

OVERLAPS

Hagenfesten, Dala-Fløda, Sweden, August 2016

esw

Su:

How long are the days
waking in powder light,
the room is sun-bleached even on a Sunday
nothing moves
bundled body in a sheet, and coloured cables
entwine silence.

On Sunday nothing moves, only the train
and that lulls us all to sleep, nobody talks on this train in the morning.
Islands broken by islands, small that secrete into the next;
and sea tears through serenely
a square current with corners and edges,
tumbles on, crunching the aching space of this view.

Overlaps:

this square, a piazza from Florence
emerges, condensed

by a café that served pepsi to an English man for breakfast,
loaded,

And bridges bonding the run of islands, tear through concrete,
solidly herding pedestrians to land.

Pebbles, stressing the undersole
of each bound foot.

Grip and wind in each step,
this city is made of pebbles,
and the dust orange and green-flat facade.

A hamlet in the city exists,
winds in itself - how?

And a park along the perimeter, a corridor outside.

Follow steps of feet
from when pebbles
coated, ice, slips, snow sashes,
and sprains are on the tip of each tongue.

The eastern perimeter always
blazes.

Sun chaotic, strikes and
the body swells rapidly in reply
swerves over more bridges.

Isolated mecca of history in museums,
and shared memories revert, jig
the same anger gets creation,
only focus

on the pattern
and colour this space allows.

Niki de Saint Phalle
and Jean Tinguely's

Paradiset
of curving glowing forms, hard shiny surfaces,
rusted metal angles and spikes, dark, rust,
both burning in the sun.

Do we arrive at the sculpture,
and this sculpture frames and cut up by
whistling green trees.

Noticeably green against the machine of art
stiffly burning.

We waited so long to see this.

When did Moki Cherry arrive?
When did Niki De Saint Phalle arrive?
When did Judy Chicago arrive?
When did Hilma Af Klint arrive?
Overlaps:
record covers coddled as a child,
now as ominous tapestries on the museum wall
in full-body life.
When did Yvonne Rainer arrive with her body too?
I think the hair was plucked
between the nail of the thumb and the first finger.
Bind, twist, begin,
reverse and carry forward.
Hon here,
years ago,
still, colours, the blur of people that pass by
not seeing the memory
shared,
a collective thought
deja-vu and absurd
from books and photographs
seem like a retrospective
of an installation
never been to.
Politically engaged, swallowed and
socially remembers
this space we all once were
doing Organic Music in museums
and painting the bonnet of a car.
A collective subconscious
heaves at this museum
where we all once were
and overlaps,
a lace layer of time
dangles in the corners of this edifice.
The structure and frame,
the floor and ground still here.
Swerves,
because now
we can all purchase 1 square meter of every piece of art.
Own a poster,
and a postcard
to slip in a book written by a man,
who we all know was a palm-treeing-womanizer.
Later on my legs fell off,
it was in the ICA,
they came off in the aisle
where I picked up a rectangle of sticky brown bread
made of treacle and tar.
I forgot how they'd gotten caught
in the spike from Paradiset,
I'd left them there and forgotten to unhook them from
the choking chaos of one extremely still machine.
We went to the dairy aisle that was underground,
milk would've helped.
Repetitions, overlaps:
the room looked like the Tate Modern
when the objects had recordings,

light boxes and rectangular-plates make a pathway.
I went there when I was 14 and bored,
I didn't understand but I put every pair of headphones on
and let sound drip
next to the art which was droopy at the time,
and now replace, within one room, the same square room
at the museet in Stockholm.
Present is decaying into past.
Still we drink more coffee,
and emails flap and shiver
even when correspondence is displaced
outside of Europe.
We work so much that it's pornographic
and even here where boots and bags stick in our mouths
at a shop where barrels
of paper bag muesli spill
on the floor in a ribbon.
Making sure she gets a book,
the she being a woman I've never met,
but she knows what it's like to be a woman
because she is one.
And it's a sensitive way of addressing the table cloth,
and the table laid
under long fingers, bony knuckles and jowls
that swish in the wind by the farm that never existed in the modern city.
Hay-fires,
when you explain this.
Laddish, boyishness, manliness stations and engines ignore
filtering coffee granules in funnels girdling
and leaking loudly.
Halt, into domestic breath drum.
She's hiding under the table now in
the apron, we're not sure where it came from.
Next to the coffee pot and the scales
only one person's measure follows.
Overlaps:
someone else was here before,
a person I met on the motorway
with cars tearing in our eyes,
mentioned the kiosk where I ate, and where you did too.
The other place I tried to get in
but the doors were locked and bolted,
this isn't the time of year to make enquiries,
or to dollop and walk in a curve round the edge of an island.
Tiring and tearing the corners of your clothes,
stitched with safety pins
like Penny & Eve Libertine did when they were 16.
Does it exist anymore, the simulacra bellows.
And overlaps, because
that was the book I recommended to read two years ago
in this place where you traveled by plane, train, bus and car
to play instruments in a square building with flaps
and a square black hole for the entrance,
climbed up the steps to play and read Baudrillard
summers ago, when I was in Rwanda.
It's very complicated getting back to the present,
the present of the page
because that evening was like the beads falling off a necklace,

if the beads were plastic with no edges
and bounced onto a polished wooden floor like a sleepless night
in an airless room.

And the dropping present I write isn't even the present,
just version
underwire and mutate in ink.

Mo:

It was only yesterday, the beginning of the week,
the gel that we use to lather in,
touches the back of strange curved form
drape and twist fabrics around the neck, curling
aches like shoulders under epaulettes of gold silk thread
pulled apart and stuck on office chairs with chewing gum.
Always leave a note behind,
suitcases disperse each day,
espresso stains each day, today's is watery and mixed
with coppers or zinc, does it matter?
The is endless, we wait, the sky is still grey
reaching up to the top of the banner, only slips,
even with staples. Go backward.

Tough air breaks in grey tunnels,
travel fast facing the wrong direction,
air speeds,
we sit,
nicely,
and draw miserably with light
so the mark glows, and the page still curls and cuts us
as we wait.

Away, token window views backwards
town fields in corn-hue, pencil-shaving curls in sheets of light
spatter rain, spittle of sunshine, lurches
and robot-service I fascist packaging
chasing over the aluminium can tracks
rough race into melting climates
hours, pass and queues of fleshes form
in the aisle

as elbows crack and knock,
sounds of harmonized fingers tapping and evensong snores.

Humans in a carriage,
locus-destinal-questions are private,
yet there are voices

caressing the backs of our necks
and we catch each others leaning doors inward
make mellow burst of greeting,
hands flying all over, names cascading
and a sharp punch of welcome,
histories, overlaps:

I know this presence in three other cities,
I've never known it in the country
where land is, and isn't a foreign object.

A small child growing so much too.

Travels foster moments like this,
each else only marshmallows or yelps like the toad.

Familiar like overlaps,
this land feels like when I went to a place from Grand Central Station
with road names like Silver Mountain Lane and

Rainbow of Ridges Road, that nobody made up.
Wooden pallets, boards, pointed and reimburses
red like brown-red, only means warmth
and green, endless silent green
neat, clipped, in bright hue tone,
natural, clean, polished, outside,
and all the All-American cars that stake out the drive-by
that nobody drives by.
Car culture, destination focus, still we cycle.
Time corrupts, gets caught in a pen made for animals
that run in the city now.
And we enter a house, led into it,
quietly the house exists, un-lived in apart from the strangers
who exist there now, but only half existing and only
passing-through with destination focus,
over another bridge they hover around.
The room is blue, and the river is too,
but the grass on the bank is green.
And the glass of the window is heated by the sun's iron reaching a cable towards it.
Canons of music-made friends slowly turn their chairs,
eeking and stumbling over the mud-floor.
Have they been here before, around another table.
Many tables we have all sat at, but you have sat at more.
Skeleton buildings grip to the mud-floor
always close to the table.
Skeleton buildings even have memories
despite that their walls are open and so there is room to walk through them.
Panels don't talk, but there is table talk
and a pressure cooker full of eggs outside the red building.
There's a chandelier in the greenhouse,
there's cutlery in the tent.
Knowledge of locomotion helps travel sickness,
but jetlag is only one mile long and sounds like
two small gooseberry bushes in the garden.
Warm, smiling faces open,
sharing time, and spaces, or listening to the river
bubble all at once and in different history-contexts.
How much time does the mark take to make meaning?
Can it mean through images and reflection
whilst conversation occurs elsewhere and the paper exists only
at a table where it is silent now.
Other tables, other rooms.
Measures of domestic sounds whilst measures of electronic beats
power into jelly forms.
Walk to the river and catch some articulation on a fishing rod,
pass through a field with the pathway set by
hot iron steam rolling centuries before we could swim. Purposes.
Data roaming, nonsense strokes and has no point in
the anxiety of an empty village.
And so many blues here, even when you lie on the grass.
Turquoise, sapphire, Klein, duck egg,
peeling off the walls, covering the table,
holding up the doors, framing the corners,
slipping on the mosaic floor, smoking out of the pipes.
And over the river at night, when it's dark, and when
the blue is grey, there are tunnels of
delicate exhalations, directionless murmurs,
no outlines or a watery brain,

they'll go and come back again like the rock faces,
smiling we didn't connect yet.
There's an island in West Brittany, the most West you can go,
with a climate, that's microscopic and still like England.
And the island is surrounded by rocks, and the sea,
so the getting-there is dangerous and a knowledge of navigating the sea-space is required, and
the inhabitants of the island have the knowledge.
So, the men are on the ships and in the lighthouses,
the men are not on land. The matriarch rules the island,
the women are on land.
How far West could it be?
Did you peel the block of cheese out of its plastic shell?
We are still walking to the cluster, so we remember this.
Serene breath writes clear,
precise air rocks and grows, cared for by all.
The gardens here have hills, patrolled by robot beetles, scanning
for unlikely strays.
No one is looking but there are people, just inside.
Wealth, of nature's knowledge or knowledge's nature,
keeps it neat and fine.
Duties duly categorized and located with several voices.
Circles trace conversation motions between the echo of purpose.
Another mode to convex against the patterns in
the morning,
each folding space rotates and wonders, sharing the melting current.
Peaceful flush of water meeting us all, fastened by bridges,
There are three bridges so far, each over the same named river.
But on Monday we only went over one of them by foot three times.
It never swayed as the feet fell, or even when the cars
swallowed distance and drove over.
When the weather changes, so do the fields,
and the way we move and consume changes too.
It is like the wind, and damp in the air is the carton of milk we drink from,
with algebra equations on the back of it.
We all feel the gust that pushes each reluctant foot
into shelter, and seats and spaces to be in are offered.
Nobody felt offended apart from the air that we met on the bridge.
What ideas were discussed after coffee? The child slept
so still and peaceful in the corner on a wicker armchair swallowed
by blankets, throws and cushions. Cradled by cloth.
we all will sleep like this by the river.
More weaving, of straw baskets, and the next day
there's a room where a large wooden structure is, with cogs and threads
webbing together, a cloth materializes.
But there is no weaver present, we assume
it is the history of this municipality, folding back on itself.
One ought not to write about the discoveries before they have been made,
otherwise time on the page might collapse.
The walk home is beside the road,
the only road we have seen and it leads to all the places
we go to.
The drum revealed that it was only skin without a hand to play it,
I heard stories like this all night from the corner of a room.
A professor once lectured that we must know the motive of utterance,
but what I never understood was whether it needed to be understood.
I wrote for most of the afternoon in the kitchen,
at the kitchen table with the blue-check table cloth
and remembered:

Yves Klein's spongy blue painting in the museum opposite De Saint Phalle's rifle, and see through Murakami's ripped through paper windows.
The blue in this house isn't the same,
I haven't tried on a trouser suit in this colour blue.
Did you notice the red bridge cry each time a car rolled over it?
The bridge isn't red like it should be.
There is pale mossy green on the planks I walk next to, and these had been painted red once at some point in time.
Mustard yellow and the pale mossy green is an earthen mould, the kind ceramicists aim to achieve, earthenware, out from the mud, still hard - the bridge is solid.
And so far as what we read influences what we write,
could we ever read somewhere like this without evaporating too
because the clouds are so low here,
and we aren't high up at all, we always sit close to the ground.
Word of mouth, this mechanism was all that I had heard of it.
Extremely sweet, extremely salty, the flavor of this place
will always stay under the tongue
without the risk of disease and high cholesterol,
because it feels like
the outside vigour and engagement feeds inside when you're here.
I keep thinking about Max Ernst as I fall asleep,
he held a cup of red wine but didn't write his name on the list.
If he did, we'd have realized that there are only two vowels in his name, and that last weekend he read all the magazine supplements from the Guardian as though they were vitamins but there writing stopped making sense, so he only looked at the pictures but it looked like he was reading.

Tu:

After one night of sleep when the walls do not creak,
the floor is soft like peach skin
No reason to rest, everyone can sleep like babies.
Always leave a few chunks of fruit, breakfast is key, if you don't have an electronic pass.
It is all so round, I even heard an ice cream van,
but I haven't heard the news, and is it possible to ask if we are in the same part of Europe still. Or, is this another version.
Lactic-clouds cluster and part for the blame of daylight sun to roar and interrupt any trail of rational thinking.
News travels, fast or slow, no qualitative data,
must be somewhere in between but no one says it.
Sugar rush, I have a headache.
It was strange to see such industrial spaces,
in a place I thought was only country houses.
It will always rain each day.
Under the funny bone, we wait for more guests.
There are ropes.
I watched a boy make holes in the ground, with precision, guessing with a friend, tightly gripping a spear
but was he right or left handed?
We walked to look at the river again,
and considered our feet gripping onto,
sinking into,
rocks coated spontaneously
in green foaming algae,
romantically obscures how deep the water is.
I'm staring at lace each morning
if I look right, I'm staring at a poster identifying trees
if I look ahead.

And so I don't ever see a blank page,
it would be impossible to write if there were only blank pages to see.
Stuck in the kitchen,
the fridge pops and rumbles, then rings like it wishes it was a TV.
I'm helping with a longer line length,
and my breath gets stuck because of that,
at the cesura, it realises that it is one line long.
Would this crack the complete form, even
if we are only fragments.

I only brought books by male writers
and now I have to read them.
The quiet refuses the sound it keeps making.
Step back at the porch, in America where I sat at my coop
and watched it go by.
This reminds me of them, and other places during summer times.
The time of day continues, and I've spent the last hours writing about the day before.
Sit, just look at the colours and sounds each tree makes along the river.
I've only known this landscape for three days, but it's been inside the mouths of people I know
for two years.
Each tree trembles in detail of itself.
people march beside these unforgiving presences and smile at one another.
If you walk to the buildings in a horseshoe, there are children running and dancing and meeting
new giants each day; only for the long summer until school starts again.
A curated day, specifically in preparations for the next days.
Records only in zones - melts in the afternoon.
The sun revolves, imitates the moon,
because we want to give it human characteristics
because it is so temperamental and confused,
we would never describe it as sandpaper
held in a clasp of metal cogs.
Domestic whims carry on,
it was good to be outside
and find my own way back.
Does this remind you of anything?
As in the words, you hear from the marks on each page.
Jasmine, or the smell of honeysuckle. Not here though.
What's the name of the tree with opaque orange berries,
definitely too small to not be poisonous,
purely ornamental.
We can always ask the name for these things,
it's better to just describe, more real, more emotive,
like the real moment when you see a bundle of orange berries, at the end
of an offshoot
of a branch
and the light green pointed leaves
papery and veined that they flip in the breeze.
And this is a tree, unruly and in as many places as it can pollinate, a local colour of nature.
When there is a road, people walk in both directions so they say hi,
and we, the strangers, are learning his language.
If you can read two books in one afternoon,
they align or argue with each other.
Nadja, I wish you hadn't been written as a symbol,
however you will only ever be that now, so there is no woman to wish for, you are almost
just like a Short Talk.
Anne Carson said to Andre Breton:
Whatever.
We both decided it's best not to read Breton again,

even if he is dead, let's pay attention to
Nadja's drawings instead.
For what do names mean, if they are only symbols?
After two books it is difficult to stay awake,
for reality sways after all that time when your eyes
are on the page.
Strike through, reverb, then walk and the road,
it prowls too.
So many steps on each other, it seems likewise.
More buildings seem, but are they are?
Temporal, ephemeral community, could share always
without notions to provoke and halt.
A complex dance of interactions
streams, rivers, lakes wind between voices and bodies.
A gentle rocking between moods and actions,
the dance is ritual,
comes from structures we remember well
from our own calm experiences of non ownership,
leaves with memory, no objects.
Walk over another bridge, repeat the dance:
floating beside the church, replaced in 1916,
by a hanging bridge that catches fire in the 80s,
we don't walk over either,
yet we walk the route they pursued too.
Bridges, utterance.
Has the ache in your neck gone now?
This day didn't start in one place,
overlaps of several.
And this isn't the page I usually write in,
overlaps of digi-pages.
Stare into three mirrors all in the same house, each
the view is speckled, tinted by the papers on the walls.
Talking on the internet,
doesn't work,
like when faces meet and discuss,
does. Interconnect, interweb,
smartly waiting for a string of ginger to grow and dry.
Knotted and silenced. This is where objects are woven,
criss-cross barricades on the bridge are woven.
Voices and relationships are woven.
Have you ever listened to the sound of weaving?

We:

Chase time,
only the day to write about the day, as the present ebbs and weaves into the past when
fixed present breaks on the page.
Flick through, the sketch of a setting filtered.
units of time.
It's all kept in jars anyway.
Let's walk in more circles. Time-flips.
The table is slanted, because the floor isn't flat,
so it's creeping towards the window,
it will all slip off soon.
People are quieter in the mornings, it's noticeable when the mugs aren't shaking.
Chosen pathway,
unexpected meetings and library-discovery.
Tracing a direction.

Returns to write, about the day before the day I am
writing about now.
Motion-functions, human hand.
The sun like cake glazing, so jump in the water,
or find somewhere quiet, unseen to modestly document.
There are quiet queues to know the water.
It's the same water here,
have you seen the mossy green hair flowing with the river? It's stuck on the rocks and never
talks.
The boulders weigh the hair down to the river bed, you can see it from the bridge.
Tired of the kitchen, so discover another crevice,
one where a cat bites it's so scared,
and a lonely rowing boat rests between the reeds.
Still bruised from lifting boxes.
Is the dock steady enough to take the weight of a hand moving?
Who's boat is this apart from the reeds that embrace it?
The bank is sturdy, a plank for a bench was made, and this moment occurs on it.
Whiplash, write in elsewhere, hope it feeds in.
By the river, the opposite angle, picnic bench
setting but it's raining,
inky splats churning on the page,
loses it,
takes shelter with consumer culture.
Run home.

Crowds and crowds, eroding arrive and test
the capacity of the cars.
Welcome here, come through, reach /
Kitchen-exercise, we're back here again,
domestic comforts of homeliness, so more writing of
fridge, oven, teapot, appliances and washing-up
fashions too.
Find them at the bistrot, so civilisedly clinking.
Chatter, and guessing mystery guests.
Names aren't clear we suppose /
Animals, aim for the bridge,
accents-reverse, and displace how language is learnt.
Fond of adjectives.
Mellow boiling-point reaches industry wagons,
so we slip off and balance.
Focus on breath and articulate rhythm,
whilst the hanging bridge swings and creaks,
could it really take the weight.
Bolts.
Who made this.
Cheque, payments, strategized.
Breaks the journey, enter the centre.
Story-telling, learn of a person, how they construct and see.
Which kinds of glasses.
There are grapes for everyone at Saint-Denis,
autonomy sustains and grows with and through others.
Cycles, back through,
which language and country, in a handmade space.
Enter.
And find corners, before we share the sky.
The wine arrives from Anjou,
and we'd heard about it all day - stories of this place where concerts and musicians are
happiest,

where you can help the harvest in September.
It tastes, we share at the table,
mouths smile, its open.
There was a drummer they joke about, and unknown films
we ask for clues for, heritage talks and ancient
country perimeters,
eccentricities.
There's a fire, sauna on the river, resting,
tumble in, bodies drip, candle lit breathing.
Was it that day we sat so still on the hill?
The air is rubber now, an exhalation of navy.
And the river speaks blue-sound too.
In pale murmurs, in contiguity with the rested froth of chatter from the grassy banks.
Chiming, released up a hill,
in barefeet, and spot familiar faces busy in their own though of company.
Splash,
performing the sauna,
performing kino divulge, wrapped up
sardines, books on shelves.
A carpet from Prussia so close to the outside.
Bonfires lit by anti-professionals,
the same flames as the sauna and alcohol traces,
with dancing.
The newt, we sing, London in the 70s we sing,
coca-cola we sing, and jump over metro barriers
sung recently. Lean into.
Turf is like footsteps broken on footballs,
grabber arms of the apple trees tickling the spine,
creepy.
Finally light and shadow play because the sun is out
and chiaroscuro isn't just flat in museums.
Rotating values, so don't ask for anything.
Thank you for this opportunity.
The merry crackling of tracks, reminds us of seasons.
Drink more often.
Surf the motive as a call, without start.
Typing-room, introduced for a moment,
and write with kitchen utensils,
or try to, here.
A seat in the stall, when the room is empty.
You can play here, each night.
Heated, repeats.

Cerebral mega function
Multi-conical coma burst,
etchings, in arches - white ones,
reek in
bubble gum jumble sale
chorus, as an image-maker you're always looking.
Sonic mind-fuck of riverdance chill out
juice slab
burst effect on cross-stitch
rings, curtain painted on, can't reveal -
Salsify,
like the hot air balloon we saw by the station.
Metal notes,
hornets,
leaves seen greeting, take shelter.
Residual snaps concur after talks.
It can be more productive to sit quietly, totally still
and listen only,
rather than to write.
I'll make sure I look out of every window before we leave.
The posters are sun-bleached,
and meet, method.