



I'll be your mirror ...

by Jeremy Fernando

He tried not to be vain, but he was happy about the idea of becoming famous
(Silvina Ocampo)

It is somewhat difficult to sit, on a chair, watching someone sketch you. Watch someone watch you, as a sketching—ostensibly of you—appears on a sheet of paper. On a sheet that remains out of view; that fills up beyond you, is filled up with you—whilst it remains veiled from you.

Marked with you.

Where every stroke, line, trace, is a mark of you.

A mark that marks nothing but the fact that you were no longer there. That you never actually needed to be there.

Even as the site is increasingly filled with you.

For, all sketching is done in blindness.

Where, at the point the stroke is made, she has to either look at the sheet and not at you, or you and not the space which you allegedly fill.

An act of memory; always already haunted by forgetting.

Of imagination; memory with forgetting quite possibly written into it.

In preparation for nothing other than your absence.

Preparing for your absence—with another.

Or: preparing your other for your absence.

An other who watches you watch.

Even as you cannot see it.

That you know—or perhaps hope—is looking back at you.

Portraits;

traced (*traire*). Perhaps dragged,

pulled (*trahere*), forth (*por*).

Drawn out, dragged.

Lines—nothing other than traces,

tracks (*tractus*).