Polaroid photo area

Malevich, Black Square, 1915 (canvas)

tearlessly,

lovelessly it corrodes,

decaying to loose laggards of fingerpressed forearms and newly cut hair, adrift in memory's cooled current, where longing looks darken and laughter distorts,

fading through history's retreat,

relations becoming images, affects attenuating, never to be refreshed, never replenished, a gift to the rabble that wars with itself,

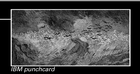
servants that are kings and kings that are servants,

mouthing truths and lies, gospel and heresy,

an uneasy murmur when thinking of her

Passport photograph

Polaroid total area


IBM punchcard

Malevich, Black Square, 1915 (square)

A4

Passport

DL envelope

DL envelope

Shipping container

words disgorged,

clotting whilst meanings ricochet beyond intention,

knuckles wrapping glass, elbows glancing hers, skull incessantly nodding, chattering until eyes stick fractionally too long,

her sclera agleam, magnetised, as faint flickers of vulnerability flutter from groin to stomach to deliver the pleasures of abstraction in the smoke cloaked twilight of now, in a tremulous excited something spun feverishly forward whilst shorn of determination, pulsating and imbibed, as time is called, as kisses land to drop necksmeared perfume ahead, gulped and savoured before divergence to tomorrow,

to fantasies of an imminent satisfaction, to a life whose indistinct hollow inflates with affirmation, alight in mind,

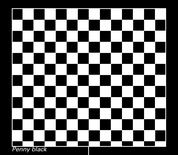
without a thought of suffering,

without a single thought of suffering

Malevich, Black Square, 1915 (square)

Malevich, Black Square, 1915 (canvas)

Mac desktop screen


Penny black

Medium width floorboard

Standard paper receipt

Broadsheet newspaper

Klee, Angelus Novus (1920)

32 sheet billboard

foot follows foot through slumbrous streets,

beside voiceless houses,

a warm waft of pleasance waltzing in shade,

ideas crackling,

desire hovering,

vision swollen with recollections of conversation, drink,

a contact whose ambiguity bristles in an imaged possibility of him and I,

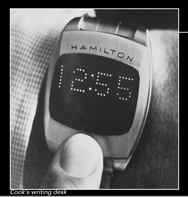
both at our improbable best

Manet, Olympia (1863)

Standard US business card

Bronze block

Duchamp, Nude Descending a Staircase No. 2 (1912)


Cook's writing desk

K1 marine timekeeper

thought tightens, constricting in the shadow of anticipation, whose messaged presence mounts determination upon determination upon the future,

to trammel dream with duty, beneath a suffocating fog of commitment that rusts lustres dull, forcing breath to fall stertorous, fretful, dissatisfying and diminished,

with ribcage throbbing,

irruent, collapsing, whilst hands slump weighted to type, to respond, to convey after silence that I cannot meet because I will not meet because I must not meet, the greyed phrases recurring to inscribe uncertainties that are certainties and certainties that are not, platitudes and pragmatics, spurting line on line to unload the heft,

to take back control,

to debouch thoughts into the darkling waters of distance, suspiring, fully, in embryonic ataraxy

86

US shipping pallet

15cm ruler

the both sleepless, aslant, two beds apart with limbs spread wide,

grasping through murk at midnight, when thoughts drum anxious and dreams recede to the suave voice of despair, which whispers dissatisfactions, regrets, failures and disappointment in imprecations for the foibles, the narcissism and the selfishness that waxes with solitude,

in the turbid, whirring hollow of a neighbouring pillow,

consuming as bodies writhe, as clocks turn, as you flinch from the dim lucence of deliverance that glisters above,

where crowds gaze and affably shrug, impotent to the tide that climbs ever higher,

ever faster,

to submerge each floor perched purchase, each saturnine sculpture, whilst you blench and tense and remain, abandoned though not drowned,

afloat with life unlived

Amazon Kindle

IKEA Billy bookcase panel

leaning, canting, before furtive motions edge faces closer, her eyes relaxing, greeting mine,

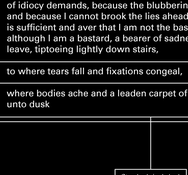
begetting fleeting thoughts of the otherwise constancy of distance,

of touch's taboo,

which nervous mouths sunder, grazing, sightless and jittery,

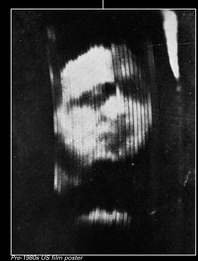
overwhelmed that this is happening, that this is now

Rodchenko, Monochrome (1921)


iPhone 8 screen

Ipad screen (first generation)

Commodore 64 PCB


Pre-1960s US film poster

Commodore 64 PCB

35mm film

35mm film

Friedrich, Wanderer Above the Sea of Fog (1818)

the drear, stagnant core of day, when grey mass thrums ambient and office dirt stirs, when phones wake,

a rattle, a rattle, a rattle, to spew words skywards,

which ask if I might meet, if tonight I might stay, if tonight I might yield and accept his limbs to roam mutely over mine, to release when come and consciousness depart, denuding expectation to a low day's muddle,

where, in the pressure of limerence, eyes wend windowwards, slinking beyond money, beyond Monday,

to nothingness,

to worlds without thought or obligation, where I might neither acquiesce nor fall victim to sloth,

where I might yet hold firm,

resistive for a moment, if only that

30cm ruler

Lorem ipsum dolor sit amet, consectetuer adipiscing elit, sed diam nonumny nibh euismod tincidunt ut laoreet dolore magna aliquam erat volutpat. Ut wisi enim ad minim veniam, quis nostrud exerci tation ullamcorper suscipit lobortis nisl ut aliquip ex ea commodo consequat. Duis autem vel eum iriure dolor in hendrerit in vulputate velit esse molestie consequat, vel illum dolore eu feugiat nulla facilisis at vero eros et accumsan et iusto odio dignissim qui blandit praesent luptatum zzril delenit augue duis dolore te feugait nulla facilisi.

LP sleeve

LP sleeve

Red Flag Magazine (红旗)

Red Flag Magazine (红旗)

over fallen dawn curtains droop closed, and morning's sheen seeps silently inward,

pitching lambent blues across shelf and armchair alike, a distant clamour laving the sweatcreased sheets of nightfall whilst sight ambles from floor to ceiling,

to where concentration lolls in folds of regret, whirling with anxiety to drift, degraded and ruminant, as I want him and want want and yet do not, not wanting him at all,

wanting dislocation,

in a deep, unbridged vastness where faults subside, where his jabbering awkwardness and rubicund grin, his pits and member would ebb, inexorably, to nought,

their phantoms expunged in spectation, betrothed to hope's spectre,

hungry for someone, for something,

for the mysterious, unexpected event that might appear but that does not, permitting light's reach to sharpen and dull eventlessly, as the bedbound moment elapses,

as I sigh, plaintively, at a sterile world, familiar and smaller, to be yet smaller soon

1 Soviet ruble

1 Yugoslav dinar

1 Eastern mark

Victorian pound note

US dollar bill

Standard credit card

Beijing metro ticket

IKEA Billy bookcase panel

PS4 Game case

CD Sleeve

UK A format paperback

Van Gogh, Wheatfield with Crows (1890)

a gleaming sweat slathered on skin and screened across another,

through hair, through underwear and spattered over flesh and bedspread alike, her back slick wet, her back dripping, nitid, with a chest flung perspiration that streams whilst thighs rub raw and stretch to the thrusting, the scratching, the bite, in sensations engulfed by eddies of breath and rage and spat on withdrawal, as come dribbles arsehole down, as two hips, thrashed aflame, recoil, her dark mop buried in sheets and cunt and anus gaping,

to nothing.

to gloom, to the silence stuffed cavern where softened reeks of shit choke quietude and blackness, where faecal streaks cross from cock to cotton, and where inhalation judders, as I roll to rags beside, clasping trousers, shoes, ideas, her vision pouring into mine, in a bloodshot, moistened intensity, unwavering before whimpers fall forth, before she asks and pleads and beseeches me to stay, her lip wobbling and body scrunched, knees to nipples and eyes probing to elicit a no,

as I think no,

thinking not now, not ever, not at day's end, not whilst eyelids clench shut, their miseries flung forward in a clinging and clawing and cleaving to refusal, in a denial, in a slow and rehearsed meaninglessness that prevails because it must, because the weight of idiocy demands, because the blubbering confusion persists, and because I cannot brook the lies ahead, which declare that this is sufficient and aver that I am not the bastard bearer of sadness although I am a bastard, a bearer of sadness and closure looms, so I leave, tiptoeing lightly down stairs,

to where tears fall and fixations congeal,

where bodies ache and a leaden carpet of possibility unfurls slowly unto dusk

Standard single bed