

mouth


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ceel mogami de haas, miriam kongstad, toon fibbe & laura wiedijk
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(13 errata: on what we mistook for our mouths) 

[[EARLY THAT MORNING WORDS WERE
MISSING. (MISTAKEN FOR OTHERS). I MEET
YOU IN THE CAR. SILENT ON OUR WAY RIDING
TO THE SECOND MOUTH INN, YOU PUSH IN THE
CASSETTE. MISTOOK TAPE X FOR TAPE XX.]

at the Second Mouth Inn we drive, park and take a
room. i write my name in every one of your books.

— you send for a second 2nD dry gin. another last
line. furniture, speakers, the curtains make shadows.
(wake me if you need another poem).



At the Second Mouth Inn i dream !oh marvelous error. that there was a hive of bees and these bees were making white combs out of all my failur3s. we were dream natives you and i. sleep requires a lot of space. it is stranger than habit. you see, i didn't want a pony for xmas i wanted a wolf. if the body is an idea, then it is an idea made of fur.

@ the Second Mouth Inn i'm on All Fours trying
to take my shoes off. too late, a repeating foot.
@ midnight + 1 you give me the book Women Who
Run With The Wolves saying, she can articulate
herself better than any of my words can. (and
i marvel at her ability to place the world in brackets
(a bracket's worth of mirages (quotes or/ spoons!!?)
is all i ever needed)).

at the Second Mouth Inn i spend the morning with
you rewriting spelling mistakes. with a hotel pen,
erasing all mistaken rituals. with every change
there is a betrayal. let's suppose that language is
compatible with my 3rrors. ??? your face is (pure)
query. tell me more about the animals, you said.
ah, tiny experience.

~~at~~
~~at~~
at

the Second Mouth Inn memory can edit reality in
some such ways, and the memory proves too good to
let go. what memory is no longer a gripping thought?
suction cups, i mistook it for a happy song.

(at) the Second Mouth Inn sometimes a person's
tongue becomes a whole dining room table, tasting.
i undo the button to my jeans.

cheek of a fish
nails as teeth..
words we read whilst sucking an olive
the secret juice of unripe peaches
heels of bread left for tomorrow's hard tasting.

atthesecondmouthinn you choose a pick which holds sandwiches together. you say it's to live a life better than everyone else. a pick which holds sandwiches together, i mistook it for your finger.

i mistook your eye socket for a basin.
i mistook you for an empty well. mistook yours for my
baAhd breath. you mistook me for thunder. i mistook
your spine for a judge, the only authentic instrument
with(in) which to measure your spine, i mistook it
for a stack of lemons. i mistook your furry nose for a
calm voice. mistook a voice for your voice. only your
tail was human. (and you now only use long words).
i mistook the smell of tiredness for rain. blue light for
a dark night. i mistook your sadness for thirst, then
felt like rolling in the dirt, eventually to become one
person gathered up in moving pixels.... i mistook your
hair for a public garden, they sprouted then i itched.
mistook your pussy for a kiwifruit. i mistook, etc.

Q2 the Second Mouth Inn nothing reveals me quite
as much as when i/m misbehaving. on the edge of
a mistake is a flavour of fear. i mistook my leg for
your leg. mistook your mouth for my mouth. aristotle
thinks a mistake is an interesting mental event. says
that metaphor causes the mind to experience itself in
the act of making a miztake. let's do another take!!!
do another take.

in the Second Mouth, i imagine my mouth in so many
mouths. speech is the surplus of the kiss. you are not a
neutral instrument, you are kneeling woman. and you
speak of leaves. (speak in leaves). you are spacious
like chance. i mistook you for a field.

-> the Second Mouth Inn i read from your book about the archetype of a neglected hotel, a place of the female psyche. i read that La Loba, the female wolf, collects bones of old women in the mountains. gathers them into a large basin until she decides on a song. then La Loba opens her mouth and begins to sing and the bones begin to grow hair. i mistook it for a birth somewhere. her furry body starts to run, and as she turns into a wolf she drives into the sun. nothing is more dangerous than to leave -----

-----> the default option.
i say this to the fly sitting on my shoulder. then through the window of your car i go to give you back your book. know full well you'd say, no you keep it, and my ::'politeness:<* kills the mood. off with such speed you become impersonal. at such speed you become mist, or a light gel.

at the 2nd Mouth Inn what remains is just a library of
gifted books, mistaken for second mouths. sitting in a
line, amongst the vases of fake flowers.

