The Hant Variance Finale by Sabisha Friedberg

Tuesday, June 16, 8pm 55 Walker Street, nyc

the cornered plane, 9 parts sent/ received battled swooping marginalized it forcibly-allowed Beneath. shuddered all that cascades in directed falls to chase “la chase” that subsumed in variations capturing the gnomic projections, anticipating the knowing that resides in the
past of this new ZONE. Black paneled, portent maneuverings, stations, precision variations of the tones ‘memory’ telling the tale of something, felt, the hant something that was there now activating, resounding, a created circled square, non-directional, spatial, recording. an existent reading pittance coming through the--- longings of subversity sub- -as--acronym, as we go below. The aural self. retraction---sounds- illicit---awakening, shattered. in memory. Things that repeat, reside
we experience as uneasiness---the infra-out-of--control reactions,
a retraction. a loss of control. hauntings, residing, stasis, shifting, allocations, re-absorptions. prancing around the space beckonings. the currency of these phantoms summoning forth apparitions, absorbing what was can. Generation, low-end these epiphanies, unheard, acknowledged later. what spirit forms these called upon, designated, enlivened the potency of what resides sous subservient to us as under thus swells about. in no light. illumini-lumina less above to clasp hands bright as directed to cast spell movements, taken over oscillations circulations numeric synchronize electric synapse captive. movements heralded tones filaments of voices (afar) distanced entrapment, days/ nought of subsuming (brightest) CONSTELLATED extension entrenchment then farther below frequencies (loss) lower of (premise) though something other steers through - tools taking on the impossible (stasis) nebulous forms (fares) variations of melody could we know (humid humane) tensions, the sounds have foresight propelling given in pursual there are corners quadrants 9 amplifying
binaural mind two screens a myriad of apparatus sources from (haunted) moments and the curious ghost hant of the present which in a newish CASING IS that much more present---its not an ominous PLACE this but rather an emotive longing which as a confused arising gives way to fright confrontation of resonances unnamed unprocessed unformed un-recapitulated...uncertainty, when nothing is stagnant capture contextually arrested a confrontation is there---the harrowing infer infra mince of being catapulted into one’s senses. (emotional) nether zone. (the center cavity) where to feel That’s not usually allowed repeats repeats until acknowledged like the sound on the stairs and the knocking taps on walls or a graze on the skin alighted breath hear me acknowledge so that i might go alight it says
i am locked in memory my emotion is the footing on the incline the creak is me opening my hands i can be liberated if i can be felt in an my effuse form it said
in sound i’m given voice don’t fear i’m only in transience—-SPHERE
unlike you i have nothing to shield there is no mayhem i’m just locked in this never-time (in this knowing acknowledged we endeavor to let you go to the next ascensioning (nous somme tous)

rapping incantation without the temporal
endeavors to relieve
in the giving of dimension

in a spinning form
(the stylus grazes)
the hallucination is within us
tenderness alighted resting in
this nape of a phantom neck
soothing diffuse memories
you’re been activated within
with sonics (refractions) diffusion
unheard by us but its your domain catalyst can we be of some use? triggers metaphysics vibratory
shudders holding you within
as you tell your story dwelling through a certain
magnetism (magnificence)
holding held tremors feeling sensing you//
being possessed with a sorrow transcendent
as you call out in both and every ways
you can’t have mastery you’ve ended up the only true entity
we fear you because we exist in unknowing of a miraculous faith
you have access to the passageways but your throughways have endings

you will open the portals FOR RIVULETS and threads

if only

caressing you is to give

which seem myriad
(you've scarred me before when i ignored the signs) by the window and you on the spirals of stairs in the tower i did not want to leave you when you sent the sign
thousands of perforated black tuning panels absorbed only one can know what.
a ceiling that in its obsidian seems limitless. a gut that endures with
the directional pulls in guidance. Our concentration is leveraged by things activated in spirit forms. There is no darkness. There is neither blackness. its limitless light defying darkness. enshrouded by our
own (obsidian) as servants, as relinquishing control, as allowing for these un-forms to make a illustrious-likeness, our heart subsumed. i'm kneeling. may i never be as you but (suspended) in at once i might be similarly floating entrapped by what is felt and not finished, use me, to transport, i spread my chest, go on, we'll lay the grooves for your traces.

There is no randomness its the aligned poles of a few rumored entered swirls we traversed that portal mayhem hands signaling its a spiral from a haunted memory a demonstration for yearnings existing only for one who encounters another never (really) captured parallel joinings
we need mirrors at the precedence oracles and seers that start before significance palms held out to readers flashing in panes fleshy signifiers well the lust kept me captured in worldly ways that part of...a pressed and known interruption of the adept, all the tinctures and prayers could not pry the passage still ancient illicitings untouched but burning and feverish. layaway. as the MERCURY master rises, falls. deepness that ruins. skipped the cycle. concentric thoughts. hence the capturing, bass/ rumblings. directing a cadence of frequencies = moves the ignition. all begins with this and that of emotive range matters, most because it existed from beginnings and does no justice to our ears incidental. so many hearings. corporal as in whole body. i remember lying on the non-lit treated fitted floor seemingly endless with partitioned walls. abyss ceiling. how did spirits arrive so soon. new structure capturing votaries, elementals. Protectors deployed for indentations, incantations. arrangements and the weeks of shivers and longing cavity fallings but so concentrated. paris, fallen sky locked away in quarantine a beauty of bliss disorientation, then hoping, then guidance

a waking order, breath, calling on spirits - the light uniform unity threads, tendrils of so many benevolent sources. an elliptical mass coming into a woven linearity. hearts exhumed as fodder. midst. one night the tuned lungs upside down hollow best of pains crushing, to not be forgotten. edits.

then the imprints we design that are //above// all. only fortitude and worth for formulating an interior translation. this is the purpose. all of this not need to be induced. here then lofty. its starting without human frailty, there in slides the night. to know the name of the treatise. were passionate yearnings stronger before they had form. ecstatic with omniscience. before there was flesh. i was a torturer by thinking. teased and desirous. obsession then obsession. something elevated that can be extracted. taking it into an ignited spiral. i would say to no one i would save no one.

but this is the hollow of brightness, dispelled-then-returned from the holy quarters. overtones harbored in solitary earnestness. divinities- protecting naked mercenary prima fumes. the unity of our needed shard- ing and then the slowness of an exalted mending. alembics. starry-eyed stray beasts chasing laser light pointers. everything existing given

the moments arising - said. to carry on a conscious handling of every initiate's step-ascending.