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AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A LULLABY

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***Autobiography of a Lullaby***

1

Nothing happens, said Eve. That was what the fruit was about: one bite and boredom exploded like juice to fill our mouths.  
There is nothing like the smell of vomit before I close my eyes.  
Sleepwalking is a disorder.  
I was so drunk I could no longer feel time.  
The series of complex behaviours characterising somnambulism includes "amnesia following an episode," and "difficulty in arousing the patient during an episode".  
And to think the lights would wink me into oblivion.  
The pounding in my head was its own music of obliteration.  
Why do I keep doing this? Why do I keep asking?  
The meanings of words are founded on repetitions. The meaning of repetition is founded on repetition.  
We keep waking up to that lullaby of the same.  
Frustration follows, said Eve. Then weariness. Cyclical. With an unstoppable rhythm: our hearts keep the time, drum out its indifferent tempo.  
There were no other beautiful men on the dance floor tonight.  
I tell myself happiness means I don't have to feel a thing.  
No action makes sense except that which we may commit again; these repetitions the invisible blueprint of our lives.  
I can tell myself any story and it will be true.  
Why is my head a sudden balloon bloated with jagged question marks?  
The number of drinks is not inversely proportionate to the volume of emptiness in my body.  
My head will beat like a runner's heart in the morning.  
There is definitely more to life than this. There is definitely more to *this* than this.  
While most sleepwalking incidents are short and not dangerous, some can involve self-injury.  
I remember the music and my arms tethered to hands circling like planes above my head.  
I close the toilet lid and stare up into the ceiling lights until all sight is white.  
Sleepwalking is a disorder.  
Nothing like the smell of nothing before I close my eyes.

2

Your body was there, and then not there.  
One moment you were still, your eyes shutting over the light they barely contained.  
And then you were not.  
While sleepwalking, the patients' brainwaves show patterns which match waking behaviours like walking and talking while the patient is still asleep enough, so that he is not aware of what is happening, and is not forming memories of their actions.  
You've been watching me. You've been watching me for a long time.  
You have a beautiful body, and I have never enjoyed a beautiful body like you.  
Eve finally asked: How long have we been walking?  
And then I asked: How long have you been dancing?  
How long have I watched you dance?  
Desire is the heart's intransigent verb.  
The slower you dance; you become a palpating dream about movement.

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In this dream, everything is in slow motion.  
Wave those hands; how your hair moves against you, your syncopation is devastatingly precise.  
I'm sure if you caught a glimpse of me you would see the vacuum in my eyes.  
And the body is sucked in to fill it, Adam replied. This is what desire means.  
This is my long sleepwalk to you.  
People are looking for homes. People are homes for each other.  
The source of the disorder was once thought to be entirely psychological and an extension of dreaming.  
Homes reassure each other that they are homes.  
People who start sleepwalking later in life tend to have the problem for the rest of their lives.  
We live in travel, our hearts are rivers.  
We live in travel, our hearts are rivers.  
Look at me. Look at how I look at you. Look, my body moves to the dream of you.  
If I watch you for long enough, I could disappear completely.  
When I dance like this I am not myself.  
In this dream, everything is in slow motion.  
In this absence, I could be anybody's dream.  
You have been watching me. You have been watching me for a long time.  
I have a beautiful body, and you have never enjoyed a beautiful body like mine.  
I'm sure if I caught a glimpse of you I would see the vacuum in your eyes.  
If you watch me long enough, you might disappear completely.

3

The sleepwalker has no rest.  
Getting up is harder with each indifferent hour I remain in bed.  
If I lay here for long enough, I could fall backwards into the arms of the past.  
Soles of my feet re-stitch themselves to their shadows forming on the floor.  
If I lay here for long enough, I could start over.  
So tired of the smallness of mercies: the deep pockets of loneliness in the body impossible to fill, despite love's occasional gift.  
I think too much.  
Fatigue increases the chances of a person sleepwalking because it forces the body to go into deeper sleep, allowing the dysfunctional transition into deep sleep to occur more readily, leading to somnambulism.  
I could walk onto the same dance floor and see you just before you climbed up to that platform.  
There is the potential for harm to the person who is walking around without having full use of his brain.  
No, before that, just as I step into the club, a hand rising through my hair.  
There is something wrong with believing that life is always meaningful, that meaning is not a flame we lit ourselves and may flicker.  
If I could stand at that threshold forever, if I could live in expectation forever.  
I could meet you at the bar; you would know me then when you dance; you would come back to me afterwards; we could dance together; our bodies would touch.  
Eve looked up at Adam for a long time, and said, Let us rest here. We will build a fire for the  
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night, as nights are longer here. And the cold will be unbearable.  
I could live in expectation forever.  
This is my sleepwalk backwards, but all I want is to be still.  
This is my sleepwalk: I am never still.  
I am awake again: the umbilical chord that tethers me to you is thinning.  
Sunlight creeps into the room like a lover and everything is touched.  
This would not be a repetition. There would be a newfound gravity in my step.  
Would I see you again tonight?  
Would I be me once more, watching you dance?

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