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i. maya means
maya means: my whole world warps around women. what was it like to be ten? i knew less, but saw more, then: those i now pass over.

maya means: i'm pulling right and up the stairs to street-level, why?

some knee-high boots, a languid sway: a faceless dame draws me in her wake.
to honour the Somali guy, i halt & pivot left. i reconvene, i center to whatever: a silver door i’ve never seen that brings me thru a tunnel under Bay into the bus station - back into my seat & self-containment.
i'm spacey on the outside, randy within. upskirt-aggressive with the dreamy shopgirls, the single tellers on wandering lunchbreak. what was it like to be nine, again? i upsuck my gonads, train my cathexis on the super-thin Somali guy passing by. on mainland elders chatting over checkers in the foodcourt.
ii. short review: SANS SOLEIL
from heavy silk the hand extends the limb into a limpness that is zombie-like. their jumpstep is lovely, & frightening. is old or post-human, robotic / narcotic.

detail: SANS SOLEIL. Chris Marker: France, 1983
finger cymbals organize the throng. they're passing thru as paradegirls ought to. inspire us to die into a future they're returning to. we're hearing now the sounds of, what, the late '70s? i'm sceptical of travel, of international food-fests down at Harbourfront so stay inside - but this is new, i think.
iii. vocab
**lissome** is lovely, a thinning of **lithesome**.

**lithesome** is lovely tho lingers mid-word, is lascivious, slightly.
**torc or torque**, an Iron Age adornment on neck, ankle, or - I hope - a waist. Celtic, Illyrian, Scythian. Persian houris followed in fashion, with kohl around the eyes and a silver collar open at the throat.
chuppah, chuppa, huppah, chip: a nuptial canopy.

the night's a kop, a hive upon a humming throng.

gul rug, aneath: the huge, wonky octagons.

gul may be the ghazal's gal, the persian phul, the rose or roundel.
iv. eros has an underside
a stencil on Gerrard, on the sidewalk east of Jorgenson:

FIND WHAT YOU LOVE
THEN LET IT KILL YOU

follow till it folds into its opposite. extremes conjoin: the daoist dictum pkd so often cites.

the primal scene disturbs & draws us. a single face, wide & tight, for ecstasy & heart-seizure.
eros has an underside, a will to be done with it, to come apart.

thanatos is older than eros, for Freud: vestige of the pre-organic in us.¹

for William Irwin Thompson, personal death is the cost of sex, of producing genetic originals.²


to live is to strive — on life's behalf. dopamine may warp the strife into excitement, but we're wary in our depths.

in pale dreams, in an a.m. grave it is life — not death - we seem to fear.

dopamine may warp it but we tire to the same one sleep-wish: to dwindle down, get low with the immobile and senseless.
v. short review: In the Mood for Love
the era has passed: a title-card's lament. nothing that belongs to it exists, now: a mourner’s words, not objective fact. he's lost both her [Maggie Cheung] and all proportion.