the general balm

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limn (v.)
early 15c., “to illuminate” (manuscripts), altered from Middle English luminen, “to illuminate manuscripts” (late 14c.), from Old French luminer “light up, illuminate,” from Latin luminare “illuminate, burnish,” from lumen (genitive luminis) “radiant energy, light,” related to lucere “to shine,” from PIE *leuk-smen-, suffixed form of root *leuk- “light, brightness,” clyde’n’em’dam’near alight in strange unlike, the figurative sense of “portray, depict” first recorded 1590s. Related: Limned; limner; limbo.

limnology (n.)

arpeggio (n.)
1742, from Italian arpeggio, literally “harping,” from arpeggiare “to play upon the harp,” from arpa “harp,” which is of Germanic origin (see harp (n.)). Related: Arpeggiated (1875); arpeggiation; arpregnably little walter in lit water.

asymptote (n.)
“straight line continually approaching but never meeting a curve,” 1650s, from Greek asymptotos “not falling together,” from a- “not” (see a- (3)) + assimilated form of syn “with” (see syn-)+ ptotos “fallen,” topos, unassimilated fold of sin in infinite series of sine, krinein, verbal adjective from piptein “to fall,” from PIE root *pet- “to rush; to fly; to cut” Related: Asymptossing, turning, tuning, whining, crine, diving, angled, icarine and never wrong and always almost not all there like a detail, so that all we can do is take the leg, and wail to sea.
We bear the atmosphere. How can we carry on? Lift across what lies between, spun by an engine that can't be between, 'cause that’s how near we are. We near as difference can be, which is absolutely near. Nothing is all that comes between us
to dance how we cut stevie. The history of weather is the closer we fall apart. The further we go we come to nothing like stevie come to donny in the common vamp. You and I keep violently conquering the nothing that comes between us
as we swim in brackish waters. Lady be lagging good, lovely, (not) going, (don't) go, go, gone in the difference, if there is any, but it still be going on, fallen in a dream we have when we be falling, right there, that little off we keep between us
is a passage we love. Resident hum invisible to the traveler, rubbing actions and events in flicker, loa beholding media in versioning, in always middle traveling, samiya freshening the field and then I’m fading into nothing comes between us.
I am, as I am typing, right now, right here with you as we are reading, doing this very *Invisible Mannish*, Ben Hallish, Bonnie Jonesian kinda thing, playing “But Not for Me,” staggered then looping then surging, on YouTube, on iTunes, in the room, till trio turn six and niño, crine. It sounds so beautiful, don't you agree? He says, “It's all about love” and it's cool, too, 'cause the density of the music increases, but at a rate no greater than that of the music's jamalian lightness. More place is made through being taken at the same time! Kinda like the effervescence of the water when she be swimming towards the end of *The Escapist*. Her fleshly displacement doesn't create more water but more surface under the water. More surface and more suns,

the way musicians breathe in blocks of open breath, blocks like bombshells filled with violets, intimacy and anonymity, and apposition and arpeggiation, all up under that blanket like Papa Jo'n'em. That's a block chord difference in the din of golina'n'em and love is violet incompletion—note erosion and ricochet. What if flesh is the anticipatory arpeggiation of the body, like when Trane plays the solo, and then the head, on “Countdown”? Prior immersion preceded by flight, and Freddie Green sat tight, in open tuning,

extending submersion's extended subversion and doolooped drumming in swimming page to page. The rhythm of the stroke is fly and polyamorous, signifying more + less. Commit to that, in refusal of this, free from one, body let go, ohio fired, pour some water on me. An arpeggiation of the corps and its solitude, which was imposed, having been made to take place, having been put in its place. Our owning bears the wound of being owned, to deepen being borne in empty gestures, reciting this probing that deepens as it can't go deep enough and our hands arise. Black olograph be off, in this respect. Almost misspelled, almost off type, near bewitching, all but off key, we fly away, or float on, or keep on movin', like a fuse, on certainty, or security.
That's just sharing danger, not settling for the envelope, no room, man, no groundstanding, you fucking murderer. Immersion ain't gon' go nowhere. It's inescapable, hence escape's constancy, which bears our movement in being moved. You can't stop it; you can't be it all by yourself. Immersion ruptures solitude no matter what. Even when I'm by myself I'm not. I'm sinking. Intimacy is the joint production of an air pocket the sun sprays; and we manage to look so beautiful in our absolute refusal of orthodoxy in the habitat, in our joint circular breathing. Our circular breathing is why the joint is jumping. And all you can do is kill us; you can't even get us on the phone,

these notes documenting the process, commenting on the product, thereby displacing it, diving in it, turning in it, turning it over, overtoning it, funkily moving and removing it, digging it up, trying to get down with it, word block corresponding to her structure, and her rupture of that structure, word block all material.
All I gotta do is listen, look, and then I'm gone, but tracing,

like how the sunken city writes the undersurface of the water in Neveryóna. And I know somewhere there's a creasing of the water on the shore. We illuminate the water, illustrate it from below, submarginal, sublalian, somehow. Too much water renders the land unprofitable. We swamp thangs, like Nat Turner. What if swimming is choreohydrography—not synchronized but syncopated, independent limnology, reading what leaves leave in the water, lining out that murky analibrium, xenographic hum, analogic mud, xenographic hug, analogic none, jesus bug treading but hydrophobic but all hydroptique, then drapetomaniacal
an underwater placegraph in suspense. Our shit is limnologically phantophonographic, wheeee, the black study of the water music. Our life is neither
dead nor alive. Nobody wants it but us nobodies, become the water in our whorldliness, the way Cecil loves the word whorl, pullin’ like Pullen + Aretha,
our watery, pianistic whirlpoolism, falling feeling like running in Bud Powelism, fluidity, but not against, but not for me, but shacked up with solidity, the
muck of orchestral furniture in blanketed embrace, worn, donned, put on, puttin’ on, showing out, not sublime but ridiculously beautifully just a little bit
touched. Our poco nonlocal existence is submarine and subterranean and subparticular. Our atmosphere—the generally relative mama put in play, like
Fernando says Angela says, in and all the fuck out the way of the storm too long—is waving. We feed and breathe by touch and sing songs the way Cedric
the Entertainer say Nathaniel, that faded I at sundown, in disordered, interminably black and anaolic Oakland, at the Calvin Simmons Theater, May 15,
1987, in preservation of the antological tonality.

Is there a relation between alienation and arpeggiation? Distanciation and differentiation, as in différance? Chords fall apart. Together, we fall apart to
here in there. What if here there are no persons, only chords in various (anti-)states of throwing down? What if blackness is just the theory and practice
of throwing down? Our music troubles the water. Our dancing troubles the music. Our music and our dancing trouble the body into inexistence. We
worry lost body till they flesh again. We worry worry worry. Cheryl Wall be standing up beside, back against, and back up off. Can’t quite let nothing go
or be.

We harp on the water. Our register is infinitely low. The face of the deep, in the fear of the water. Unportraited, before time, high water everywhere.
But not for me

  twice,

    staggered, looping,

  it’s cool, too, ’cause the density

is light, phonic sparkle,

    reversed countdown.

Flesh ropes the body it waits for,

    when three

threads out and fans and brushes

    in duress of emplotment

in possession,

    immersion

ruptures solitude no matter what.

We can’t breathe forever.

    We look

for air pockets—an informal market

on the corner, the club, a chapel

made of bottle trees.

    Every last

breath we want to breathe

somebody,    so beautiful in refusing,

graphic in quartering ourselves,

    ana solid

in embrace.

Wasn’t nobody but some chords

in various antistates and jingles.

Blackness is arpeggiation

and displacement.
Blackness is swimming,
can’t quite let the water go or be,
we harp on the water.

The blackness of the whole thing
is that our flesh lights up the world,
the ringing, the bubbles,

the particles appear
to fade
in suspense. What else
might happen to us folds us
in. Not, but amniotic wail.

We’re whales.

We hate the world. We love
the word whorl, our whirlpool
pianism, our pullen, our
pullin’, our practice,

our
saturated name.