

from *The Forces of Cut Ribbon*

Ada Smailbegović

The time inside of another body is invisible.

Watching two seasons of sleep in time one shape then cut in two.

Around us the storm had made a great shape of wind of instance knocking into a boundary.

The taste of it is of different distances or as if the taste contains a distance and also the sea.

The red sails of a ship which like red increments of glass move through the smallness of a shape of vision.

Time and geography heave here and are never entirely separate cannot cleave against a boundary which cuts into itself.

Touch is the formation of points in space: the moving and moving of ships that can be drawn with different colors of felt and feeling.

The ropes with knots tied into them so that pulling them makes them tighter and relaxing into them relaxes them also.

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Think of each of these as a block of sensation that is built of many seeds.

The seeds are of many colours and some are of different tastes. Some are red, bright, metallic, some are wooden, puffed and opaque and some are vibrant clear and heated.

The seeds may be dots of paint as in a scene of a beach where each pink or red dot of paint is a mouth of a small anemone and so entirely representational if taken at a set scale of proportion.

And so of all matter, like molecules of paint in a depiction of the sea, which are in a certain ratio to the molecules of the sea itself, so that the painting is only a smaller more contained version of the sea.

Over there blue, dim, perpendicular lines floating in a nameless yeast.

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The coast is an uncountable. The rust made and pressed in its thrashing as ribbon when time appears to go through itself.

It is ribbon or reoccurrence, which like the surface of the pattern subtracts something from the outline.

Its interruption makes one object pass through another invisibly and without sound.

It might be supposed that the uniform lustre of the sea is made up of particles of different colours, as for instance a single object of a square shape is often made up of other objects of various shapes.

Having made the pink shape of an object that is a thought object and contains an outline of a feeling that occurs in the movement of air.

And so having placed desire first into a form of a ship, which may also be a form isolate and placed among the objects.

There is a passage in the wooded grain of things: not in the movement of the sky or the form of blue containment.

In the lineaments of perception where threads holding an object come off of it: the lake or a steam when broken showing a stiffness inside of itself.

The temporalities inside of things changing, making a number of pressings and stretchings of change.

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The moment carries different time inside of itself: it has surrounded itself like an egg of temperature.

Internal time and outer time: the rabbit felt time.

The stretched time of waiting.

It pulses as a red sphere dotted with tangibles and knots of sensation that attach and detach underneath the surface of the visible.

And so it appears as a solid seen as an angle of softness.

Sensation is not in objects but of them. It is a made shape and so philosophical. As pink as an opening in the landscape in which thought sits.

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Suppose a person is modeling geometrical shapes of every kind in gold, and constantly remolding each shape into another.

If anyone were to point to one of them and ask what it was, she would say that it was gold and never speak of the triangles and other figures that appear because these would be changing as she spoke.

Like cotton or linen, a scene may be not only stretched, pulled, folded, or unraveled but torn.

A shape of something carried and then cut, tied and then cut ribbon.

Its diagonal edge carries the cut elements of the past into the present unfurling.

The way that the forest when cut to make a clearing makes a black wall of trees looking, and so tiny holes of puncture flutter in and out of time.

She asks then: can a forest lie among us without any of its parts delineated.