

THE WHITE RABBIT

In the beginning
The possibility was
Still astounding.
At the fence,
Next to the burdock
They could have cared
And didn't.
May we be frightened
By tomorrow's numbers.

The blackbird sings.
The blue tit builds its nest
For this year
In the wild sunshine.
If only the virologists would agree.

Everything is hamstrung,
Disoriented
And at home.
And frontiers are closed
And this is called dynamic.
And seeds
Are sprouting
And one is coughing.

The city shakes lanterns
To test their stability
In the storm.
The hawk defends its territory
In circles.
A chicken crosses the road
In the village.
The gardens will never have been so well prepared.

We gain time
In the encounter filled with questions.
One to the other
With distance
Without compulsion.
But what do we know?
We pass through fears like rooms.

A week like a year
Already no more counted on the day.
And numbers that float
And every country
Is different.
And all are somehow
- not - the same.

Times beat
Onto each other.
The season changes.
One grass weighs.
The wind blows further
Wider higher faster
Through the alleys
Spreading it.

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Today you have again
Thought of a tomorrow
that feeds on yesterday.
Being.
Now.
Time
Raises wings
Through the quake
We pass
You on.
A morning then
Beneath me.

You will wear
The Mask
In the morning.
You follow the traces
At night.

The sheep are back.
It's Eastern.
A tickle
Besides the development curve
There is who doubts
Who asks
And who desponds.
There is nothing to find.

And this idiosyncrasy
That it is happening
Cyclically
Postponed by two weeks.
And there is truly
News from the past.
But you won't hear
What the one from the future says
Because you don't see it.
And until you see it
Already is today.
So it comes to everyone
And news fade
Inside our mouths.
We keep swallowing
The time that we have.

Wheat grows
On dry ground like green fluff.
It could go on like this
Or differently.
To whom it is enough and who wants something else.
In the morning we ask
Why the days are all the same -
As if before it had been any different.

The distance is good
Or compels.
The fear of loss of breath
makes us afraid to breathe.
It twitters. No scream.
Spawn swims in the pond.

For a brief moment, I had this feeling:

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This is what it feels like to be the last person
on earth.

And I drove on and looked,
and there was no one.
And no bustle in the village.
And the factories quiet like forgotten relics.

And no cars on the empty road.
And no ships on the river as smooth as glass.
And no one else on the crowded path.

Marianna Aldo:

Home is neither inside nor outside, neither East nor West, here or
there.

*Zuhause ist weder innen, noch außen, weder Ost oder West, weder hier
noch dort.*

MARIANNA

Home. Body of harmony. Of spaces. Objects. Colours. Years. Smells.
Rites. Warmth. Years.
And home. Streets. People. Night.
And home. Body. Again. Encounters and relations. And night. And
gestures. And love
And thoughts. And brain.
The body. Still. Enjoys. The space.
Power. Of infinite. And possible. Images.
But today. Now. Silence. Concerning. Anomalous. Forced from the
outside. It enters.
Home. World. People. Streets. Work. Life.
Today. Silence. Home.
I search. Quiet. Spaces. Prayers. Which silence. Can't suffocate.

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Fenia:

Home is my skin touched by a single drop.

*Zuhause ist in meiner Haut in der Berührung mit einem einzigen Tropfen
Wasser.*

Marisa:

Home is in the crack, through which the light gets in.

Zuhause ist im Riss, durch den das Licht eintritt.

MARISA

Today it was more peaceful to sit in my chair than to talk.
This is new for me, that the body can be a sanctuary again.
This is something very new.

Deep down I've held the goal to be invisible, able to vanish at any
time. I want to be able to disappear in a moment.

But this fibroid, it's forcing me to get very real. For now the
hospitals in and around Florence are all blocked. My health service
card is for illegal people, so private clinics aren't an option.

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To be caught in a safety net when you feel that you have no right to be safe.

And this ability to disappear is a kind of illusion of safety.

This giant lump that has grown and grown and grown inside of me, it's forcing me to acknowledge that I need other people.

They have to cut it out of me. Every day my stomach is bigger. They are finding a way to operate in the middle of the pandemic.

So there has to be a way to be here in this place, that I now understand is - home.

I don't know how you say thank you to the people who help you for nothing in return.

I speak to other women around the world, and they tell me that their fibroids are also growing. The wombs of the world are expanding together, swallowing the stress of chaos.

My scar will be the same as women who've given birth.

Once the lump is gone, I wonder, can it will take the past with it?

It's a pandemic and here is where I chose to stay.

So I know.

This place is home to me.

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Sabrina:

Home is in the inside, the besides, the over and under, the far and the near.

Zuhause ist im Innen, Daneben, dem Darüber, Darunter, dem Fern und dem Nah.

SABRINA

1.
a second skin
as it can expand
as it can contain
a mirror inward
shards of broken flares
as it can ripple
as water
as wave
as waveform
as place
a hope for a spring that breaks
through cracks of ice
giving the words
teaching the language
a shimmering transition
that gives birth to a bird
diffracting
doubling

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take in
take out
clotting in a new shape
a sensitive membrane
I tear
I burst
where do we carry home now?

2.
where do we carry home now?
i burst
i tear
a sensitive membrane
clotting in a new shape
take out
take in
doubling
diffracting
that gives birth to a bird
a shimmering transition
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as waveform
as wave
as water
as it can ripple
shards of broken flares
a mirror inward
as it can contain
as it can expand
a second skin.

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Ash:

Home is the waxing from the bones through my skin onto you.
Zuhause ist das Wachsen aus den Knochen durch meine Haut auf Dich zu.

Sara Marilyn:

Home is - in every direction - the centre.
Zuhause ist - in jede Richtung - das Zentrum.

MARILYN

This spring in Boston has been very long and slow. The temperatures have stayed cool, and we have had rain nearly every day. The leaves on the trees are still not fully unfurled. I can see the difference each day as they emerge slowly, slowly. Being at home during the coronavirus has allowed me to see the small signs of progress each day. The season is unfolding from winter to spring to summer. I welcome those tiny yet steady signs of change.

Last week I overheard a conversation between boys confined to playing in their back yard next door. One was answering the other, saying, "You are not going to die until you are very old." They are no more than 8 or 10 years old. Would that conversation have happened if we weren't in this pandemic?

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It is hard to mark the passage of time without our normal habits - of work, of travel, of meetings, of seeing friends, of going to museums and performances and concerts. Instead time folds back on itself, on us alone in the small spaces of our homes. When we feel the need to range, we do it instead on the internet, and then return to be sitting, still at home at our tables. I read old and familiar books, revisit memories, think.

Time slows and eddies. Even the best-laid plan to finish something is not easy to follow. Other concerns take over. I worry about friends who are ill, those who are not safe, politicians who make unbalanced decisions. So listening to the birds, weeding the garden, watching the foliage on the trees emerging becomes important. They are necessary anchors in this world of the pandemic, where time seems to keep circling back on itself. They are signs of change, of renewal, of new worlds emerging.

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Francesco:
Home is in becoming.
Zuhause ist im Werden.

Mauro:
Home is where I lay my memories to rest.
Zuhause ist, wo ich meine Erinnerungen nieder bette.

Joseph:
Home is your words through my mouth.
Zuhause ist in Deinen Worten durch meinen Mund.

JOSEPH

What is the rhythm of nothingness? Orgasmic vibration is an example of attuning with the bio-rhythms of another body: sinking into unconsciousness may suddenly fling wide the doors of cosmic perception. The French call orgasm *petite mort* (little death) meaning an intense momentary loss or weakening of consciousness that enables a vision of nothingness and simultaneously opens the possibility of listening to the sound of chaosmosis. Philosophy must consciously forge concepts for the attunement of the mind and body for the process of becoming nothingness. Poetry has to prepare our lungs to breathe at the rhythm of death.

The Latin word, word which used to mean promise, the Latin word or promise *abstrahere* means or intends, or meant to drag away, to divert from, to pull out, to remove. *Abstrahere*. Abstraction means the pulling out of nihil or nothing from something. This last century has been a slow process of abstraction.

You took me to the shore. You placed me before your mirror. You buried my limbs in the rock and held me there until I took root. *Chaos* is Greek and means abyss, that which gapes open, that which is vast and empty. Phalanges. Knuckles. Metacarpals. I wanted you to hollow me out so I might take flight - thumb - palm - or else there might be space - wrist - to hold you, to hold your shame, your guilt, your fear, your longing.

Gust of desire reverberate in the abyss - No mouth no tongue no teeth
no larynx no stomach no organs. My body your vessel, my body your

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temple, my body your home, my body your tomb. Spit and sweat rush as the tides, becoming a river, becoming a sea.

Once there was matter, mass, magma, possibilities without form. Then signification, which is to say language, turned matter into form, chaos into order. Chaos is Greek and means abyss. Growing old means being invaded by chaos, means the ageing brain growing unable to recognise order in the environment. The earth is growing old. The sea comes from nowhere, which is to say everywhere, and eats the cliff, which comes from the ground and pleads upwards to the sky and comes from the old English for *cleft* and is always going away/always giving way/giving up/letting go/letting in/putting out/pulling down/always going away.

Away comes from *aweg*, which means or meant on from this place, and then from one's own place and then from one state into another.

No more churches, but war hospitals, no more presidents or precedents, but prophets

The word *apocalypse* comes from the Greek and it used to mean a revelation or an uncovering. Now it means a cataclysmic event, cataclysm from the Latin meaning a deluge, a flood, a washing clean.

A washing.

In the tide of the real, the sea is eating the cliff and metaphor is disintegrating and we fall we fall the fall is revolution, movement into the then and there, music becoming denser and denser, accumulating rhythm and motion and speed plunging to the waves, cutting the surface, water rushing to fill the space where the lungs had been. Your words will not be heard but felt as tiny pricks and frequencies and storms and caresses pushing in all ways and times through salt and sand and skin. Your word will crash on the shore, carried by the tides, eroding the cliff and nature and nations. Unbodied, falling into the unknown restless unimaginable fierce surging impossible no longer trusting in sense but feeling no longer whole but soaked selfhood dashed on the rocks not whole but shattered in shattering throes that promise oblivion but also freedom in shattering throes free me take me devour me. Desire breaks on the shore the way memory breaks on the body there is no other way again and again.

I thought of your fall, a *jéte* from the cliff, of your lips in motion, your body held by air, hollowed by desire, arching through time and space, wind resonating through your hallow form, the here and now vibrating in dissonant time. Pulled into the flows, flying over and over or just for moments, from bardo to bardo, away from good sense, in no-motion or un-motion, beyond chronology. Stitched into the sky and myth, like a sculpture but weightless, like a painting but honest, like the cinema-like sea, like love, an image in movement. What does it take to fly? A chaotic act in the face of the consecrated order.

Yearning give me love.
Yearning give me chaos.

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daz:
Home is where I still can smell the roses.

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Zuhause ist, wo ich noch immer den Duft der Rosen riechen kann.

DAZ

Home.
At the edge of the Spectrum.
Almost invisible.
Indivisible Light, Our Light, is hope.
Our hearts : Inseparable.

Home.
At the edge of this world.
Between sleep, and hugging.
Where we are the same Creature, in home.

Protected : And not forgotten.

At this edge, where we overlap.
I find solace, and forgiveness.

A new Light.
Almost invisible.
Inextinguishable.

So we see ourselves as if for the very first time.
Refreshed, and new again.

Where I find you, is Home.
Where we belong.
Outside of expectation.

This space.
These sacred bodies.
This delicate moment.
My true Home is in your Heart.

Home.
At the edge of the Spectrum.
Almost invisible.
Indivisible Light, Our Light, is hope.
Our hearts : Inseparable.

In this space we make, called Home.

At the edge of this world.
Between waking, and caressing.
Because we are the same Creature.

In home.
Protected, not forgotten, at this edge where we overlap.

There is Solace.
There is forgiveness.
There is new Light.

Almost invisible.
Inextinguishable.
So I see you again, as if for the very first time.
Refreshed, and new again.

Home.

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Where we belong.
Outside of expectation.

This space : Our space.
These sacred bodies : Our sacred bodies.
This delicate moment.

My true home.
Our true home is inside Us.
Nestled in the very depths of Our Hearts.
Where Together, being the same Creature, we are reunited.

Reinvigorated.
And Together.

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Marcel:
Home is in the loud fullness in the slow contemplation of silent things.
Zuhause ist in der lauten Fülle der langsamen Betrachtung der stillen Dinge.

MARCEL

I want to meet you in the branches of the hand,
Where world was already happening, long before me.
Never that I sat there in many.
Sometimes, very rarely, I added someone.
A star had settled down for him.
For the first time after weeks of flying by his side, he sat still on
a branch in his hand.
Here they could look at each other, from black to black.
Let me say that it is snowing, my love. Let me say that it is raining,
my dear.
It is the beginnings of sentences that count.
My hand is a lonely piece of earth.
Please keep the grass between your ring fingers.
It shall grow in the palm of your hand, and nest inside.
Bees and ants shall live there. I want to meet insects in your hand.
I want to be at home where there is rustle.

*Im Handgeäst möcht ich Dich treffen, dort wo schon Welt stattfand,
lange vor mir.
Nie, dass ich dort in vielen saß, manchmal setzte ich jemand dazu,
aber im Grunde nur selten.
Für ihn hatte sich ein Star niedergelassen.
Nach Wochen des Nebenherfliegens saß er nun zum ersten Mal still, auf
einem Ast in der Hand.
Hier konnten sie sich ansehen, von schwarz zu schwarz.
Lass mich sagen, dass es schneit, mein Liebes.
Lass mich sagen, dass es regnet, mein Schatz.
Es sind die Satzanfänge, die zählen.
Meine Hand ist ein einsames Stück Erde.
Ich möchte Dich bitten, das Gras zwischen den Ringfingern zu
behalten.
Es soll auf Deiner Handfläche wachsen, und darin nisten.
Darin sollen dann Bienen und Ameisen leben können.
Ich möchte mich mit Insekten in Deiner Hand treffen.
Ich möchte dort zuhause sein, wo es rauscht.*

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Andrea:

Home is home is home is home.

Zuhause ist zuhause ist zuhause ist zuhause.

ANDREA

I was waiting for someone like you, trained to spread misery and hopelessness [on people]. I have seen shames, dirt... wandering across some... of the same horrors that you've seen. You have no right to call me a bastard. You can terminate my life. I know... you are able to do that, but you are not entitled to judge me. I may fear a real danger like you, although fear is always a product of the mind, a choice.

I remember my overdoses, my last abstinence crisis... It seems a thousand years ago. Eyes wide open, pulling out of their sockets. I couldn't see anything. Only my horror. Reversed on the floor. Pale, cold, sweating skin glued to a pile of bones. And I remember... I was weeping like a child, shivering, in convulsions. I wanted to tear my tongue out, grind my teeth into pieces. I didn't know what to do. And I want to remember those days. I never want to forget them... I never want to forget.

Then I realized... like I was slithered... Slid with a sharp stainless steel blade right through my throat. And I thought... The decision to do that! Genuine, authentic. In and out. Out-and-out. Then I realized that I can stand my demons, only if I would have been capable of changing trajectory, relying on my primordial instinct to survive, without blaming... Without judging... Because judgment suffocates you as a snake does when it traps a prey among its coils.

Every night I dream of a knife carving deep into my flesh... And I, surviving.

Have I ever considered any real freedoms? Freedoms from... All this materialistic bullshit that remains the [expected norm], perhaps gaining impotence, at last.

What if we would stop talking about "crisis" altogether and start calling them "challenges", "summon", or "tasks" instead?

The self-victimization that goes hand in hand with the common usage of "crisis" can only be counter-productive. When we face only its symptoms without grasping it at its origin, a crisis becomes a paralysis, not an act of change.

THE WHITE CROW

Last night I dreamed that we were walking together in the darkness across a rainy valley. Everything was white. You were our guide, dressed in a sort of white-furred skin cloak. Two big tree branches were tied on your womb. You were trying to bring us all in a somewhere warmer place, not to freeze. We moved away and reached a planet where all colours were saturated, and all shapes arranged symmetrically in perspective geometries. There was a figure, which I call the King, chasing us, no matter how we tried to escape. Since

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you were guiding us, the King got you first and asked for your ID, on which you cheated. A cyber-screen appeared and showed a family member of yours who was about to be kidnapped. We stood up. We went on.

Letzte Nacht habe ich geträumt, dass wir zusammen in der Dunkelheit durch ein verregnetes Tal wanderten. Alles war weiß. Du leitetest uns an, gekleidet mit einer Art Mantel aus weißem Hautfell. Zwei große Zweige eines Baumes waren an Deinen Leib gebunden. Du versuchtest, uns alle an einen wärmeren Ort zu bringen, um nicht zu frieren. Wir entfernten uns immer mehr und erreichten einen Planeten, auf dem alle Farben gesättigt waren, und alle Formen symmetrisch angeordnet in perspektivischen Geometrien. Dort stand eine Gestalt, die ich „den König“ nenne. Er verfolgte uns, ganz gleich, wie wir versuchten, ihm zu entkommen. Da Du an unserer Spitze liefst, erwischte der König Dich als Erste und fragte nach Deinem Ausweis. Du zeigtest einen vor, doch der war gefälscht. Ein Cyberscreen erschien, und zeigte ein Familienmitglied von Dir, das dabei war, gekidnappt zu werden. Wir standen auf. Wir gingen weiter.

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