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Lindsey Monroe

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Awkward Questions and the Dichotomy of Spoken Language and Written Word *Lindsey Monroe*

I'm supposed to be reading about Derrida's preference for spoken language over written word and commenting on logocentrism in [insert book here] and deconstructing the human-animal binary in [insert other book here], but all I can think about is how your mind must curl around these words, squeeze the juice right out of them, so you can read them a different way, understand them a better way.

All I can think about is what you might say to me about them, and how I will shake my head in awe because I never knew it was possible to be so amazed by someone I always mistook for ordinary.

All I can think about is reading beside you, comfortable enough to swallow in the silence without it breaking, and me reaching over for your hand just because I can-- neither of us feeling obligated to keep holding on when we need to turn the page.

All I can think about is us, no longer reading, but instead painting a canvas full of our own words, blending our colors until one can no longer be distinguished from the other which is fine because phonocentrism is all about dismantling binaries, scrambling borders, creating aporia.

I return to Derrida, considering the origin of these thoughts, but the line is already blurred.

I return to Derrida, considering the originary complexity, and even though I haven't said anything yet, I wonder if (when I do), my words will be diachronic or synchronic, if an admission of feelings can even be referred to as a linguistic system, if any of this even makes sense.

I've returned to Derrida, but all I can think about is the genesis of these feelings, the structure of these thoughts, and the logocentrism reminding me that Derrida prefers spoken language over written word, (and I hope that I can trust him, because my mouth has been running this whole time).