Rough Notes to Erasure
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for Natalie
Remember, turn not away thine eyes from thine own FLESH.

— Abiezer Coppe, Selected Writings

The moment I disappear into the woodwork for good will be the exact moment of all my work is fully realized.

This has very little to do with other people’s recognition of it. I do not have the time or energy to spend on that. I am talking to you. You are part of the work I am making by writing this. You are no more or less invisible than I am.

— Adrian Piper, Escape to Berlin

This is why we stay with poetry. And despite our consenting to all the indisputable technologies; despite seeing the political leap that must be managed, the horror of hunger and ignorance, torture and massacre to be conquered, the full load of knowledge to be tamed, the weight of every piece of machinery that we shall finally control, and the exhausting flashes as we pass from one era to another – from forest to city, from story to computer – at the bow there is still something we now share: this murmur, cloud or rain or peaceful smoke. We know ourselves as part and as crowd, in an unknown that does not terrify. We cry our cry of poetry. Our boats are open, and we sail them for everyone.

— Édouard Glissant, Poetics of Relation