Metagestures
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The Gesture of Video

A bed no longer raises any such questions.
— Flusser, Gestures, 142

It is a place on which to sleep, under which to store suitcases, and in which to hide money.

It is a place on which to trace dream fragments in strange alphabets, to sketch lipstick nets on your pillow that will catch and kiss your hair while you sleep, to lay on a bed-sized mirror and stare yourself in the face as you drift into a cold glass slumber and then to wake up and press your skin against the glass and watch the skin stiffen into a silver shell that you can crack and peel off your meat like a hard-boiled egg and take little bites of your knee your forearm your finger and swallow and watch them lump across your body and go right back to where they started, to stand on one leg and shout in the voices of broken things crack! sizzle! crash! rip! and watch as the voices echo in the room around you paper peeling from the walls paint shattering bits of fiber shocked into flames.
It is a place under which to store dog bones love notes lovers fruit pits angels boots, spare fingers and toes as they're shed to grow new ones, spare cats and hamsters, boxes of broken glass, chunks of granite encased in cocoons they've spun around themselves in which they soften and grow into small statues with small mouths that quicken and yawn and bite their way out and crawl up and up and into bed and under the covers and onto your shoulders to sing you small stony lullabies, old shirts full of holes where worms have eaten the fabric and grown wings made of lace and silk and velvet, lizards that change color when you play music for them, lightbulbs you keep under the covers and whisper jokes to so that you can watch them glow as they giggle.

The bed is a place in which to hide secrets, quieting it by feeding it pomegranate seeds under the sheets until the mattress turns red and sour and sated and the bed falls asleep dreaming of autumn and keeping confidences, to hide doors and tunnels and snowmen and crumpled tissues, to hide in the blankets with socks and a flashlight and a map showing gestures made only with hands and wrists and arms and feet and ankles carefully drawn that you study for hours and hours and hours until you learn the pattern and dance it under the covers and wake up as a drawing of a child on the cave walls of Lascaux.

It is a place that makes people in one or two dimensions, direction and surface, line and plane, on and under and in, and it creaks and waits and watches us obey.