

Room Writing Score

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Recall a bedroom from your memory. Write that room into the one you are currently in. Recall the temperature of the floor and how it touches your feet. How far is the ceiling from the top of your head? What colour are the walls? Place your body in that room. Where is the furniture in the room in relation to your body? Trace the

bed with your hand. What is the texture of the mattress? Experience the room as fully and in as much detail as possible.

November 10: I am standing by the door, looking at the white Ikea shelves. They are

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almost as tall as me. I feel the thickness and coolness of the shelf with my fingertips. It has square compartments. I see the books and other things on the shelf. The contents on the shelf change with time: toy figurines, books, folders. I walk across the shelf from right to left. I trace down the side of the shelf. I find myself in a crawling position close to the floor. This time I am facing the windows. Sometimes people walk past. The bed is on my left. I shift myself a few centimetres to the left to lean the left side of my body against it. Then I shift to put my whole back against the bed. This feels familiar. Could I extend my legs fully in this position? I think so but I can't be sure.

November 11: I am always running late in the morning. Somehow I cannot bring myself to set my alarm just 15 minutes earlier. I just can't. There is still a hope in me that I would get out of bed earlier but that never happens. Even though I am up at 7:45, I only really get out of bed at 8:15 at the earliest.

November 14: I am walking with my bike in my right hand, thinking "ah yes, it feels so nice to be taking a walk outside but also why are things only getting messier?" Maybe that's just the way things go, how intimacy shifts things in the real world – how the private plays out in public, or the public plays out in private. What are our own agendas? Can we really have none? I don't want to monetise my time. How can you have hope in the revolution? What is my part? Maybe drawing overlapping circles so no one is cast aside. What do I hold myself accountable for and what are the things I cannot control? I am looking for transformation. I want to learn. I am excited to see what happens next. I am inspired by you everyday. You inspire me to keep learning, to keep being curious. You inspire me to keep trying and living, in spite of others, in spite of the market. You inspire me to keep going.

Maybe that's just the way things go – how the private plays out in public, or the public plays out in private.

November 18:

**THE RIGHT TO OPACITY
THE RIGHT TO DELAY
THE RIGHT TO DETOUR
THE RIGHT TO WANDER/WONDER
THE RIGHT TO TAKE THE LONGER ROUTE,
THE SCENIC ROUTE,
FOR THE SAKE OF IT
THE RIGHT TO GET LOST,
TO FIND THAT I WAS NEVER LOST IN THE FIRST PLACE
THE RIGHT TO DO IT ALL OVER AGAIN**

20 November: I am trying to sense myself, be sensitive, and enjoy myself. It is not easy to be vulnerable. Whatever happened to my sense of self? Is a coherent self possible? A self that knows itself – a self that doesn't doubt, that is what it says it is. But that is not the nature of desire itself. The real and the unconscious, the symbolic. The relation to authority, the death drive, a return. The need for repetition. The repetition of need. Transformation of loss, lack, desire. A desiring body is a subjectivity. Subjectivity and loss. A relation to loss. The thing that is desired is always already lost.

January 5:

**I DREAMT OF M LAST NIGHT
MOVING AND EATING AN OREO COOKIE
DANCING AS IF MOVING TO THE BEAT OF THE MUSIC,
RESTRICTIVE
I MISS THE YES
I MISS M SPEAKING IN MY EAR
YES
I MISS HAVING A SAFE SPACE TO EXPERIMENT AND FAIL
HOW TO CREATE THIS SPACE FOR MYSELF
NOT TO AGREE WITH EVERYTHING BUT TO SUSPEND DOUBT.
SUSPEND JUDGEMENT FOR A MOMENT
THE MOMENT OF ENCOUNTER
THE ELEPHANT, THE ORACLE
THE TALE
UNFOLDING IN FRONT OF ME. SIGNS TELLING ME WHERE TO
GO. INTUITIONS TELLING ME WHAT TO DO
THE MATERIAL IS GIVING ME INFORMATION
I LEARN ABOUT THE ELEPHANT
THAT I DO NOT KNOW IS AN ELEPHANT
WHAT IF I DO NOT KNOW WHAT AN ELEPHANT IS
WHAT IF I DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE DANCE IS
WHAT WOULD THE ELEPHANT DANCE LOOK LIKE
IMPROVISATION HELPS ME STAY CLOSE TO THE MOMENT
IMPROVISATION HELPS ME STAY CLOSE TO THE ELEPHANT**

February 26: Let's role play the end. How do you see the end coming? What does one do in the face of the end? We are witnessing someone witnessing the end creep closer and closer with each passing moment.

We witness someone face the moment head on without flinching, fearlessly. Or, with fear but also pragmatism. Maybe it is everyone else's refusal that makes it harder. It is always hard. There's no way back. Grieving even before it is lost. Anticipate and miss the point. Are

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endings always traumatic? How to find a way to get all this restlessness out? Have I slept too much? Slept so much that I have tired myself of sleeping? This bed makes me forget myself. But I want to remember. To take time to arrive, to settle in the body, to see. Sometimes I wish I could disappear. I hit the reset button every time I get on a plane. I flirt with normalcy. And I flirt with giving up, in order to survive.

March 3: I am sitting at the table in L's apartment. Almost everything here is arranged just like it was one year ago. It is a strange and uncanny feeling. My sense of time is completely warped. Spacetime continuum chopped up and put together, collaged into a piece of madness with overlapping spheres of people, times, places. I've been procrastinating. There is much to do: the books to read, languages to learn, thoughts to think, feelings to process, people to reach out to. I feel life opening itself to me. I want to walk

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away from binaries, binary thinking, thinking between oppositions. I want to get rid of all the options, I want to create my own options.