

Revolt audition side 4.

I have felt very
tired lately.

I could fall asleep standing straight up.

I'm sorry about the watermelon.

I'm not sorry about the watermelon.

Where my body stops and the air around it starts has
felt a little like this long continuous line of a battleground
for about my whole life, I think.

Fortify.

I have cut my eyelashes off. I have covered myself in
coal and mud. I have bandaged my body up and made
myself a collection of straight edges. Fortify. I have
rubbed iodine, bleach and the gut of a rabbit into my
skin until it began to burn. I have nearly emptied my
body of its organs. I stopped eating for one year and
three days, my body a bouquet of shell bone. I have
eaten only animal fat until I rolled, bubbled and whaled
and came quite close to popping. Fortify. Make my
edges clear. Where I begin and air stops is my
motherland. No? I have sat under sun lamps until my
skin crackled, spat and blistered. I have pulled my hair
out with my fingers and my teeth out with pliers. I have
wrapped myself in clingwrap, foil, clothes, make up and
barbed wire.

No fortification strong enough.

Nothing to stop them wanting to come in.