A Record of Revision

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Writing is the oscillating fear and relief
Of moving articulations to remixed rhythm, seeking harmony—
Just who am I to make the writing sing from
Lyrics of theories and data and
Positionality in research?
And who am I doing this for, really,
And what do they need, really,
And how do I do it, exactly?
And what if it’s wrong and I’m wrong and I’m composing and listening and
Bearing with the discord that this is not about me,
Yet always already was?
I am part of it, the beat imprinted—
When the writing turns sideways, there are signals in the words
And silences, showing the heart of the researcher on screen through the
Ethos of electrocardiogram, a measured display
Of meaning at the mercy of technology,
And myself, if reflexivity renders me
A worthy assessor,
Interpreter of lines and prescriber of my remedies—
But what if it’s wrong and I’m wrong and I’m stepping back and failing forward
In the clamor and blur, tethered to my blinders?
Will you read it to me,
The electrocardiogram,
And tell me, quietly, the truth
Of what you see even faintly in the pattern?
And I will practice reciprocity,
Attuning to the melodies,
Our records kept open
For accountability at the expense of privacy, pendulum swinging and
Voltage now too much for machinery to measure the
Fear and relief, rhythm and beat,
Of writers in revision.

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