

**FACIES 'FĀ-SH(Ē-)ĒZ. PLURAL  
FACIES.: GENERAL APPEARANCE**

**T**



the ringing becomes so loud and so vile that consciousness seems to buckle and split off from itself

*For Raf*

27/01/23

*written in fear conjured fear of music but thoughts, presences, from all you lovely*

*letters*

ل, O, N, P, K, A, B, E, D, D, D, F, F, J, J, M, R, L, PC, S, SB, SB ٧ ٧

fa·cies 'fā-sh(ē-)ēz. plural facies. : general appearance

T

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I seem to speak (it is not I) about me (it is not me).

*The Unnamable*

I have an idea now of what you think an emergency is. But the more that I think about what it means to me the more I feel that it's something that relates to my conception of *other people*. *I feel myself to be in emergency*. That means for me that I *feel* responsible for my friends and comrades who are not keeping their shit together. The feeling of responsibility builds up and accumulates in my head into a kind of metallic grating, a monotonous drone. An alarm.

**Danny Hayward (Community of Goods) 'From a letter to a friend (on 'emergencies')**

**02/12/2022**

Least I'll still have company  
in my insides, tiny poison  
tree

**Grouper, Poison Tree**

We know what makes us ill.  
When we're ill word says  
You're the one to make us well

**Bertolt Brecht**

I search a face  
a loosening mask  
with voice  
ears

**June Jordan**

Strange as she appears to be  
oldest friends invisibly

**Adrienne Lenker**

What one desires, instead, is the unfinished victory of things who can't be bought and sold especially when they are bought and sold.

**Fred Moten**

today Ballet

is institutional Violence

**Frances Kruk, A Discourse on Vegetation & Motion**

*Good Mourning!*

I, not a column

you've gone silent

speaks

I can't hear

You just told me I went silent I spoke and now you say

You can't hear

me that probiotic be giving me that one wipe wonder

I hear you singing from the kitchen

We're just as bad as each other, that's the problem

Isn't it

Isn't it?

I hear face washing from the bathroom

I still can't move to piss

Oh home

Oh homeostatic balance

- - -

Just learnt that facies

is a word for appearance

it isn't just a misspelling

of fecies however you spell shit

copy-paste it's plural: facies

it's definition:

general appearance

a plant species with particularly

distinct fecies, or facies

especially when abnormal – redundant

– facies is a characteristic appearance

of that particular face

in another language I learned away from

home stop-and-search facies is what

cops do to people to

pursue the historical urge  
to treat what earns lesser costs more  
like shit  
Go figure go general appearance

- - -

Hello Paul  
How debordered you must  
Feel how binary NO borders  
There are people Paul  
Some are robbed of all Precious  
Names TJ Some overwhelmed by genders  
Who cares, Paul  
Many Paul die crossing borders  
Others both, Paul Others different too  
YOU, Other trans people Paul, exist, Paul  
You are not alone in your  
Office however  
echoey it may now be  
Your sound-bites cut like abstract  
Claws into the lives of those  
you summon, Paul  
To bridle institutional, Paul, provocation  
smothering paul little peoples' faces  
How burdensome  
Paul, Jesus Fucking Christ  
Paul! Saints are Other people

- - -

T4T meaning  
2 people love each other,  
not because T  
but they couldn't  
love another

- - -

No.

It is the ghosts who  
are making  
Things up.

- - -

Oh, woe is me,  
My legs my legs oh pain  
Oh like the first time  
How hormonal how late  
How impossible to isolate  
Woe is in world.

- - -

an original accumulation you got  
anything new on offer  
on offer new terrain pioneer  
technique confusing thought  
concepts worse loose than  
dying in an imagehole on  
goggle lens you start to like ye the  
newness pioneer explore space  
thinks are getting  
exciting oh internet  
you are discovering new  
dissolves you carry  
on and on you are  
winning against  
language you are image  
making made  
you click full size ur  
entire moodboard stamped  
in fact stamped by a  
corporate tax firm  
your beautiful images

tattoos and  
posters and  
jewellery  
what escape under these images  
are written really  
existing categories underneath  
this incredible  
hole, under each of its iterations,  
under a number of your favourite images  
of hell-like astro imaging you like for  
escape and pain  
the site reads:

TAX

FINANCE

MANAGEMENT

we are not so different you and I  
There \*is\* a conspiracy of silence  
asymptotes are beautiful  
but ur new concept new image  
reads like a corporation  
pretending to be  
an argument

- - -

Concepts don't like  
being invented  
for no reason.

- - -

Future took a pack of Benzos  
he's getting ready to speak his life  
the conditions are  
chill he's gonna tell you  
about his life and what he's got to rap,  
mask off, is:  
mumble.

On dying he translates: I am supposed to tell you some of the words I heard deep down in the sea where there is so much silence and so much happens. I cut my way through the objects and objections of reality and stood before the sea's mirror surface. I had to wait until it burst open and allowed me to enter the huge crystal of the inner world.

Many might speak in sedation,  
listen more intently whether,  
or not, by force.

- - -

I'm scared  
so stared  
to write anyway  
sleep might be  
a better option  
awake there are too many  
too many things to be  
scared  
by sedation might  
offer less speed  
less underneath  
more disappearing  
in general  
appearances

- - -

tired  
all your life  
scared aw all ur  
life hiding in words  
talking about  
experience really  
facies.

- - -



No the ghosts  
are not thrown up  
thrown out for  
Free.

- - -

this family belongs  
to Others pain.

**Writhing you're generalizations**, Stop, do not eat (food) everywhere, or nothing, one day you will learn not to move. To not move another to move your things before you have known what they are. What some call people they collide and there is ash among tiles, tiles buttress walls and those walls are perforated with illusion of breath. Of air you know smoke, only what some language, and of air thereby you know only that which is forgetting. A nail pushed a little hard through a wall to the neighbour or nest which even empty smells louder than the tears that fall through your mouth to water an idea of being and in front, with or against, the tears of others fall back into words into your mouth. You speak but have not learned to breathe yet, words so far are those that we hear. Those were not stairs to climb to tire you but bile bought as words and believed until discredited. Nothing has ever been said in a deep breath, words have never meant anything where words have not needed to puke to steal a breath. Moving on. Talking where there is music is to misunderstand music which when misunderstood is not talking. Physiognomically, auditory canals are to be protected, whereas to care for those living, ears do not audition but paid hammers for self-images and unpaid mud to harden with or without rain, there is mud there is over there is underwhelm there is acidic derivatives. Here is where, here why, loud music is safe for ears, canals being old, boundaried matter, brick-like, insured against under against overwhelm from the particles of dead that rain into rooms where the unpaid listen to music at all hours.

## any old endless minute

someone I love one evening  
through a fake wall disproved  
the having no alternative  
of the nothing new of breath  
breath no not bread breath  
is not always on call you sleep  
in December I  
having another's idea about how  
language is itself a kind of abuse,  
suicidal ideations or whatever were  
once for another, you  
forms someone else's like  
that evening in December until  
– how fucking obvious –  
ideations were not  
images they were not  
to be found in the manuals  
another, you never read  
deathing yourself  
to make sense of something  
for another, you

in its eyes its ears it seemed  
to exist my god  
even a bit much maybe but add  
here a warped sense of proportions  
and ye like no ofc nothing  
in common, so come on:  
I've grown to love being disappearing  
words in disappearing another, you  
and yes there are words and no  
words don't say images  
as if they have nothing to reflect  
as if they come from no home  
but words paper-cut like pretend homes  
and oh an open book

so opaque blah contradiction  
go get some rest leave yourself  
out of it, words will live  
alone

to give another, you some time  
next time another, you  
comes along, offers rest, tires  
goes home, if there is any  
if there is any, sleeps  
you know, needs etc  
so another, you come  
along next time and  
another, you are silently  
killing time to find  
permission from another, you  
to leave first once last time

in the name of those living rest  
not seen dying what just coz  
their mouth is still  
open how obvious doesn't it make you  
think of how all the funerals you'll never go  
but to pour out of another, you  
you have no teeth to clean  
gums to chew  
your stomach speaks plenty  
you shit yourself at Bank at night  
or something, how structuring  
& people ye another, you ye people  
they drop their pants and shit on  
another, you stomach  
you are lying  
in wait to make inanimacy  
glisten incontinent life

nice to meet you hello  
my name is also Boundary

what a fucking coincidence  
hello boundary nice to meet you  
thank you for dropping your pants  
someone mentioned you  
and another, you don't dare to turn  
to look who behind you, get off  
me Boundary I'm more than capable,  
of walking home never sleeping  
with words not images  
and I shit in my tights  
its better than shitting at Bank  
however cool that could've been  
to another, you waiting all this time  
to get back to leaving your shit  
in your skirt so Boundary  
we lost each other where? when?

every week here on in  
i'll pay to shit myself in  
a sliding scale environment  
which reminds of another, you  
Boundary  
I bumped into it once  
shit draining out my mouth  
re-upped with all of an image  
to my stomach to drain the image  
back to words you live for  
another, you, shit, words,  
so & so Boundary said  
see the everyday ; it shits itself away  
how lame how fucking painful

if you see someone shitting themselves  
with their skirt on in Bank  
cut their head lay down rest  
headless death shit  
isn't at all confusing  
like another, you, lives,

contain yourself the doctor too  
the doctor too Dr. Boundary  
thinks patient Z has time too  
go to the toilet  
patient Z completes the toilet, in critical time !  
did not forget to pull pants down  
\_Dr. Boundary noted\_  
then the toilet was found  
with Dr. Boundary scribbled in shit  
would have smelt fine tbh  
but if the shit on the wall  
if Dr. Boundary no time if no space  
if Dr. did not did never  
smell death how lovely  
how alive you are  
are you Dr. Boundary !  
Please wither, learn dead shit smells  
of your own living accord  
patient Z in a way once lived  
just to be shat to death on your desk  
of a toilet at night who cares in Bank.

Optimistic but later on in say 2050, Dr. Boundary is actually thinking. Why does this still haunt me now? Patient Z wasn't even the first letter of the word: shit wasn't even the first to die, opined Dr. Boundary in 2050. So as ever they had others note down 'that being is not Boundaryless/haunting = still acting here now to deprive ghosts of sleep.' Dr. Boundary was thinking mindlessly of another dying letter from another vanishing script how little Dr. Boundary remembers of that lucky time others took notes for Dr. Boundary on the way to Bank to kill another, you, patient of their mindlessly own accord they thought, you know they thought sorry but they of course knew that nothing could be further from the clean than shitting in a skirt in Bank so come along here patient wherever here in my alphabet tells me is here better die yes just over there more grace, more manners than there is here or anywhere Dr. Boundary spoke objectively. Coherently speaking skirts are not designed to be shat inside that is where trousers fit in. To incontain lives dying.

Then one day Dr. Boundary died  
alone lol

so the dead pools of shit fought it out  
over the last  
immodia ever prescribed  
to erect a statue of the biggest ever  
puzzle of which Dr. Boundary was the last  
living piece and another, you  
you are still awake someone  
you love is still struggling to breath  
though they sleep  
you are scared but  
better stare into the puzzle  
at least when another, you  
are awake another, you  
know another, you  
know you're not breathing  
another, you stopped others  
stopping breathing, you  
welcome the invisible another, you  
are scared you welcome  
the invisible and as another, you  
stare/s into this giant puzzle  
logorrhea  
tiny and  
imperfect  
and wonderful  
PEOPLE appear to shimmer  
as if to burn the shit  
down to that other, you horizon  
of unrest

## DEATH WISH

*I didn't come here,  
for me to hear you say that my friend would die, if she wanted  
to, whatever happened, in the end.*

**Nadine**

Patient Pix: I shouldn't have told you that about me,  
you aren't listening  
all you see are sirens  
and I hear them too  
they are scratching border  
lines in clinical lack  
of resources.

Dr. Boundary: You didn't need to tell me I can  
already see **you**,  
patient case  
what you need is what I offer you,  
the rest we are running out of  
time the rest  
is refusal and refuse  
you won't let me finish I spend my  
day earning  
executing decisions through  
sudden diagonal speech  
there are nurses to provide  
plasters in exchange for their dinner,  
as I rise.

Patient Pix: If only, if you could see inside me going  
off to die to ink to destroy your career  
I'm not here for your ad slice or for you  
to get back to work but because  
I want to stay  
alive for those I love.  
I identify as a sleepless person  
who dies every night on the internet and



knows more than you and  
speaks coherently only when  
I feel unsafe

Dr. Boundary: I have others they are more  
and they are less important  
I too need therapy  
I too need support  
I am young I too  
have a BOUNDARY  
it pays me to render  
difference down to  
a ruler.

Patient Pix: Sorry I didn't hear a word  
was that speech I saw  
a face it was not yours  
your mask fake tan  
your underling is squirming  
for money to assent  
this happens everyday  
give me whatever I'll take  
I can wait  
I have feelings others  
hearts and weakness  
I wish still wish you  
death.

## **Notes on the scientific literature on C-ocaine &**

### **A-mphetamine**

### **R-egulated**

### **T-ranscript**

Before the behavioural experiments, rats were always randomly assigned to the treatment and control groups, and during the measurements, the observers were blind of which group they were actually testing. Objectivity. In the meantime three naive rats were perfused transcardially in deep anaesthesia. Clinical observations were made in the instant a salaried lady offered you her sound and careful advice. Next to her, the tissue blocks of an underpaid nurse's face began to freeze in liquid nitrogen, the better to protect her from the pain of observing for the 40th time today the same but all too different scene play itself out before her powerless eyes. Emergency clinical reorientation routinely smothered across the by now banal complexity of all the other patients who had plucked up the courage to wait to be urgently treated, of all the other patients who were treated like rats for waiting too long. An adult male Wistar rat was decapitated, and his spinal cord was removed and snap frozen on dry ice. Nurses were everywhere, their eyes bleeding sympathy as they sought to evade the impact that what they had to adjust to for money played itself out on yet another individual with their all too individual life reduced to the categories that their bosses only pretend to be social. Human resources are more than depleted: the psych ward was given 75mg of ketamine intravenously and still couldn't hide from the pain of the impact of its never ending chains of unblameable authority.

**Sunday, 22/01/2023, 13:17**

**To a friend,**

hey babe, hope you're doing ok. Je vais à l'hp demain je sais pas pour cb de temps et j'aimerais ramener ghosts, the poems about monsters and benders I lent you. You think I could pass by maybe later tonight to pick it up, and, depending how we both feeling could bring a beer or something along and chat a little bit (I can't stay long anywhere atm).

**From a friend,**

**Tuesday, 24/01/2023, 16:08,**

Hey love. Weird sync you couldn't have sent me this in a worst time even if you tried. as it turns out I'm also looking for a good ol' round at the psych ward. My organization capacities are at 0, but I don't leave my flat so chances are I'll be here if you come by. No guarantee I'll be capable of communicating, nor even awake for that matters, but I'll leave the book on the bar anyways. I hope 'it' won't be too hard for you. You'll beat 'it' of course, I just hope you don't lose too much of yourself in this fight, for there are more to come. Hope we can soon talk about all this calmly, as a conceptualized object to analyze and reverse engineer, as all good gentlepeople do.

Love

**Another, to you ALL, ILL**

I wish you some rest, and I wish you the kind of slow ebb of pain and catastrophic feeling that is what I understand 'getting better' to mean -- for a certain amount of provisional stability to just sort of slowly descend, like the night does, in such a way that you don't really notice it, even when it's the only thing you're watching out for.

Morning, again,

I fell asleep briefly there was less caffeine in the batch of amphetamines I picked up earlier, the high made me sleep, a little. R was next door, through this fake wall some landlord built to pretend to twin spaces, there are cavities but he forgot the doors. We're staying at N's, who's gone to a friends to give himself and us some space, a young queer is at mine, I've been mothering him for seven months because everyone else can't figure out how to listen, or more probably because they have sturdier boundaries, a more realistic sense of their material capacities (these are the important minority, who continue to work despite that ; for the loud and place-taking, capacity is just a self-encasing translation of reality's refusal, as you say, to know.) That refusal of course moves both ways, between the Law's conspiracy to force some to suffer from death-like social experience, and those experiences themselves lodging as trauma in the impossibility of them turning to speech. But this double movement is probably what you mean by the conspiracy belonging to reality itself, and not just to some other. Still – cw. boundary-speech – it's so grim to see the reality of that refusal rub off on less unlucky people as if it were the same as winning rest from your boss, so sad to see that true form of rest which has and would have to be fought for transmute across all sorts of social divisions into a way of pushing back down the silent pain of those we love or choose not to know. The true blindness of reality itself reemerges as scars on those who, having no alternative, survive their suicided loved ones ; and those who pushed away the now-dead experience the violence of that boundary as no-longer unconscious but guiltily intentional. Not sure if this is worth writing down it's pretty obvious and it hurts a little to think about.

But I wanted to say thank you for not trying to reassure me, for writing, it means so much, from afar, to be allowed to be ill from something which does, in truth, exist, and not reduced to a function of some peak of anxiety which needs first to be controlled for what, for therapy to begin. Therapy was needed centuries ago and it was the world itself who didn't turn up to pay for its appointment.

I couldn't put words to it before, cynicism in the service of love should work to confront things as they are, to confront things as not-thinking. We are fucking sponges, some sponges speak, others just suck it all up to shrivel. I don't mean that language is necessary or anything, but I've been thinking since reading your reply about silence and it's forms of expression: as I went for the first time in a while to join R in bed earlier (he came back to be with me), I thought I was on the way to

sleep, my mind stood straight back up, this butterfly ring I wear started to strangle my finger as it swelled up with relaxation, I panicked and only stayed in bed until R's breathing settled to sleep and reassured me enough to get out of bed again. But that was hours and hours ago in the night. Fuck knows what's happened since because I got out of bed to write to you...

*For the smallest social unit is not the single person but two people. In life we too develop one another.*