

Untitled/Surrender



performance text by
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"A Buddhist Koan says, 'The master holds the disciples head underwater for a long, long time, gradually the bubbles become fewer. At the last moment, the master pulls the disciples out and revives him. When you have craved truth as you crave air, then you will know what truth is.' The absence of the other holds my head under water; gradually I drown, my air supply gives out: it is by this asphyxia that I reconstitute my 'truth' and prepare in what love is in intractable."

Roland Barthes, *A Lover's Discourse*

In an attempt to escape the pressure of the photograph, I grasp your shirt - we are on your bed, the room is bright, light fills a glass on the window sill.

We are looking at a little girl wearing a white dress with red ribbons, red stockings and white boots. The blonde, almost red hair falls over her face, overtaking the foreground. A frozen smile is barely visible beneath it. It is a smile that has no place. On a body that is the moment of its own apprehension.

I can remember you on my face and a scent that grew without limit. It is your musk, and it issues from a mysterious cloaked gland. I am blind with it, but as I taste it I come to know you. I come to know something of a desert, a brown plain flattening in the night.

In an angle that indicates an attitude of denim, a teenager stands in the center of the frame. A fierce kind of smile is shadowed by feathered hair. It is desperate, wild in its secrecy. She suffers from a pain that is typical or not so much. The studded jacket composes a body soon to dissolve in the limitations of a girl's locker room.

When we are shoulder to shoulder, I am able to match you. Then I curl under and want to turn you over. I like this way of being against the parts of you that tighten.

What is a hole?

Your fear of falling in and down. My round hurt or truth.

Lay on your stomach. Put your face on the floor. Inhale and hold until I permit you to exhale.

Your fear of falling in and down. My round hurt or truth.

There is a hole of swelling, intimately drawn and dripping. Hurting, I can taste it. As feeling, it's filtered and relentlessly gentle. And urgent silence, subdued. Lying next to you, our bodies fit, oddly together. Typically, I won't. I'll fight as incapable. My frame opposing others, size unforgiving. Questioning compromise, unable to listen, unwilling to give.

I am -un and -in.

Debating, I want to forgive your insides, your giving. I want to understand how you are with and I am not without. I have trust the present while conscious of an irresolute future.

Indeterminate weakness, feeling the with, the contained, the orifices.

Content, I want to lay back and take you, filling me. I want your body slow and hard beneath me in simultaneous desire. I want it harrowingly close, allowed to be there and exist. Vacillating between want, power, hurt, rhythmic pleasure, hurt again, pounding, pounding, throbbing thoughts that I want as without.

I am without answer, and am not an answer. I am a reference or footnote with extensive paragraphs of exponential details. An asterisk signifying explanation, a reason as to why. I am a sequence of numbers, without definition and without index. Our bodies tumble into the powerlessness of being categorized.

I can feel the hole of swelling, intimately drawn and dripping. Hurting, I can taste it. As feeling, it's filtered and relentlessly gentle. An urgent silence, subdued. Soon we will be unable to keep it silent, and it will edge its way out.

Face the audience. Make your right hand into a fist and put it in your mouth. Hold it in there until I tell you take it out.

When failure is safe: your fingers pressed into my jaw, curled into my teeth. Your other hand in its traversal of organs into the sponge-like nothingness I call home. I superimpose you over a menacing spectre in a history of violet dawns. Callouses scraping collar-bones, fingers that feel like a fight.

You are scared when I begin to draw sensations out of you. Your spasms tell me it's not soothing in spite of my tender gnawing at your ribcage. My tongue induces terror, an iron brand that sears your intention to lock me out. Here is a place with no holes where there is never enough pain.

Cobalt. The word for safety. I don't say it, but I am in it - the metal of you that magnetizes and poisons all at once. I forgot what I asked for - I forgot the asking. A blue rush that surges, grips and does not know how to let go . Your ribs are the emotion of my pelvis stretched over a blue and gray sleeping bag . How I felt enough to become you in each drawn breath. Our endless longing for suffocation and fusion, as if you could become the part of me that knows only to love its wound.

Stand with your back to the wall. Now close your eyes and begin to dance.

Against blue and gray there is condensation. A build up, a soaking into and onto, spilling from, out and in us: sweat, come, words, lines, hands splayed, open mouths, breath erratic and forced through the rhythmic rocking, simultaneous and quick. Hard against skin, lips, mouths, listen. There is an evident stillness and one.

Thoroughly cautious, holding you at an arms length that bends my elbows, my mouth brushing your skin. There is room for the failure of our constructed solid space. Falling into you then. Tumbling against and through landscapes, hurtling through a dissonance of vacancies . My words powerful in their silence. Inaccessibility being a new fear, contradicting my availability, what in your presence is actual.

In the ground of blue and gray, I enjoy the feel of your teeth. Looming over you, topping heavy onto you. Recalling my erotic pleasure in the dentist. The dentists white gloved hand entering my mouth. Savoring latex into gums, drooling into the wanting of them. Swallowing saliva. The agency in holding you down, hands hard into you. Coinciding pleasure, in your coming, in holding you down.

Stand up and walk to the chair, sit down and put your head on my left knee

In you holding me down. One white, gloved hand gripped around my wrist and the other performing a surgery of domination. Two fingers pressed on my back teeth, moving down my tongue, as the other fingers sink deeper into my stifling discordant longing. The double choke of throat and cunt causing blood to pulse up from the scar across my belly.

I feel around the curve scars on each side of your rib cage.

What made you into the body that I can't stop swallowing?

Push me down over you and against the part that bears the secret. I've tried getting you off for hours at intervals of months and weeks, and you won't surrender it. One night on the floor we gasped for air and I ate your asshole. One tender diversion from the page where you use me like a little boy.

Push me down over you.

Now the part that bears the secret reveals its length and I can feel the truth of your dick.

Your fists bawled in my hair, my fingers clawing at your hip bones, and the slave-ownership I feel about all of it. I serve you but I keep you on the edge of the feeling. Your cum in spasms is the consequence of my will to be obedient.

Without this cycle of fist to head to face to dick you we would live in the artifice of one another's tense visions. In this space, everything is wet and broken, you sigh in defeat as I swallow all of you how you need it.

What the fuck does it mean to be a man, or to fuck like one? This is the stillness that is one. Where I gave you head within a dual eroticism, where I became the boy, apprentice.

Be my pet

Our calculated play. A dynamic of give, take and take.

I can recall the childhood masturbation to the horror films the dead, the calm, cool bodies. Their relentless consent, while watching the beautiful, steely passive faces. The attraction in knowing they are always watching, they must. Their voyeurism meets my coming. I rewind the vhs tape, so the bloody conclusion and their passivity can meet my climax.

Will you be my longing for a parental figure of submission, my Bataille type of mother? Initially dictating our interactions, telling, asking, nurturing, who teaches in excess, yet offers herself unto (sexual) death.

From *Story of the Eye*, will you be My Simon/Simone, our raging sexual encounters, unconscious, zombie-like. Our activities spurned by the pulling, as we become each other's prey in mutual consumption.

