

SWAMP NEI MIP

SEX

1.

When I started being a pute, around 17, I started to dream about a factory overgrown with moss.

2.

The factory was grey, green, copper and dewy. Inside, it felt humid and the walls were in a constant state of leakage. A body unable to contain its fluids. It was built upon marshes. When in the factory, I was either running, or laying down in order to feel the cold and damp concrete on my skin.

During that same period, I also dreamed of a stone closing up upon me, in order to finally sleep without having to care about anyone knocking on the door of my membranes. The problem with the factory was that there were no doors, nor any possibility of hermeticism. That's exactly why I would run. In order to remain out of reach, you only ever can choose between total stillness or hectic movement.

I would run, trying to gather objects which had to be kept unseen here and there. I would find refuge up in the roof. In the glasshouses, where it would smell of bitter oranges. Their skins were glowing in the sun and screaming with juice. The bark of the trees was rough, and sap sweaty, as if one could hear syrup pulse through. The tiles of the orangerie were dirty and each square had a slightly different colour, between pale ochres and warm greens, which I liked. One day, a man came in and opened up lots of passages, he read up letters, found some secret little bones of my body, secret stones, secret roots, secret names, dispatched as horcruxes. He would jostle cupboards, sheets of steel and furnitures. Each time he would find one of the reliques, it would hurt inside of me. The feeling of a foreign body touching you where no one could ever have entered. A place even further than a cock's possible reach. The pain of a place so far that I do not have the vocabulary to define it. The hyper-intimate, The seeds, The entrails. A piece of shadow's organs. Something so intimate it doesn't belong to me but to itself.

3.

I am turned on by lichen, stickiness and swamps. By permeable membranes, by the tension between hermétisme and porosity, by principles of contamination. By organs that simultaneously belong to more than one body. By the way water attaches to the skin when placing a finger at its surface. By the exact moment at which lips separate when the mouth opens, by the site-specific saliva-resistance. Shedding skins, dirt in your bellybutton, endosymbiosis and sea slugs spitting a raft they hang onto. Slime spreading out to reduce the friction between bodies and the surface they move upon. I am turned on by the wax solidifying on your spine, being peeled off and by the hair of yours it will trap. Interfaces. Interskins. Intermatters.

4.

I could hide who I was without having to worry about anyone having the capacity of guessing their way beneath my skin. I had drawn mire-traces to guide the way all over my body. I would prep myself, scrub myself, oil myself, produce an invisible film which they could touch. I was an artisan of the epidermic. My inner self would get high from being so well concealed. My insides would orgasm alone and splatter on the envelope. When clients would fall flaccid and moaning, the potency of my guard was affirmed.

What excited me, was the notion of control. If I held the rules well enough, then the recluse cavities of myself could spill out with amplitude. The guts would inundate, overrun and devour the moment. My guts are what hardens, gets wet and ejaculates. It's the mucky blood beneath short nails, the burning face, the burning ass cheeks, the burning abs, it's what squirts and closes its eyes but looks at you nonetheless. It's the licked foam, the heart beating inside the pussy. It's not letting go, It's a factory-labyrinth of closing up. My sex would splurge only when concealed. I had to be sure of my unreachable-ungraspable posture in order to enjoy fucking.

5.

Actually, it was just sad. I thought I was managing but there was a gap of sadness. The gap had been dug so low that it gave me the impression of a forced rip. Of an impossibility of presence. My relentlessness only increased the frustration. When nothing comes in, nothing flows out, so I dried up and shrank with rage. Bog body. My cold lips would not manage to blow. I left. I ran away from the factory of my dreams by a tunnel through the woods and I ran fast because the soil was gluey.

6.

Time has passed. I now want to return to the factory, to slowly open all the the doors, to fuck crudley on its mossy floor, I want us to fuck in the mud, I want the maps of our asses to imprint on dust. I want to look at her hands for hours, and to recall the pace at which her hair retain sweat. I want her name to resonate in each corridor, pore and floor. My hands are unafraid. I want to know her pains and know where she carries them. It's not control any longer but the acuteness of listening and the hyper-presence of micro-gestures. It's to fuck with all that. All the weight of our mental buildings embodied.

7.

I feel a liquid field forming inside, as the waves erode the walls from within, I am loving you.

8.

I want to be all that, something stable which wanes at your contact. I am a dyke and I'm not a women. I get hard and I get wet. I bleed and I lick blood with calm. Loved bodies can drool all they want, we'll look at the glimmers under the light. I want wax to melt inside of us, a mossy clamping ring, dangling and flopping belts, mellow spears, wire haired philtrum, solid abs, collapsed peccs, copper-like transpiration. Pouches leaking, leaving silver ooze all over my fingers. I want to lick your hands and taste the places which made your day. I want to follow all the strati, the floods, the breaches, the stagnating waters. Marshlands as sliding terrain. I want your tummy to growl and sing, I want to be with what it says.

Hi, I'm Nel and as an artist, I do installations, moist jellies and performed walks. I'm interested in questions of shedding skins, interdependent memories and fluid identities. I like to work with other people in order to create stories together. I currently live in Nice where i've just finished my Masters and will probably stay around here for some time.