

“Pangs of faint light and stirrings still. Unformable graspings of the mind. Unstillable”

- *Samuel Beckett* -

Let's loiter about here a little, as if language were lakelike, locatable, alive enough to lollygag loose within. Perhaps not. Perhaps it is nearly always just-becoming. Perhaps nearly all, nearly always, is thus: just-becoming - liminal lineaments languishing-then-livened, languishing-then-livened, “again” we might say, designating (de-term-ining) a balance to enlivened. How so? Why so? By what author(ity)?

Unstillable.

“In the madhouse of skull and nowhere else” (- *Samuel Beckett*). Is that so?

“Skin has no choice but to converse with the world...thin, ignorant borderland of skin...myself all trespass, misunderstanding, translating, translating...” (-*Laurie Sheck*). Is that so?

If words were invented with sense. To “make sense” between one and an ‘other.’

What if words ARE THAT? Connective contours *between*.

I am inebriated, my willingness loosened to expression, though it might ruin me (like language) and I stare (Dostoevsky – ‘Myshkin’) “intently” into Mikhail Bakhtin’s face, his specific eye-gaze, and say:

“Is it the case that words are ‘meant,’ are ‘formed,’ are breathed, are...constructed, are...utilized, to be tissue woven between ‘me’...and ‘you’?”

Do we... speak, say, expire back and forth... to become? To string and weave lines, flows, strands, threads, that might forge or invent co-responsence, texture, significations combining you and myself into WE?

But Bakhtin is dead, and cannot answer. Mikhail Bakhtin does not have the capacity to co-respond.

...like Beckett, Blanchot, Plato, Montaigne, Pessoa, Pascal, Wallace or Euclid, Bulgakov, Heraclitus, or Celan (as with any and all dead!) he emits traces (tracings) with which I can consider, decipher, and interrogate in and within my ‘selves’ but not *between*...

What might this ‘mean’ – *between* anyone? Nothing.

It can not, has no opportunity to, delineate or circumscribe, draft, figure or shape any relation.

Sign emitted, call evoked, death, and then text as silent partner. Prognostic retrograde delineation.

Bankrupt, impassible, impossible, communique.

The decoding of words as communication, connection? An imaginary. A handling of terms. Inventing, devising, originary. With whom? Where? How? Hint and vestige, remnant and sketch, scheme and fabrication, inkling and outline.

Unstillable. Unformable graspings of the mind. Is that so?

If we're limning the liminal now, let's loosen the letters and slacken the sieves. Lasso and lounge, scatter and scrape, *together* (to gather) – a scintillate sense – sporadic sparks, succulent scenarios – exist for enlivening language, whatever limited lust lies therein – if language is locatable and not merely modal mechanics? A modicum of music then, some scrap of sonority, some lingual litmus 'making sense.' Whatever. Possibility, potential, particible particulars...

“THE TEST IS COMPANY”

“If there may not be no more questions let there at least be no more answers”

- Samuel Beckett, *Company* –

“We must not die: kindred spirits will be found”

- Viktor Shklovsky -