

From Cropper (2008)

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Skin warps. Wraps around both injury n pleasure. Adjusts to any new bulk, tries to invent movment for itself. Deforms to absorb. Just as I thot I was atome, what is this, my hands r ballooning up, pulling upwards as tho trying to lift off, do we have lift off, dragd up by my wrists out of hide-out. For awhile I had mistakn my hyphn the dash of my cultures for a ful stop. I know I wished for this, to stop somewher. At last to stop at this, to hide on it, no longr looking out or following connections, no longr wishing to have it for a plunge, a real dive, jump from the springboard, the diving–bard. Mentl discipline n critical forms of friendship, hyphended shapes drive the energy, summon up the terms, demand more perseverance. Like som seek in the transformativ aspect of serial or patternd work a release from identity that is a release into motion perception, or in meditation traditions w their demanding refinements of posturs n mantras, a pathway from individual isolation to cultural engagemnt. Som compose a rugged syntax, a perturbed language that substantiates personal events w conflicted blonging, creases the bordrs, rules, boundaries, edges, limbos at historical breaches, reveal the depth of sedimentation. Som place their intellectual n poetic bodymass in such a way as to blok, resist bear witness to enforct forms of kinship. Force applied to language eradicates whole strans of individul n coltive bodyshapes. Som apply them selves to electricity. Something did finly burst. Much points to where she left off, motion shadow, the ripple in the air that follows a jump, dive in the mid of the wired air, wake up mid–stream, wake up streaming, inside the skin, under the skin of my time–

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