



Dedicated to Mande (left) and Alaine (bottom), and to the unnamed “ETC.”

## AUDIENT GLUE

by Gita Yegane Arani-May, Palang Latif

An empty head. I have no soul with which to impress your sense of understanding the unspoken gaps.

I feel though. Yes, this man over there has a very complicated and refined ability of producing jokes about gaps. No, I would in normal circumstances never say that I'm deprived of anything. I don't even know myself.

I cannot be deprived of something that no one is taking away from me. No one would “deprive” me. Not that.

I'm the one who is rather nailed to passivity, a passivity that watches deprivation of other sentient, nonhuman beings ...

... I'm also nailed to a passivity that obliges me to breathe in their smelly perfumes of human dignity.

I'm made to watch them posing as admirable idols who get a lot of self-satisfaction from doing so.

I watch them, and in the instant that I'm doing so, they make me 'interpretable' and translate me into their audience, as I'm glued.

I won't have the chance ever to applaud or leave my seat. It's not a theatre, they play in such metaphors.

And I'm voiceless without soul ...

