

More than me, from the mystery of utterancing, letting it come.
An opening into something, procedures for inviting, for summoning, an already there.
Circling in the listening.
Trying, not trying, to bring.
Conditions for something to come.
Language as a simile, only ever *like*.
Rhythms of the body, of listening and writing.
The rhythm *is* writing.

Language as a languaging.
Not about anything other than itself.
To attend to the rhythm of that languaging,
In the languaging of its own language.
The language of language.
Is this the bringing of something not already linguistic into words.
Transforming, a birthing moment.
Threshold of becoming
Already there, yet not in language (*not yet*).
Or a coming into being, synchronous with the emergence of words?
There, already there, this is not a spatial translation.
Towards a language that brings only itself into being.
A self-constitutional languaging, inaugurational, birthing of itself.
A language that wants to be (but not about something else).