

ALIENOCENE – SOUND & VISION

PRIMITIVE IMPOSSESSIONS



AMANDINE ANDRÉ

Already in the body of the plant, everything is in everything: the sky is
in the Earth, the Earth is pushed toward the sky, the air makes itself
body and extension, and extension is nothing
but an atmospheric laboratory.

–Emanuele Coccia, *The Life of Plants* (tr. Dylan Montanari)

It's music.

–Génération Ingouvernable, January 29, 2017, Montreuil

Before Neolithic plants animals and water calling me by name
and before Neolithic air sun and insects permitting me passage and
existence in this world

Before the Neolithic vital organs transformed into animal form by way
of skin dried by the air the wind and burned by sun oxygen and
combustion exchanging cells carbon atoms and nitrogen with plants
earth animals and water

Before Neolithic plants animals water and earth exchange me and
interiorize me and exteriorize me in all things appearing and my last
breath was the first breath of a body of another a faunal body

Before Neolithic nothing asked for my dissimilarity and criteria I was
the ant's dream the bamboo's slumber I was lead's memory and the
movement of the light

Before Neolithic to live what was was and made life with before
Neolithic calling me by name in all things

Before Neolithic the work of the dream of beavers offered the body a hut for a mobile skeleton vibrissae to be oriented in the night of my conscience in the dream it looked at me like a self I looked at it like a self and not a this and it made of my body a habitable place

Before the Neolithic the plant's sap twisted an extension of body–mine for an extension of body–theirs to body–mine without distinction and this made of my body a habitable place

Before Neolithic the plant's mouths and their words were not a question, all things were dream oxygen carbon and the ground contained the image and the trace of our passage it's a soul who works and they made of my body a habitable place

Before Neolithic no mouths apart no lungs apart all breath by all things open and breathing for all things open to the circulation of matter and this made of my body a habitable place

Before the Neolithic man did not see himself in all things but all things offered to man a sign in which to be seen and this made it so that lives were not against lives and this made of my body a habitable place

When from after Neolithic to this day I am extinct just as the polar bear from this Neolithic lasting in this day when to swim and to work are a program by which we die the bear and I are guilty of what teaches crime for the sake of trial and this makes of our body an unlivable space

When the polar bear and I drown from fatigue no sea ice us beneath us the bear innocent as our form of little life exterminated by the Neolithic and the naturalist ontology which is not of us does not resemble us but enters in our body swallows our heads and spits back out our organs and this makes of our body an unlivable space

When my breath and the words I write and what I say disappear with
birds and bees and mushrooms

When what I say is said by the motion of the water I drink what it tells
me I breathe it in the form of signs

When it enters into me and feeds the ancient words and hydrates the
cells have an exchange with what has cried what has sweated what has
urinated what has spoken

What I tell you write it down, the night in my sleep a music wakes me,
it's a very ancient sound my cells produce

What I tell you write it down, the night in my sleep my cells make
music they write the poem that follows our births

What I tell you write it down now you know I breathe and you pass
into me and live in me wherever you are my cells follow a noise it's a
music they make with your cells and you need for me to speak so you
can hear the silence for the silence needs us

What I say that has been said write it down for the silence needs us and
we speak to make it exist and our cells need our silence so that sound it
is a music it comes to us reminding us of nothing

What I say that has been written inscribe it, the sun doesn't speak it has
no mouth the sun speaks I am the reflected image of its mouth I am the
dream of the sun and it makes me move

I am the dream of the sun, write it down for it writes me, it raises me
and sleeps me, I am a dream which precedes me, it plays in me its music
my cells when I sleep make a noise which wakes me this is very ancient
it's a music a sound in the space following the poem

I am the dream of the sun and what I say and what has already been
written write it down for I am what leaves the mouth and this mouth is
the reflection of the sun's dream, I exit from myself in speech and this
chooses to become in the world, we exit from ourselves by speech and I
enter in the me I don't know by the writing you trace is a dream of sun

It's a music that you speak in me I enter in the me I don't know and the
poem goes towards that which reminds it of nothing an ancient sound
the cells emit the light and the air instrument that cannot be possessed

We exit from ourselves in speech and I come back towards this me that
reminds me of nothing by what you write me writing what I tell you
write it down again it's a music that makes cells they wake me up at
night they're the dream of a star who projects me into the world it
lights

I am the star's dream who projects me into a world that lights it's a
music the prolongation of a poem the night I am not here I am
somewhere in what follows me a before of which I decode the signs

It's a noise that wakes me up at night a music that the atoms the cells
and oxygen make it's a thing I don't possess for the instrument of their
music leads to nothing leads nowhere

It's a thing said that has already been written I decode and translate it's
a thing I don't possess that goes nowhere yet a thing that they're about
to take and to possess which is possessed to bring about misfortune

They will live in the misfortune all possessions bring about, our births
know this, she will live misfortune, we are not unaware of this

It's a thing I said that has already been written I decode and translate
it's a thing I don't possess but it possesses me for the instrument of their
music leads nowhere there where past opens the future there where
future comes to open up the present

It's a thing I said it's written it leads nowhere and it cannot be
possessed it's a music a celestial object a dwarf planet an ensemble of
pixels in which dreams are thrown it's a celestial object a dwarf planet
the continuation of a piece of music

It's a noise that wakes me up at night pixels in which cells project the
dream that wakes me the continuation of a poem that preceded us and
follows us a thing that opens up the present and that lands

It's a noise that wakes me the continuation of a form my cells make
nitrogen and oxygen the instrument that cannot be possessed it's a
music a noise that recalls nothing the transformation of fine particles
that the day absorbed it's a music a biological albuterol

It's a music a cosmic albuterol that cells make with oxygen and red
corpuscles it's cosmic it's a red air it's a Martian music it's a dwarf
poem a continuation of the atom inside the beyond of red corpuscles
it's microscopic inside is the sound of the before which is written and
leads nowhere it's pleasant we continue inside a fluctuation of the
temperature

A celestial object I decode and translate our births know it and continue
it the cells divide and multiply it's organic a noise wakes me it's a sound
a variation of the temperature its fluctuation this is spreading the night
in the organic cells wakes me this is spreading in the warm plasma it's
inscribed and that write it down what I decode and translate

An unidentified celestial object that cannot be possessed and that write
it down I tell you it's a dwarf poem a Martian music a variation in the
temperature borne on a fossil radiation it's an ancient noise a fossil
music that does not steal tears or eat words and this wakes me up at
night write it for you are the reflection of the sun's mouth and it rises
you when I go to bed

The celestial bodies have no mouths they do not speak they make a silence needed by the fossil radiation it's an ancient noise a cosmic music that continues the dwarf poem a shared poem a form with Chinese hamsters

The terrestrial bodies have the mouth of the celestial bodies it's a loan not a possession this does not enable us our births know it they are open it's a bio-therapy a fluctuation of the temperature in warm plasma the ovarian cells of the Chinese hamster

We exit from ourselves by speech and the universe enters into us by a fossil radiation and I enter it when you write it for you do not believe in what unables the thunder tears the face that you inscribe it's a fluctuation a fossil radiation of scattered signs that spread that you decode

It's a dwarf poem the continuation of the fossil music the poets laughed and made a throw of the dwarf poem they laughed that made them laugh to throw it it's a game that made them laugh to see a celestial body fall they took off its clothes and thanked the master and the law for their new possession and so they did recite the grand poem made of the stuff of the dwarf poem

What I tell you that has already been written write it down for I decode and translate the winter is approaching it has no house and we must clothe it and my hands are taken they hold a syringe my eyes are taken they calculate the angle of injection my body is taken it keeps the pharmacy the winter is approaching what I tell you write it down my skeleton is less and less has no more hut the immobilized of heart destroy the beavers the night wakes me I spit fine particles a cardiac poem accelerating

What I tell you write it down for we must clothe the naked poem the winter is approaching and it has no house the immobilized of heart absorbed the fossil radiation its fluctuation and we write the clothing of

the poem we flesh out its name it's a bio-therapy I transplant to it my
cells which make with oxygen nitrogen and carbon an instrument that
cannot be possessed but that imitates warm plasma in which is spread a
fluctuation a fossil wave the continuation of a poem a dwarf form