

THE AGENT



You were composed
body-like.

You had limbs which
could move from
angled joints.

You had a long narrow face and a broad fleshy expanse where a chest could have been.

You were composed.

A body-like enclosure.

Your body enclosed.

I placed my hands on
you.

I was in my fingertips
searching for
something to open.

I could feel you
cracking underneath.

Underneath me you
fell out of yourself.

Air expressing itself in
snorts gasps and
whines.

You were sounding.

You were this sound.

You out of you a
sound.

Sounding out of
yourself.

I hear you: *I am
turned, am turning, am
being turned.*



When you were
worked upon the work
was to lay you down
and be before you.

When you were in
charge you hired me

and I was paid to trace
and touch you.

When in this hire there
was barter and
exchange as what this
scene really was you
went with it and I also
went with it.

When you gave away

shard and seizure you
lost to me your organs
and parted with your
serialized parts.

When you began to
slant you wanted to be
your voice.

When you did not have
it I removed it from it

more and it made you
obliquer.

When you were
worked I did what I
couldn't do without
you.

When you transferred
the body I was
touching you gave me

your body.

When you gave me
your weight I sank
under a layer of fat and
was underneath you
and held you lower
than you reconfiguring
your fat.

When you had me let

me do it I worked it
and held your shape.

When you did not aid
me you fell unto me
and began topping me.

When you marked me
below me I pried open
your brain.

When you were in and
above me I was
bottomed marrow.

When you could not be
held by me totally you
were composed body
by flesh.

When it wasn't real it
could still move but I

couldn't and my body
fell out of me.

When my hand found
empty spaces I peeled
your teeth apart and
slid myself in.

When this was not
your home it wasn't
mine either.

When this was our
hole you were on top
expressing yourself
minimally.

When you were sound
I pulled out of you this
sound.

When I heaved you out

of you you remained
body like you
continued through
yourself and made
your way to my lips
where you found
fingers.

When you found
fingers coming
repeatedly at you you

didn't retaliate and I
was pulled outwards
on all sides.

When you didn't
respond you made
yourself.

When you touched my
tendons in my thighs
they felt like yours.

My legs they were all
yours contracting as
you touched my
strength.

Your touching is my
force.

When you touched my
bones in my skull they

felt like yours.

My bones they were all
yours stacking as you
touched my solidity.

Your touching is my
depth.

When you touched my
veins in my forehead

they felt like yours.

My veins they were all
yours pumping as you
touched my blood.

Your touching is my
gore.

When you gashed my
innards in my core

they felt like yours.

My viscera they were
all yours shedding as
you parted them.

Your gashing is my
being.



When I held you there
you were being held.

My fingers were
wrapped around a bone
at the base of your
skull.

A bone held a chain of repetitions descending.

I began sliding my fingers down the sides of the chain.

My fingers moving along in increments.

Bone after bone you

were being counted.

I counted over you
counted on you.

You felt the measure
spread over your body.

I thought you into
parts.

You were divided by
my hand.

Cutting you to
measure.

My fingers were
sinking in wrapped
around your spine.

Together we paused

the count and held out.

We waited.

You thought I would
wait.

You waited for the
thought.

We were suspending

this whole thing.

You were lying
waiting.

I thought: we would
continue.

You could not be sure I
really had that
thought.

You only assumed.

I was being assumed.

You assuming.

For me, you assumed a
thought I was not yet
having myself.

We were not yet
believing in it I
assumed.

I remained assumed by
you. I would begin
doubting.

Doubting I would ever
start, you doubting the
end.

We were doubting onto
one another.

Doubting if you will be
touched.

If I am being touched
by you

If you will be the

toucher

If you will be touched
by touching

If I am receiving touch

If I am in the position
to receive

If you are touching me

to touch yourself

If you can get through
to yourself through me

If you could pass
through the touching

If you will be touched

If you will return

If you will move

If I move you and you
move back

If you will be voicing

If you will be your
voice

If I am touching you to
voice you

If you will be your
body

If you will be voicing
your body

If you will be voice

If I am voicing your
body

If I am bending your
voice

If you will be the body
to your voice



We were together in
different capacities.

We had decided in
advance.

I was there to receive
it.

You were to be giving.

Your hands were to
stroke.

They were stroking
shelling and setting.

I set myself for you.

You were settling in
myself a scene.

You were scattering
fossilising.

Our debris squeezing.

Between us crushing.

We had been

embracing pieces.

I wrote wet onto you.

You had already
written me.

I saw you and I repeat
you. Writing worries
into you.

Abjection posed.

Unimposing
inscription moving.

I didn't make you.

You're not born from
me.

I didn't birth you who

had never been borne
aloft out by the facts.

Were you moved.

Will you force
deprivation.

Are you also my limit.

A sufficient

impermanent subject.

Melting by bending
giving to be taking.

Problems stuck in
waiting.

The materials within these texts were initially written during a development of Public Relations a choreographic performance in April 2021. These texts have now become something else through collective editing and rewriting, the bodies and places figured within the text have shifted from the studio to something more like a page.

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contribution is published

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