

How does heat affect us? What the camera sees is a trace; energy in transfer. Summers get hotter and so do our bodies. They become tense, tight. Released into exhaustion. Like a spring that is wound up and sprung- losing its form, irreversibly.

The peculiar affect of heat – affect here understood as a force that exists between bodies – is one that is marked by this same tense tightness, and the exhaustion that follows it.

II.

Outside it is warm. I grab a coffee.
Outside it is hot. I play music.
Outside it is dense. I adjust my seat.

A small fire starts outside. I look out the window next to my seat. I see a small fire.

A small fire next to which children scream joyfully.

The children are small fires.

I fear for your mother's white couch on which I am no longer sitting.
It looks flammable and could easily seat
7
or 8 small fires.

The camera codifies, translates - yet what was is not for us to see. Instead our bodies become part of that which it leaves a trace on. We become our surrounding, become attached to it - we become the same color as we heat it up. We become what we emit or what other things radiate to us.

We become, object.

A heat camera picks up the heat of a body – any kind of body – the heat a body emits. Infrared energy is then converted into a recognizable image; we become at once an object, to be sensed by it. We are subjects, only in so far as we are subjected.



I.

*Mi amor no te me vayas,
mi amor que aquí estoy
sentado en el mueble blanco
de tu mama.*

*De Nueva York y de Santiago
de los Caballeros sueño yo
peroirme yo nunca,
jamás.*

I stop singing and get off your
mother's white couch
and face the window to look out
onto a day
irradiated from the tips of
children's heads
to the sky so blue
it's finite.

III.

RECOILING

From the embrace of the small fires I'm
told are not from here
small fires I'm told moved in
onto inherited land

MY LAND IS MINE THAT WAY

as well and so I feel like something of a
small fire, but I am claimed and they are
understood. I am not a small fire and there are
so many of them.

The children are also small fires.

And that's what one once was.