

you say “huh.” “Perhaps I was not anything at all before you looked at me.” Necks we have always had. Throats; throats are entirely different.

Word. Noun. *L'appel du vide*. New French. This is to say “the call of the void.” That inexplicable urge to jump from high altitudes when peering one’s head over the edge.

And we turn back to the woman. And we ask her, *why this?*

What is this moment for you?

How can you sit still for so very long without falling asleep?

She inhales, long; exhales, longer. She reschigniers, sweetly. She turns the pointer back to Venus.

And we listen when she tells us,
It is no crime to paint woman as you found her:

Supine.

END

Lights out. The red dot of the laser pointer remains on the back wall, slowly and abstractly tracing the form of a woman. Blackout.