

..su..as..



inside the uncanny, I dream in peace



space is my ancestor



territorial intolerance



if I wanted to say anything every time



vacuum godde



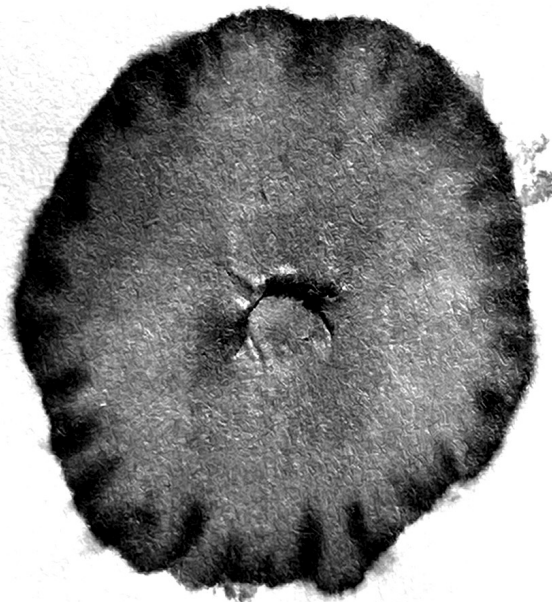
some things make better poems



as is the riddle



exhausting now



Inside the uncanny, I dream in peace

“I don’t believe you understand the gravity of your situation.”



A lawyer trying to explain to me the mass-matter of immigration.





Bütün bu camiler, minareler. Uzaktaki bir tepenin mezarlığı gibiler. Sanki Tanrı'nın öldüğünü müjdelerlermişçesine; her camide bir Tanrı yatmış, ayakları kibleye dönük. Başlar ise güneşte ; Tanrı'lar da ısınmalı. Onlar bile güneşten medet umar olmuşlar .



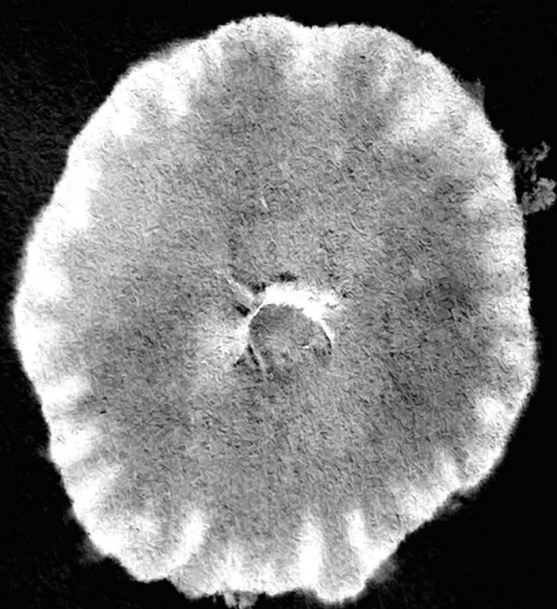


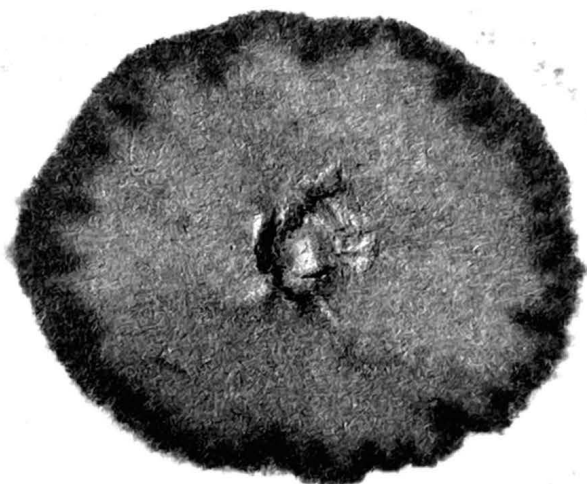
A photograph of a dead bird lying on its back on a dark, textured asphalt surface. The bird's head is turned to the left, showing a yellow beak and a dark eye. Its body is mostly dark, but the underside of its neck and chest is a pale, pinkish-white color. The background is a close-up of the asphalt, showing small stones and a rough texture. A line of pink text is superimposed diagonally across the lower half of the image.

BIRDS DON'T FEAR ME BECAUSE I FEED THEM AND THEY OFFER ME THEIR DECEASED TH

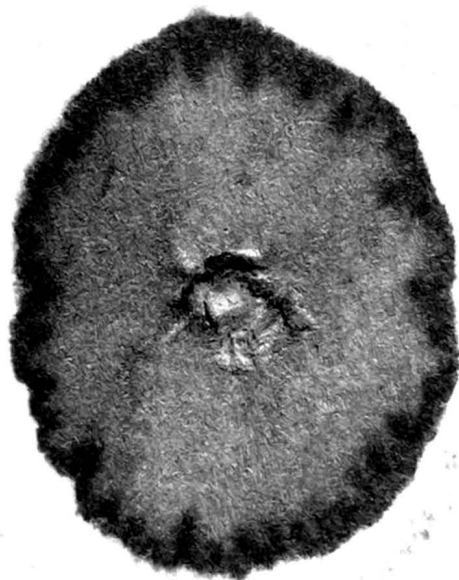


EVERYONE KNOW I'LL HONOR I AM A FUNERAL HOME FOR THE RECENTLY STIFF





Space is my ancestor

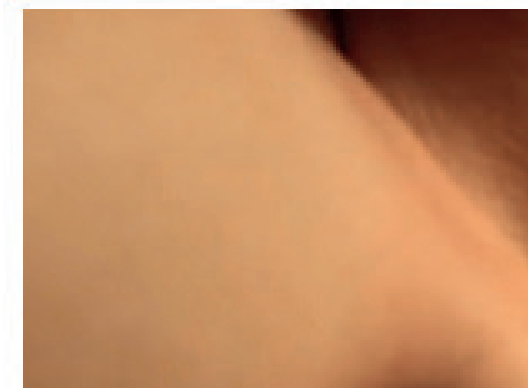
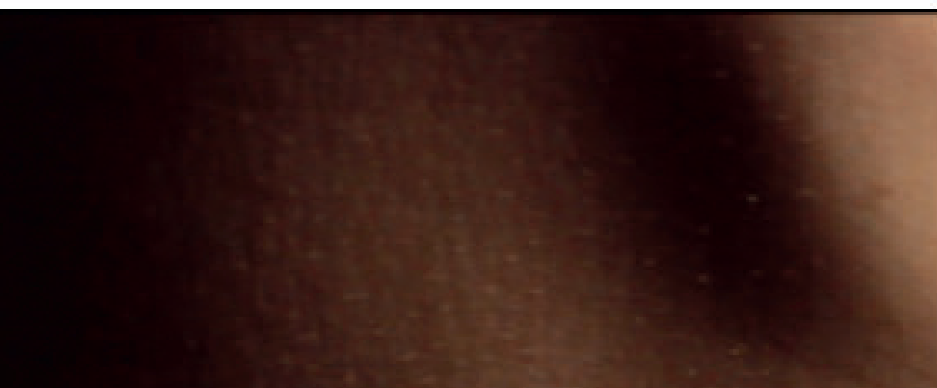
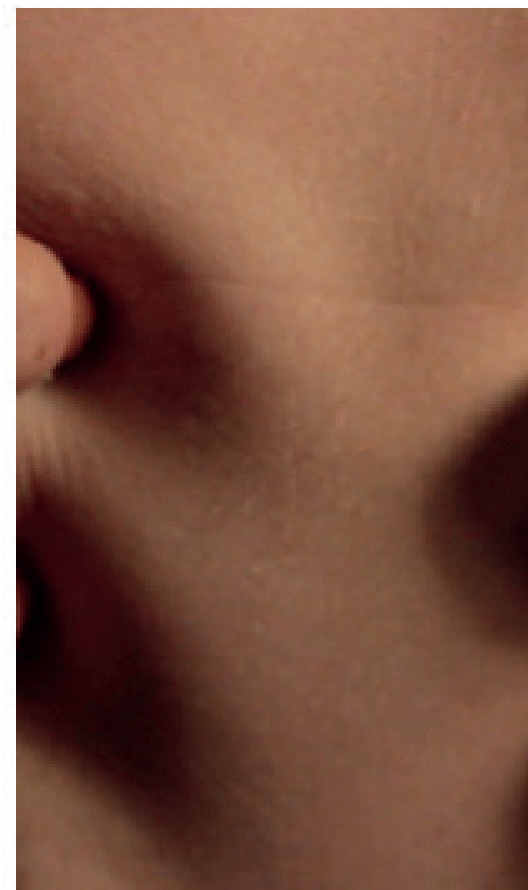




I have a tendency to lose myself in the act of orbiting

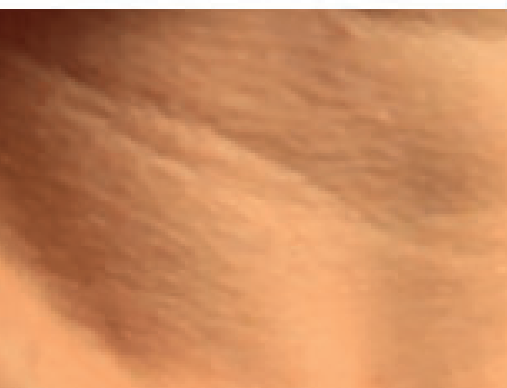


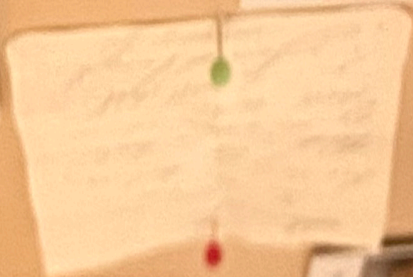
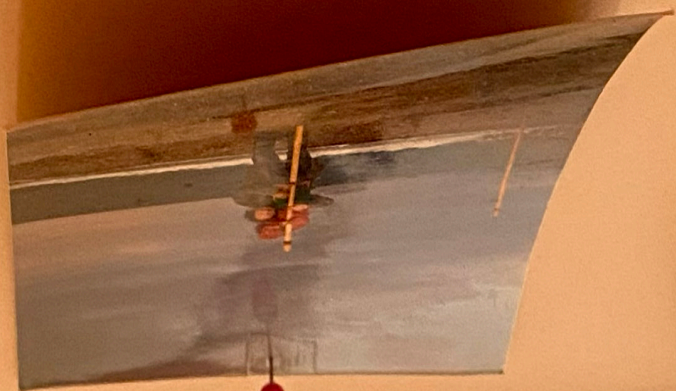
Easily fall in and out and tossed around





It is in the perfect distance to float, a numbness that helps you forget you are pulled towards






If things are fundamentally flowing, and in motion, what would come from constantly moving? errantry, can open space for a journey of imitating the 'motion' of the universe.


errantry, can open space for a journey of imitating the 'motion' of the universe. If everything moves, an errant's dance is this constant motion






If we are continuously moving or being affected by things moving around us, if we are affected by powers that alter our motion,

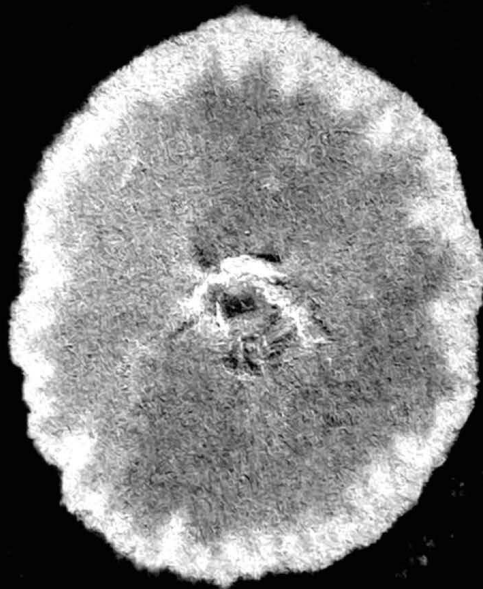
How can we find sovereignty in movements? Dance for practicing this awareness, acknowledgment, and empowerment that can offer times of intimacy, and space for permeability.

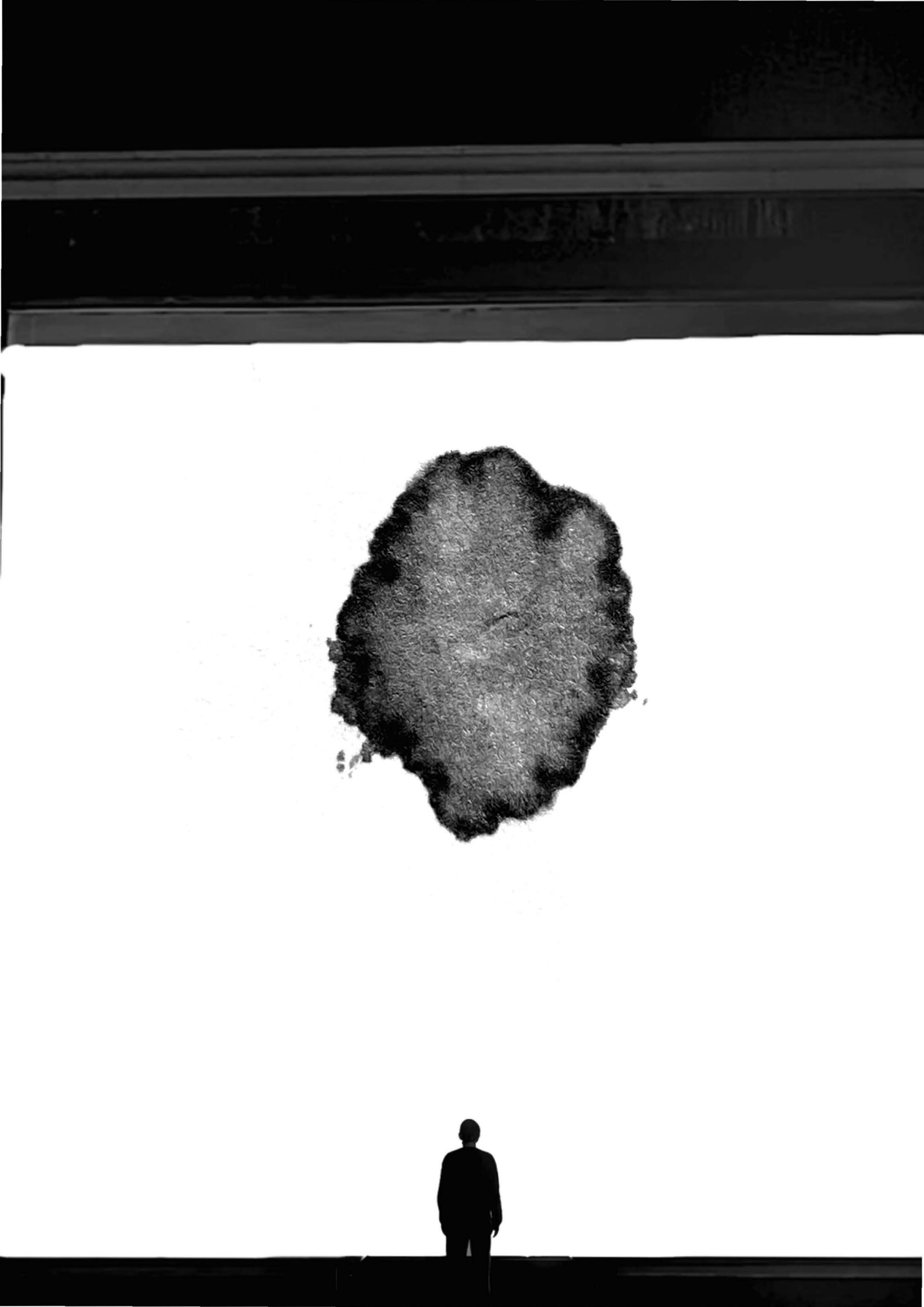


how can we acknowledge the effects of these powers, and adapt ourselves, our journeys,
our movements in which we still find sovereignty and new paths to move in relation?



Through my movements, I offer errantry as a practice of sovereignty and an ethical relation between my body
and world.



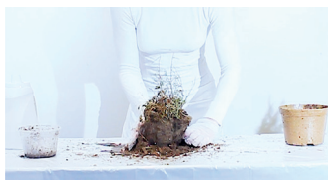


Territorial intolerance
There is no-place like home.

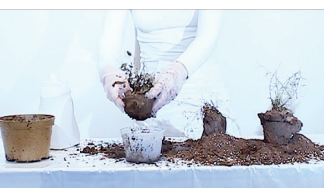




My time settled on my manubrium



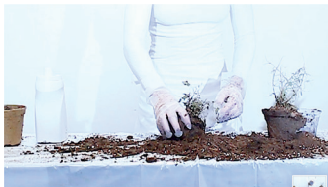
An emancipated time



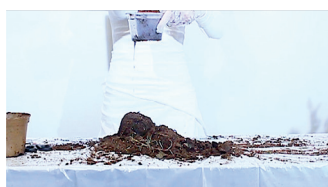
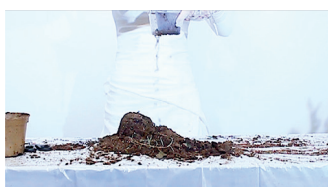
an eternity



bounded body



and settling



is a holy act.



is a holy space



a timeless palace for a time



A place to settle



Kill Buddha then. Movement continues.



I remember the time when me and my dad went to the Black Sea to swim. The Black Sea is a powerful force of nature to swim in. It generally has an immense power that manifests itself in its deep current. When you try to swim and are caught in the deep current, no matter what you do, you are sucked in and pulled. You will drown if you try to swim that current. That never works. We went to the seaside and I was just a few feet away from the shore while my dad was out in the open sea. We both got pulled by the deep current, at the same time. I was lucky that there were people to pull me out, but his story had more raw force. I still remember him telling me what he experienced; a near-death event. He got pulled in deep so fast and hard, and even though he knew he did not have to fight it, his reflexes still tried to get him back to the shore. Then he got tired and tired and he told himself to surrender. Surrender to death, surrender to the flow, to have the sea devour him. Just when he was out of breath, the current decided to throw him off far far away. The current let him go when he let go of the current and he survived. We picked him up with a small boat.

This question of enough inertia always takes me back to my search for an errant flow: It feels effortless to me, yet so tiring that it opens a space of observing/witnessing the point in spacetime where all the fluctuations happening in/around/within that point. Errantry is surrendering to those fluctuations and letting them carry you. Riding the waves and observing them from the shore simultaneously. Zooming out from the inner experience of self to an observation of self and its encounters. What is enough to ride those waves and not drown..



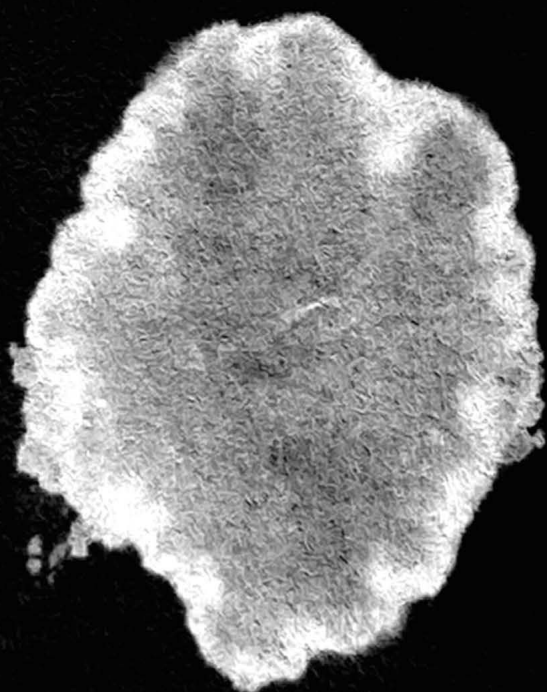


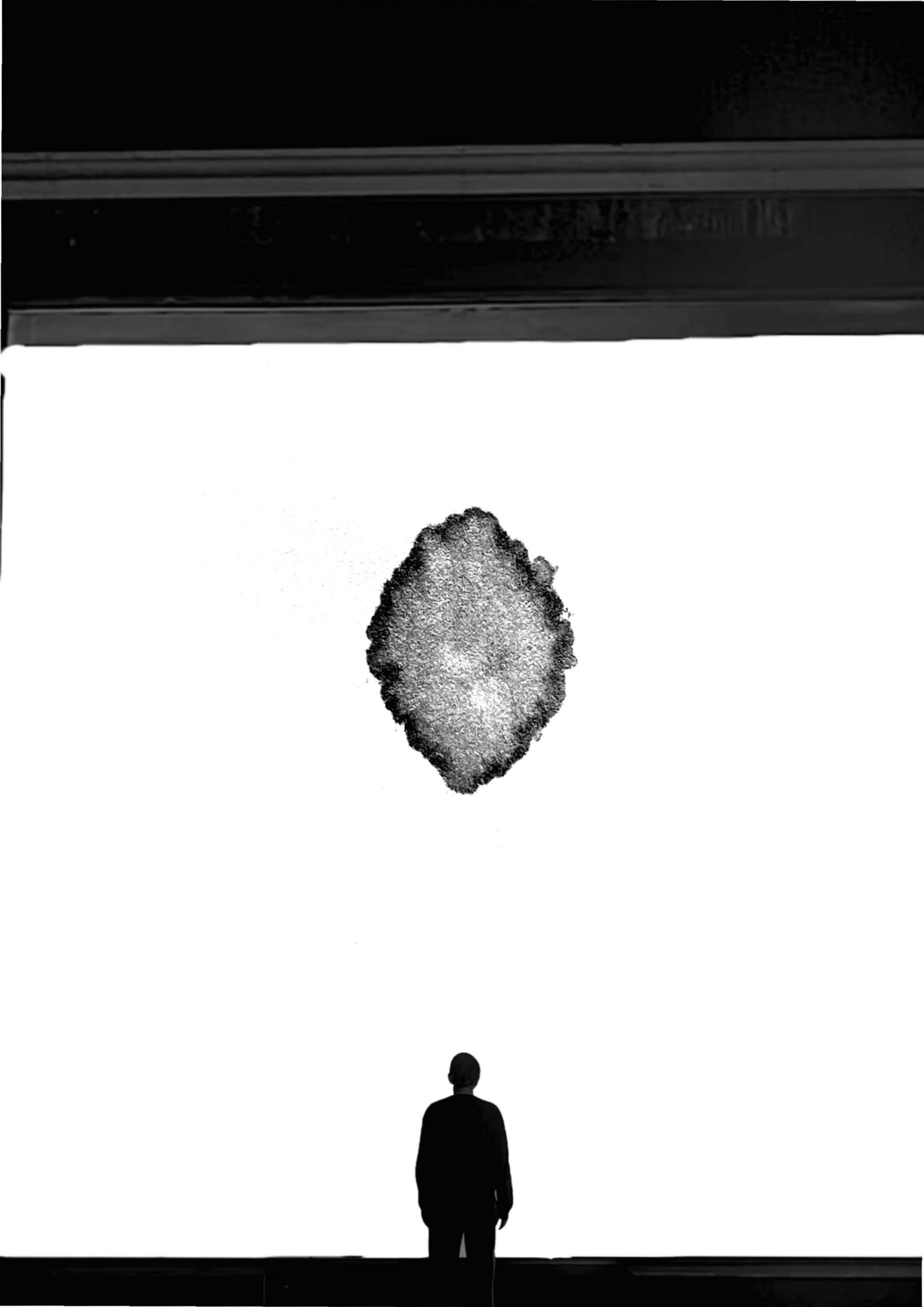
Ride for ruin and the world's ending!



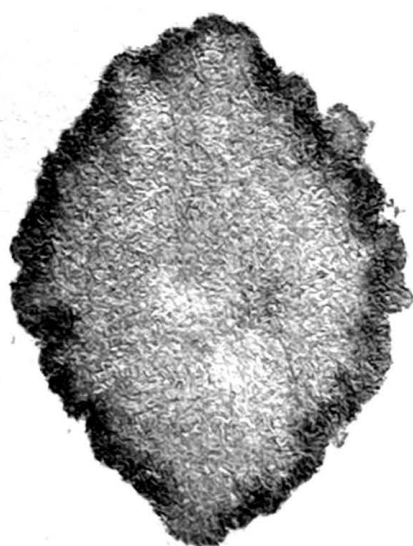


King Théoden screams from my front screen on an airplane to
Trondheim, I don't recall how many feet up in the clouds, riding the
lemonade pink horizon yet failing to converge, while they are riding for
their final battle in Middle Earth.
'Death! Death! Death! - J.R.R. Tolkien



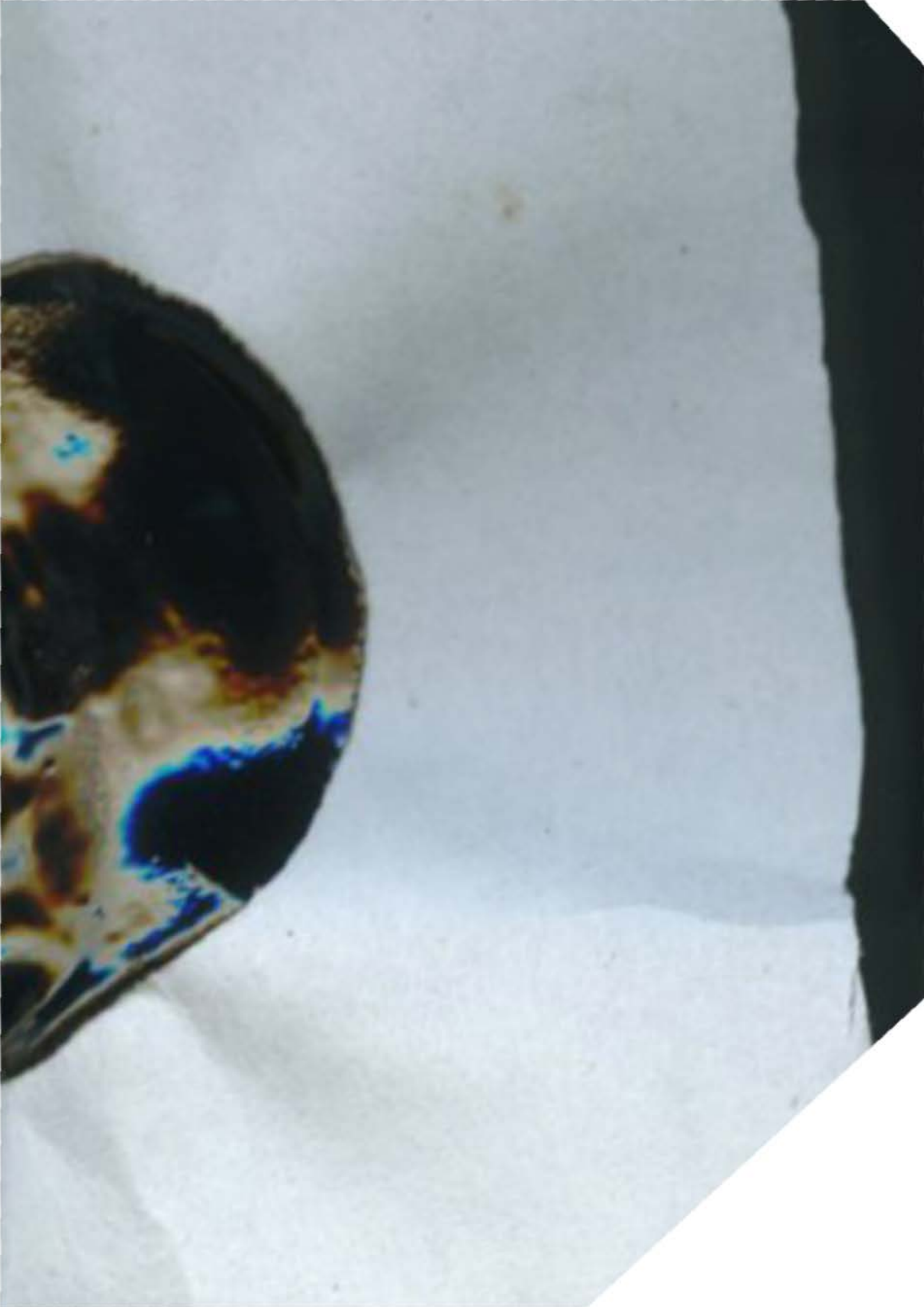


mornings are always forward
and my flow is self disrupted
everybody has a favorite
I'm stuck with the wind





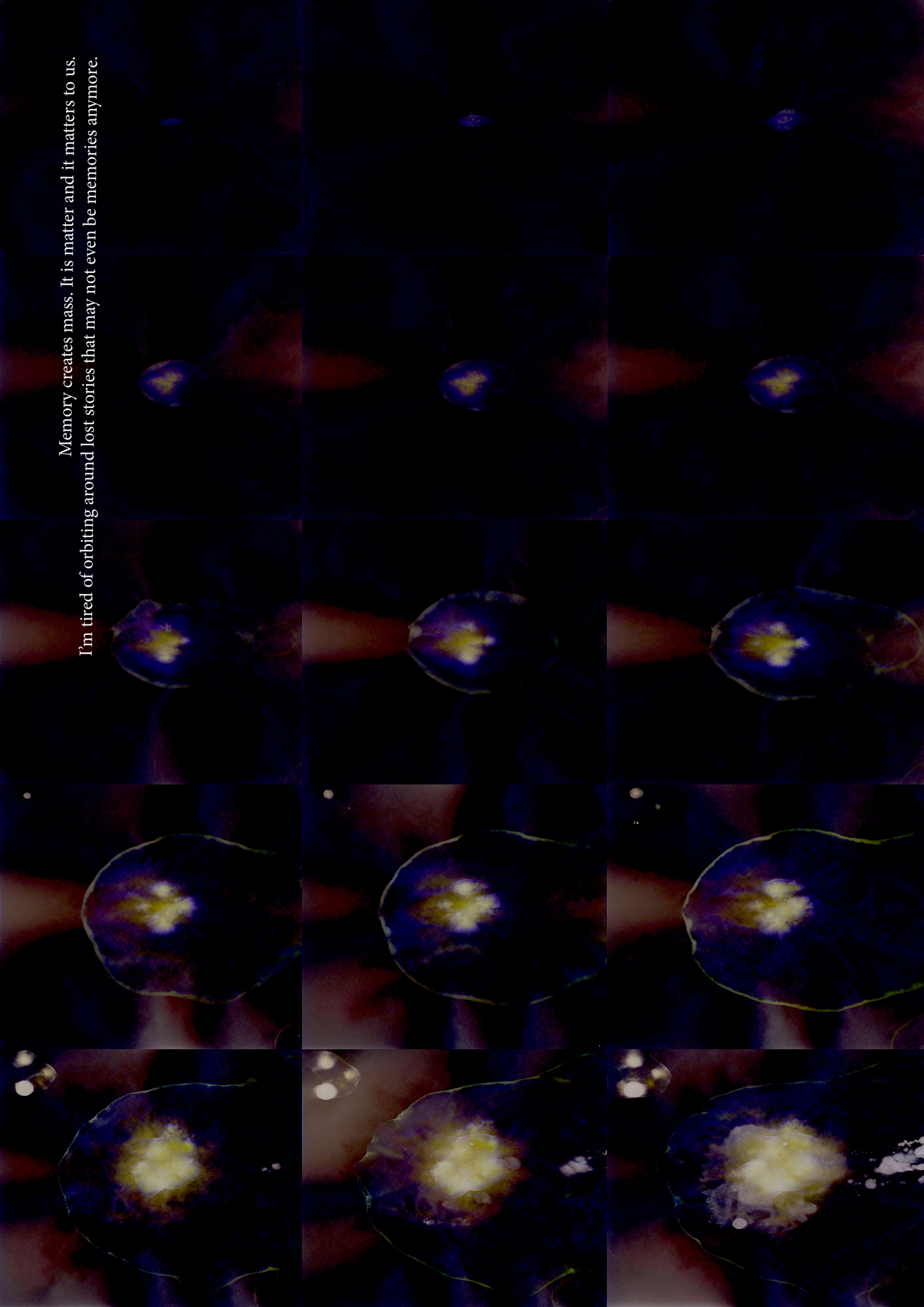
How we find ourselves shattered, in heartache, dispersed, as casualty. I end up finding myself in a collapsing star; feeling both the star bursting from the inside and the pieces of the star flying in space penetrating my space. Times of destruction and heartache are the times for me to connect to the errant fluctuations of energy in motion.

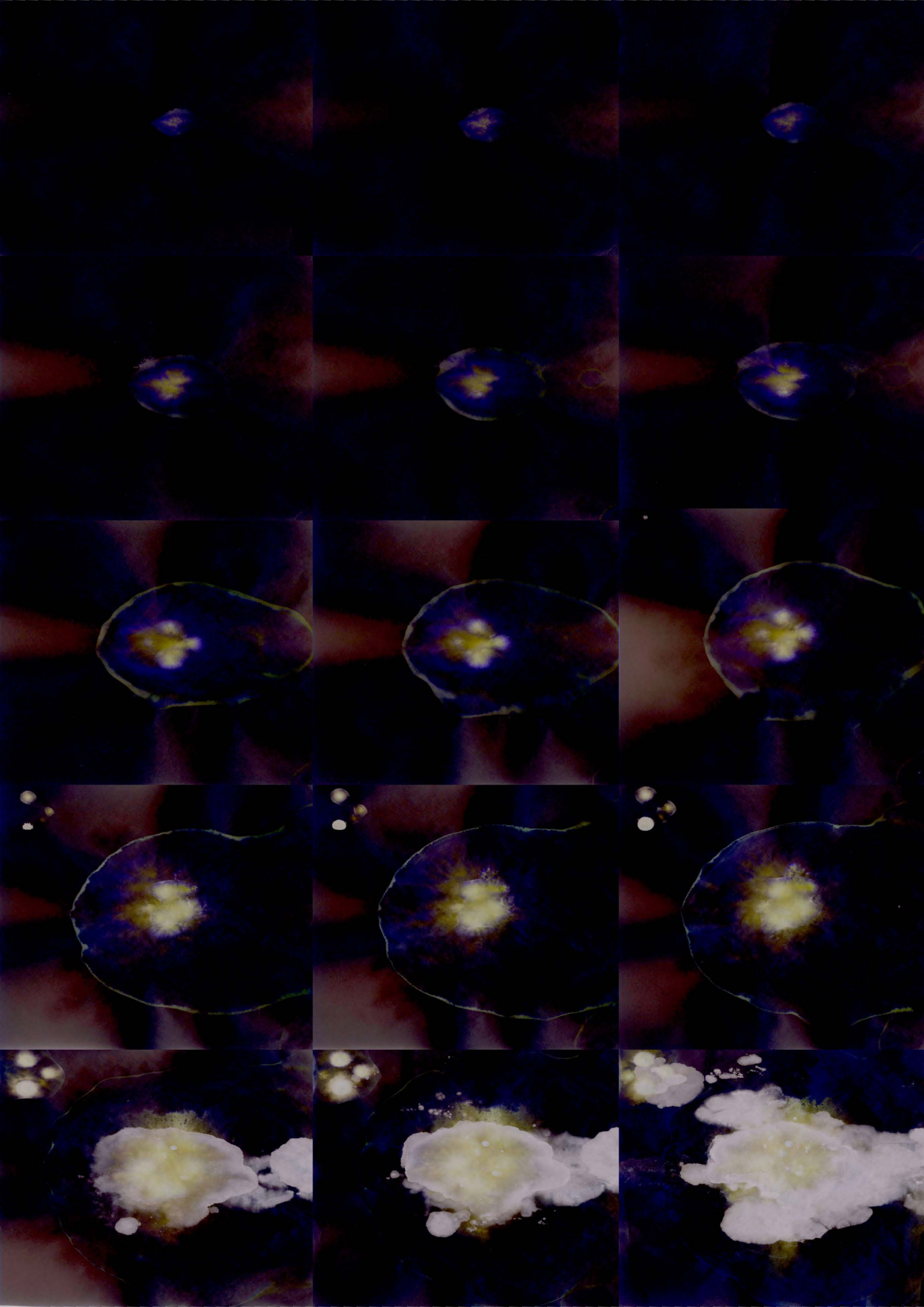


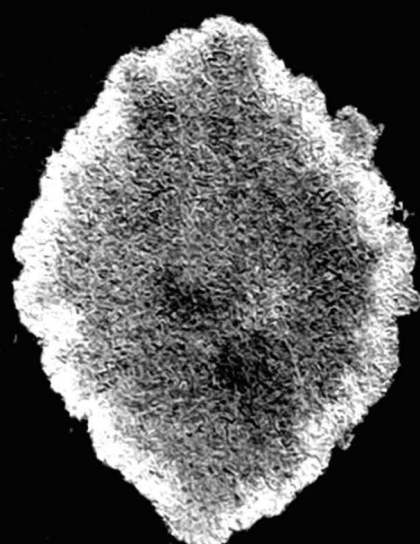


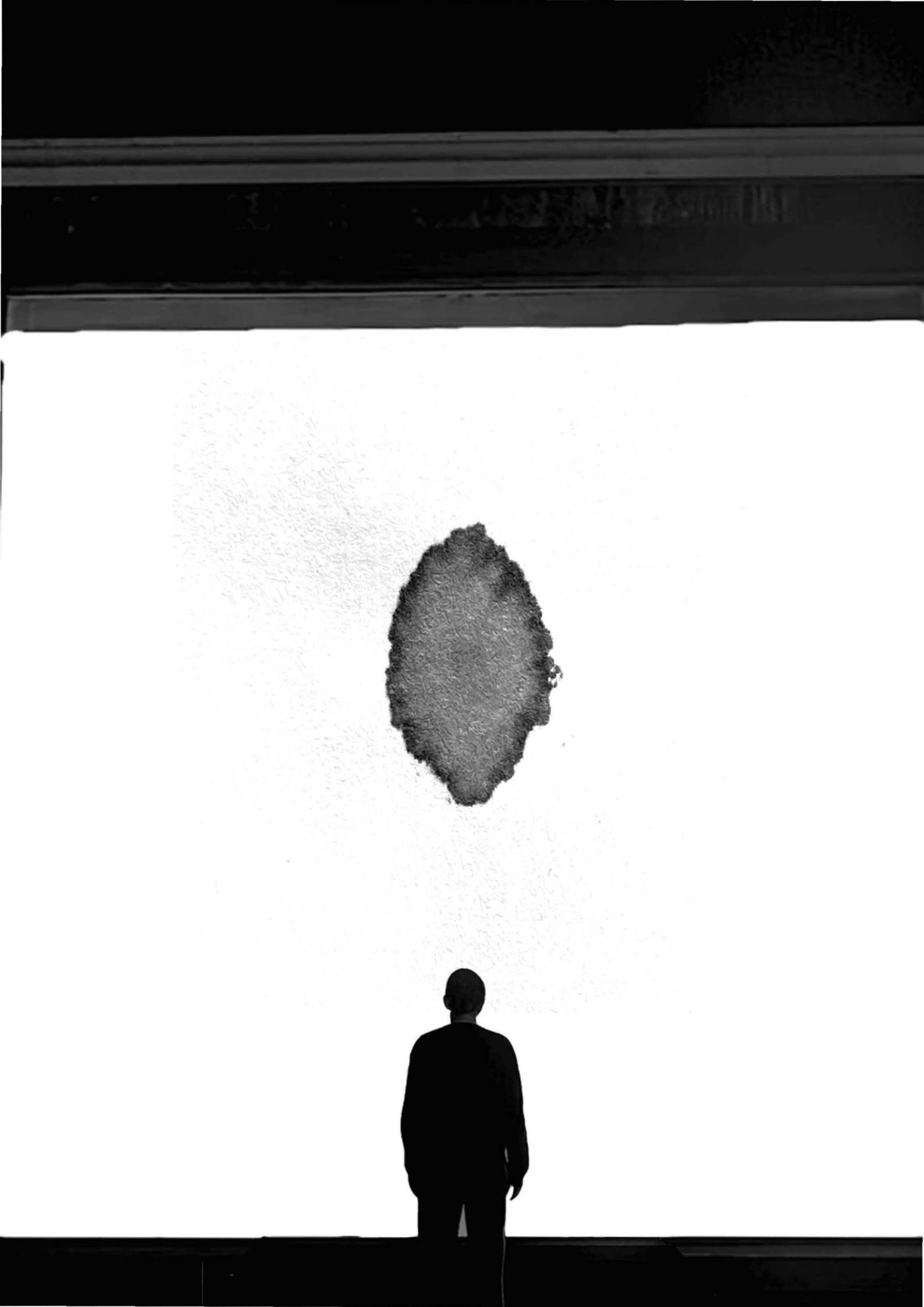
Hayat, memet, karadelikler, sen.
Kara deliklerden hemen sonra sen.

Memory creates mass. It is matter and it matters to us.
I'm tired of orbiting around lost stories that may not even be memories anymore.

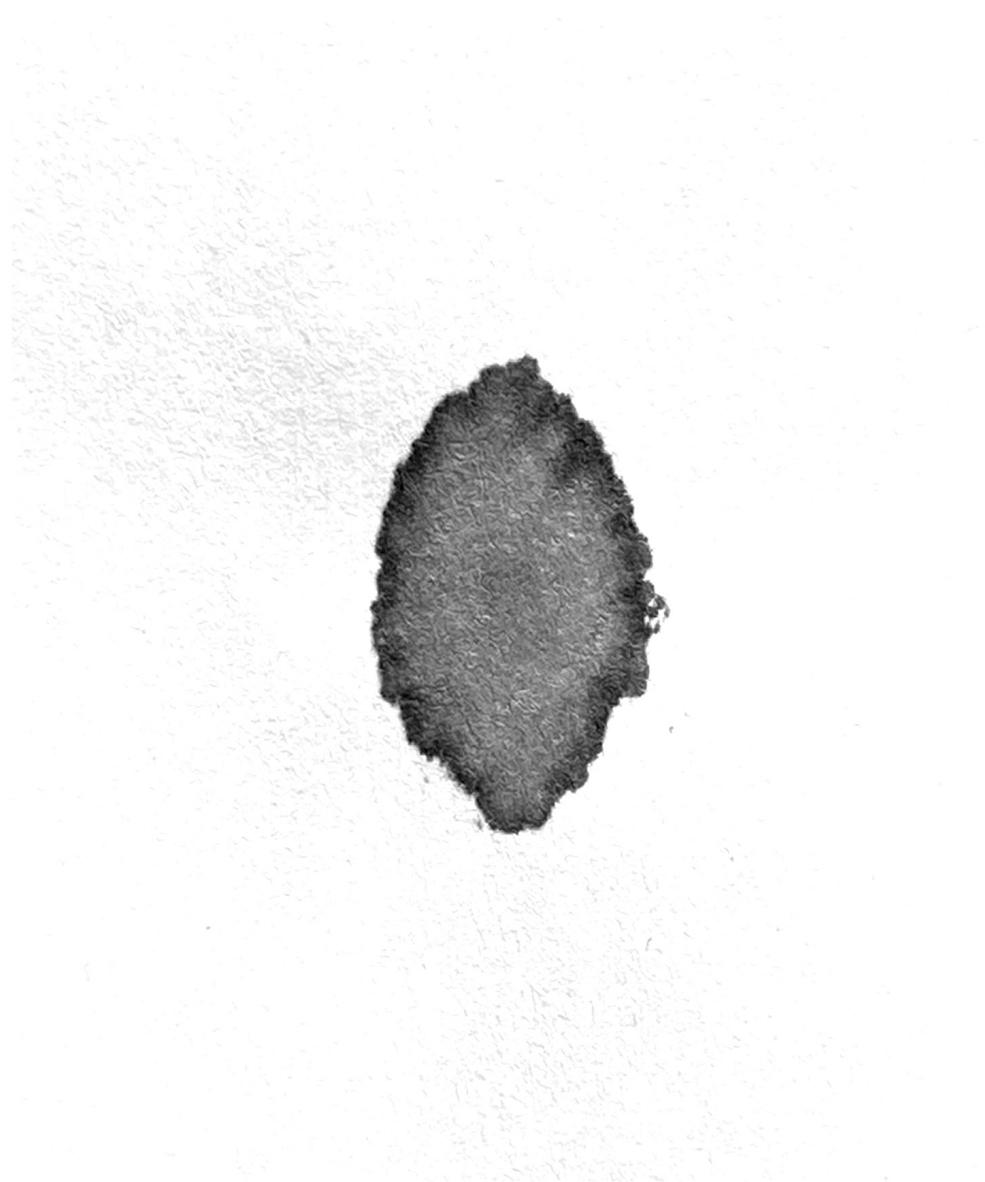






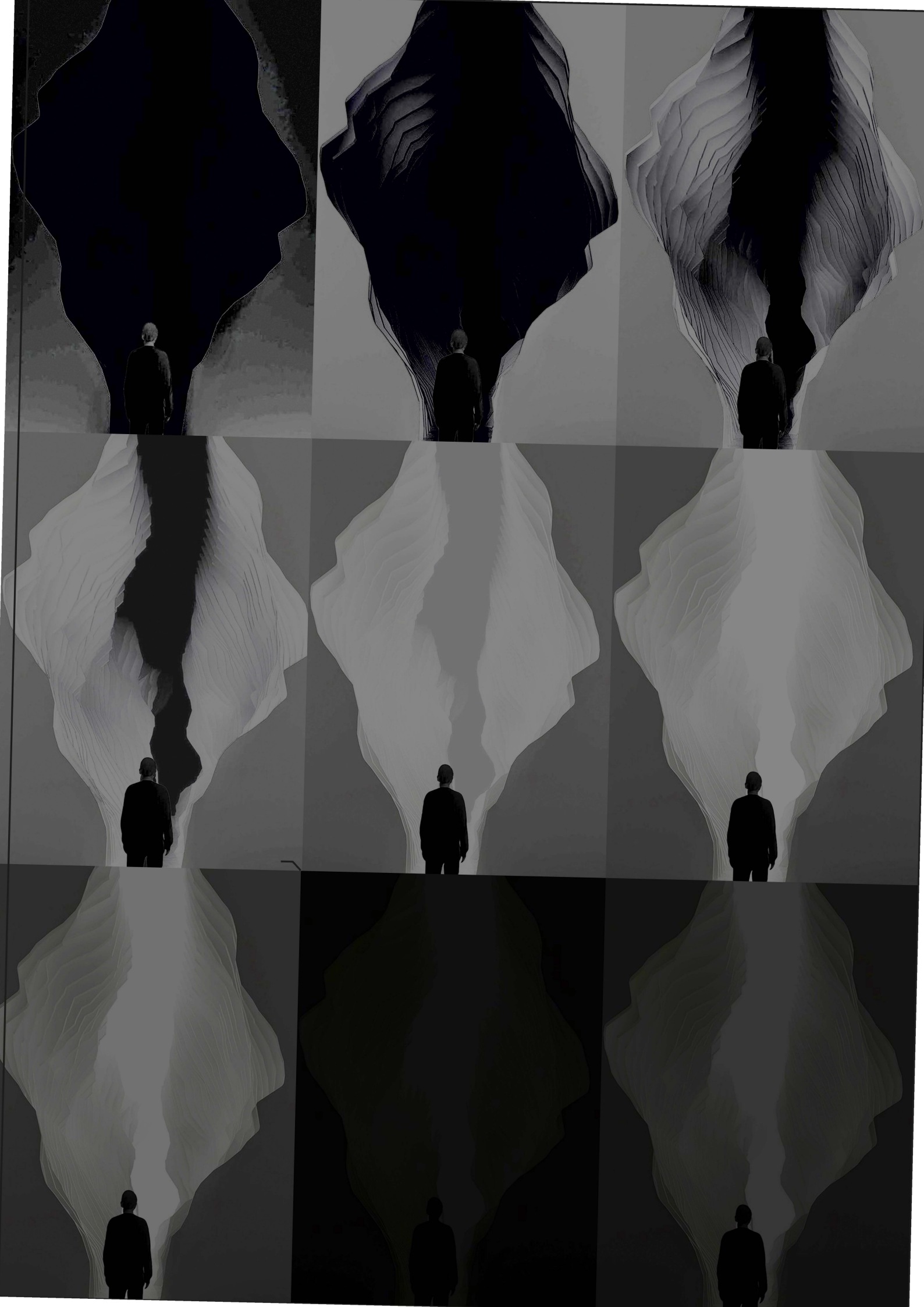


I mostly have a tendency to focus on the smudges on the mirror than the motion itself, but even behind all that dirt and shadow and dust motion continues. As I observe, I lose myself in the sensation of observing and I want that sensation to spread throughout my body, between every bone and fiber. So I move to observe from different points while I observe the movement . We become one and collude and disperse together. Am I the observer who observes the movement through stillness or do I create the motion to observe the motion. And so on and so forth. And blah.



the roaming, the constant motion of being in motion, continuous change of space, an act against commodifying roots, as almost wondering in subatomic fluctuations.

We are alchemists in spacetime
The rigidness starts from within
Moving toward novelty, an outcome of acceleration
I, too, am a rift.





When I listen, let the space be, let the dynamics be what they were and are now, when I witness/observe and find transparency within me-space; I find the fluctuations carry me, flow within me. I feel in the chaos, and yet that flow of fluctuations creates a harmony. The constant flow in chaos creates attunement. I feel totally in surrender, and yet when I dance with this exact existence (existence as existence existing), I find that I am the energy bender; bending the fluctuations, creating new flows of energy, taking and sending, yet still in transparency and still in the constant flow in chaos. Still in attunement.

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Threshold as the universe, and the act of the universe

I like thresholds as topology for disruptive events.

A huge threshold that consists of all possibilities of movement, change, disruption, destruction.

All disruptions, constant changes, formations, and un-formations

Or just a sill

Collisions and flows

combustion

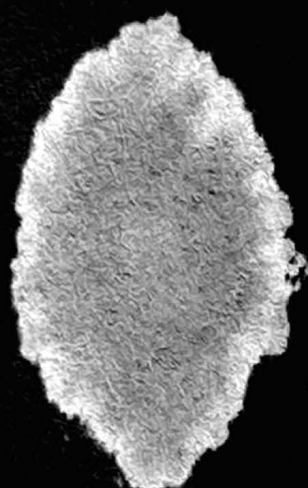
do v

On marks disruption is a train of the earth

we know what we know ? Comparing the time past and the assumptions of the future
comment made by the nervous system...how

Or maybe disruption is a train of thought, a

The door feels larger than a mere



some things make better poems





staying.

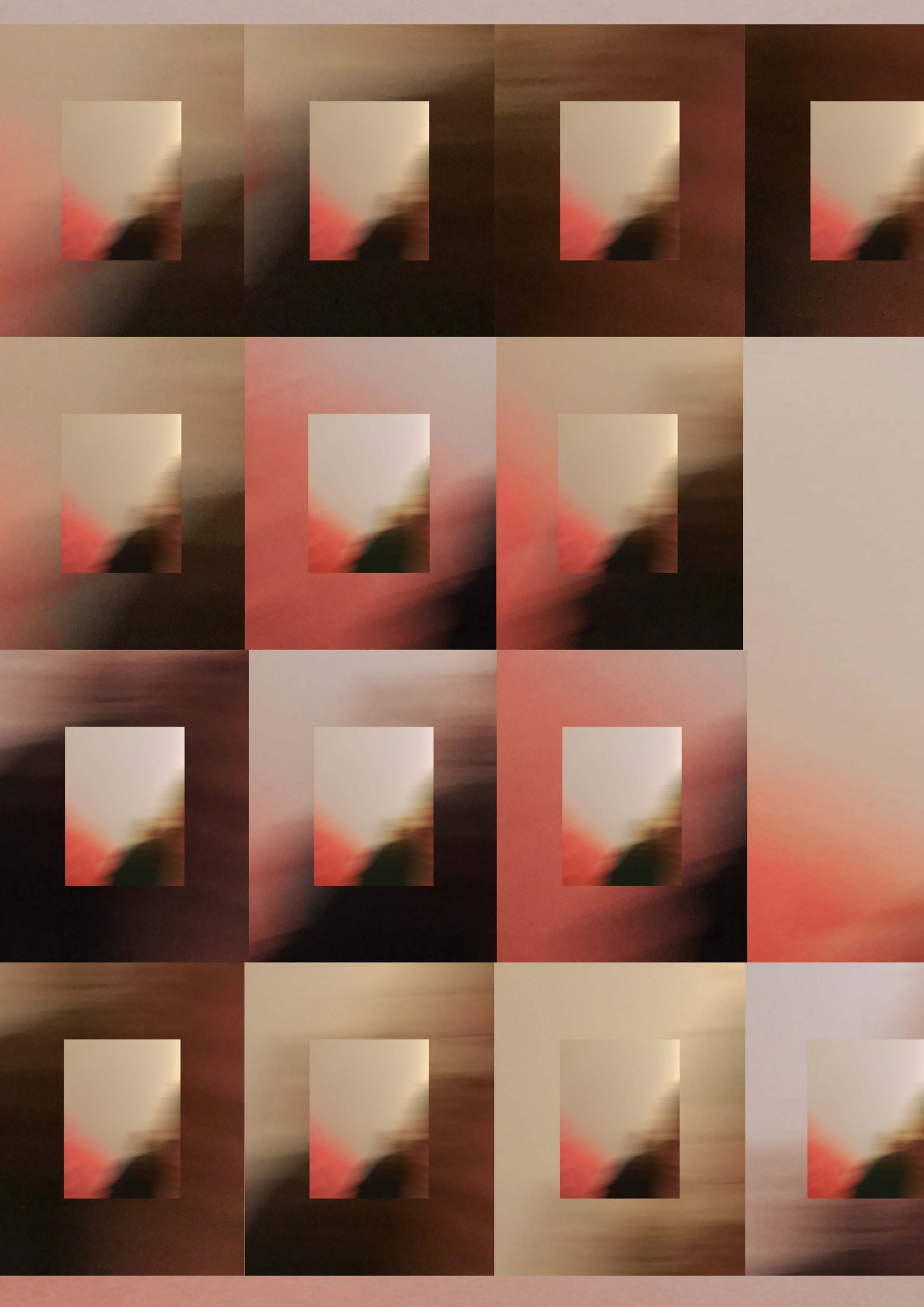
The image features a watercolor illustration of a torn piece of paper. The paper is white in the center, with the text 'funeral homes .. thresholds' printed on it. The edges of the paper are irregular and torn, revealing a background of soft, blended watercolor washes in shades of pink, red, and green. The overall texture is soft and artistic.


funeral homes .. thresholds



sills ..

gaudy makeup for the recently stiffs





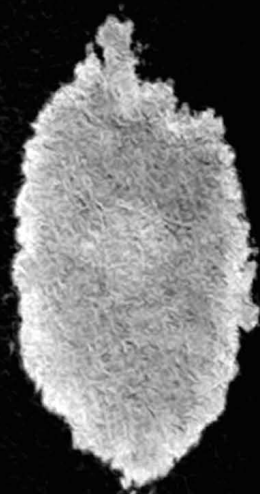
I generally have a hard time remembering my dreams. But this morning some moments are vivid. I dream of you, being kind, and generous with your love, giving gifts of adjacency, there is something magical about feeling understood. Together holding touch in transmission, on a journey toward chaos, together.

company.
companion.

And I remember holding on to trees, clinging onto walls.

Trying to climb and not fall..

Is it intuition,
or an engraved fear?





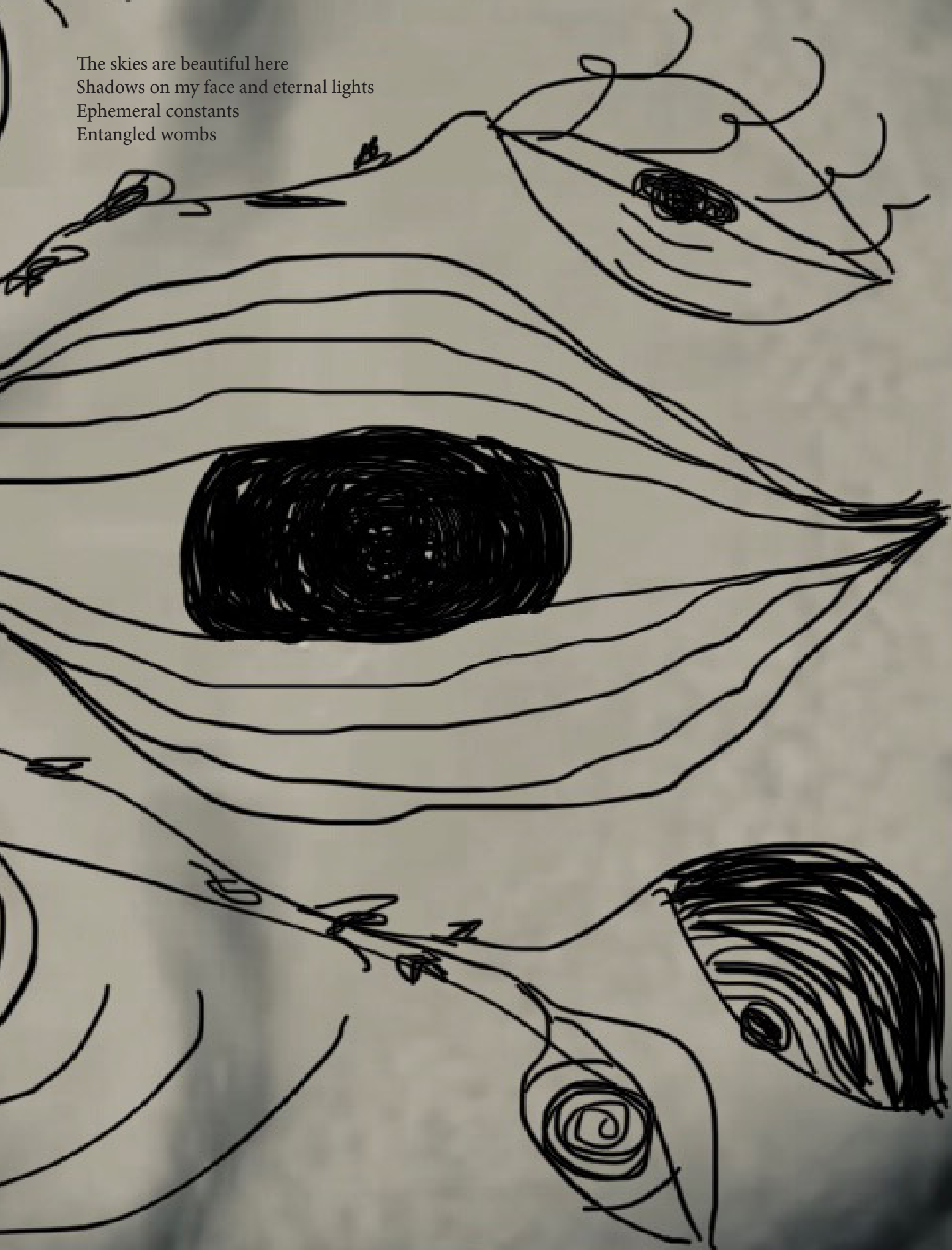


A series of questions asked,
to practice questioning
su is the practice
as is the riddle





The skies are beautiful here
Shadows on my face and eternal lights
Ephemeral constants
Entangled wombs






imminence



I'm passing by in time
Here at the edge of all things
I hear my eyes pulsing



I like inns.
I, too, am an inn.

I open myself as
a space that welcomes

getting them off

their tracks, nurturing and

when their time is due.

place to pass by.

Is it a forced proximity

I am a traveller

from one inn

a roof to sleep,

I'm back on the road
to ramble.

inns offer ephemerality,

it does

not a

River beds.

EXIT

people, not

supporting,

and still waiting for them to check
out

They may never leave too, but they generally do.

An inn is not a place to root, but a

that pulls them towards, orients directs calls?

wandering

to the other,

finding comfort, some warmth,

and with the new sun

rising,

Inns offer relation,

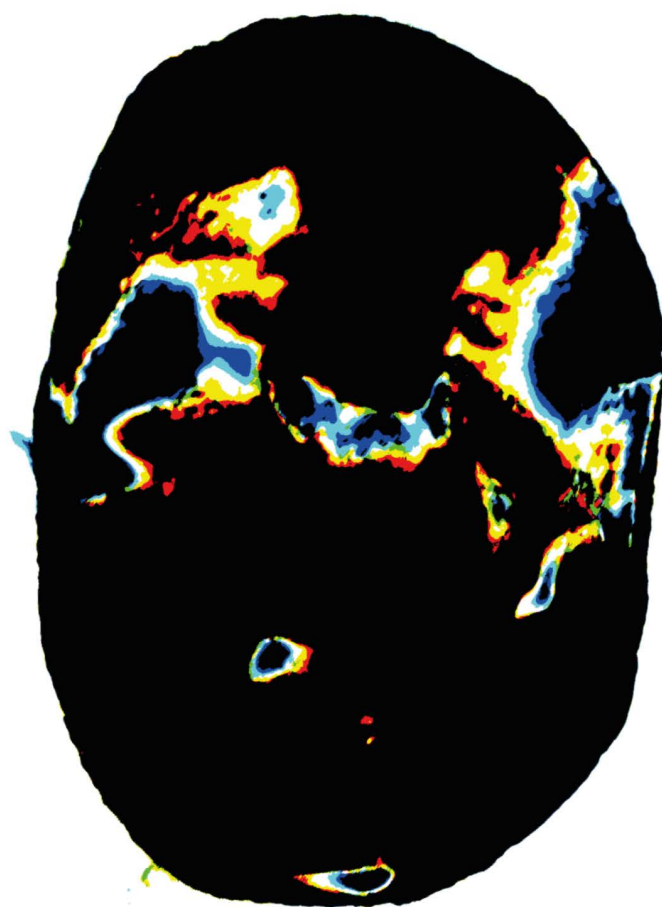
affect their value.

A mirage

a cigarette break.

A constant change.

vacuum godde







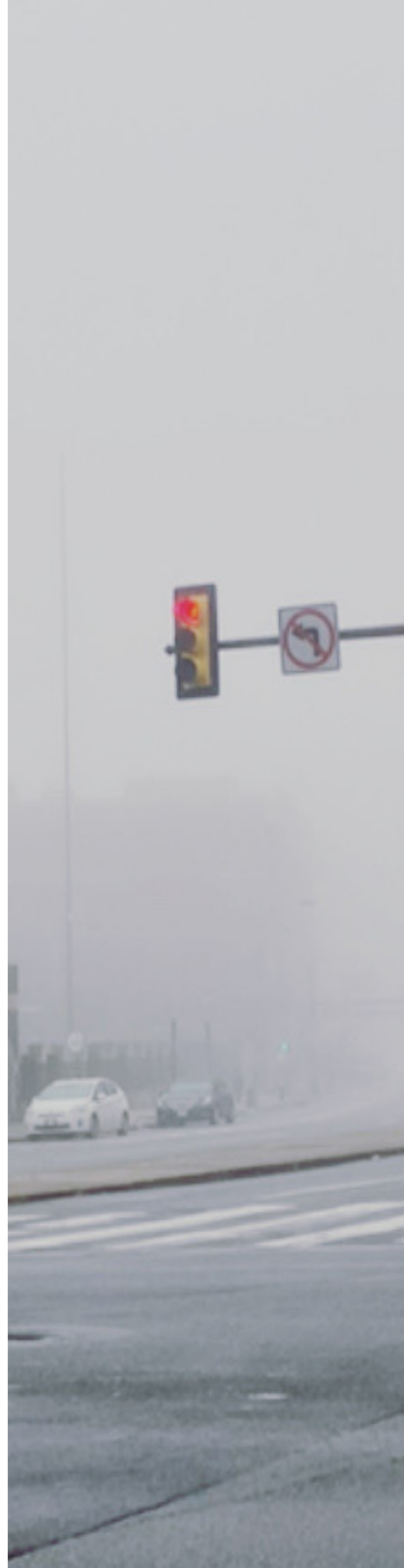
A rug slides and someone falls
Someone proposes their partner at Niagara Falls
A door opens a window closes
An elbow hits a table's corner
Someone watches FRIENDS
Someone curses
Someone gets beaten up at a bar

Someone gets beaten up on a subway
Someone gets beaten up on the street
Someone gets beaten up by their parent
Someone gets beaten up by their love
Someone gets beaten up with a bat
Someone hits a ball with a bat
A bat flies
A lion roars
A carousel ride
A punch through the wall
Breaking a plate
Lighting a candle
Praying to sth that doesn't exist
Praying to someone to make everything better
Hearing sth you can't handle
Landing a plane
Looking at the sky
A bus farts
A gun fires
A tree laughs
A barbecue party
A cry for past regrets
Stripping
Pissing
Dying
Painting
Shitting and shitting and shitting and shitting and
shitting and shitting and shitting and shitting
Every toilet in the whole damn wide multiverse
flushing
Someone spat gum on the sidewalk
Someone took a dump near a highway
A balloon escaped from hands
And you've taken me home
A car chase
A gangbang
A house on fire
A desert wind
A truck hits a motorcycle
One first kiss
One last breath
One more minute
New pornography
New gossip
Holding hands
Holding on
Holding for

Eating a banana
A monkey stealing a wallet
Bulldozers crashing on trees
People protesting to protect trees
A dam over flows?
A ship sails
A liver fails
A fondue
Eiffel tower lights
A camera follows me
Scientology detectives' cameras following someone possibly
A funeral
A memorial
A party
An adventure
On the mountains and rivers and lakes and
A cruise ship cruising
Pirates attacking
GLACIERS MELTING
Volcanoes erupting maybe who knows
Magma boiling
Someone watching lord of the rings
Someone quoting lord of the rings
Breaking glasses
Getting a tattoo
Getting your ears pierced for the first time
Hands on concrete
A building detonation
A chemical spillage
A nuclear combustion
Crossing the bridge
Looking at the sun
Reading today's horoscope
Spiritual guidance
Waiting for asylum
Heat of traffic
Fingers typing

thinking then another thing then another thing
crossing borders and transcending
diffusing into the vacuum
traveling miles
reaching
Where light embraces your visit
Oblations of tones and vibrations
Of elses and wheres and theres
A gasp surfacing mighty
Creating waterfalls and rainbows
I feel you from here
My spine merged in your fat
My eyes over your neck, still trying to keep sight
When being you
And your skin as my guest
To (re)mind ourselves
We never lost touch

Now I feel it would be a bliss to forget everything before leaving this place. It is a good way to die. A soft surrender, a soft surf. Memory creates mass, it creates belonging. It creates value. If I have to leave this place, I can not have anything pulling me to its orbit. Who would want to die that way?







I dont know how to explain things

Explanations disperse the truth

I'm a terrible storyteller too.

smell is thick , moist after dark

sismic bells of sleep in between
I look at the 8th wonder
the immoral
governed by the sensorial





The difference between space and place - memories.

all my memories and entanglements,
physically, emotionally and spiritually, all my
experiences and relations. My roots.

I have the option to pick my own pot or garden or forest to settle.

I do not need to rip out my roots every single time of transit.

My roots are in constant motion.

I defected, leaving many things behind, things that mattered to me at the time, things made up of matter, matters with big masses, that had the power to still hold me in their orbits even though I was far far away..

..in a space that was not a place yet, a new space in which I still orbited in relation to the 'previous' place. It felt like whirling with no center. No memories within this new space, yet possibilities of many. Every space is a place for someone, but you can move into a new house and that space has some time to transform into a place. You move in, make your first meal, have sex with your love the first time, find a place for your plants, rearrange, have parties and invite friends, cry in the shower, scream from the balcony, throw up in the kitchen sink. Then you start to see the echoes of those memories in spacetime still rambling in that space, that space which is now a place.



CENTER
STUDIO
ARCHITECTURE





it is and n't
as if as was never if
was as never was
never as ever and ever

..su..as..
wandering, discovering, moving , getting lost : su guzey
su is the asking
as is the riddle
Composer: Jack Sterling

Thanks to the amazing people who made this piece happen..
Jason Vu, Richie Devon, Micaela McCabe, and John Charlton for always being there thinking
alongside me, and now bonded for life;

Jack for the wayward world you created, proximal, in touch, in flux and conversation, and always
knowing me better than myself;

initiation of zero

Emily Wexler, Paul Matteson and HeJin Jang as my amazing mentors, guides. Your adjacency and
familiarity always comforted me even in the most uncomfortable times, and reminded the grace of
wandering within sensoria.

UArts MFA Faculty and my colleagues - companions- partners for your support and love;

Thank you everyone for reminding me it is not that lonely in errantry.
Errant can still have roots that themselves carry.