

Autumn of Spit

A scene by Joanna Neumegen, Laura Suzuki and Georgina Rose Watson
Conceived and edited by Elle Loui August

rye

*(/sacks tissue/antibiotic//backpacks/bruise/wet/weeds/waif//betel/news/leather/ /
score/bites/ nebulas /ankle/notes/hands/saliva//lever//milk//marks/tongue)*

focus your attention on me
I want to be held in your gaze
in its capacity

not to be forgotten again.

I want to make a deep impression
my absence is a lesson to you

*I have never felt more alone, but I have felt this ugly before.
**picking spiders off logs before putting them in the
fire the light wavering in my still standing body.***

I came to them in a cry that broke the silence of dreams

***no break, no revolution, no outside. only leathery
petals and fingers pushing through fence lines,
numbered gardens and greasy cardboard,
everything frayed or cut at the hems,
ink bleeding
onto shoes, skin,
phrases scratched onto forearms,
the world slipping away like oil.***

*Materials, subjects,
amass, accumulate,*

exceed.

Spill in an unspoken layer of expectation

Their slim legs just behind mine

*we are putting things in our pockets, we are sprinting exhilarated
past flattened cans that shine like roadside beacons, running
across the slightly slanted streets,*

*across the tilted world and as we run we are tripping on all this,
on the pavements,
the buildings,
on this world as it is.*

I can't bear to leave you
I' m impaired
impulsive

i'm scarred

i will forget
this effort

**this twilight rose,
its thorn becoming silver,
the stench of fuzzy black graffiti everywhere.
pulp, shelled in musty skins**

i am a winter wood on my insides
eating my way through summers light into autumn

I am scarred

The rain made a door for me and I went through it

my enemies crumple.
I lie in the bed
of their identities

their toenails etching out furrows in the earth's soft flesh

I reach out my hand

I am scarred.

rupturing

My throat surges again like a swollen river and I am dissolving like the wild
thought of the bird as it casts itself into the void the flaccid slopping of ideals
from mind to screen

Mind, chalk, brain, dust

police line the streets.

high-visibility uniforms

reflecting en masse along segments of wet sweating glass.

civic architecture seems to be made for this very occasion.

the street holds the crisis lightly with an air of chivalry,

like an arm encircling the cracks

of unloving structures

“What is your name?”

They said

“I do not remember,”

And I screamed at them

in a language that sounded like the chatter of water over stones and the sighing
of wind amongst bare branches, like smoking in the corner and the crackle of
fire consuming dead leaves. **like a worn and ripped lion red tshirt,**
like falling asleep and pissing yourself,

It was a language they had never heard before. They were not even certain
there were words

Performed by Jess Holly Bates

Wardrobe by Bridget Riggir

Design by Ella Sutherland

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