

CENTRIFUGE

'Images now speak only to and among themselves.
[...] we seem to be the ghosts in our own machines.'
– Zadie Smith, 'The Tattered Ruins of the Map'
(in Sarah Sze. *Centrifuge*)

The world is spinning around us
as information: graphs and memes,
torn pictures of static, flickering screens,
precarious frameworks and philosophies.

There is no meaning, singular, it is all
as useless as everything else, the sum
of its parts: sun, desert, lake, planet
and fractal We record what we see

and never look at it again, record
who we have been and collage it all
together in a pattern for the moment,
turn away and step into the shadow.

SHORT SOFT MOMENTS

I am stuck in our house exploring a large space within a fictional house that cannot exist according to the rules of architecture or physics.

The impossible corridors and dark haunting rooms remind me of obsessives mapping out Kubrick's hotel, who say it's impossible, wrong.

I am not sure if my paintings are about the winter landscape or I am influenced by a conversation with Mark as the fields smouldered into pastels across the creek.

The poetry books on the windowsill are from the first few weeks after we moved in. I wanted to be like Anthony, have what was new and important to hand.

I am not the only one I know who is bored by what is going on; the self-obsession, the sense of privilege and expectation. Need.

I wrote an angry poem several months back, speaking my mind, but didn't publish or submit. Best to be quiet, to watch for a while, let things develop and change.

Last night on TV a wildlife photographer cried as an arctic wolf came close to investigate, not scared at all.

I am one step apart, wanting to understand what others understand about politics, the virus, how we feel about lockdown but most of them simply grunt and watch TV.

The toilet's cold; I don't linger long enough to read, normally go upstairs. It is not a good world to be in at the moment.

WINDOWSILL MOMENT

I be my feel as in in politics
then change important things

the apart the wanting
after mind obsessives

wrote but several rules
watched the conversation

landscape online
but enough to investigate

am for moment speaking
from the creek not Arctic

how I understand virus
the need of house

most cannot whisper
obsession map weeks

cold smoulder lockdown
self magazine watch

exploring the sense of winter
another within warm watched

breath quiet the architecture
moved back to dark privilege

am fiction and am impossible
close stopped promise

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