

Pronunciation marks are proof

of one's own cultural sentience.

Those authentic reverberations

above the cap height where breath

pressures tongue against teeth,

below the baseline where throat

exhales the long accent vowel,

in that moment it echoes through

nose, quivers as phonemic air:

the ogonek tickle of $\text{h}\ddot{\text{u}}'$.

l

dark in back

throat hums,

rubs to ridge

alveolar root

of tongue

looms toward

teeth. To feel

sound one must

oral from belly.

Cough up soul-

pulp, evidence

of incorporeal self.

TO UNCOLOR

Use paper tweezers pinch free the ink delicately like pin-bones from a fish. Pull out *stems*, *cross bars*, *ascenders*, and *descenders*. Now, place the page inside a crucible, fill with chlorine and bring to a boil. Add a measure of borax to help cleanse *serif* blotches. Place a lid atop of it, wait momentarily. When edges of type are *anti-aliased* the limits of language restrain. In the meantime think of *folio* steam burns, its layers blistering lampblack, color fluid discharging and then liquid parching. Do not damage the surface—a smudge is immutable. Even its dense sentences and paragraphs should begin to degrade as the pulp loosens. Watch as the *letter* disarticulates from its *baseline* like a pivotal joint unhitching from a spine through maceration: it's in that moment print attains a satori of blankness, permutes the paper of complete space.