

THE "I" THAT FEELS

The "I" that Feels is the second episode of the three-episode collaborative writing project associated with Zones of Sensitivity for the Transart Triennale 2016. The idea is that we dissolve the singularity of authorship, in keeping with the TT16 theme of The Imperceptible Self.

She/He travels feverishly, constantly and inevitably between the "I think" concept and the "it thinks" of the body. So fast she/he moves between the two, that she/he can not gather all of her/him Self before leaving for the other shore. And so it is that she/he dissolves. Yet something remains. What is it?

Authors were invited to add a sentence to a text that we wrote together between June 24 - July 20 in continuation of the first episode: *the "I" that thinks*.

Episode 2: the "I" that Feels

That feverish moment, when I perceive anything being exaggerated. I watch her carefully while she begins to peel off her clothing. A ripping sound tickles my inner ear. Words of the future invade my body announcing to me that all that I know will change. Suddenly I am aware that we are not alone. The eyes of many surround us and eagerly survey the lusciousness of the moment. There is no escape; I feel trapped. My eye touches a sight line that hardens a liquified air. I am confronted with the realization of my utter helplessness and finally release my fervid need for understanding.

Is it the wine, or is it the moon, or did I wake up in someone else's dream again? I am here by the lake's edge and embrace the breeze, life, movement and all the complexities in the now. The eyes are still present but scattered, fuzzy as stars, and veiled in layers of dark blue air.

And her? Naked, she has become the night, her arms a horizon cut into by winter bare mountains. The grass there is still wet and green I can feel it under my skin everywhere I go there is no end and dreams become trees.

Have you ever felt light?

No.

Have I ever felt alive?

Recognize the complexity, the texture produced when I search for solitude in the awakened *we*. Am I more than *us*? To see, we gave. I feel ecstasy when I come down to bury my head along your chocolate side.

How heavy have you ever felt? Can you try and remember what was weighing you down? I am not sure if I had more weight on my mind or hugging my body. It for sure made me die a little bit every day. That little bit of death creating standing in for reality at times, but also creating a bubble where I could see with utter clarity.

My hands are getting longer than you can see. My heart is disappearing; I inch my way deeper into my flesh and be only *there*.

Alive, she said finally, how would I know?

She scooped down her bikini bottoms, twirled them around her toe and then flung them into the brush. The dappled shadows fell from her body like a dropped kimono as she stepped into the sun.

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I feel you scuttle on my tongue. You left without a leg and a hair in my teeth.
I dream I feel like dreaming. While mingling my feelings with your syllables an explosion between two dreams occurred and my tongue sheltered your lips. And I said to you, never will we be apart, my love. My heart. My head. My all. Never will we be apart for never were we separated from the start. This line in the middle is full of dots.

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