

TRANSNATIONAL LITERATURE

Equivalences

Nothing=Bluish white light I imagine waiting to be discovered, peeking behind every object, body part, even the skin of ordinary light itself, if I look hard enough or remember to look=Change=Impermanence as afterglow=Everything we feel in relation to the unknown=Threshold=Origin without end=Not detachment, a word that leads to its own attachment; but not over-attachment, too=An easy bag to fill again, but even harder to unfill once more=Released, not releasing=Freshly alive after private ablutions, how even this will be over=No credit claimed, but once seen impossible to unsee=A beautiful soundtrack=Instants when I let go of that which I thought I could never relinquish=Clarity=Behind closed eyes, the darkness with its spots and welts shimmers with a light of its own=At rest, a sensitivity=Not caring anymore about this and that, but doing them and caring anyway because since I'm here=One Diwali when I was so exhausted that I closed my eyes without falling asleep while everybody was talking in the living room and I heard everything but didn't react because to do so from one's conditioning is a choice I didn't have to make=People sicken me; I sicken me=Every act of avoidance when (uncountable) others refuse to acknowledge my queerness, my *difference*, manifested by the lack of expression, an *indifference*, which is practised (not always successful) stoicism=With every perspective waiting to compete with each other, why compete at all, or for too long=Unfixing fixities of ideation=More vital to brave countless possibilities than to impose perfection=To settle what is right in front of you/me with neither the wish to blame nor prescribe a comfortable narrative="But the self is always there, right?" "Nobody is saying there's no self, but why be attached to it?"=Behind one mental wall of prejudice, yearning and habitual responses, lies another wall and further behind this wall=The mirror when we leave the room, but not before we embrace to form a two-headed Janus in the glass=Untroubled autotelicism=Blue light I'm almost convinced is love as nothingness-in-action; light that caresses the underside of shadows=Then when such light is no longer as I imagine it, when hope is the closing track on the album=Infinity

Cyril Wong

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