

The *other* Gongyla

1. *The hills are alive with morning dewdrop
wrapping vine and yesterday's drunkenness
in milky blanket*
2. This was the sort of beginnings she used for her mental conversations.
3. "*Comes Lucifer jeering my broken hart*" was another one.
4. On her wall hangs a photo of a city she never visited. Picturing a woman, she'd never met. Or maybe, many years ago. She found the picture in her ninth-grade memory box, tucked away in her mothers' closet.
5. The woman is standing with her back to the viewer. She calls her *Gongyla*
6. []
7. *Gongyla, like white petals blooming*. She is her secret lover.
8. speaking from the poet's fever pen. In fact, from the pencil itself!
Or from the fingers, dancing over the dashboard at night. *Dear G, what happened to you, where did you go?*
9. Maybe she disappeared in a dramatic pause? Or on the forest path? Or while gathering blueberries, thinking autopilot?
10. She's scrolling the waves of Instagram. As far as the experience of scrolling is concerned, small scrolling produces small stillness and great scrolling produces great stillness.
11. But this is nothing in comparison to wine. Wine is a cheap ferryboat back and forth. Navigating by means of the spaces of her inner eye.
12. Her inner eye dreams of being Gongyla.
13. This is a song for *λύρα (lyre)* –
14. []
15. Constant (re)creation of 'self' is a transient business.
*Just look at the crows
not unlike archaeologists
digging for potatoes*
16. Digging for the "lust for life"
17. Still tipsy from reading about insomniac cultures. Their solvation for a lonely heart was always wine.
18. Steering her boat on the red sea: she is *the other* Gongyla
19. Said: *Ahoy! I am the other Gongyla!*
20. One glass of red lead Gongyla to think about her other half and wish to quiet it.
21. Who can support the vine better than the echo of hands? In her lap (of time) unruly animals breaching mountains, like memories or rain; all the things she cannot carry. All the things she already has forgotten
22. [] No one plays the lyre anyways.

23. Continue singing, [*this time she confesses that she stole the first part from Ovid who mentioned the whole support-wine-part in Metamorphosis*] loneliness itself makes the wine taste better than reminiscent echoes from the past, puts a person's otherness in to orbit.
24. *Oh Gongyla!* Come to think about it, the horizontal axis is in fact a planetary disc – is in fact what the cat dragged in earlier this morning...
25. Muses of language singing/squeaking. *Can you hear them? Can you sing it?*
26. Yes, it's a good idea to silence her mental conversations.
27. Lucifer mocked her loneliness, so she began internet-dating.
28. Proust dismissed this type of recollection as "mere amnesia"
29. And someone said her neighbour looked like Rilke.
30. *Remember Gongyla. With eyes of ripening fruit
Curving leaves from climbing vines
Floating, where to hide in this white sea?
And if not of being, oh,
too long, Gongyla!
Another one bites the dust*
31. []morning sun tickling
32. Drawn curtains cannot hide the fact that the dust accumulates like mattresses on to the laminate floor
33. Absence of sign is always the sign of an absence, and the picture is just an image of time of someone that somebody thought they once knew.
34. She paints a smiley face on a potato.
35. What haunts us at night are not the dead, but the gaps left behind. voids containing too many Dionysian faces.
36. All this disappears when a people die out. Then everyone is reduced to skulls with a stiff, surprised look.
37. Gongyla gave up internet-dating to play the stringless harp
38. She started a book club with the potato face
39. *Gongyla in white*, like in one of those paintings. No sin no pleasure. Keeping her love locked down
40. But her inner eye had lots of drunken love affairs.
It became her proverb. Just like the memory of *Gongyla*