

dearest frank,

i don't want to see the edges between me and my desire—the fuzzy bounds of enclosure between us. like how suddenly one thing becomes another. the image, the trace leaves as quickly as it comes. like me, it's out-of-bounds: a contraction of unseeing light. as in closed eyes as in vision before. some kind of black hole. an absence of space. a negation of matter ( though we know, it's there ).

i am thinking of (un)certainly and saying. what all this has to do with pleasure and desire ( yours and mine, mostly mine ).

in quantum physics, the uncertainty principle states that for a pair of complementary variables ( position/momentum, energy/time, wave/particle ), it is impossible to determine a/the value of each member of the pair at the same time. frank, let us not forget that a/the distinction between "a" versus "the" relies on the basis of mutual (shared) knowledge. as always—but particularly in this example—this is important, sensitive, suspicious even. ( perhaps this is somehow another layer of the uncertainty principle, just of another kind entirely. ) but back to the uncertainty principle itself: what this means for quantum physics is not only a split between schools of thought—one grounded in dueling approaches to interference; some kind of recognition of arms outstretched, at least as i understand it—but more profoundly, a scientifically agreed-upon disturbance to the limits of what we can know. what this does for quantum physics is carve out a declaration of uncertainty: we can never account for the multiplicity of such things. what this does to me is wreck me entirely, irrevocably so. on a deeply emotional level, nonetheless. ( amongst other things ).

i can't see it cause i'm in it. my position in the matrix of desire, of pleasure, at any given moment renders me imperceptible to myself. even before you wanted me. wanting can be tool of measurement. and by that i mean it has the potential to act as an interference. i like these kinds of disturbances. the kind that render these edges blurry. the kind that are aware of their own imperceptibility at any given moment of you watching them.

i was afraid to meet your eyes for fear of what they might do to me.

wanting someone, wanting to say, wanting to know what it feels like. all this wanting. all this desiring makes up the event horizon of the black hole of my desire.

the relief in saying—even and especially to no one. like when you piss so hard and long you get a little dizzy afterward. a bursting. the kind of laminar flow in fluid dynamics that reminds us: pressure and momentum matter, even if they can't be resolved in their own right. ( but this is also turbulent. )

i felt this kind of relief literally and figuratively the night she came home with me and didn't mind not hooking up either.

the space of negation is more than ( exhale ).

in physics ( more generally ) there is a phenomenon called redshifting. it occurs when the electromagnetic radiation light from matter increases in wavelength. i'm not sure if you're aware of this, frank, but red is the longest wavelength. i'm not sure if that clears anything up. i'm not sure that i'd like to, either. anyways, point is that objects appear to slow down, get smaller ( increase in wavelength = decrease in wave frequency/photon energy ). they linger. some can forever. i understand that gravitational pull. that kind of momentum.

desire and longing and protuberances. things reaching out—extensions of wanting. the putting out that precedes the putting out. the collision that makes it a double membrane. like the you-looking-at-me-deciding-whether-or-not-to-participate. which is a choice either way. you're still saying something. as i do what i do with you watching. ( who's enveloping who ? ) latex as a second skin.

the redshift surrounding the event horizon is infinite. how does that feel to you ? it hertz my body but i want to fall in deeper. cause something in it feels familiar. a closeness in space. my redshifting lingers, always.

this too is a contraption of unseeing light. when matter approaches the event horizon. appears to slow down, getting smaller but never receding, never actually disappearing. we can never truly see it crossing the boundary (between). both the boundary and the black hole are

imperceptible, fuzzy. and for your observations, frank, when i close my eyes i see red, everything glowing hot red. sometimes you can feel so hard that it seems as if the world follows, as if you somehow begin to ooze outside of yourself. i've been known to be leaky.

when i first learned about the theory of general relativity, i had the same question stuck in my teeth—relative to what ? ( or rather, whom ? ) i am still chewing on it.

like redshifting—it lingers, stays in my orbit. insistent closed-eye vision. this not only exists in real and theoretical space-time warps, objects exchanging objects. it can happen to you, too. it can happen in a room doused in red light, you behind the bar—a barrier, a blockage, a line to be crossed but not-quite-yet—and they will float up to it and to you and you will say nothing because you are not the bartender that they end up with ( somehow thinking these statistics of people are unbelievably against you, you wish you could ask them anything, even just “what can i get you?” but somehow their orbit keeps spitting them out to the other bartender which you have no equation for ). you will find yourself both jealous and grateful for alcohol—the real gravitational attractor here. you will watch them, their wavelength setting your thighs on fire as they lap like a wave towards you then away—never quite disappearing, just distance that renders your desire in slow motion. long lingering wavelengths of red.

the momentum in this moment is large, imminent. well-defined only by its movable parts. it refuses to be fixed—tied only to the assumption that if the momentum is large, so too will be its corresponding displacement. ( you can certainly say that again. )

speaking of saying ( what is the name for that ? double irony ? or oxymoron ? ) moving on—here my mouth feels uncertain ( infantile, back when you made sense of the world with your mouth—i still do, but note to self i could use more tongue ) when we were pushed together dancing, the momentum unbearable i had to say, so i asked your name. couldn't hear a thing. saying meets the displacement.