

sunday august 29  
12:41am  
70\* feels 70\*

[REDACTED]

thank you for your letter, and for the stamps - i put one of your stamps on this envelope so we could both experience the communal support - i thank you. in case you don't remember (i always forget what i put in letters) you asked me what "no preferred pronouns" means to me. i have given it a lot of thought because it was something i had only intuited until then.

a short answer is that i have no preference what others call me.

a long answer is that since i typically only use the i/me pronouns when referring to me, i am comfortable with letting others choose the language they are comfortable with when referring to me. i'm not attached to any pronoun (although it feels so right that singular they is more common in our vocabulary) but i also don't reject any of them either. i'm not attached to ~~xxx~~ my name since i wasn't the one who named me, but others can refer to me by name if they know it. i'm not attached to my body~~x~~ because all this thinking feels like it takes place somewhere else that's not within the limits of this ~~xxxxxx~~ container.

another short answer after working through that long answer:  
the boundaries of a body, a name, a pronoun feels too limited for all this consciousness.

so maybe this means i choose to exist as a living poem since "poetry is the act of language that cannot be defined, as 'to define' means to limit, and poetry is precisely the excess that goes beyond the limits of language, which is to say beyond the limits of the world itself."\*

by not defining what my pronouns are, can i go beyond the limits of our constructed world?

what do you think?

i've been working on an autobiographical prose poem in which i talk or narrate myself as both me and not me, which means i need pronouns in addition to i/me. i unconsciously defaulted to she/her in the ~~x~~ drafts but after answering your question, i would like to experience being called any pronoun at any time by using them on myself interchangeably in the poem. i'll end this letter with the beginning lines featuring no preferred pronouns:

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\*Franco "Bifo" Berardi, Breathing: Chaos and Poetry



She was born as no one and now they is no one and now  
he is not doing anything. Eating, sleeping, nothing,  
just like everyone else.

I would show you her photo but they doesn't have a  
face. I haven't bothered to look at it with confidence  
in awhile and I forgot what he looks like.

She keeps their face in his pocket for moments when people  
expect to see it. It reminds her of the others faces,  
the ones who made them and named him and left her.

- a couple of names given to me by someone else :  
cortney cassidy