

This project was written and produced
on the stolen lands of the Wurundjeri and
Bunurong peoples of the Kulin Nation.
Sovereignty was never ceded.

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INCENDIUM
RADICAL
LIBRARY

*I occupy space,
which is to say,
i am always grieving*

Chi Tran

(1.1)

One. Memory, like decomposition, is a process accelerated by warmth.

I place a ball of wax on my tongue, close my mouth, a soft crumble.

Someone writes the word controversial but I think they might mean cruel.

Then blood and pleasure are, once again, made normal, and I remember what I had been told to forget.

The ubiquitous need for temporary measures is a matter of survival.

I press my feet into grass that did not grow from the ground, and I wonder if this is what it means to have good fortune.

Two. There is volume in labour and so precision is the only way I know how to talk about myself.

No matter how much is lost in the process of transmission, sound is the proof of my embodiment.

I pour the bile from my gallbladder into a cardboard box and I light it on fire.

This is how I eat.

I drop a ceramic plate of raw meat onto the gravel.

This is how I speak.

Three. I come across a child I do not recognise, lying on the pavement, sweating ink in a very deep shade of blue.

The ink pools around her body, as she tells me that she is tired of

biting her tongue.

Her body sinks into an abyss, into a puddle of chemical phenomena, into a glance that resembles hunger and that resembles guilt.

We seem to begin and end with loss, registering form without pause.

I occupy space, which is to say,

I am always grieving.

Four. I see and I have value, but I will not make myself privy to a process of evaluation.

I seek to inhabit dissonance without the threat of collapse.

The conditions of my existence are about to expire, so I ask, what kind of gaze would a free body be under?

How to break something apart, gently, firmly, without causing fissure or cavity.

Five. A figure is always incident to something else that breathes.

Identity is not an either-or choice;

my politic is not capable of being nor
becoming singular.

For example, I can be fog, I can be vapour,
and I can be light.

I can be pulse and rhythm, door and colour,
boy and form.

Six. I grow with water.

I leak from the base with every gesture,
and I take full responsibility.

Because although it is learned, it is mine
to change.

Seven. I have come to know myself within
a culture of power and desirability, which
makes me wonder, will I ever take off this
dress?

What is my physiology and why do I care?

I talk of process over product, yet language
never fails to matter.

Eight. We sit, we fold, and we bereave our
own waste.

Nine. I am selfish in that I would like to

be loved in a world where the concept of
replacement does not exist.

I like to accumulate losses, and so my sense
of futurity is necessarily tied to the dying
plants in my kitchen window.

And ten. I eat myself to articulate my state
of injury.

And so tonight, I eat my own body, uncooked
and whole.

(1.2)

one

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accelerated by warmth

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(1.3)

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Matter Of Survival

my feet did not grow from good fortune

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and of embodiment

i pour bile from gallbladder into cardboard

and eat

a drop of meat

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i am lying in a very deep shade of blue

her body is tired of biting

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guilt seems to begin and end with loss

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i occupy space which is to say i am always
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i have value

i am privy to process

and i am privy to dissonance

with the gift of collapse

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a figure is not singular

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i leak with every gesture

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i have come to know power and desirability
which makes me wonder

why do i care

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eight

we sit we fold and we bereave

nine

i am the concept of replacement

futurity is tied to the dying

i eat myself to articulate injury

i eat my own
uncooked and whole.

(2.1)

The imposition of a failure encourages a kind of self-economy. I wear a shirt attached to a system that functions by clenching its teeth.

We tend to measure time through physical change and humour through crisis, and so I use my adipose tissue to store my refusal of anything not strictly necessary.

Today, my sleeve begins to fray, as I lay idle on a thin sheet of metal. My bed seems to take to the sounds of my body falling apart.

I am concerned with being intentional, like zeros beside each other. And I am concerned with being exhaustive, that is, at least numerically, where soft and cold can be reconciled without the need of an apology.

I draw a line from one end of my room to the other. As my palm grazes rotting wood, I am reminded that money is only palpable when it is not touching me.

I am reminded that money does not exist.

I have dents in my skin from holding too many cotton balls. I can almost feel the power, and I know it does not signify nothing.

And only because of my forgetfulness, do I know how to survive by rote.

(2.2)

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We measure time through crisis.

I use my adipose tissue to store my refusal of anything not strictly necessary.

Today, I lay idle.

My bed seems to take to the sounds of my body falling apart.

I am concerned with being intentional, like zeros beside each other.

And I am concerned with being exhaustive, that is, where I can be reconciled without apologising.

I draw a line from my palm when it is not touching me.

I am reminded that money does not exist.

I have dents in my skin from holding too many cotton balls.

I know it does not signify nothing.

Only I know how to survive by rote.

(2.3)

the imposing function of memory

causes us to measure time

my refusal is necessary

i am idle

bed and therefore body

are falling apart

i am still concerned with being intentional

like zeros beside each other

i am concerned with drawing an apology

from my palm, dents

holding, signifying

surviving by rote.