



# Behind The White Door

by Imri Sandström

That's it. That. That sensation of being fucked. Penetrated.		
	The fact that it's so contradictory.	
		Something that never opposes, something that never even moves. Never approaches. A passive, passive, aggressively enclosing passivity. Hardness.
I licked. Even the corners and cracks that you cannot see with your eye. Shiny white walls. The pale grey floor shooting upwards I pulled up my skirt. Naked knee-caps pressing against the hard stone floor. Or concrete. Painted grey. Flat pushing stone. And I licked.	I watched.  Placed in the doorway.	I entered.  Placed in the center of the room.
I was at it for hours.		It's all about the surface. They're often appealing but this. So hairless. Smooth. So ready for your touch your nails your drill. Hairless. Smooth. It's the lack of moisture. The absence...
Slivers and saw dust on my tongue. Tiny. They weren't visible. I could just feel them. I swallowed.		the absence of, the lack of secretion.
		Lack of wetness.
My saliva and that roughness.		No saliva.
		No spit no wetness no stains.
My bruised knees.		
	Watching.	



		On the whole nothing opposing. No will. No sign of life.
It was my body, my body only, that was marked.		
	I try to fold it. Try to see these white walls as one. Four stiff squares staring at each other. Ceiling. Blank. Floor. Blank. I try to make them be one. Come, come through. Be one, become one body. I glare, stare, and then my eyes my gaze will make them fall into each other. Contract. I try to make them contract.	
	Contract, release, contact with floor, contract, gravity as force of attraction, release...	If there is a will it's the will to be filled.
	contract release contact gravity contract release contact gravity contract release contact gravity contract release...	These areas they're just too, too...they need to be covered. Covered. If not concealed then craved carved, entered. Entered.
	release the lines. Make them melt into one cluster. One body. Mould it, gather all the lines, all of that and make one. One intense unit.	
There are those who have licked themselves into sainthood.		There is a covering. A covering of subjects and a covering of objects.
You just have to lick enough.		
		Bodies. Forms. Surfaces. There are bindings, lashings, holdings, penetrations.



Orsola, later Sister Veronica, she didn't eat food. The only things she was capable of swallowing were spider webs. The spiders still in them. It wasn't as if she was thrown into that cell. No. She walked in there of her own free will and she licked.	The emptiness one so often feels as one enters. As if there's nothing. Nothing. There's something, a juice, a something and it's all about squeezing. Like oil. You know it's there in nuts and seeds and walls. You just have to squeeze.	
	Squeeze.	Into the wall.
		Through the layers of paint and plaster into the dry crumbling substance. Screw into concrete.
Wearing only a hairshirt.		
	The resulting substance can be ingested, absorbed, or used externally.  More likely however, that substance will use you.	Tightening the screw. Twisting. Tightening. Covering. Covering. Holding. Drilling.
She wrote her autobiographies only after great pressure from her superiors. She detested writing. It is also said that her language is grammatically awkward.		
	Folding surfaces into each other. Watching. The hand in angles. Hand. Hard. Hollow. It sometimes feels very violent.	
		You have to use force.
There is a history. From B to 0.	There is not much said about violence. It's not touched upon.	
I would never touch an A.		



	Sometimes you discuss it. Talk. Converse. But that's not necessarily touching.	
I too make demands. BCDEFGHIJKLMNO... 0000...000000...0.0...	And isn't that what it's all about?  Touching.	Act forcibly. Force yourself onto that material, into and beyond that surface, that structure...
...OH!		...AH! To get in there with something blunt.
	Conversations don't work. I turn away slightly, see the lines, structures, materials. But only out of the corner of my eye.	
OH! To be pierced, the complete, total...		AH!
	M..	
00H...0...00 00H...0... 000... 00H...0... 00 00H...0...000... 00H...0...00 00H...0... 000... 00H...0...00 00H.OH! To be fucked forehead touching the ground. OH!	M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..MMMM M.. M..	A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..AAAA..A! A! A! AAAA..
OH!	M!	AH!
	The corner of my eye.	The Handle. The stick. The Hammer.
		Or fingers.
Hands against some trim.		The whole hand.
	Watching.	
Spread out, open wide.		
		Throb. Thrust.
Become		
		Cracks. Holes.
one's creases. One's hair.		
		Find. Drill.



Spread.		Screw. Seal.
		Tighten.
Take.		Twist. Tighten and
	Blank.	throb.
		Show who's in charge. Just. The mere pleasure of just claiming the space, the...
	Blank. So insignificant.	
		room.
		The act of here I am. I come with. I have a future.
		I have tools.
It's beautiful. It's really very beautiful.		
	A vacant, thoroughly mined place.	
An almost. A white, miscellaneous. A very contradictory history. A comfort in white. To spread out before. Be treated by. Be covered by.		
An almost. A white miscellaneous. A very contradictory history. A comfort in white. To spread out before. Be treated by. Be covered by.		