

DANCES WITH THINGS¹

1.

She heaves herself into her thigh by way of her fist. Closed, steady deftly plunged and with a grunt retrieves a wrapper, a rose, effecting a bruise. She had wanted before. Wiping off, from her hand, she opens her palm brings it up to her chin blows light to the floor, out of touch of sight and recall.

¹ Robin. Bernstein, 'Dances with things: Material Culture and the performance of race', *Social Text*, 27:4 (2009), 67-94

2.

She had found herself hugging pillars. Meaning to press tightly, well in the arms, persuading the body to round and only on great aching would allow return to sides and swinging. She, new to this place and latterly, would take of it some solace and to touch her hands together, that would be the best.

Here would be a pole. Held to the ground and waiting to be put upon she would keep on, holding, as she'd take of the pile and make herself a post.

See, will clings to these things and she lets herself be held where it is that she's alone/that of it they know nought. This is not to make new manner and nor is this a dance: matters in and bearing/bending state/as art, though her shape should be of note.

No home in this support, her spell is of a moment and, turning cheek as she had been then to stone, her motion thinks of missing: playing, you are here and oh, that I was there.

3.

In a moment out and holding a breath she leans and pulls a leg, just above the ankle and catches nail on hair, draws blood. She thinks, this doesn't happen? as she gathers together parts of herself to make the walk go on. Discomfit: a word made only of confusion with another.

4.

She has sat, worn in, thumb pressed hard, steadfast to her skin and onto her thigh, wiling it to leave a bruise. Having done her research, she knows this is an effort slim of chance but still had pulled apart the pleats of her knee-length and over her hip and exposed that most yielding of her skin — right hand right angled to her limb, the patch just scrubbed to silken, where should someone touch they may touch her here, some other hand along and perhaps a run inside.

She had wanted a contusion, rush of blood. A trace that needs no study to know that it is felt is pooling to the surface, thin, and not seeming quite like kin.

5.

She often felt to be put upon by an object – not ever so unkind but reminders of encounter with the world. With a longing to a memory, as the hem of her skirt begins its fall back down, hers is a want to give herself up, to make herself sensational.