

Fred Moten

Three texts written for *Falling to get here*, a video by Suné Woods

nobody hold no water

can't nobody hold

wait on the water

when it wanna go

no water when it

can't nobody hold back no water when it wanna go

hold back no water

can't hold no water

water when it wanna

wade in the water

i'm in trouble

you still thirsty

Why we can't wait.

Why can't we wait?

I don't want to wait.

What you waitin' on?

Wait on me.

Who you waitin' on?

Why can't you wait for me?

Couldn't you wait just a little while?

Can you wait for me?

Why can't I wait?

Wait for me.

I'm tired of waiting.

Can't you wait on me?

Why can't you wait on me?

I can't wait no more.

You couldn't wait?

I can't wait.

The difference between falling and failing is so small, such a tiny event of erasure, that it might as well be asymptotic, too.

We bear the atmosphere. How can we carry on? Lift across what lies between, spun by an engine that can't be between, 'cause that's how near we are. We near as difference can be, which is absolutely near. Nothing is all that comes between us

to dance how we cut Stevie. The history of weather is the closer we fall apart. The further we go we come to nothing like Stevie come to Donny in the common vamp. You and I keep violently conquering the nothing that comes between us

as we swim in brackish waters. Lady be lagging good, lovely, (not) going, (don't) go, go, gone in the difference, if there is any, but still it be going on, fallen in a dream we have when we be falling, right there, that little off we keep between us

is a passage we love. Resident hum invisible to the traveler, rubbing actions and events in flicker, loa beholding media in versioning, in always middle traveling, samiya freshening the field and then I'm f a d i n g into nothing comes between us.