

## Mei-meï Berssenbrugge

The Four Year Old Girl



1

The “genotype” is her genetic constitution.

The “phenotype” is the observable expression of the genotype as structural and biochemical traits.

Genetic disease is extreme genetic change, against a background of normal variability.

Within the conventional unit we call subjectivity due to individual particulars, what is happening?

She believes she is herself, which isn’t complete madness, it’s belief.

The problem is not to turn the subject, the effect of the genes, into an entity.

Between her and the displaced gene is another relation, the effect of meaning.

The meaning she’s conscious of is contingent, a surface of water in an uninhabited world, existing as our eyes and ears.

You wouldn’t think of her form by thinking about water.

You can go in, if you don’t encounter anything.

Though we call heavy sense impressions stress, all impression creates limitation.

I believe opaque inheritance accounts for the limits of her memory.

The mental impulse is a thought and a molecule tied together, like sides of a coin.

A girl says sweetly, it’s time you begin to look after me, so I may seem lovable to myself.

She’s inspired to change the genotype, because the cell’s memory outlives the cell.

It’s a memory that builds some matter around itself, like time.

2

Feelings of helplessness drove me to fantastic and ridiculous extremes.

Nevertheless, the axis of her helplessness is not the axis I grasp when I consider it a function of inheritance.

Chromatin fails to condense during mitosis.

A fragile site recombines misaligned genes of the repeated sequence.

She seems a little unformed, gauze stretches across her face, eyelids droop.

When excited, she cries like a cat and fully exhibits the “happy puppet” syndrome.

Note short fingers and hypoplastic painted nails.

Insofar as fate is of real order here, signifying embodiment, the perceived was present in the womb.

A gap or cause presents to any apprehension of attachment.

In her case, there’s purity untainted by force or cause, like the life force.

Where, generically, function creates the mother, in this case it won’t even explain this area.

She screams at her.

A species survives in the form of a girl asking sweetly.

Nevertheless, survival of the species as a whole has meaning.

Each girl is transitory.

3

Her focus extends from in front of her into distance, so she’s not involved in what she looks at.

Rhodopsin in the unaffected gene converts photons to retinal impulse, so she sees normally for years.

The image, the effects of energy starting from a real point, is reflected on a surface, lake or area of the occipital lobe.

You don’t need the whole surface to be aware of a figure, just for some points of real space to correspond to effect at other points.

There’s an image and a struggle to recognize reception of it.

She sees waves and the horizon as if she were water in the water.

The mother’s not looking at her daughter from the place from which the daughter sees her.

She doesn’t recognize abnormal attributes.

The daughter resolves her mother as fire in the woods, red silk.

In the waiting room, she hopes a large dog will walk up to her, be kind and fulfill her wishes.

Between what occurs by chance and, “Mother, can you see I’m dying?” is the same relation we deal with in recurrence.

Is not what emerges from the anxiety of her speech, their most intimate relation, beyond death, which is their chance?

Obedience to one's child is anxious, heartfelt, but not continuous, like a white mote in her eye.

Within the range of deteriorating sight, in which sight will be her memory, disobedience moves toward unconsciousness.

4

Her skull is large and soft to touch.

The thoracic cavity small, limbs short, deformed and vertebrae flattened.

All the bones are under-mineralized.

Bluish light surrounds her.

This theme concerns her status, since she doesn't place her inheritance in a position of subjectivity, but of an object.

Her X-ray teems with energy, but locked outside material.

One creates a mouse model of human disease by disrupting a normal mouse gene in vitro, then injecting the mutated gene into host embryos.

DNA integrated into the mouse genome is expressed and transmitted to progeny.

Like touch, one cell can initiate therapy.

The phenotype, whose main task is to transform everything into secondary, kinetic energy, pleasure, innocence, won't define every subject.

The mother's genotype makes a parallel reality to her reality, now.

She stands over her and screams.

That the exchange is unreal, not imaginary, doesn't prevent the organ from embodying itself.

By transferring functional copies of the gene to her, he can correct the mutant phenotype, lightly touching the bad mother, before.

5

On her fourth birthday, a rash on the elbow indicated enzyme deficiency.

Her view folded inward.

Ideas about life from experience are no use in the unfolding of a potential, empty and light, though there's still potential for phenomena to be experienced.

A moment of seeing can intervene like a suture between an image and its word.

An act is no longer structured by a real that's not caught up in it.

Instead of denying material, I could symbolize it with this mucus and its trailings.

The moment the imaginary exists, it creates its own setting, but not the same way as form at the intuitive level of her mother's comprehension.

In all comprehension, there's an error, forgetting the creativity of material in its nascent form.

So, you see in her eyes her form of compassion for beings who perceive suffering as a real substrate.

6

Mother must have done something terrible, to be so bereaved.

Ambiguity of a form derives from its representing the girl, full of capability, saturated with love.

If the opposite of possible is real, she defines real as impossible, her real inability to repeat the child's game, over and over.

Parallel woven lines of the blanket extend to water.

Just a hint of childish ferocity gives them weight.

At night, inspiration fell on her like rain, penetrating the subject at the germline, like a navel.

Joy at birth, a compaction of potential and no potential, is an abstraction that was fully realized.

Reducing a parent to the universality of signifier produces serene detachment in her, abstract as an electron micrograph of protein-deplete human metaphase DNA.

Its materiality is a teletransport of signified protoplasm across lineage or time, avid, muscular and compact, as if pervasive, attached to her, in a particular matriarchy of natural disaster, in which the luminosity of a fetal sonogram becomes clairvoyant.

The love has no quantity or value, but only lasts a length of time, different time, across which unfolds her singularity without compromising life as a whole.