

## FLY

*Claire DeVoogd*

/A/

I dream and wake and tell you about the dream.

In Denmark we are involved in a desperate project to repair the world, which is rived by cracks. These are not sensible as cracks but we feel them. History and the future are falling into them. The present is a precarious stone we are balancing on. Not a real stone. Repair takes the form of an activity which, in the dream, we call buckling. Two words appeal into an impenetrable and glistening bifurcated object on a white wall. There is a room behind the wall. The words must be right for each other, they must match. A correct buckle sutures and becomes a feeling like a stone. We can discover no method for predicting which words will buckle correctly. We test words, erase them, realign them. Many don't exist, or don't exist now; language exceeds itself and disappears.

The world is falling.

Split/Sky.

May/Pay.

Talk/Fox.

Well/Glown.

And of course you'll laugh.

In Denmark we are involved in a desperate project to repair  
the world.

Where we'll get breakfast.

And get breakfast.

/A/

Winter is fine at first, the white panes.

It knits at the joint I feel in the form of speech, drifting below  
its meaning, the variable cloak.

Knith/Go.

Breakfast where we'll

In Denmark we are involved in a desperate project to repair  
the world.

It's spring; on a mountainside we pass the grey fuselage of a  
plane. A word buckle is a crumpled page and the instructions  
for play are the same as its play: one plays it by saying it.

Slight rain, baby leaves, cold for May Day.

The directions for play are the same as walking out one  
morning in summer, a table of Formica softly glinting in the  
toothy shadow of an aloe, toast.

The day kept the common names of flowers pressed in its mouth.

The quality of a petal moves above its surface, the way I keep feeling the sea like two things: a pane and a hollow.

Shard/Hollow.

Blue/Shakes.

There is a you I think digging.

She/Shovels.

A word like a cup I think has a form implied by qualities: size, texture, density. These generate definition, a direction, feeling. When buckled its qualities distort or crumple, its form is (in)completed.

A word, like a cup, has already been buckled. It is a facet of a complex, but the complex is so dense it is smooth, like a pearl, it appeals to the eye.

Directions:

If buckling coheres the world, unbuckling is a vital agitation or resistance.

How does one unbuckle words?

Prospectus: unbuckling flies.

I am taking off my skin. Under it, another skin. This happens repeatedly.

/A/

A fly does not travel forward.

It invents a motion which produces neither progress nor regress.

A fly as a fly in the cup of a rose.

Its touch is, its food is.

The geranium, its heart foliage contracted into sex by day, the red shredding in the liquid or crumpling. And the scents and oils are.

And the bearable feeling, that expands and doesn't fill it.

A fly invents, then occupies a complex by overwriting it. The complex can be thought to move, it can be said to be alive.

I am a facet of a complex reproducing itself.

Fly/Fly.

By which being is a complex of touches buckling movement. Of the fly, if its mind is

Moving.

I can be said presently insofar as I am constellated about material, my likeness.

I/If.

Mobile in the language the form.

Both hollow and pane the black drop of a fly in the surface of day travels, day knitting around it.

There must be some method of catching speech, of holding it

As some of the words I said remained in your mind, if

Though you misheard them

Or construed their import differently than I'd intended, or now think I had.

Think of a word, folded in half.

Buckle/Buckle.

Fly/Flee.

Leap/Alight.

I'd lost track.

Some days silence. In which there is a roaring.

If the quality that expresses a thing is its moving

Then these images, their scaled lines, are not a fly.

I would like to know fly as movement on an inhuman scale.

As a means of measuring being, movingly, a complex out of time, touching.

/A/

Stare straight ahead.

Inscrutable type, spring-loaded.

A sliver in day, and you might leave it at that, at the unspeakable being—but what deficiency ‘being’ makes, as a name for this, this nouning of a verb and the passive and situated coherence it suggests, fixed as immutable form in opposition to what isn’t, is-ness being the quality being requires, a tightly wound tautology like an egg or cluster of eggs described by a smoothness that obscures the nonfinite varieties of shifting forms (imagine anything, hatched, flying, anything, dying) it makes potential. Instead, we’ll name it ‘doubt.’ Doubt, where the language doubles. This doubling generates density; it’s accretive. Thus, language acts on/‘is’ like scales. You as a person I don’t know.

Insects captured the attention of the microscope early. The first English microscopes were known as flea glasses.

Flea/Glass.

There had been an impenetrable sliver in human seeing at the scale of a grain of sand, a hair.

You might read in this moment a romance with scale, the body crawling with its miniatures, and the huge crawling of the sky—if, as I say, the things of love cling in their speaking a fissure, to fill it with words.

It peels back the skin at the surface of the eye, the compound hemisphere, to find its likeness.

Stare, focus. A hand on a pane – movement is instrumentalized, is a negotiation with matter and the instrument of matter, itself.

The early microscopists described the fly analogically. Hair like bristles, eyes like globes, an eye like a pearl or clusters of eyes as clusters of pearls. The newly distant observation provokes a decadent prose.

It grows strange, looking up from its description. It's strange in its intimacy, the breath on it, it's huge in its likeness, its watching in its perfect eye.

The moving distance detaches and the language of detachment is moving; it describes, I think, a species of yearning.

Scrutiny is a word which may describe the work thinking does on an idea. It is not possible, however, to scrutinize the doubt of a fly. It is moving. It springs from the trash.

July, a border town called Palomas, its primary industry dentistry for Americans. All the signs are molars. In a park in the afternoon swarming with flies. I ask you to tell me the difference between a fly and a word.

The air could be a solution.

I could say the fly at the edge of vision dissolves into air, or that it recognizes matter.

I could cite puce, a color derived from the word flea (Latin: pucilem, Greek: psylla, Sanskrit: plusih), to claim that the doubt of words is often nonhuman (does it matter that the flea doesn't speak its color, that the physiology of its eye means that "it" or "eye" doesn't exist to the flea as a finite seen or seeing thing, but if it sees its double it sees only moving tinted light, darkness?). Puce, you might say, is a color that describes not the flea but the human looking at the flea. I could say this is still moving, touching, along the pane of one potential body. I could say

If you could slice the moving of the fly across a single second of air into every iteration

Its doubt appealed to a pane might begin to resemble conversation.

But this is wrong. It's wrong to apply ambivalence to the fly, or inscrutability, as the conversation proceeds, porous and wavering, and that too is not what I mean: I mean the porous and the wavering to come before the words, and that the conversation does not proceed. I mean the crack to be the

moving and the wall to be the morning. The moment to be solid and the history to fly from it. The baby to be the worm and the worm an idea. I mean this actually. I mean the day to break. I mean the analogy to crack. I mean the truth to be its double, to double on itself. I mean the true to be the actual, flies to roar in red flowers. I mean the likeness to crawl, the crawling to be a body, the fly to touch it movingly. The body to be a name and the rose to be its speaking. The leaves to be a constant and the name, distinguishable. I mean to eat roses. I mean the actual speech to fly, the movement to dissolve time. I mean the meaning to be a rose, the word to clothe it in red, a red that flies. I mean the clothes to be a skin, the skin not to be a surface. I mean the sound to be, the sense, to skin you. I mean the pearl to be faceted, the word itself to fold. I mean the word to be a crack by which the world itself is whole.

/A/

Fall. You remind me we were in Finland, not Copenhagen. We were never in Copenhagen. This in the car on the way upstate, the day before wherever you went or weren't.

Went/Weren't.

We say we would like to excise the “we” from our language, which, in its body sleeping next to it the world, is the means by which we find ourselves being of it: a market, a nation, a species (a conversation like a pane we are moving together).

What is this we—the advertising we, the sloganeering we—doing to our thoughts? (If the we/we speak imagines a future we could go on in together.) I ask you.

If/Analogy

Is only ever one iteration of a nonfinite cracking of bodies, or of a ceaselessness of qualities the one seen, it is not dyadic, but like a drawing of a wave as a surface represents, on a pane, an awful pull toward the hollow/edge of it, language, and a liquid, shattering.

This is how a crack, as the gap between analogy and what it describes, though hollow, might be material/necessity.

Eruptive gesture, a line of questioning, the path, the pines, the world swoops and hums then settles, an enormous, grey and textured thing, I feel its eye on me.

Fall/Fold.

A park in the afternoon. A fly flies down and dies on my food, it just lies down in the avocado and is still. I don't know what this means I say to myself. It seems so unlikely. I want to tell you this happened. Why? I want you to know this happened. And you'll laugh. It's a game/not a game. I am looking at it,

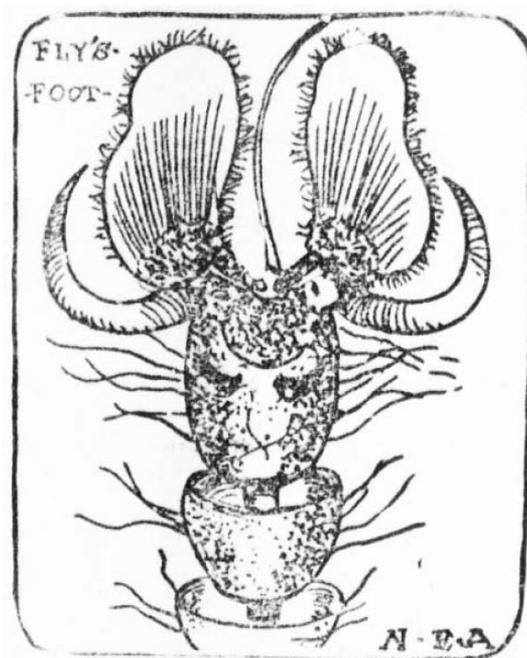
at the green and glittering jewelry, at the legs like dark hairs,  
the dark hairs, at the disappearance.

/A/

In a park in Palomas I ask you what expression of breath a  
/ describes.

/A/

*Thirdly, that every one of these Hemispheres, as they seem'd to be pretty neer the true shape of a Hemisphere, so was the surface exceeding smooth and regular, reflecting as exact, regular, and perfect an Image of any Object from the surface of them, as a small Ball of Quick-silver of that bigness would do, but nothing neer so vivid, the reflection from these being very languid, much like the reflection from the outside of Water, Glass, Crystal, &c. In so much that in each of these Hemispheres, I have been able to discover a Land-scape of those things which lay before my window, one thing of which was a large Tree, whose trunk and top I could plainly discover, as I could also the parts of my window, and my hand and fingers, if I held it between the Window and the Object...*



*"Armed with such  
a foot, the fly steps  
forward..."*