

(w)hole

Gervais Marsh

There are so many (w)holes, areas perpetually coming undone. It is loss and nascent openings.

Pieces intertwine through ever-shifting circumstances, and by the same processes they disintegrate, leaving holes of what once was and perhaps glimpses of what could be. Textures vary based on the conditions of becoming, shaped by desire, value, practicality.

There may be no whole, it may not be a possibility in a world built through fragmentation. Is it (am I) whole because I say so? Or is it gentler to understand living within fragmentation as a continuous experience of loss, shifting realities and generating towards something else?

To live through fragmentation necessitates experimentation.

I no longer fight the forces that pull me undone. What, if anything, emerges?

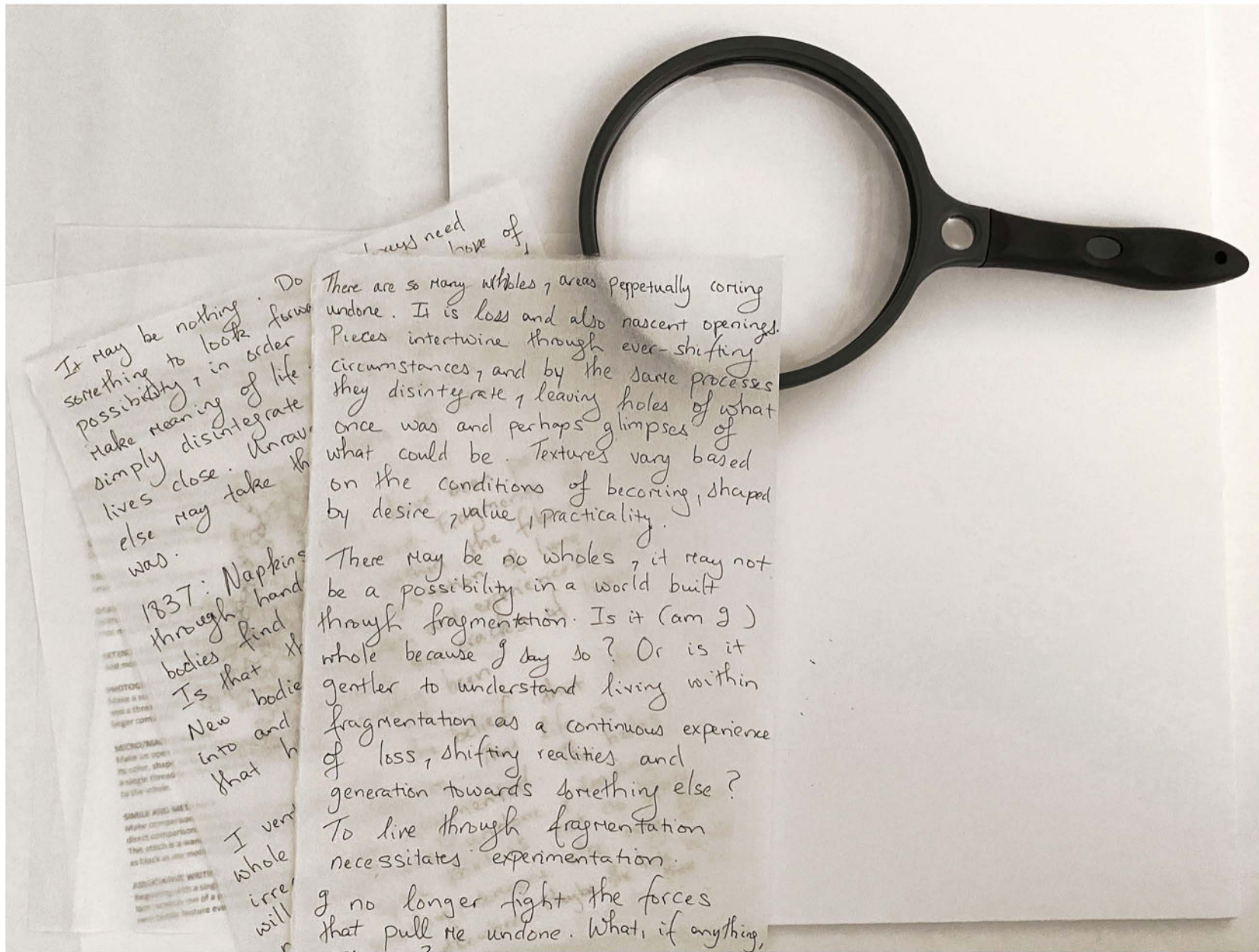
It may be nothing. Do I always need something to look forward to, the hope of possibility, in order to move through and make meaning of life? And also things simply disintegrate, worlds dissolve and lives close. Unraveling. Nothing else may take the place of what once was.

1837: Napkins that have been passed through hands. Touched. Fragments of bodies find space within the fibers.

Is that the manifestation of living? New bodies, memories and experiences fitting into and exploding the cracks of lives that have already been.

I venture into the belief that the whole is subjective. That life is irreconcilably fragmented. The holes will always come undone, leaving negative space that is not no space. Maybe something/someone else may fill it in or gesture elsewhere. Maybe the hole is all
there is.

Thinking alongside Evelyn Hammonds' essay "Black (W)holes and the Geometry of Black Female Sexuality."



It may be nothing. Do
something to look forward
possibility, in order
take meaning of life.
simply disintegrate
lives close. Unrav-
else may take the
was.

1837: Napkins
through hand
bodies find
Is that
New and
into and
that h

I very
whole
irre-
will

I must need
have of,

There are so many wholes, areas perpetually coming
undone. It is loss and also nascent openings.
Pieces intertwine through ever-shifting
circumstances, and by the same processes
they disintegrate, leaving holes of what
once was and perhaps glimpses of
what could be. Textures vary based
on the conditions of becoming, shaped
by desire, value, practicality.

There may be no wholes, it may not
be a possibility in a world built
through fragmentation. Is it (am I)
whole because I say so? Or is it
gentler to understand living within
fragmentation as a continuous experience
of loss, shifting realities and
generation towards something else?
To live through fragmentation
necessitates experimentation.

I no longer fight the forces
that pull me undone. What, if anything,

Davis Street Drawing Room, Gervais Marsh work space. Image courtesy the artist.

Kristin Mariani is a Chicago based artist and designer, Couture Section Editor of Bridge and founder of [Red Shift Couture](#).

Gervais Marsh is a writer, scholar and curator from Jamaica, whose work is rooted in Black Feminism and deeply invested in Black life, concepts of relationality and care. They are a PhD candidate in Performance Studies at Northwestern University. For more information on their practice, please visit gervaismarsh.com.

L Vinebaum (they/them) is a Chicago based writer, artist and educator. <https://lvinebaum.com>.

Like what you're reading? Consider [donating a few dollars to our writer's fund](#) and help us keep publishing every Monday.

Mariani, Kristin; Marsh, Gervais; Vinebaum, L. BRIDGE Magazine. "SITE VISIT: Anne Wilson, Davis Street Drawing Room," published online: December 19, 2022.