forms in various media (language, photography, publications). Her chapbook *Electric Sarcasm* is out from Ugly Duckling Presse (2020). For more, please check Hotel Repertoire <<https://hotelrepertoire.wordpress.com/>>.

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