

*When can a body be said to exist?* I scan my body.

Slowly I move my fingertips. I explore the texture of the air that surrounds me. My skin touches another. The Other. *When two hands touch, how close are they?* For a moment I want my body to be all theirs.

I feel my breath, my heartbeat.  
I try to tune into the same rhythm.

The Other. Can they tune into mine?

Now, our bodies begin to move synchronously. *What counts as a body?*

We follow our breaths in and down our throats.

How deep are we able to follow these breaths? At what point do they seem to disappear or dissolve?

Our bodies vibrate in slow motion.

A wave of excitement runs through my veins. *Trouble.*

I feel us overcoming our physical shell. Diving into multiple systems of ramifications and fluid exchange. *Is a body made of flesh and bones? We dive into our body juices, countless viscous empires. But then what are flesh and bones made of?*

And again, everything seems to disappear, to vanish,

like the breath we chased before.

We are swimming in a vibrating void.

*What is pressure? What is temperature?*

We are losing gravity. Drifting in blurred waves that appear as clear points at the same time. We are melting in all directions at once.

I am many. We are one.

Straying from the path. Like *electrons, molecules, leap stars, jellyfish, coral reefs, dogs, rocks, icebergs, plants, asteroids, snowflakes, bees.*

*Welcome to the superposition*

Booming noises. *Who can be accounted as the owner of these?*

Slowly we dissolve into this inner landscape. Crystal clear and blurred  
we sway left and right at the same time.

In here, opposites exist  
In here, I am many

at the same time.  
at the same time.

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Inspired by

*My body doesn't exist*  
*On touching - The Inhuman That Therefore I Am*

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