

Apeiron

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1.

That passage of dune between
sea and sprawl, sluggish with
eight months' gestation.
Steeped around my feet, I move
at the pace that the sand will allow me.
Dune is the liminal space of a liminal
Space—layers on layers of precarity,
coastal zone trekking from fence to skyline
and beyond? From the crest, I look out.
What part of me is metonym for this labour?
My body works of its own accord. Every
time, it is a new horizon.

2.

this is the touchstone /
keystone point, cardinal
direction, place of true bearings:
all lines, articulated from

some mythic

fluid, and

the shape of flight (in a book, as
in all things) a sense of running
downhill, one segment of the
whole. I am parted
simultaneously

point of origin? complicated as
all things are. I don't know where
I place me in this. all movement is
strata and territory,

undone

when she was delivered
the waters kept coming, so much
fluid, for hours leaking
lines of it down my legs
polyhydramnios (my own watercourse)

3.

like shifting the moment, holding out
the minute hand, extensions of past and future self
wrapped in present tense. about her
I am imperfectly formed. there are oscillations. birth is
not an event, but happens. birth is felt,
not done. still: *We have been aided, inspired, multiplied.*
things are unlimited, things are some
how sometimes still coming. (the pangs of afterbirth last
for weeks, each feed a succession
of tightenings.) apeiron: that which is unlimited, that which
yields, perpetually, the materials from
which everything (every thing) we can perceive is derived.
apeiron is generative of the opposites.
we don't sleep for months. *it's nice to talk like everybody else,*
to say the sun rises, when everybody
knows it's only a manner of speaking. time is not boundless
but it feels that way at 3am, and 5am
and then again later in the day. like shifting the moment, holding
out some little part of self from another
era. *We are no longer ourselves.* I can remember, though, each
iteration. a moment can hold, and I can
skip from rung to rung, up and down again, chasing something of
that cohesion. *each will know his own.*
is that belonging or self-recognition? self-possession is nine
tenths of the battle, as she grows teeth,
grows length and words and volume, grows hair and velocity
grows sensitive to loud noises, I grow too.
We grow. bodies with organs, like a map without lines. there is
no constraint in her, running from
one room to the other to greet me in the morning.
(these are the moments when I know
my self: water shifting state, gas to liquid, and finding
unstable form.) simply being. she has
pushed all the boundaries away, that which is unlimited
and that which yields, and the map is
the map is never drawn.

NOTES

Part One: Lines here draw from Anne Brewster's "Beachcombing: A Fossicker's Guide to Whiteness and Indigenous Sovereignty" in *Practice-Led Research, Research-Led Practice in the Creative Arts*, edited by Hazel Smith and Roger T. Dean, Edinburgh UP, 2009, pp. 126–149.

Part Three: Lines in italics are taken from Gilles Deleuze and Felix Guattari's *A Thousand Plateaus*, translated by Brian Massumi, U of Minnesota P, 1987.