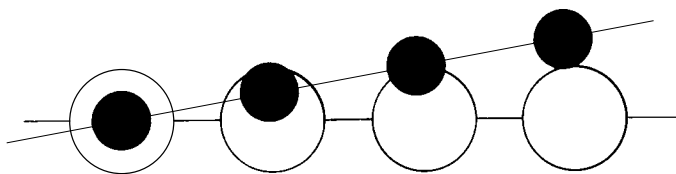
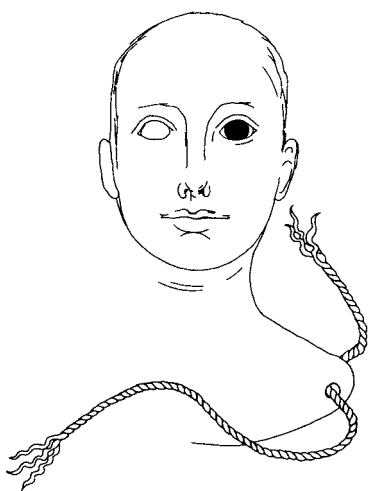


anime

animus

anima



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jaime robles



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Distinguishing the virtual from the real is a major error on the part of human beings. To me, the birth and death of a human being is already a virtual event.

—MAMORU OSHII

If our Gods and our hopes are nothing but scientific phenomena, then let us admit it must be said that our love is scientific as well.

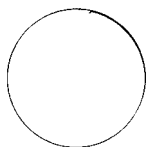
—AUGUSTE VILLIERS DE L'ISLE-ADAM

Tomorrow's Eve, 1886



000000001

black



in the theater's darkened hollow
the film flutters—

fissure through which
we swim, inchoate

blackened

facing
surface bright
in patches and streaks: thin skin
where eyes see, ears hear,
but the mouth—its voice—
gathers silence

splash of green
yellow fizz

blue wash above

along the
black strip
between frames
where projected
light neither
permeates nor
reflects: distance
and time
congeal. The
eye leaps
through unexposed
blackness, resolves
solid gesture
into solid
gesture 24
times faster
than a
blink. Eye
shudders into
movement. The
body — the
ship — leaps
through vast
circles. Within
each sphere
space dissolves
ticking and
eye records
a downpour
of particles.
Behind eye
and body
our mind
stumbles to its
own metronome,
memory releases
and we
fly here
and now

Placid sky and distant on a cloudless day

What is projected before us is not photographic:

pigment suspended, veiling
the wall in memory

—images archive
freeze time

lack words' metamorphic thought

everything appears a bordered field of color

oo

A blink shuttered

fractured second—in daylight—

caught open: the wide eye a path

Nor is the eye a camera:

As she falls backwards out the window, she disappears:

fading cat like,

smile

body:

dropping
into flight in silence

through night
falling into place before
the city's neon. Skyscrapers

cascade speckled with lumens,
tubular as arteries.

Perhaps she hasn't fallen at all

Rather: the buildings risen
in urgent growth
dragging behind them earth
and human floor.

oo

soul:

glimmering particle

in the brain—

a glassy sliver

the body:

layer by layer

dipped

waxy, nubile, weightless

the womb

vegetable and liquid:

outer skin peels, fragments float upward
rain down, lack of odor prevails
over the smell of blood—

*a chorus of women's voices chimes
deep in the chest*

and the optometrist, who is a man,
turns the lens over:
Do the letters on the green square look blacker now
—flips the lens—

or now?

Now, or now ...

now, or now?

It is not the body's perimeter that is unimaginable but its surface. He wraps her glowing curves into his jacket, and will repeat the gesture as often as he feels necessary. Her skin draws a third side to his love, impossible but accommodating. Doll-like, her body—torso and limbs—are exchangeable: only her eyes—the blue lens, slick, dilating—and that slice of mind, the recollection of her past, irretrievable. He will swap that body as the flesh fails. For her, there is no difference between the skin she claims her own and air