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from **Bound**

Border, you terrify me. Border, you must dictate your own dismantling or we will perish. Purge. Border, are you listening? Are you empire?

Our margin is a pinprick. One of us balances. We enter the idea sideways, disjunctive, producing architectures, performing language, inscribing intervals. The city rumbles into a future because it lacks direction. Frequencies jam. Then our distortions wander. How do we chart this aliveness? Of marginal weathers, limited instruction, passage inserts here.

Perhaps a meridian is what we look for. If you insist that I take sides, you will misplace me. Instead, I take a barrier to the woods and grow confusion, which might be a sign of health though a leader does not think so.

Border, walking along your edges, I realize that what from a distance appears as edge is simply a faded memory. The moment unravels around us, thought-struck. Border, as an idea, you are impossible to margin. Border, are you listening? Are you hungry? Still hoping for empire?

We vacate the bedroom. We are an outskirts in disguise. Serrate sounding. Sink. Tending to a voice is tending to a throat. In thinking of a tender her, contours ripple. On the eve of the departure, hands are already parched, mouth is already empty.

Border are you watching? Your scope tuned to an obscure gesture, your gaze indifferent. While a rippling refrain of shots, tasers, accelerated feet and sleepless hands rages. Border are you enraged? Are you bored? Are you longing for the fiction of enlightenment?

Daytime obstructs our watching, though we remain vigilant. Our watching, itself a dismantling of boundary. Stutter, cough into. Caught. It's not about being on one side or the other, but about one side being the other. Border are you nervous? Nerves? Nodes? Are you a call to network?

To cross the island of the self to the island of another. Because she shows me how. Border does this incite you? Does your shore lust for another's shore? When the other encroaches and thus smalls the self. When the other inspires and thus expands the self. Land of transpresence. Awake.

In defecting from the I's island, its shored nationhood, my I still rations I to I. Hybrid as a space of doubt. Or manufactured hope for future. Resistance in being. Being in resistance. In these words, histories unfold. Impossible to utter without attachments clamouring at the mouth. No word is a virgin. Hybrid. Nationmood. Or is it? Immigraftion. Immiration.

Border are you minding the native in me? Are you pinning for home? So easily lost to distraction, fear grips. In the territory of a being, territory accumulates. Occult incision. We grasp nomadic, beggars at the thresholds to our own selves.

Border are you primitive? Are you primed for capital, economics, policy? The child, pointless sandwich in hand, spends lunch hour circling the school building. No one dares the outside to befriend her foreignness. Nuclear threat once more in the schoolyard of leaders.

A breathing tree, a strewn sentence, a mundane alley of cement. We veer to have nothing to say yet stubborn until the saying comes. Juncture as meeting point and phonetic feature for distinguishing a word's boundary.

Border, in principle, we reject your unprincipled discipline, your corrupt yoke. In action, we are immobile, static, ineffectual. Not quite ashamed

enough to act. As such, words become unsanitary, a choreographed arrangement of marks on screen or paper. Born virtual to expire virtual. Virtuous, an obsolete. Border, now you see how easy it is to extricate yourself from our façade.

Solitudes in a new arrangement. The frontier question being whether or not I will enter the other side's economy. Urged to declare my participation. Anxiety that I won't. Alien body as fiscal threat. Should I mention that my frequent crossing is propelled by love not market?

We are exalted and broken. Search for the day's voice. Grope, claw, paw, finger, scratch, ink, tap. Skin bears a melodious scent. I am my fear and my fear's sworn enemy. Glare at the scarred, burdened words of discord. Uncontainable. In the face of such thisness, how can the matter of any language matter? How can it not?

from **Borne**

Si j'écoute, j'écoute avec mes oreilles vampiriques, my empirical mantle, mes sentiments inexistantes, mon exactitude. Si j'avale, je dévore, je dévore la brute force de mes sacrements. Aicea aş forța o margine, le secret secrète.

Notre propre constitution nous donne une existence propre à nous. Passage ou contour. We are today all weather wind gusts an ousted leader étendards en flamme copious winged crossings citizen avec citizen, citizen contre citizen, non-citoyenne.

Si j'écoute, j'écoute pour les non-citoyennes. Leur silence qui me rend sourde. En devenant inclassables, elles s'articulent plus fort que cele care se clasifică. They pose the difficult: elles me troublent.

Elle regarde, insouciant et indiscret, là où elle existe son existence dangereuse. Flâneurs clignent des yeux des étoiles faibles, presque disparus, autour d'elle. Sa fiction se résume ainsi : ce n'est que ça, encore une langue s'oublie.

Autrement dit, mon sang-froid te rend mal à l'aise. Mais le réseau te cherche, te cherche, te cherche.

Vous êtes rivières et rives. En essence riveraine. Vous naissiez chaque jour des roseaux envoyés dans une direction, après dans l'autre.

Native d'aucune place, aucune langue, aucun sol natal to call his soul (ce souffle ar putea sufla în el?), mais néanmoins les êtres l'utilisent incessamment à travers des ères, le soumettent pour donner forme aux terres, aux espaces, aux idées qu'ils veulent nommer leurs. Dans cette langue qu'il emprunte, la notion d'homme ne se manifeste pas.

They islanded and shored themselves dans leur collective parlance. L'ère était marquée par les avancements technologiques and linguistic malaise. Complexity donnait place à speed.

Élan of elle vers elle par elle prin ea through her à cause d'elle aproape de ea à côté d'elle departe de ea apart from her atour d'elle whereby she frontiers la binding question.

"Bound" and "Borne" are from my current work-in-progress, *Liminal* (Talonbooks, forthcoming 2015). A voice addresses the border in an intimate questioning; the city, body, nation are superimposed; various voices respond in French, English, Romanian, making the bounds between their languages and subjects porous.