1) What began as an interest in hue and texture began to accumulate into heaps on the coffee table. And what of these heaps? Can we locate desire here, a precursor to the libidinal thrill of definition? Filings and dust conglomerate and cause us pause as methods differ in more complex systems of assemblage — no need for direct patterning. Think of the way red silk drapery falls across a black and white polished floor.

2) In this century, the motive of exchange is always accrual. Even between cells and the motion of tendrils against a hot fence, to mimic and multiply. They’ve been doing it for millions of years, one says, and yet still, we focus with specific intensities. The mound, the hoard, the piling of acts that turns into knowledge. The epistemic trumps the somatic in an act of aggression: the underlayer of the human condition.

3) Take note: the rise of symbolic planes contains what should remain limitless.

4) We can read such planes as extensions of the body. The initial glance, repeated, invokes a spatial longing. A hand,
in shifting, solicits similarly, although impressed through a different register. In each instance a measure, a musical score, each line opening to another, proliferative. Five or six communicative paradigms occur simultaneously on the metro or in the locker room. He sees trivial movement while she feels a deep and sensitive invitation. Imagine transposing this bus ride from the key of G to A or Db. This tonal shift can mark a depth in hue, a bleaching out of surface vibrations, just as a change in position enacts similar concurrencies.

4) The pile of sand becomes a figure for the impossibility of recognizing an approachable limit, even when the limit is desirous: handsome and wearing sweatpants. We lean toward the line when the line grants us a handhold, and the line falters, effaced. This is why they braid barricades into fabric, to keep the fleeing line at arm’s length.

5) The sentence remains, as layer upon layer of objects in motion express an age and thus grow larger.

6) It may not be such a stretch to think that language, like paint, accumulates along the page, evoking texture: a plastic art. Verbal accretion retains its own singular attributes when compared with charcoal, clay, or alabaster. This is especially pronounced in the form of the sentence as linguistic build-up occurs in strands, a visual marker preconceived as linear, as (typically) longitudinal along the axis of the page. This string of elements, these particles of matter, add up, one way or another, to create something other than itself: a linguistic synergy, one that has the potential to exceed its grammatical structure. In the words of Andrea Spain, we can say these extramaterial and extradiscursive elements of language arise, emerge, become trackable when the accumulation of linguistic matter exacerbates its formal constraints—pushing against itself, it either opens or in-
volves like a hibernating snake, writhing to keep warm in its seasonal sleep.¹

7) This type of accumulation occurs as overdetermined, amalgamated, un-codifiable: restless. As if paint dripping on the floor, rising as it dries. As if paper tacked to wooden beams, torn edges, smudged instructions, a longitudinal papier-mâché installation in the shed.

8) So, what are the extramaterial and extradiscursive elements in language? These elements may consist of patterns, textures, nonverbal communication through physical proximity, recursion, and prosody. Language, like paint and sculpture, acts on multiple hermeneutic planes. A text can be read for its content, its form, its syntax, its tone, its context, its somatic inflection (body narratives occurring within the line of the sentence, unconscious or otherwise). Each level can be mapped through Spain’s take on the excessive—a linguistic excess as a site of dealing with memory and matter in the sentence.²

9) In the Abelian Sandpile Model, the slope builds up as grains of sand are randomly placed onto the pile, until the slope exceeds a specific threshold value at which time that site collapses. The original interest behind the model stemmed from the fact that it is attracted to its critical state, at which point the correlation length of the system and the correlation time of the system go to infinity. This contrasts with earlier examples of critical phenomena, such as the phase transitions between solid and liquid, or liquid and gas, where the critical point can only be reached by precise tuning (e.g., of temperature). Hence, in the sandpile model, they say that the criticality—its moment of crisis, so to speak—is self-organized, unforeseeable.³

10) Typical for most theories, the Abelian sandpile model is a play of thoughts. Always, it seems, grains of sand are
dropped from above, when in fact many piles accrete invisibly from beneath. An inverted hourglass retains its flow in relation to the center of the earth. In metaphor, this stream can access a variety of trajectories. As long as an object appears as a layer and becomes a deterrent, obstructing and allowing accretion to occur.

11) This occurrence acts simultaneously with larger and thus less obvious flows and subsequent obstructions. Think of money alongside a riverbank, stacks on stacks until buildings form and become resilient to future change. Both, here, rest on the slowness of speed, as if to grow or become larger, to collect one’s own matter, must take time in order to insulate. Or rather, it’s as if systems of integration take time to introduce and then knit the new to the original organism or crystal. It is difficult for us to know how to propel our being (what we will become) through anything other than analogy. In destruction, we learn to respect—we value the rare and unattainable. But rock is everywhere and therefore uninteresting as a representable subject, unless one crafts toward scarcity. Caught in the strain of the grey and darker grey.

12) Likewise, in drought, pastels surface to replace vibrancies. Transparency heightens accordingly, and accordingly, the beauty of those objects that preserve themselves gracefully in death. Think bull thistle, baby’s breath, sumac, goldenrod, and roses: dried bouquets against a metal fence.

13) Once the sandpile model reaches its critical state there is no correlation between the system’s response to a perturbation and the details of a perturbation. Generally, this means that dropping another grain of sand onto the pile may cause nothing to happen or it may cause the entire pile to collapse in a massive slide.\(^4\)
13) The bouquets accumulate along an abandoned plot until, egregious, they disappear in the early dew.

14) Near this, a foundation left over from prior arrangements; an evening out of folds; vocal contour; the moment when outline and mien merge; containers; a swerve regaining its color; a bit of swell; all emotions left at the threshold; staircases; eyesight; streetlights; statuary along raised concrete; publicity; pedestrians, each face a mask; silent plots; value; acceleration; systemic fractures; a backdrop of facades and earth tones; fences wrapped with yarn; clay; grass in cracked blacktop; gift economies; baroque preferences; dried flowers; lines; limbs beginning to sway; machine parts; marginalia; elegiac street movements; cars; small birds; loitering bodies…

15) To loiter. To stand and breathe and sweat and look in all directions, a survey of a time whose duration can only be marked by exhaled breath — the beat of someone else’s heart.

16) This comes closer to the surfeit of form whose accretion becomes of political interest. To collapse against an absence of definition, as color excesses form and bodies collide in the cacophony of broken-down names, as if cardboard lined with plastic, crushed and wet.
a form that resists: massive piles of concrete that crush you in desire, to be crushed with the weight of the real, dense love, the love of flesh, of gravity's love for flesh brought close, made to bear down.

infinite skin

surround, describe the interior, the many points of entry.

light like a lingering
Endnotes

2 Spain.
4 Ibid.