

to the skin on boiled milk



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on boiled milk,  
to the skin

who are you, and why are you here? what do you say to the  
unknown, the unknowns, the others? that, which sit above  
and beneath you? bubbling casein trapping protein for body  
shakes, such protein saturation.

casein meet so and so—  
i've never been good at introductions, or introducing for  
that matter. maybe because i'm not very good at transport.  
i mean, being succinct. i fear the long-haul drawl and  
just jump to Proper Names. i don't say friend. sometimes  
though, sometimes i like to try band information together.  
then it's either meet my friend, or meet my lover (friend  
always comes first, we don't like to offend).

casein get to know your stressor—  
heat. you are now a solid protein: denatured, unsutured  
from your structure. free and floating to the top with fat  
your neighbour, now without water. 'guilt too is a distilled  
substance, said someone somewhere. and like someone else  
said, *we always eat the other.*

on boiled milk,  
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i peel myself an orange and think about how much better  
i feel when the kitchen is clean and how i didn't really enjoy  
those long pauses when we were outside and could finally  
hear each other speak. but it was as though when inside we  
stood under the speakers with the music too loud—these  
things on purpose—and when it got a bit more gooey, just  
began to, it was when we were listening to our own speech.  
he—you, me—me, so interested in what each self had to  
say, reluctantly moving, that now outside with cigarette we  
sort of didn't enjoy hearing the other.

it seems we are, our own internal threat to security.

i sort of said thank you, but had to go.

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

i've been thinking about you as a field, and wondered if  
you're existential?

i heard the storyteller kevin kling speak of how he had  
arrived at the title of his book, *the dog says how*. he had been  
using voice-activated software to detect his speech, helping  
him transfer it into typed text. he had an accent, he said,  
the software was getting used to it. he also had an accident,  
12 years back, on his right arm. motorbike. his left arm,  
deformed at birth.

one day writing in garden, his dog and cat were conversing  
behind him: *rouw rouw rouw, meow meow meow, rouw*  
*rouw rouw, meow meow meow*, which both kevin and his  
microphone heard. they were having an existential crisis, so  
of course the text on the screen began filling with Hows and  
Whys, *how how how, why why why—rouw rouw rouw, meow*  
*meow meow*.

is anything ever one thing?

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

*consider this:* an almond.

*consider this:* (slapskin) spaghetti.

*three acts:*

~ in lieu of dinner, i threw spaghetti at the wall. felt  
self-conscious.

~~ but they say, gravity—we're still bounded by the  
(apparently shifting rules of) it. we can't get away from the  
centre. except for al dente spaghetti, ready.

~~~ spaghetti knows, string theory.

and now consider the mouth of a dam the tongue its  
repercussions.

but then,

C  
A  
P  
I  
L  
L  
A  
R  
I  
E  
S

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

are you capillaries, but a flat out field? defeating central  
energy, a little void for sucking up? and i seem so  
malleable—my being. that is, the inside of my mouth.



on boiled milk,  
to the skin

it was in craving sugar that i probably shouldn't have been missing

but i do and pepp er cakes still thrill m e.

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

i've been counting the fumes in each nostril, breathing heavy to the rhythm of the 9 o'clock news (and the bell tower, both of which escort the day). despite calmness in the trickles, and the reading of baradian openness, one is still aware of dashed-time here—the bell indicating numbers of hours in straight-lined tones, first in congratulations and later as a tut-tut to not what has been done—though the bell rings it rings and there is a communal relation to this ring, we feel it in our means.

such left-right monochronics send me to the baker to (make) *cum panis* before midday:

dear dough,

in her foreskin to the book, *queering the non-human*, donna haraway says that *all of the orifices of materiality are open to companions*. it is the foreword to a book dog-eared and chewed by the rabbi, then the cynics (the canines), devout in tone. she offers, *the root meanings of 'companion' brings us to eat together, to breaking bread to a classical meal—cum panis. 'to companion' ties us together in eating and pleasure... knots of many kinds.*

we break bread to eat one of the same a round line of a log, the baguette. each baguette in town has been purchased and logged for its breadth of shaft and length, perhaps weight unnecessary.

made on-site, the dimensions are as follows:

*dulaurent frères boulangerie*

|                      |                                |
|----------------------|--------------------------------|
| baguette tradition   | length - 46 cm, shaft - 8 cm   |
| baguette moulée      | length - 67 cm; shaft - 6 cm   |
| baguette de compagne | length - 54 cm; shaft - 9 cm   |
| sarmentine           | length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm |

*fournil de trayeux boulangerie*

|                    |                                |
|--------------------|--------------------------------|
| baguette tradition | length - 44 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm |
| baguette moulée    | length - 48 cm; shaft - 7.5 cm |
| baguette ordinaire | length - 52 cm; shaft - 8.5 cm |

dear breadfellows,

i open my orifice to you. the wrinkle in a handshake, cracks and creases of exchange.

))))))

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

what's more last month, being nomadic i was sitting in front of you,  
rosi braidotti, the mouthiness of the highly articulate at a conference  
(ty paris). your waving technique was with a clenched fist to  
someone on the other side of unesco—were you holding something,  
a gesture of solidarity? a gesture?

together we listened to the coloured words of a man, who was  
an artist-scientist but a blueberry-lover first, finishing a finnish  
residency in the highlands, he was a quirk. and i thought of the word  
gesture, remembering a conversation with a shade of a lover-friend  
discussing the equivalent male-term of *having a flick*. we came to  
the conclusion that *gesturing* could be apt, the verb a softness to it,  
between two sides, *gesturing*, to *gesture*, shared (intra)activity perhaps?

and then you spilt some carbonated water.

i first heard the fizzle, some gassy action behind knowing that that  
would be the cap point of (eternal) return. go back rosi go back, but  
you kept the twist twisting, and in the next minute covered the notes  
of your table. were there some tissues, reaching in my bag? only  
some semi-snotted, me post-flu.

deliberating the ethics, what my response-ability was in this scene i  
could not unsee, i turn around and glimpse you flailing, sleevelessly  
dripping a fancy loch onto the floor with hand written points.

a pause.

in this capillared pause raising up i thought of how long  
liquid defies gravity—those little holes that shoot up—and  
when do tiny tubes become tiny? what is scale anyway?

my morals unstable, i take another turn lefty-loopy and  
you receive the slightly stained kleenexes of missing and  
collected mucus with a sighing gesture of relief.

absorbing renata adler, she says *crying was not, by no means,*  
*her modus operandi. nonetheless, she wept.* i wonder if she held  
onto both tissue(s) simultaneously? a-tissue a-tissue we all  
the flesh, fall in.

on boiled milk,  
to the skin

i want to think of you as a translator because themes give  
me frames and framing you might be one, lettuce see.

is the translator an apparatus? is the apparatus a membrane?  
is the membrane a form? should i eat one more slice of fresh  
cream? or should i frame you as a question, marks  
on bodies, a provocation. are you a trace?

*apparatuses are not merely about us*, says friend karen barad.  
oh how selfish of me, i say pouring more luck onto my  
tongue. but are you a solid, liquid or gas, i ask 'cause the  
cow gives birth to a calf who drinks the milk and we eat the  
cheese of the stomach of the calf whose rennet runs through  
the milk, thick. think thickly the curd curdles, rising, and *fat*  
*risers* robertson once said, who isn't a man you turd.

but is the membrane a translator?

they are though, barad says, about producing differences that  
matter, *boundary-making practices that are productive of, and part*  
*of, the phenomena produced.*

could you be this, for me skin? don't hesitate you matter, even  
if we don't. what boundaries are you making and how, do i sip  
you? or maybe it's about reframing the question, knowing the  
answer, manipulation.

SSSS

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(       ) )

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don't worry with a cuppa, i'll be meeting the universe, in halfa.

,oiled milk

on the skin

under hot air

just the skin

thunder hair,

no moiled

!bilk,

adjust the thing

soothe the shin

Shoo the sin Shoo the sin Shoo the sin Shoo the sin Shoo the sin Shoo the sin

on boiled milk,

to the skin

but, uh..

butter.

every moment.

on boiled milk, and  
to the skin

then i ask before i go, is the elegance of matter dependent  
on its resistance?

*(ice stuck on tongue)*

a lick between said years?

