

P(UR)E IM(MAN)ENCE

DANA KOPEL

00

a bunch of hands grow inside my body _//first thing I decide is they're your hands so I put them
on my breasts

01

but where god might live did you meet him ://brief metaphysical affair in which I as usual was
the other woman

02

every word carrying things// on its surface (movement in linguistic space) and hey do u believe in Empire (do u believe in pink panties)

will u still love me when I'm no longer a body subject to the needs of capital // will u still love me when I've got nothing but my aching neoliberal subjectivity_

04

suspicious re: we can only think through language //or the possibility that feelings are only
textural intimacy (u make me feel like a .gif of glitter asterisks)

05

do u understand how quickly the textures of inside my body are moving when I enter _into
discourse when I french kiss that pussy _like muah

06

this corrupt file my cynar-colored heart _this precarity this permanent becoming ://wait what are
you doing rn

thingness of people// (Chris Kraus on Paul Thek) a pantheist in search of radical detachment:
thin sheets of bodies like wallpaper like carpets ://also breathing

all up in the gross physicality of things or they have their own <language> </fell in love with a martian but u were too down to earth>

been thinkin bout problematics of embodiment//: pink lipstick pink pink kiss me lipstick _hit me
with your radical alterity

femme fatale and inside it hysterical woman and inside it mother goddess and inside it lack_ of a phallus and inside it _//several small uncultured pearls

a thesis on Lana del Rey containing the phrase <desperation of the beloved> but buried within variations on </will you still love me when> in endless repetition

12

baby now I want u to bind me tie me up with all the words at ur disposal also with string make me a </solid concept

dreamt of u last night we were both wearing_ the same blue acne sweater we lay down_ on the
immanent plan(e) it was sexy u were becoming_

(2013) thyme metal silk cynar dental floss velvet rust emulsifier brown leaf margin notes pine tar
oil undry clay _//collection of will you still love me

I am a body I am a body of work:// through-lines_ including a conception of self as subjectivity
as carpet_ (like my mother says) I am a piece of work

that the thing builds builds and then collapses </profound discomfort with the language in which
u exist>

the void the void void void _void the void the ether the ethernet net <in recent decades the remarkable connectivity of all humanity>

/>everything you need to know right now about chain-smoking in my windowsill until u text me back

jealous of the thing it describes as it describes it_ (in a video hidden fairly deep in the internet in which u talk about objecthood and I:// understand the sex appeal of the inorganic

thyme //after a visceral reaction or can I _really think the way thyme thinks the way pine feels for
real tho what is my life_

a specific linguistic lapse: grey and white checked layer meaning _nothing <only the particular-less moment between life and death>

pine trees but panties but most things_ a little death in winter _in another order of things your hands in cold weather

the god the god in things and also their language_ words in thyme //:you say god but mean a
sort of static background layer_

all the soft sounds are lighter letters and that each material experiences a process which marks it <do I understand u now>

alternately the world and nothing _action and negation of my own becoming //aka the body oscillates between two poles (the void the void the void)

everything feminine in me spills out _into the vast white field where everything male in me eats
it:// but again those hands are they yours

explanatory gesture at the edge_ of something edgeless like peeling off_ wall skins//: u can't spell pure immanence without ur man