

Performance Script
I Collect Neglected Venoms
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i
i
i
i
i
i
i
I

KNOW
NOTHING
ABOUT
BOATS

I do know
organisms
beneath their sloping sides and sails
the deep sea guys

lazy gulls gaze
grinning bobbing

jellyfish so silently floating
on tip toes all over
tides toe into shore
sure stings happen
move around
sea

I'm a person

I'm people

I remember how the back of my head felt when I was young

I don't know where my intelligence is, if I even have any, if intelligence is
something one can have like a pet or a virus

I would like to live near the sea and walk on the beach all day looking at the
things that wash up on the shore

I put my soul in what I do- last night I drew a picture of a hairy shape floating above a woman's head

I'm very good with plants and I rescue them when I see them abandoned on the street in my city

My body is opaque and I cover it with clothing to protect it from the sun, elements and from animals and other people

When it's very cold I allow only my eyes to show. Sometimes I stay inside all day

I take care of my skin: I put on a mask made of seaweed and clay and gently wash it off after it starts to crack

I believe in nonsense, in the truth in the confusing, in the wisdom of a squirrel

I believe in the beauty of supermarket systems and organized products

I believe in the holiness of vowel sounds, in the tenderness of O's and Ah's

I believe in the sound of a name, the shape of that sound, and the meaning of that name

I believe in the liberation of being lost and of losing everything, of total possibility in total annihilation

I believe in the practicality of lying down on the floor or on a bed of moss

I believe in all our dirty secrets, mundane shames and bizarre compulsions

I believe every story anyone has ever told, all dreams, all visions, all lies

I believe you had a good reason for being late

I believe in the lips, teeth, and tongues of great men and women, and armpits, backs of their wrists and insides of their elbows

I believe in the vast imagination of humanity and it's power to transcend to-go cups

I believe in our obvious vulnerability and all our projects to control, contain, and shield ourselves

I believe all things contain their opposite

I believe that that we never really know how we appear to others

I feel, as one does with the dead, that I've left something unfinished, a conversation, and we go on with that conversation, addressing ourselves to the dead, even if a certain haziness of memory clouds our wake over these conversations we never had. If their faces are forgotten, if certain features have faded, as in a painting, all that remains are our own voices, which we feel can't be answered. Yet from somewhere the dead do answer. Or they refuse to out of spite. Like stubborn schoolgirls who won't speak. We go on speaking. We are aware of moving our lips, though there is no one there. But is there any way of thinking without words? As if humanity were a language primer and every human being made up of letters.