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THE DOLL

Discourse on death contains a rhetoric of borders. Shape delimits your right of absolute property, existence, tracing your traits as the border of what belongs to you. You don't have to touch the border to know how it feels, whether a napkin or a rose feels softer, the border between you and her, or the end of her life. You compare these in your mind, without locating the border or experiencing death, using a subtler sense of contact, subtlety that's part of a thing. The image of a rose grows fainter until only screen is left. As soon as the whole is determined by wanting her to stay, she's no longer what she feels she is, not determinable. Something abstract becomes a part.

A mountain touches a cloud in clear sky, acquiring otherworldliness from light on the cloud. It has volume, like a crystal, but weighs like a cardinal point. The lighted flank is revealed as distinct shape, so shape becomes a fragment. You drive toward it, as the approach of the person. As soon as she's named, her presence can cross a threshold, whether she arrives physically. You photograph her doll, cut out the doll's head, enlarge to original size, and get the whole doll, the way her mind realizes possibility, as though the doll thought, and the girl became space and direction for it. Your picture of the whole is less detailed and somewhat detached.

A woman in the shape of a rock and its shadow by a tree is whole, or a stretched whole, depending if light is lateral like consciousness, or vertical like a cardinal point. Light from above a tree casts a pinwheel around the trunk. Even in shadow, it contains the past of waves which came from everywhere to reach that part. She touches her collar. The sleeper grows fainter on the screen. Either images are real and time between is abstract, or the image of her marks real time. Her interval, like the stars, is real. There's no alterity with respect to themselves.

She lies down with the animals, flowering trees, magicians. Common measure between her and the screen is an irrational number. I employ two symbolized realities, so connections made by paths traversed by light make an edge. We're the other for this boundary, which occurs through physical contact, like a part detailed as the whole, as if a series of frames were the same as movement. When you change the point in space to a point in time, middle ground appears. Her dream is wonderful as a star falling from the whole. I want to locate the ineffable beyond middle ground.

The doll consists of a tangerine, stem and two leaves for its head, a body of a potato, striped sticks for arms and some lace around the potato. Flesh, as long as it's not suffering, has form, a subtle space that contains its own intuitions. Inasmuch as it's formless, it doesn't provoke anxiety. If this little image is all there is, and space around of no significance, we've the usual view of fragmentation. The line between thing and event transcends order, not the perimeter of the lesion in the photograph, a case in which she has so many fragments to hold together, what holds becomes disorganized, not abstract.

Cool crystal until the electrons go through, as if it were dead. Light goes through branches of the tree, oxygenating blood. She sleeps in a red gown. People around her are the size of rabbits and birds. Tree trunks, water, people's clothing moved like waves. The dragon moves from a tendency to real occurrence. Nothing's needed to go there, because my memory's not found at any site. She fades to the origin of the senses, variations of a person who both inhabits a ghost and cohabits it, temporarily. Nightlights flash at this border.

It trembles in unstable multiplicity of no context, like a footprint. An animal, running, leaps over me. Rocks in the sun laterally represent constellations and their shadows. You could say the extent of her being can map onto knowing, so being and knowing are identical in the infinity. The lighted boundary, at which an interval is apprehended beyond image or word, is experience characterized by our relation. I mean, you are beyond subjectivity. There's an opposition between incorporation and introjection, a work of mourning. There's a mirror relation, one beyond the other, an animal, like a resplendent bird, unfolded for her in the animal's space.

What if the only concept of an interval were *now*, the moon behind clouds the same as a lesion? What if opposing another concept to presence were impractical as a border? The interval collapses from tendency to occurrence. The misty, lighted edge calls for endurance or bliss other than opposing from both sides of a line a part with no context for what's softer, light or the animal. I hesitate between decision and nondecision, as between poles of one alternative, like a peacock, the way nonduality looks in the face of longing for her, to a mother inconsolable before a blessing.