

ADITI MACHADO

WEAR SIMPLE CLOTHES

impecunious subject. Presently she deranges the
furniture. A sudden, pure stillness.
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. A dream. But whose.
A red zone beyond the scrim. The absence of
reading is a bit lacerating.
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I feel my throat, she says today, I feel my throat
swelling. I feel my belly swelling. Then I lose
consciousness. When I crush it, there is a pang,
then there is a climax that stops my breathing. I
am as though drunk, I cannot restrain myself, I
tremble but not from fear, she (mimics a frisson)
says. I don't think about the wrong thing I just did.
I sit apart from everyone so that I can touch it.
That's when I'm caught. Once the climax has
passed I become dejected. Sometimes my
breathing speeds up. She says, my limbs are all
aching.

. Her intellect is dull. Periods of disillusion
appear to rouse her perversions. Some attention
might be brought to the nature of being caught.
For the moment, sufficient to say: degeneration,
depression, electrification by silk.
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. Mottled
by light.
. Mottled
by movements of shadow, the pile of mottled
cloths. A sudden, pure stillness. She is awake. We
have not read in weeks and are attentive to
outward aspects of the abyssal room in which we
mind the child and the child dissimulates. Bare
shelves. Embarrassing lack of speech. Kidskin
gloves, preferred when marked with the use of a
woman. Adoration of the left glove. Desecration of
the right. Semaphores.
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Sometimes we wield her like a sieve against the

light, afternoon mesh, and are able to view a distant feature, water tower. This is our human interest, which vibrates.
. Today we note a brightness of the eye, a pouting, certain kinds of locutions and retorts. Calicot, she says, cretonne, these make no sound, little cries of nothing. What did she dream? She dreamed thickly furred animals. We have not read in weeks. The sensation is of violet leaking through the blinds. Epidermal sensations are necessary and decisive.
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When she tears silk, she says, it is not out of sadistic violence but the violence of better understanding it. An expressive manner of speaking, an ingenious way of doing, and a flexibility with time, place, and person, as only the practice of an ancient passion would suggest. For the moment, sufficient to say: copacetic.

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Angular cloths, mottled dusk. Confusion. Or
depth, as by inverse inflorescence, talismanic, into
which the pile of cloths is deranged. Their rectoverso
scintillate differently. This is intense.
Ocular. Presently, she pees. It wets the dress. She
palpates the textile. We offer the anecdote of a
comrade (mimics). Ever since he became impotent
he is given to dipping his penis in milk, which
gives to him the sensation of velvet. No erection
follows. He drinks the milk with indifference. The
sensation of velvet, we offer, is not the sensation
of light. Light? she squawks. I'm perverse? *You're*
perverse!
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..... continual
..... mottling
..... of the cl
..... oth piles

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..... Wet cerebrum.
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We are keen to read and therefore distracted from the present. In wielding the silk, she has soiled it, evidently by placing it against her genitalia. We refrain from asking precisely what sort of satisfaction

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It is sufficiently clear the cloth does not intercede for the masculine body. In fact, it appears to agitate of its own accord, by dint of its solidity, brilliance, odor, and sound, properties nevertheless secondary to its tactile qualities, which are variegated, subtle, and bountifully responsive to the suggestions of a refined epidermis.

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She is organically motivated. She is sensoriocensorious.
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..... In the absence of reading every thing
vibrates out of orbit. Shadow-mottled. Wetmottled.
The epidermis feels itself becoming
passive.

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..... shadow-mottled

..... wet-mottled

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..... In the absence
of reading milky description coats us. This is
intense. Picturing it in the mind (mimics a frisson)

cannot compensate for it. Palpating, she says, palpating the textile is necessary here. Must the silk, we ask, be clean? Would a bit of mottled silk be entirely, we ask, devoid of charm? Would a man do, clad in silk, as silk does? A single of activity on the brow lit by angular light. Light? she squawks. You're perverse.

Was the girl dressed in silk or did she by the softness of her skin simply resemble silk? Is she aroused by the animals in her dreams? Does she associate fresh silk with some abstract notion of virginity? Etc.

. Other examples of haptically stimulating materials: roses, milt.

This poem (re-) translates portions of Gaëtan Gatian de Clérambault's report "Passion érotique des étoffes chez la femme," which appeared in the *Archives d'anthropologie criminelle* in 1908.