

Georgia Horgan

*Duck bill*, 2019

Reading

You can prize apart almost any orifice and look inside.

I have an overwhelming desire to see everything, write an exhaustive description of every fleshy ridge. The detail is a lurid confession; not just an account of the act itself, the technicalities, the positions, the material reality of your insides. It's a pale and dismal disclosure of the meditation, the aftermath. The scope of the confession is continuously expanding, twisting, passing through an endless mill of speech into a meat grinder of total visibility.

But I can't read, I can barely concentrate on a menu. Shall I order macaroni, fried rice, or soup? They're all slippery and warm, right?

So I open up your mouth as wide as it will go and peer in, stare down at your soft palate. Running my fingers along your gums, examining your teeth, with the eye of my finger

Like a show dog

Sparkling white American orthodontics, racist experimental gynecology

Spectacular instruments

how can you work out the difference between high-technology surveillance and high-touch care?

My own mouth is stuck open with a bent pewter spoon. It's different from soft, searching fingers; my teeth are grinding against the rough, beaten matte surface, air rushing inside. I'm wide open but I can't speak, everything is exposed but where's the account? You can see everything anyway, from the yellowing backs of my crowded teeth to all the way down my flexing throat.

You must describe everything in excruciating detail; where were you when it happened? What was said? How did you persuade them? What did it look like? Do you suck dick? Do you have anal sex? Have you ever had sex for money? Have you ever had sex for a place to stay? Have you ever had sex with someone from the African continent? Asking the same question twice but in a different language; cómo estarrse, say it like it's got a hard 'R' in it and don't bother to imbibe the response before asking how are you??

You really talk much too much maybe it's good for you to listen more, with your eyes wide open fixed on mouths. Watching carefully for every flick and curl, lash of the tongue hoping for better clarity, a clearer picture, fine detail over context.

To see is to know, and to know is to have power, and speaking is illustrating so listen carefully and you'll see the whole gruesome display

but where's the proof? Is looking always violent and is looking always about information and is information always violence, the poetry of control? I want to look in your mouth so I can get to know you better.

Faced with all of your notes on pregnancy I move the paper tabs to centre. I used to want to know, to see inside; now I wish I couldn't. Do holes make space or should they be filled? Is the silence just sat there waiting for you to say something? A "pregnant" silence?

What's the word for a space that's not a space until it's filled? Most orifices are like that anyway.