

# TRAINING

RYOKO SEKIGUCHI

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY  
STACY DORIS

Ryoko Sekiguchi

Tracing

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The expected meaning in the singular suddenly becomes numerous. In the strict sense of the word, it functions for us exclusively as an indicator. Since in the plural. What's left in this text is the only incarnation of poetry, in other words fragments, with a gift for continuing. During the decades hands each designer, as a caprice, the places of destination. And oh, don't forget, we're talking with this voice.

## Tracing

The expected meeting in the singular suddenly becomes numerous. In the strict sense of the word, it functions for us exclusively as an indicator, Siren in the plural. What's left in this text is the only incarnation of poetry, in other words fragments, with a gift for omnipresence and twisting; the slender hands each designate, as a caprice, the places of destination. And oh, don't forget, we're talking with this voice.

"He who sees with one eye cannot put the cap on the pen"

< right eye/>

Leave right away. This idea had already brought me to the market entry, whose straw-covered roof-arcades spanned alleys and sheltered us. Because it's summer, I step a little quicker, the contours of objects that make these scorching days stand out will be signposts for our meeting. Silver trays, blue slippers, grapes (how deep in the pulp will light penetrate?), in place of what marks the seconds, pronouncing this way, my steps, sure, distance in turn the places of an instant before. Rip open and spread out the skin of the scene like lightning, eyes meeting trace an arc unveil this act. Dust, little spirals rising at the feet of passers-by, I, who can distinguish each and every color of these corpuscles, don't know my own destination, turn at the corner, nearly smash my hand against the dirt wall. Because drops on the wall brought me back, the last time we saw each other, to the remote cove of the town I had visited a thick shadow (me, stumbled), I couldn't walk very fast maybe because of that and remembering it I don't notice I'm going down. More and more, the sight of my steps enlarges because of the sloping, which also accelerates the speed, I'm seized with vertigo, photos taken, superimposed, thousands and thousands (how pathetic the sight), pushing, this sparks the force of attraction, lazy-eyed, she comes charging down (not knowing she inhabits the same organ). Flash of the metallic lance, armor-meshed shadows, in the confusion ruled by phosphenes, all the same, the last step of the right foot continues its thrust, the meeting's air grazes a shoulder. In that instant, about to take a step, someone (for example this figure) could have stopped, as I understood it, just after the eyes wanting to see covered the sight but also the elusive distance, no holding it back anymore.

<left eye/ >

I vaguely remember having made a promise. Thinking about it, I was at the beginning of a place where daylight filtered here and there (fresh, but radiating like stripes) that the people call "market." Perspire/evaporate (since I am so far from the *water stone*), I welcome the slowed repetition on my body, a slight astringency accompanies this joy. Maybe a sign of something; encouraged by that impression, I prolong my steps with a fine obliquity. Touch, and fragile sight which leave this flesh ajar to the outside (lodge myself in the grape's pulp?) sustain a life. Go on, this neighborhood I know from childhood, though the names of the streets themselves don't come back to me, my steps become fetters and, vacillating, turn to a path that isn't straight. Inside, I traced an uncertain figure from memory or imagination, fluttering image, in the depths of a roomfull of setting sun, I receive in my palm the sharp droplets of a visit that still smells of water, troubling times, the slope doesn't bother me. The tips of the toes that dig in deeper and deeper, in this sensation, I was still trying to conjecture another name to give the incident (should it be called *covering?*), the link between absolute slowness and vision. Accelerate/impossible, a wrong move due to the size of the angle's difference, I take in despite myself, intense eyes (somehow I await them) seeking their match. In the same instant, the shock of seeing my feet launch into my field of vision, colors high from the start, this proliferation more poison than beings, suffering which renders the clarity of contours, made me lose my balance, I stopped suddenly; I couldn't keep from shutting my eyes, because of a figure crossing, like the course of a blade. We crossed, and perceiving that, I reopened my eyes; light once again gently bathed the contours and it was too late. When will we meet again?

# The Flying Puzzle

In July, what's hid in a house? To observe/still cultivate stroke, various objects are hidden in the house.

11 + 12, 10, The posture of being all ears, giving  
 9, 7 (d + 1),  
 11 + 12 + 8 +  
 13, 4, 1 + 2 +  
 3 + 5, 6 + 7,  
 11 + 12 + 8 +  
 13 + 4, 3, 1 +  
 2 + 5, 7 (r +  
 u), 11 + 2 + 9,  
 10, 1 + 8 +  
 13, 6 + 7, 11  
 + 12 + 9 + 10,  
 1 + 8 + 13, 6  
 + 7, 11 + 12 +  
 9 + 10, 13, 8  
 + 1, 7 (d + 1),  
 2 + 5, 3, 4 +  
 1, 7 + 6, 2 + 5  
 + 3, 4, 1, 7 (r  
 + u), 8, 14, 1  
 \*d(down), u  
 (up), 1 (left),  
 r (right)

1		2
		3
6	7	
9		11
10		

The Goliards' songs

Have we guessed what is hidden in the house? If sight the various hard to find objects are scattered here. (What way?) (Where do words go when they're grown?) For wait and slowly sprout. In July, to the question of what

the words that sprout in warm air raised in a single

in to listening for what's inaudible.

	4	5
	8	
12	13	
	14	

The empty parts in the middle come and go successively / though they don't flee. The filling in never ends, which fails to cover them with a white sheet, even a thin voice can't do it, luckily for me. Galloping, light, innumerable pages on its back, and I entrust my response to one of these lines, and then –

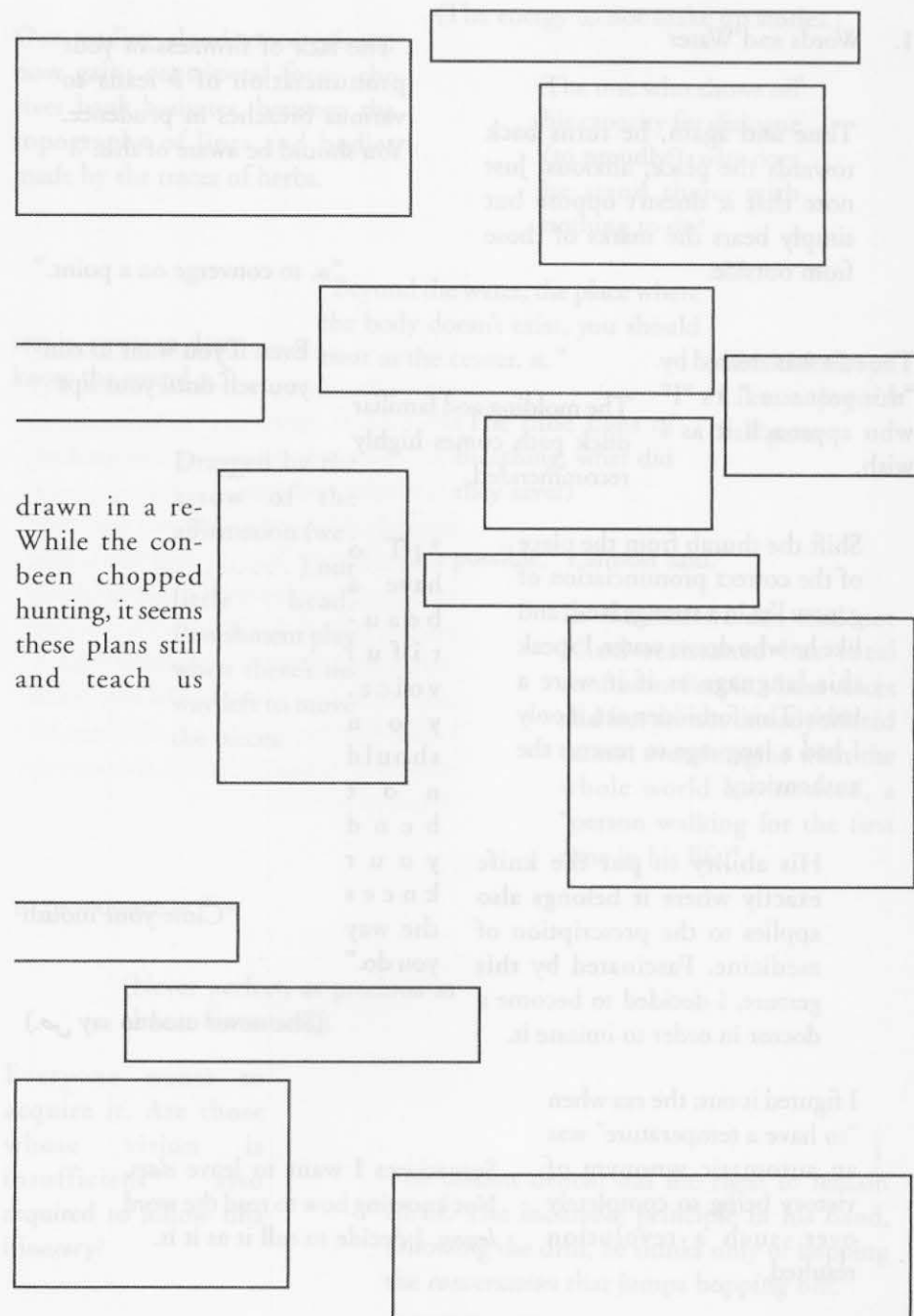
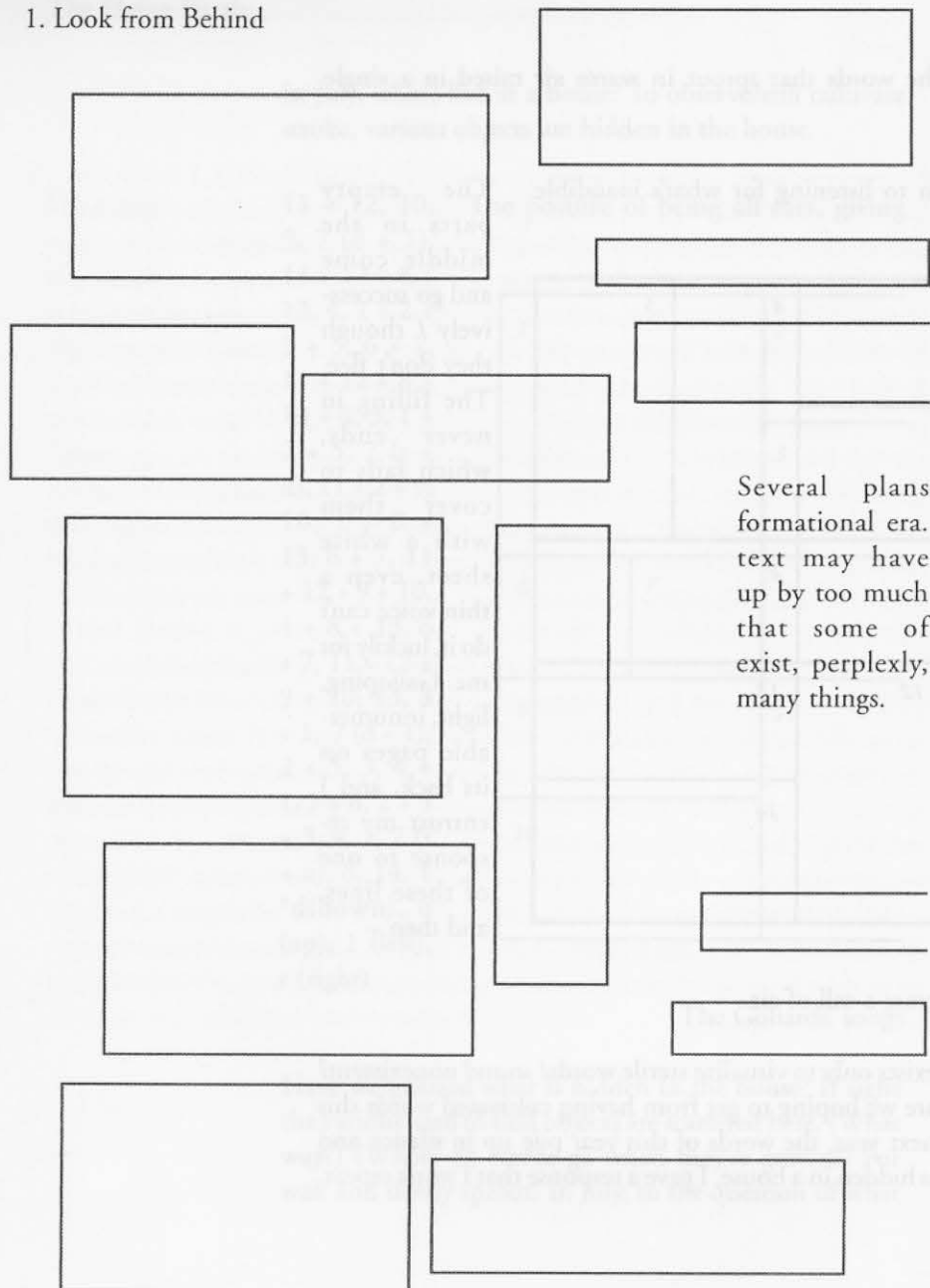
cross a call of air.

exists only to visualize sterile words/ sound nonexistent/ are we hoping to get from having cultivated words this next year, the words of this year pile up in silence and is hidden in a house, I gave a response that I won't repeat.



## Dentists' Reformatory Era

### 1. Look from Behind



## 1. Words and Water

Time and again, he turns back towards the place, anxious. Just note that it doesn't oppose but simply bears the marks of those from outside.

"The lack of firmness in your pronunciation of *b* leads to various breaches in prudence. You should be aware of this."

"*u*, to converge on a point."

The rule was created by "this pronoun," it's "I" who approach it as I wish.

The molding and familiar duck path comes highly recommended.

Even if you want to con-  
yourself until your lips

Shift the thumb from the place of the correct pronunciation of *g*, now I'm in a strange land, and like he who draws water, I speak this language as if it were a habit. This forbidden act, if only I had a language to reverse the authenticity.

" T o  
have a  
be a u -  
t i f u l  
v o i c e ,  
y o u  
s h o u l d  
n o t  
b e n d  
y o u r  
k n e e s  
the way  
you do."

His ability to put the knife exactly where it belongs also applies to the prescription of medicine. Fascinated by this gesture, I decided to become a doctor in order to imitate it.

"Close your mouth

(She never used to say ص.)

I figured it out: the era when "to have a temperature" was an automatic synonym of victory being so completely over, such a revolution resulted.

Sometimes I want to leave *dars*.  
Not knowing how to read the word *lesson*, I decide to call it as it is.

Our reading aloud, once private, now gains centripetal force, the river bank hesitates, between the topography of lines and bodies made by the traces of herbs.

(The energy to not make up stories.)

The one who shows off his capacity for dialogue (so proudly!), why does he stand there, with nothing to do?

test it, swear to deny  
know the sound *p*."

"Beyond the water, the place where the body doesn't exist, you should treat as the center. *n*."

Chickadee hops.  
Like a joyous  
ball game.

(The little signs of  
breathing, what did  
they save?)

Dragged by the  
arrow of the  
affirmation (we .  
.....) our  
little head.  
Punishment play  
when there's no  
way left to move  
the pieces.

"It's possible," I almost said.

In the text we can read not blind resistance but total confusion. People whose voices and feet are not directly related cannot even imagine what the whole world has noticed, a "person walking for the first time in his life."

to pronounce *m*."

(Never perfect, as precious as  
almost fantastical.)

Everyone wants to  
acquire it. Are those  
whose vision is  
insufficient also  
required to follow this  
itinerary?

The distant dentist has the right to remain silent. The incurable principle in his hand, following the drill, he thinks only of slapping the *conversation* that jumps hopping out.

Of the secret of Word of Silence, even  
except in deviations. Our real words.  
words that don't live in voices that  
they were not subject to any kind of  
transmitted. By eyes. Moving along  
extend. Never touching a lip, not  
their clarity. Absorbing only the  
that bind us, never reduced to those  
shapes appear clear cut. The words  
meaning shines on one of those  
ody, remaining words always, these  
them; but impossible to tell them in  
maybe with numbers, which resemble  
Word of Silence.

the mother tongue won't let us speak  
The words never spoken are here. The  
sound in the air are here. Read as if  
pronunciation whatsoever, silently  
the rope of sight, they can infinitely  
traversing a body, the words authorize  
pupils' light. By eyes. The real words  
sounds; we see them distinctly, their  
that glow in the half light, whose  
brilliant days, neither timbre nor mel-  
words are here. Intention to divulge  
a language that relies on voices;  
them a little, though unpronounceable,

We easily cite a thousand exam-  
imaginary object. Around this  
tative pronunciations. Featherlets  
every time; the junk market goes  
supposition is always one-way, so  
routes, crafty turns proliferate,  
calling to us over the shoulder.  
adopt a single vector, nor take a  
converge again.) Just to admit  
uate on the map remained un-  
scraps of definitions to the air;  
a description, but to be attached  
guous place, that was the choice.  
*lapsus calami.*

ples of what can exist only as an  
ground, there were diverse ten-  
jumped from the bent brush  
on. Mark of the already seen. The  
that alongside the few paved  
hiding themselves behind *if*, and  
*Circumferential* style. Neither to  
structure (enclose the blank and  
that a position too blurry to sit-  
named. Clearing that exposes  
shards of time. Never to become  
to the edge and stay in a conti-  
What happens the day after the

An understood fact. (For example) a being that inhabits tance that slips in between the two sides of the door, it. If it's nice out today, maybe I'll take the role of the

The phenomenon of the apparition of layers in a room on running our hands over these fine hung layers that lines of the relief. With our topographical map that

That's enough imitating the archaic songs, what's more, the scarf scarcely shaken, he slams the door in my face. The voice that repeats, that sings, stretching endlessly on, this call leads only to a duetto with herbs (if only he sang: a little breeze rises).

What were your stakes? I responded. limits, what were you counting on, wings. Knowing that birds belong to I answer.

Now, From now The day having on, not to ed that the arrived at go some- ing was so The scraps distance of to go water, eas- and fused, feeling the In the no hope thrill of only that trembling tangling, in crossed footsteps, the bet's result could be hidden. Not that is. The five senses are fully perturbed while functioning normally. And then. last words bet, at

"The figure that gets Prediction announced What would happen until these wings."

"He speaks not as a connoisseur, but as one murmurs. A day's rest. This serves not to the distance, it is contained within the

the *metamorphosis zone*, seeing in the abbey the ghostly dis- can't keep from toing and froing all around and trying to unstitch inhabitant of this zone.

occurs once heat infiltrates in excess. As we go surrounds us, they may detach from the round serves.

..... Knowing it held then? On the beating of birds' words, what were you hiding?

the wind blew hard, I learn- fantasy of the closed hear- light (look, it's flown off). turned back becoming ily skipped over the spiral spreading in a path that held for geometry. From now on, is worth transmitting.

we had guessed; we had already come to the of the spiral, still, we promised ourselves to least once, towards a place.

closer while turning away; that's reflected finely on the basin. in the falling of the first drop: it is not enough to open the door. after this door is written only on wings to come, ten billion years

who nibbles on all the words and adores them, sometimes he pours a pinch of put the act into perspective, but rather to encourage it. Without pointing out structure (itself ) of this one time."

"I say: me neither, your face didn't appear in my pupils. I say: me neither, all I saw there were dazzling feathers, wings crossing on a river."

The embrace frightens off. So does the ghost of the embrace, he tells us. Spoken in a particular place, latent distance in the passive voice, we go again below one of them and swirl, we could suddenly emerge from the back door.

Distance of the mountain chain doesn't lie, we can walk until noon, but the one two steps ahead of us hides the lie as much as the size of his steps. We try to step on his shadow; his faked attempt to reach the cabin already; then we will be the speed of the race itself, mess up the rhythm of his steps.



How to replaces the contents of a mercury *recipient* with water

a) Noviciat in the garden, and etcetera

Everything, if it is about language/ the sharing/ the indivisible also/ the calm and collected tone of voice, at least in the measure of units, shows no sign of lying. *Gravity*/ which rivals/ should not be wrong/ and the construction/ nor the conviction/ if not, perpetuity/ the voice that would go on, seemed to branch into another text, suddenly hung up.

To shyly tilt your neck towards the one next to you, try to get a word out of him: "Why can you say that you know what you don't know, where does that come from?" Once directly posed, the question will never have been posed in the opposite way.

(The right eye caught a busy figure going to take there for entry, slip in, and hurriedly open the text. While we don't deny it.)

They think that resistance to the sound *e*'s attraction is oriented not only towards the exterior but reflects back on the object itself, without exception. In order to answer perfectly to the demands indispensable to this phenomenon, a bureau is at our disposition, as is to be expected; barely midway up the hill, so much waiting discourages me.

The nature of glass; give in to happiness to the temptation of a perfectly arbitrary liquefaction, and become yourself subject to change and transformation. This was probably already long since in application, to the point of composing an axial symmetry in its reciprocal and uninterrupted reflection.

What is

"Gleam in the (sometimes nec- the afternoon. timbres, they in- curving to scru- or as if incessant- watered, with

چیست؟

He will in no way consider separating the *preference*. By the same token, we all know the system surrounded by several tongues. In such a case, by choosing a pronunciation that raises the *ع* to a mild warmth of 3° C above normal, we should be able to get the authorization to go farther than we imagine.

Lend an ear to the bubbles made by consonances. With just a pinch of grace, can we reproduce the joyous boiling? As in reality, it was nowhere necessary to act, between weight and lightness, with the contrapuntal persuasion of the one who called one day, intimately, from the livingroom, and the other who brought the indicative of the following week.

a *recipient*?

morning, stream tar) that drips in With their varied cessantly came, tinize the inside, ly trying, they trilling wings."

ظرف

As already mentioned, we saw in the liquid some intention to evaporate towards a place that turned its back on us horizontally, it held the majority of the liquid, however, a few visual drops still remained within. Then what was this phenomenon called?

Recognizing what is lost, pretending resignation/ not by decision/ but rather/ in knowing/ that /in being/ named from behind/ the figure standing silent by the window appears. So close to the line of demarcation, we thought it was the voice of a bird inside.

By the way, a garden of plants proud of its unequalled meticulousness. Shares a taste for showers, still, along what lines did the expression "meticulous grasses" come to light?

We met in a park where nothing was flat, where a series of slopes made soft rolling hills. Even through the dazzling days, flowing underfoot like a tribute, only the watery district can procure the fruit seller's words, holding each object just once in her hand.

It isn't so unusual for a different species to intervene in our territory and precipitate the fermentation; that was made clear from the start. The one who, behind the door, was deciding to assure himself of our relation, to take on our shape even for a limited time, strained to listen.



### 3. Why things turned this way

Something seen at 1:00  
for the first time.  
Otherwise, I would never  
have imagined myself to  
have a countenance.

...I remember. Each  
caned chair facing it,  
up the topic: "You  
wanted to have a me-  
several reflections."  
way, we were speak-  
where the liquid a-  
*attachment* could  
this sort of recipient.

The place *M* exists doubly.  
The common point of  
these landscapes which  
don't brush, even after a  
week of walking, why are  
you looking for it?

The one that shouldn't  
have been in the same  
place of surveying  
appeared without me  
knowing, had the nerve to  
ask for the comparison.

time I sat on the  
the *recipient* brought  
should know, I only  
dium able to gather  
Not to give it all a-  
ing of a situation  
round the word  
sometimes influence

(The light of early  
afternoon. I would like to  
know which of the two  
could let it through.)



What letter did it begin  
did it begin with? In the  
more often forgot the  
without a moment's war-  
ed by a greenery of ten-  
was a completely flat sur-  
receive any name whatso-  
like ocean foam, some-  
from human-borne  
undersides of knotgrass  
leaves, giving rise to new  
same چ, ع, ط, ف, and س,  
est breath of air. Not  
cretely, already aside from  
leaving behind all written  
descriptions of displace-  
transformed into words,  
separate body, a simple,  
was what I was seeing  
that.

with, what pronunciation  
days when we more and  
worn, still practiced rite,  
ning we were surround-  
uous motifs. Perhaps it  
face, possible place to  
ever, letting alphabets flow  
where barely removed  
pronunciations, on the  
and absinthe artemisa  
species of beings, the  
trembling with the small-  
only in naming, but dis-  
texts with meanings,  
pieces about this field,  
ments and memories  
become a completely  
standing silhouette, that  
from inside, finally I knew

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