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The Consumption of(You)

WHEN YOU OPEN up wide and relax your sphincter, a passage for the outside to pass through you appears. All of you, somehow, is a passage for the outside to pass through you. You are full of entrances and exits.

You are topologically flexible; flexibility being a function $[f(x)]$ of topology, consumption being the shifting of points of sets in fields $[\text{field}(\text{set}(\text{point}))]$, fields overlapping and intersecting, fields becoming functions of themselves. This glass of water you drink is, at some time, I imagine, welcomed by your mouth. This section of water, these discrete points in space, with a meniscus formed in co-operation with the wall of the glass, its points solvent and hard, hums with excitement over its impending absorption with your section of body, with your discrete points in space, with the edge formed by the wall of your skin, porous and layered. You hum with excitement, too.

With the gulping of water you experience a commingling of point-sets, as your bodyfield readjusts, accommodating these new molecules. You shift yourself in a one-to-one translation, your punctured, tubular self not producing new tears or holes but

stretching into an equivalency of you, a function of you. You and the water are a (Venn()diagram), and we can label the intersection $f(\text{You})$.

(So, the whole thing begins as a fucking of You)((fucking as inter-mingling).)

The water, ~bent~ in nature, and you, ~bent~ in posture, “~” as approximate range, as a mark of suspension, as diacritic nasalisation, as a perturbation/variation, or, say, as Tilda Swinton, settles into a dynamic equilibrium from one state to another. We settle in.

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TO BEGIN AGAIN, again, is the indefinite article, the “a.” Add to it the plural. Indefinitely, a you, a body. Plural, you again, bodies. The plural indefinite as approximation, range, perturbation/variation.

Bodies as a terrifying reminder of human vulnerability (bleeding, shitting, decaying, mutating and penetrating) as they pour out of themselves, or turn in on themselves, crossing boundaries and limits—uncontrollable, exploding, exploding, exploding, collapsing. As if in fear of the heavy rain that might flood our drains and expose all of our food wrappers and cigarette butts and coffee cups from the sewer’s depths, things move about inside us, alive, near to bursting. Just under the surface of the ground is a networked tide of rubbish, like the veins that cross just under the skin.

But picking your nose and eating it is recycling—a recycling of the products of your body back into it, because you do not have a tissue. When the mucus is pulled from your nostril hairs, you feel open; and then, there it is, on your finger. You don’t remember the first time you thought to reintroduce the stuff into your body,

but you were not thinking. It tastes like you and this is the most at home you could feel.

Pulling inside yourself, smiling as the mucus moves to the back of your throat, caught on your uvula, you smile because no one knows. You want to ask them to try it, to remind themselves of what they taste like, to swim in themselves, to be both inside and out, to be like the recycling symbol, a möbius cut with arrows that point: “I am here,” and also “Here” and “Here.” You recycle yourself to empty and fill yourself, like coughing up fur balls, like a fly sucking back its vomit, like a guinea pig nibbling on its own shit for the nutrients it couldn’t digest the first time. We want to taste ourselves so we know what others taste when they look at us, emptying us with their eyes.

The snot is only now starting to slip down my throat. My stomach has already begun to mumble, anticipating its queasiness. My stomach sometimes makes me lose my thoughts. The sound of it moving is not contained by the membrane, by the flesh, the skin. It sings to me in a language I do not understand. I try to Google, “Why is my stomach so loud?” but it cannot tell me. I try to Google, “Why can I taste metal in my mouth when I squeeze a pimple and watch the pus pop out?” but there is only one other person on the other side of my question, and they don’t know either.

My body shakes from the sound of itself, from its unintentional clenching. I am simultaneously “I” and “it,” the subject and the object of myself. I think of myself and then my body. I contain and am contained. I think of my fingernails working through my intestines. I want to shit in the dirt so something will eat my fingernails as I have done. I don’t want to shit in a container, in a pipe, my wrapped-up fingernails suffocating and drowning. I want it to rub on the belly of a worm, to grow inside apples, to be printed on the books I touch with my fingers.

I contemplate the moment my lips become the inside of my mouth with my tongue. Like the night falling, I cannot see the line that defines them as separate, the line that distinguishes between light and dark, lip and mouth. Both are contained within the other. The two disperse until they are so wide apart that they do not sit where they belong. How discrete are the lips and the mouth, the throat and the stomach, the intestines and the rectum? How much of my asshole is in my mouth? I can taste it.

The skin is the locus of a body's topology because bodies are made bodies by skin. This skin feels and acts on both sides of itself at some indeterminate depth; like multiple plateaus nesting one atop another, the skin touches itself, touched by itself, with itself. An itch/scratch is a double sensation that spontaneously produces itself, there, on the surface, but from somewhere deeper. The only solution is to apply a greater force on it from outside, with nails, more bits of hardened skin, flaying layers, some floating like dust. But the itch lingers still, moving again, out of reach.

This skin-body constantly generates itself isomorphically [$f(x)$ & $f^{-1}(x)$], shifting and twisting, taking on a different shape, this same skin, until, perhaps, it ruptures. Like the policemen and their bicycles become an intermingling, a reciprocation, an image of the image between mirrors reflecting, the policeman-becoming-bicycle and bicycle-becoming-policeman as they ride and carry each other, so the skin holds and withholds itself.

This skin is a manifold, contorting and stretching and twisting in space. All of a body's iterations are homeomorphs, the clean and proper body, the shitting, pissing, bleeding body. A continuous, connected path exists between every point in these functions, so that, with some distortion, they can be made equivalent. They can be shifted and twisted and stretched along the surface and take each other's place. They are always near one another, perhaps touching each other, because they may be folded in together, on top of one another. This is a Möbius figuration of

a body, where two sides, or differences, invert and inflect one another, one becoming the other becoming the one-other. The form doesn't produce a distinct two-relation, nor a singular one.

To me, you are a T-shirt, as I am a T-shirt, as our mothers are T-shirts. When I peel you off, you are turned inside out and I hold you between two fingers, as far away from me as possible, because you make me sweat, I've worn you through. I am myself a T-shirt that I cannot take off, still sweating, even naked. Our mothers unwrapped us from plastic, crisp and new, and when the plastic is broken, we forget all the work, and we deny all the work, and then we spill food on ourselves. I have a drawer full of T-shirts, and I am all of them, crinkled, worn, stained. I am a jumble of threads, mostly dense, but if you catch one and pull it, I will shrink. I wear my me-T-shirt and you wear your you-T-shirt to bed, and yours snags on my sharp corners and between it and my own we generate so much heat. Pull one of the arms through, tuck it in, patch it, wear it inside out. I'm all it. Pull into it, let it flap loose around you, knot the sleeves together, scrunch up into a ball, elbows inside nostrils, toes in urethras, squeeze it all in your hand, this flimsy T-shirt you have worn through.

These T-shirt object/subjects, embedded in space, and then embedded in more space, go on ad infinitum. A lemniscate fibre, embedded in the möbius thread, embedded in the Kleinian fabric, each n -dimensional object structured by $(n-1)$ -dimensions. We are polyblend Klein bottles, all inside-out ourselves.