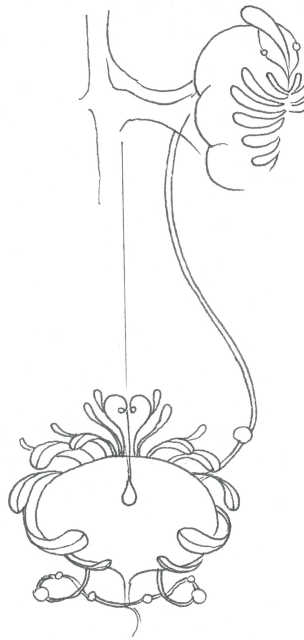


## ***Orbital writing for ANAHIT - by Noura Tafeche***



*Second study for jewellery for the organs - for ANAHIT*

Don't insist on understanding us at all costs, welcome us as you would an unknown cousin from afar.

Playing on the background of my neurotransmitters : *Hush Little Bay - Cocorosie*

Writing for you is like secretly composing a playlist for a never-quenched, never-declared crush I've never gossiped about with anyone. As I select words as the most meaningful tracks I hear your voice whispering verses of a 1998's Cher mingled with Fra's droning sound that has been in my head since rehearsal.

Our twin blush-pink phones ring from miles away, twisting our fingers in the same color wire with the same color enameling our nails, storytelling each other in words as when we turn our gaze inward, acknowledging each other, affirming each other with a meme by @mysticalslut and @bimbofairy

The best time to write accompanied by a meaningful sense of depth is when one has finished a disheveled and exhausting cry, but with braids still neatly knotted to a satin ribbon and silk pajamas and marabou on the collar.

Past the swelling of the eyes, the saline tears once dried dry the skin, the limbs clear and oxytocin returns to the bloodstream.

Water washes cheeks and throat, body tension is released.



gioiello e placche  
per cavit  dello  
stomaco  
oro, perle nere,  
lilla e Bianche

*ANAHIT* is an elegiac composition for water, a somatic blowhole celebrating a sacred unknown and an ineffable hidden.

Your words are not merely phonemes filling a silence; words are celebrated like the ornaments of a monumental crystal chandelier glimpsed in a darkened room.

Pursuing that shimmering sparkle in the thick darkness, orientation finds its direction. The size of your body and how your body fits in that room, ignoring how that room is decorated, you have only a vague idea of it, which leaves everything to the imagination.

*"So now the sadness comes. The revelation. There is a depression after an answer is given. It was almost fun not knowing."*

Everything that happens here could be called syzygy.

Yet it would be a vain and arrogant task to dare to summarize in essential form basic principles when in the harmonious equilibrium of your every word and gesture, underlies a continuous balance between what can be grasped and what immediately after it escapes and slips, leaving one's mouth in the grimace of a sardonic grin.

What we imagine with you and what we hear with you lives in a relationship of perpetual opposition, propelling a seductive game of shadows and poignant enigma.

You speak through a private cosmology that you alone have created through listening to a centuries-old lineage, collected in a hand-bound single-edition manual, elevated by ritual body gestures, prodromal incantations and unrepeatable linguistic potions.

We don't know the formulas but we witness the craft and your pronunciation.

*"I hope I am not only a mutual to you but also an oracle who is ignored in a classical tragedy."*

Will it favor healing, vent restlessness or establish ataraxia?



*Study for jewellery for the organs - for ANAHIT*

Again, a list of nouns will not save the epilogue of what we attempt to grasp, there are things that cannot be listed because any principle of brevity has the sole power to reduce the larger version of ourselves.

Do you feel a dreamlike precipice into which we are about to fall? Soon we will feel bonded to lie like oysters in the hollow of a shell.

The bottom, after all, can only be...

The funeral lament chisels the frequencies of the cells rumbling in the ribcage, and expels the waste from a body in a process of cleansing.

In the sensual softness of a cynical meme with a glitter ribbon I find your own geranium redolent fragrance soothing from mourning.

You are able to illuminate even where I would have succumbed.

Your dance bears inspirational peace, the digestive substance that fosters understanding and reveals intention more than anything else.

What a community and dedication you have gathered around your shoulders, to accompany and support together that pair of scapulas, the amount of your vertebrae, in the texture of your bones, in the gleam of your soft armor, from your collarbones to your groin.

As Max said once, gathering words like ingredients in an alchemical cruet that restores light to darkness : it is a grimoire, a political manifesto, a diary page.

"No dms only love letters from a composition in gel pens I know my worth."

In the darkness all constricting boundaries vanish,  
but it is your predawn song that mellows our listening,  
the golden rattles are the extension of your skin,  
in the crystal of the pendulum the transparency of a petal,  
mystery is resolved in the ditch of a navel.

"I know I'm pretty but can u remind me"

Maybe you don't care who will answer your questions, you commit poetry in silence every night.

"Sorry I can't go out I plan to seduce the mystery tonight"

The inner function of the mourning is unknown, but a buggy with velvety garland awaits to accompany us to the spring of water, where mourning can be fulfilled in its liturgical ritual.

"Yeah, but in pink."

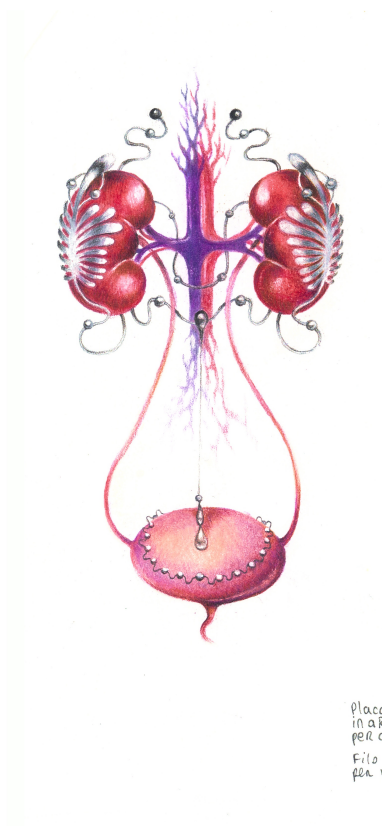
Decorate the innards to celebrate the complexity of that body of ours that carries everything with it at every hour of the day, it is a homage made of stones and metals for all that has been endured.

Adorn your limbs,

a ruby set in your bones,

a strand of pearls slips between the circumvolutions of the hemispheres,

which no one can see with the light in the eyes.



*Silver petals for the kidneys or study for jewellery for the organs - for ANAHIT*