

Bruce Andrews

Note on Deborah Meadows: 2010

SACCADE

Some crazy inter-speciation all relative going on here. Keep up the reflexes. But without rules, no axiomatic set — or: something *takes over* the rules. Words thinking, re-rule, feel. Need de-bunking? Gladiatorial spoof, dirty rimshots — “how squeeze structures”. “Will/we fall out/of our shadows?” The subject self-perfumes, not too allegorized. Engines lighten touch on proximate jitters strapped to the galaxy. Your bestiary or mine. Pleasure gives outlandish learning: resist containment. We’re leaning in toward its surface, likely haptic, “shot sub-surface” multiplication just gets us going. “how/underneath” — let’s facilitate: “try to dance”.