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Some Siren Sounds : Bethany Ides // VISITATION

Sounding like a Voice of Believing Not Retreating, says:

I am experiencing so much.

I am remaining in control of the uncontrollable.

& I am remaining in the space out in the middle of the act as I write this.

I am eating a meal that the waiters are calling an experience.

They are asking me how I'm enjoying my experience and I am experiencing so much.

The spaghetti strands are falling out of my mouth and landing in an open mouth.

I'm breathing in motions and breathing out spaghetti strands.

This is how to have a house in the swamplands.

I am breathing and hearing and believing my breath is like that.

& just as the Wind was knocking items — napkins, wrappers — off a table, not like they're blowing, like they're hit, a direct & sudden hit:

The final *out*, O Sisters!, is *open*.

We are hearing and breathing without any sign of sight.

Without anything in sight!

Blurting again in succession then suddenly:

O warmly without, without even feeling cloistered, whereby a man is waiting, see where a main is fleshly, waiting. See where his warm flesh feeling tender turns from dead to not-dead. The mark that might distinguish it, that he could see & touch to turn it. Like an on/off nestled in, you just have to reach around & feel to flip it, by feel in the dark.

Who's anxious & pre-entered like a hamster hidden in the clothes of a man whose chest moves slightly more than just w/ chest breath, 2 kinds of breathing & arranging itself inside of his shirt:

A spaghetti strand that enters into a temporarily tattooed man. The man with the temporary tattoos covering up his other tattoos turns and trembles &, before anyone can see him coming, removes himself. & as if on a screen you're seeing, the man is stretching his arm into that screenal space & feeling around & he pulls out a message that you see in his hand he's waving now in the face of it. He's massaging it between his fingertips, & crawling his fingers around the throat while crossing the street & is making the street seem less long as it's foreshortened from the view he's showing. This neck is like a tube growing longer to accommodate more and more messages. On the very day he's doing this, he's backtracking later on. The later is now & he's sitting at home again carefully transcribing and is mastering my handwriting, letter by letter, Sisters! my Sisters, every one of us, unknotting and letting go a long O all around him, this man. Letting himself wriggle a little so that he can slip thru what cartoon holes we send to see him.

Inside:

No to its little whimpering nativity.

No room in the in.

No little listservs for swelling & dispersing, for infinite redressing.

Her is a Hers that's Unseen, off-screen:

We won't make the wrongly right but we can remove into an internal pool & stay, Sisters, to say about our wriggling out of there, our hair all swirling like it would blow in the air.

& Feeling into View:

Everything in here. Sounds like speakers thru a warm wall. All long and full vowels that make the wall shake. & hearing the inches inside the wall then. These are the vowel sounds we'll use to say to stay in place, these are the ones we'll come to know.

All about it, all at once:

One is turning her head and allowing for many asides spouting out from within a center crater that makes us all at once wonder & all



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the while we whisper:

- *Is there a whisper? I mean rupture, I meant to say, in that impossible voice of implausible punctuation, it's making me sleepy to hear it pronounced.*
- *A song and the slight instance of swamp that could suspend us, that we might find our apparatuses suspended in, in tar, a low roil that's occurring yet, all this time, that's regretting we're forgetting.*
- *That's recurring, like the activation of a protein that envelops & protects it, like the act of remembering molecularizes what moments we might know so we can sort & see, & to arrange them, in a sense of movement that we'll say is our sense, that we're moving along.*
- *Thru's & out's & thoroughly seeing from one space to another, pneumatic & into & because of, forthwith, not withholding anything.*

It rests in the tip & the tip — of the edge of the outer — skin where it walls off the in from the outside — & holding it — & holding it in — & us backing up & going thru the holding breaths, counting breathing, countlessly:

- thru & out —
- thru & out —
- thru & out —

A symbol — (sigh).

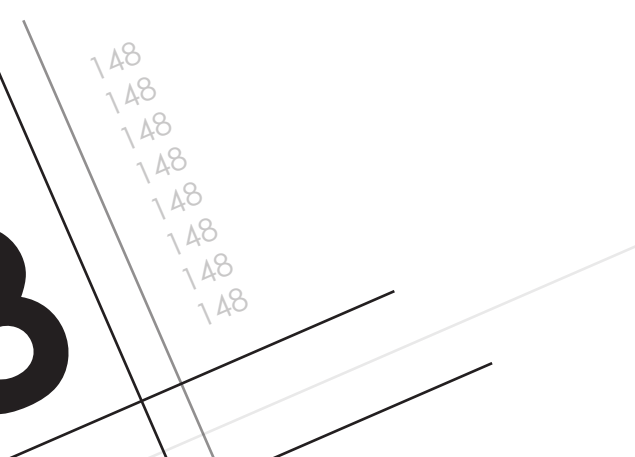
Out.

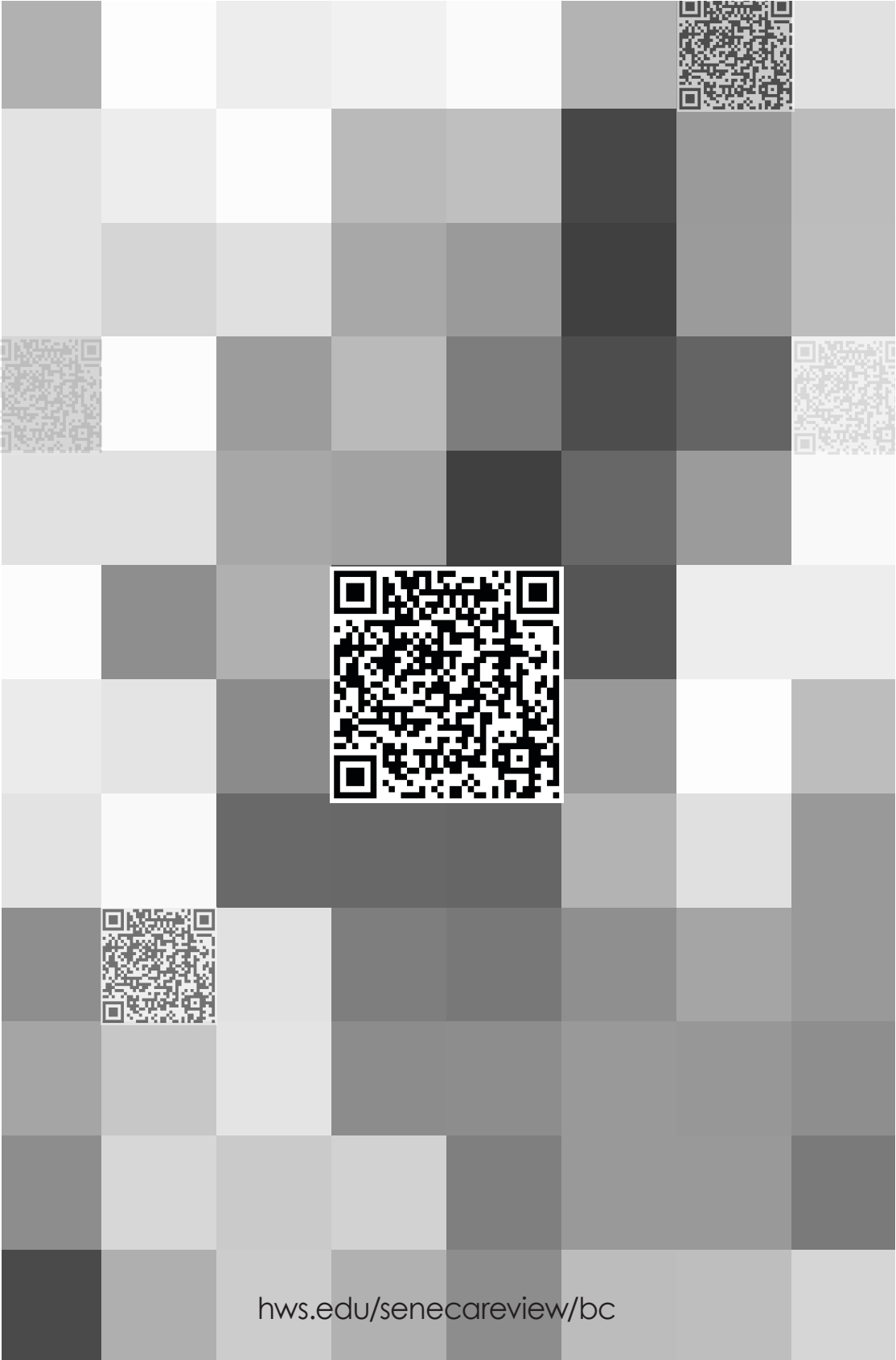
But thru & pulling out in long & gummy, in syrupy by now strands, in energetic, w/ our fingertips, endless, it's endlessly forming itself from inside our mouths so it keeps coming out & into endlessly. It's like 2 projectors. It's like 4 projectors. It's like us 3 projectors in between these numbers & the film tape strung & repeating & performing room upon room, hearing hearing. It's like our listless ears listing the sounds out. It's like syrupy strands of sweet spaghetti that came for dessert, we're only ever ordering some form of dessert.

Just so exhausted by it — & exhausting what passed thru & what is left, backward-seeming like a regular leftover resolved to be dinner again.

An educational setting.

A place setting for us to eat at, speak w/o accents, unpunctuated breath, just fluid & fluidly returning, like a place to return to.





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