

BLACK PINK GREEN *bodylockface* cat GREEN BLACK move  
GREENBLACK Sea Sea BLACK BLUE patch GREEN streak GREEN  
BLACK GREEN leaves water BLACK RED lighttrees windowlight  
GREEN lights navelhair navelhair arm GREEN turn navel hairy close  
RED cat wheel car treeslightbreasts smile light light trees GREEN  
still window lights ORANGEwindow curtains Seacurtains  
seagulls ORANGE ORANGE patches city Lightstunnel fuckrhythm  
lights

fuckrhythm steady *blowjobhairy fingersface* Seafuckrhythm  
Down fuckrhythm lights BLACK WHITE BLACK waterwater  
Sea suckfingers BLACK film BLACK fabric faces fabr  
fingerBLACK GREEN faceGREEN Arsefilm CutRED finger face  
WHITEfuzz.arse fuckrhythm streaks filmBLACK film perforated filmRED  
GREEN ORANGE fabric streakWHITE smile goateed legmuscle ringrest  
stretch ORANGE Quiet slow arm *rest torn burnt film seagulls*  
sea arm still

GREEN female runs to sea arms Quiet seagulls arm sea arm still  
RingcaressGREEN PINKstillSea female to sea waves GREENBLUE  
runs to run seawalks to sea walks to sea walks to sea runs sea  
fuzzGREEN superimp runstosea fuckrhythm runsback tocamera  
swimwear to sea GREENfuzz runsbeach fillsRestlegRest  
ORANGE window curtains curtains seagullswindembrace curtains  
*brightdaylight curtainswindow* ORANGE gold SEASOUND BLACK

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**Sentences about Rivers and Cancers (2022)**  
**From Sonic Acts Ecoes #3**  
**Luke Fischbeck (lucky dragons)**

I encourage you to feel - to misunderstand everything  
especially the lightness of memory  
and the weight of voice

we traverse land that appears to be level

the tightness in the thighs that comes with ascending a long grade  
the looseness in the feet that indicates descent

blood does not pulse through your tissues in great tidal surges,  
it flows within a diffuse net

of permeable vessels, a capillary bed of creeks  
streams, forks, and tributaries that lie over the land

your newly found skill of walking downhill will help you locate it -  
focus on the points not the lines that connect them

how many nodes

*ded-weed, lawn-keep, weedone*  
*plantgard, miracle, demise*

it was thought the solvent would evaporate  
because a storm always knows what it is doing

you depend on clouds and you depend on water -  
do you think you are somehow immune

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does your blood clot too easily  
or too obstinately

is your blood spilled too readily  
do your tears flow too freely

the saliva that floods your mouth, the sweat slowly dampening  
the fabric in your armpit or at the small of your back -

all of these waters are about a specifically situated you  
becoming tributaries along the river

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in full possession of our ecological roots we can begin to  
survey our present situation

my blood has been drawn and I am allowed  
to look at a printed page of its ingredients

each week the blood flows with more or less of one kind of cell  
or substance than the week before

these substances go up or down  
determine treatment's future

measurement, duration the land is literally draining away  
I must let this flow  
through me and pass on

rain catches the topsoil washing it from field to creek to  
river to ocean

where is my body  
when is my body

what are the membranes that separate  
or differentiate my body from others

where and how do those membranes break down  
where and when does my body cease to be

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water is a relation rather than a thing  
biological water is also the most restless

in what ways does my body repeat  
like those rarest of rivers

repetition flows both ways in communion with substances streaming in  
from the ecological world -  
the exposure experience

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The exhausted are plastic and adaptable, a mutable river.

It is easier to demand happiness  
than to clean up the environment.

Imaginarities and figurations are as vulnerable to redirection  
as the flows of the river themselves.

A river redirected and drained such that it cannot fulfil its  
responsibilities to provide for its human kin is forced to  
turn away.

The exhausted bend better and more to what is necessary  
for their having been worn down.

These varied speeds and slownesses, multiple movements, and  
diverse incorporations of rivers and cancers belie the dif-  
ficulty of speaking of them in the abstract - as though they  
were one undifferentiated and amorphous thing the same every-  
where and all the time; both finite and inexhaustible; both the  
same and always becoming different.

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The exhausted live as fluidly as the water. Our planet nei-  
ther gains nor relinquishes the water it harbours, but only  
witnesses its continual reorganisation, redistribution and  
relocation. Rivers and cancers are seen as dead or alive de-  
pending on causes and conditions. I want us to respect and  
embrace the bodies disabled through environmental destruction  
age war genocide abysmal working conditions, hunger poverty  
and twists of fate, rather than deeming them abnormal bodies  
to isolate fear hate and dispose of; I want us to tend the  
unrestorable places and ecosystems that are ugly stripped  
down full of toxins; rather than considering them unnatural  
and abandoning them.

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Flow fluctuations. Chemo in semen. Flush twice. Fuck it.  
Blood is not the only thing that circulates -

Shallow aquifers, interbedded lenses  
of sand and gravel, mothers of rivers -

These images flow quickly. Pain creates  
excessive appearance, biomagnification -

Trace your weave back strand by bloody self-referenced strand -  
begin to alter the whole pattern. Tears well  
and fill and overflow and they pass.

Reclamation lagoons overflowed like pouring water into the ocean and spreading it endlessly. Invisible chemical fumes were unspeakably substantial, heavier than air. They were not apparent, but they did not disappear. She concludes that they must be dwelling inside her, in the flows and interchanges between them, like gradients created by rivers in deserts: triumphant mutations; tangible floods of energy, rolling off these women toward me. If I resist or try to stop it, it will detonate inside me, shatter me, splatter my pieces against every wall and person that I touch.

These moments and locations of illness are as natural as our fragile, resilient human bodies interacting with the world, all the veins in our bodies extended to rivers, intertwined, mangled. Allow rain to do what it did before buildings, roads, driveways, parking lots, and other impervious surfaces covered the landscape: soak into the earth, fill the soil, recharge groundwater, release flow gradually to rivers and streams.

A fluid, responsive process, restoration requires digging into the past, stretching toward the future, working hard in the present. The movement of rivers and cancers hold the was, is, and yet-to-come together; the flow and flush; immense slothfulness, like frostbite; sedimentation; the saliva in my mouth that enables me to speak. Inside this work, these stories, the concepts of unnatural and abnormal stop being useful. Rivers and cancers exist inside fire, and inside mind. The unturbid current that must be other people's consciousness challenges my notion of even what is human, and yet our absolutely alien mental flows (which I converted into power to heal myself) freeze, harden, and evaporate, in warmth and shock and love and concern, lateral becomings, and other people's fears of their own death.



Willem Claesz Heda. *Still Life with Meat, Oysters, Smoked Herring, Glass of Wine and Glass of Beer* (1630-40) Oil on panel. National Gallery Alexandros Soutsos Museum, Athens.