

## FORMING

I draw an off-kilter blue circle on the stage.

It's forming a boy named Jan

who's 22.

He's been Dead for 41 years

and changed his name to "Devil".

The circle isn't filled in - it's a ring,

a gap for Devil to crawl out of.

Because of this ring, we feel married, but

what we do is secret.

Devil says "what am I doing here on the other side of the world"

and I say "I don't know, I read about you on the Internet.

I want to make poems together."

He says –

WE ARE BREATHING FIRE

WE ARE PACKS OF DOGS

WE ARE ENEMIES OF MEN

That's our first poem.

I ask what it's like to be Dead and he says "I don't know."

I ask "Have you met my uncle who died about a month ago? I miss him and sense the gap, but I haven't been home since he died, so I can only anticipate it. When he died, or in the lead-up, I was hoping I'd have some kind of dream where I would feel it and know it happened and make sense of it. I didn't have any dreams."

Devil says “being Dead feels the same way”.

I say to Devil

“My uncle was an artist and my favourite work of his was a big circle of 8 electric fans, turned on and facing inwards. It was an invisible sculpture and you could stand in the middle and feel something.”

Devil says “that’s the same as me, you make a big blue circle and stand there and you can feel me.”

We agree that the gap in circles are for ghosts.

We agree that blue is for ghosts.

We make another punk poem.

We want everything

GimmieGimmieGimmieGimmieGimmieGimmieGimmie

This

That

The structure I’d made has started to crumble because I have no focus and it’s an in-joke for myself

and I realised I’m already meant to be leaving the house

and I have to grow up eventually

and if you leave a gap then there’s space for things to collapse.

Devil asks me “What’s it like to miss someone?”

and I get up a YouTube video called “CARS BUT WITHOUT CARS”.

The video is what it says; the movie *Cars* but with every shot of any car taken out.

The result is meaningless dialogue and beautiful computer animated streets and roads, all of which are empty.

I say “Missing someone is beautiful but something is still missing and it’s ultimately meaningless.”

When I’m sad I feel like a small spasm on the face of the earth.

Devil and I have that in common.

I’ve been listening to hardcore again,

maybe because

Death is hardcore. It’s comforting.

It reminds me of being a teenager because I have no control.

Death doesn’t either. It’s comforting.

We write one more poem, for ourselves.

heading for the centre

It was their story they wouldn’t let it go

When Devil finally has to go, I read him a poem my friend gave me in high school.

She wrote in all the margins and made me wish I could too.

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Life is for the living. On my birthday, a friend played a Larry Heard song called “SUN CAN’T COMPARE”. It’s a 7 minute track. The lyrics describe how a person (“you”) has celestial power, stronger than the moon or sun. These words repeat over and over and over.

I stood on our couch and danced to the song. The window was open and the breeze blew in. I hadn’t lost anything yet, or wasn’t aware that I had.