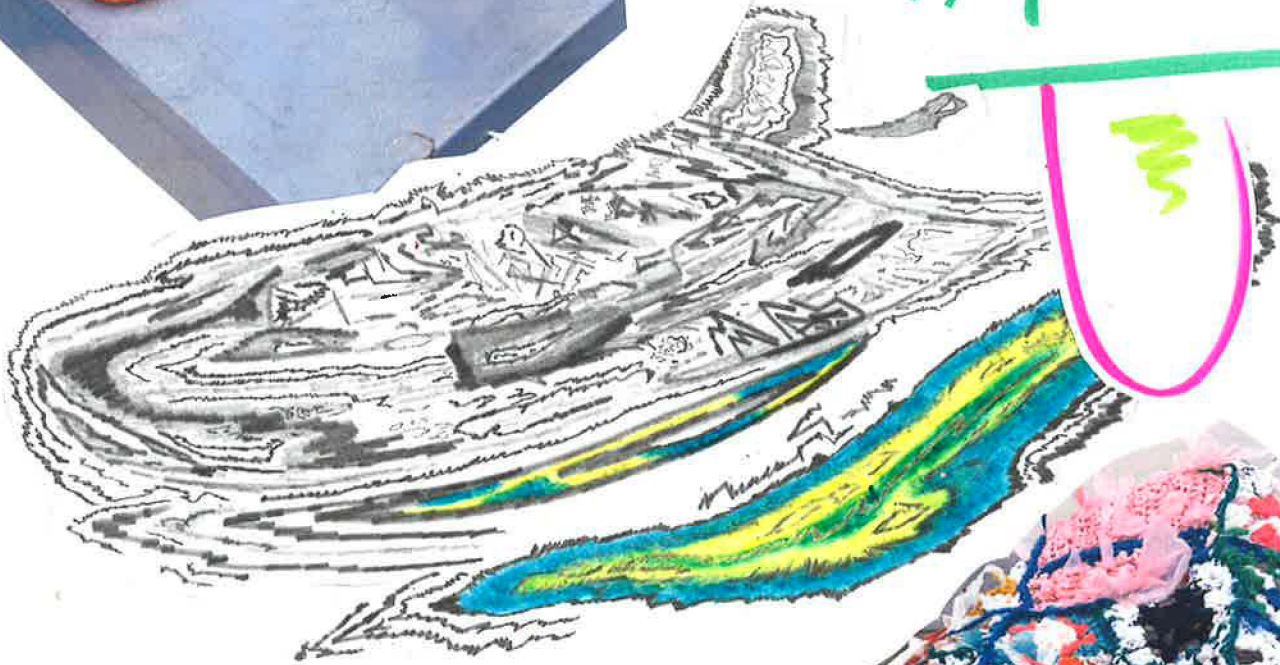
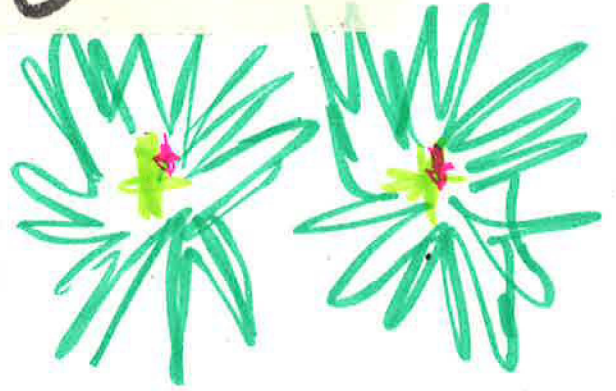


SHADOW PEOPLE CAN BE FRIENDS TOO



ARMS & HANDS REACHING TO STAY CONNECTED
NETWORKS OF CARE TANGLE LIKE SINEW

THERE IS NOTHING LEFT OF NATURE
THERE IS NOTHING LEFT BESIDES NATURE



On this young girl's missal, handed down from her distant ancestress, may be read the following motto:

The flower is always in the almond.

With this excellent motto, both the house and the bedchamber bear the mark of an unforgettable intimacy. For there exists no more compact image of intimacy, none that is more sure of its center, than a flower's dream of the future while it is still enclosed, tightly folded, inside its seed. How we should love to see not happiness, but pre-happiness remain enclosed in the round chamber!

- Gaston Bachelard's *Poetics of Space* on Henri Bosco's *L'Antiquaire* (excerpt)





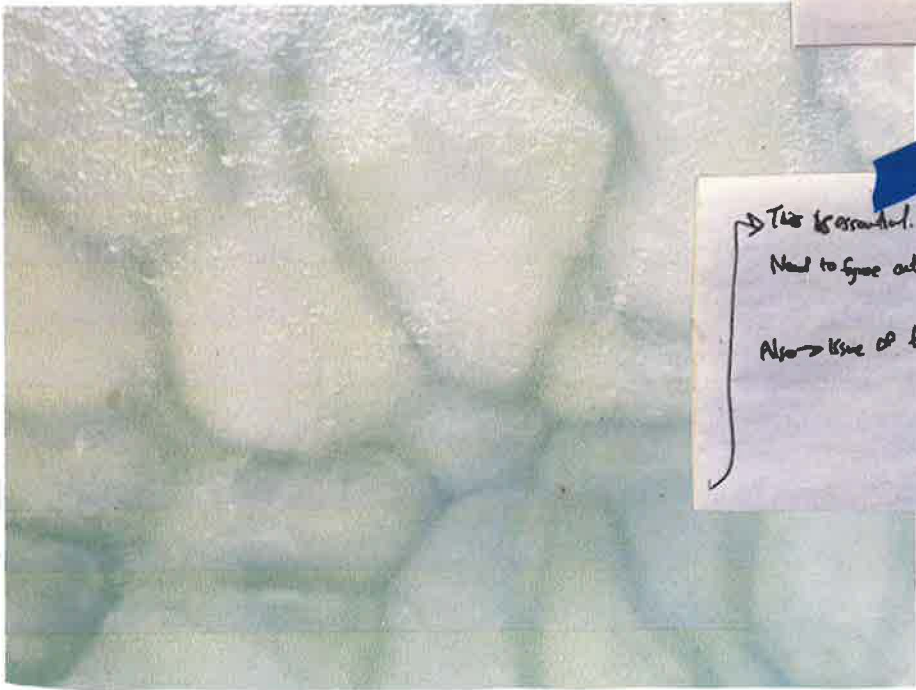
Video's purpose is to display the ritual. Is carrying still the ritual? It could be. And the soap explosions could be the installation. Do I want this? ②

↳ New Question: What do the explosions say? Reverse looks. Definitely some.

They can spell something? They can embody scripture through their installation.

Idea: letters occupy sacred position. Allow?

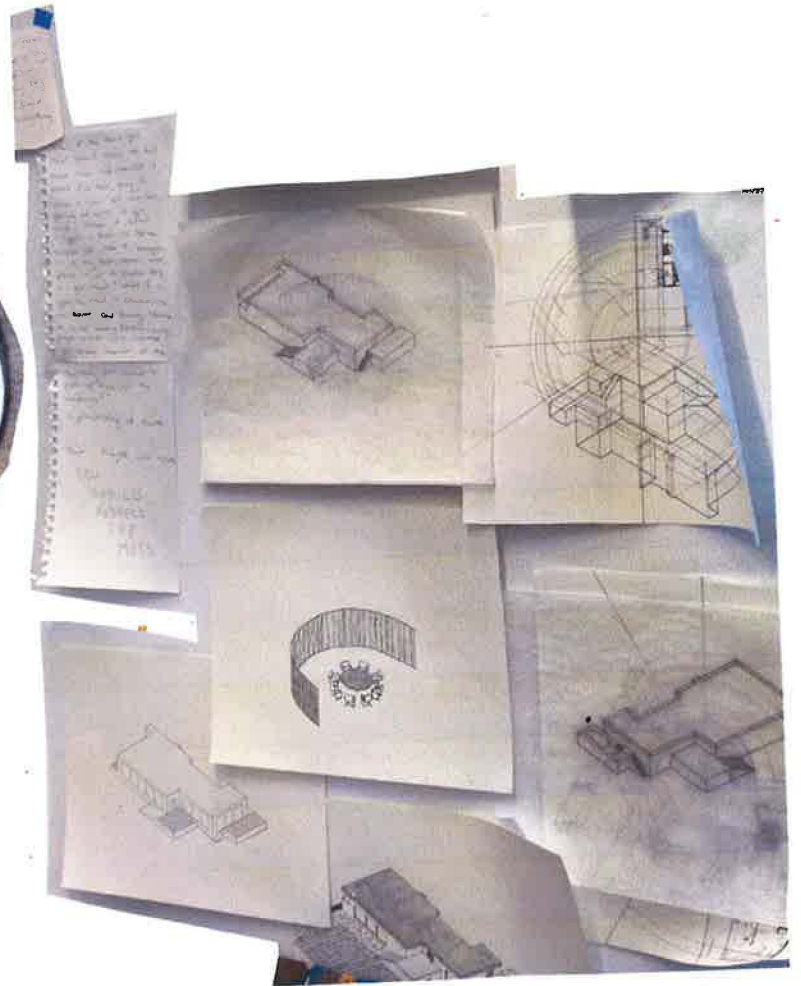
Also: more carrying video. Handled over. Street pick carrying



↳ This is essential. Crucial.

Need to figure out spatial relationship / composition

Also → Issue of the holy water.

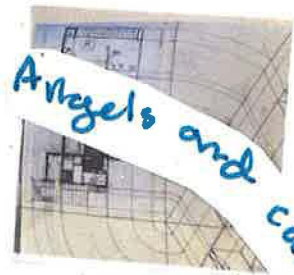
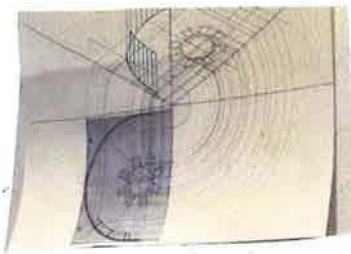


Untitled
by Margot Young

Am I mourning
a bit early?
I may be,
I know that.
I can feel it
coming. I can feel it
descending, open mouth
on the beach, waiting
for the sun
to rise, an apricot,
from the western sea.

These are the last days,
gentle you, beside me,
and the warm weather is holding.

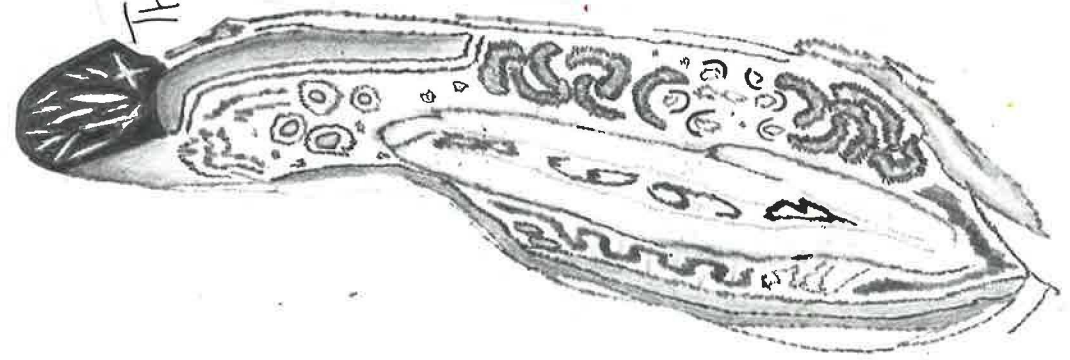




Angels and caramelised onions
Chestnut in sweet saucy sweat



THE ENTRAILS OF THE APOCALYPSE MUSEUM
ARE FILLED WITH PLASTIC HARVESTED
FROM THE DEAD ZOMBIE OCEANS

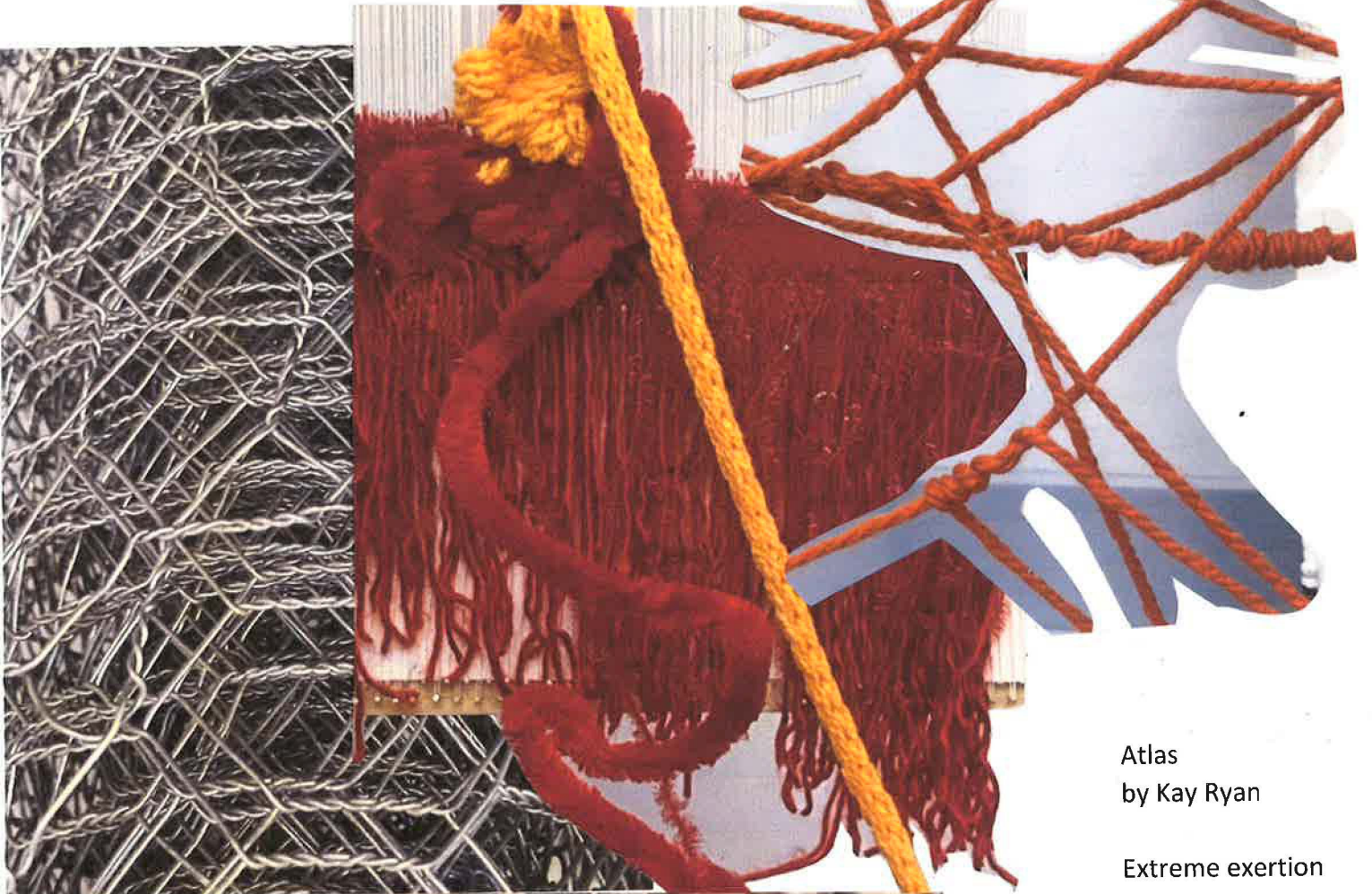


Soup full of stomachs
all in knots, tossing and turning
tangling the once separate
stories.

soup that turns into goo
that's washed and dried away,
revealing a menacing monster
with all but good intentions

I make soup to soak in and
chill in, warm in and bathe in
soup for my innards and outards
to make everything
unclench and unclaw
unclench and unclaw

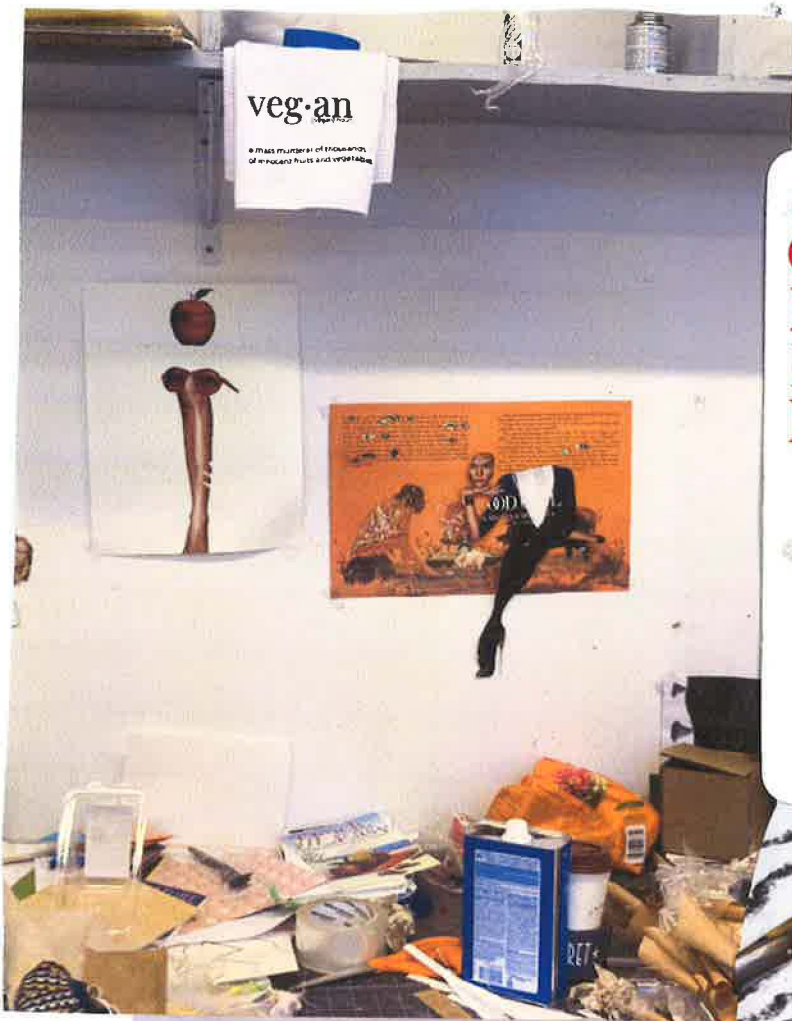
THE APOCALYPSE ENTRAILS ARE STILL WARM. THE END TIMES END AT THE DOORWAY OF THE NEST WHERE WE LIVE TOGETHER DURING THE APOCALYPSE



Atlas
by Kay Ryan

Extreme exertion isolates a person from help, discovered Atlas. Once a **certain shoulder-to-burden** ratio collapses, there is so little others can do: they can't lend a hand with Brazil and not stand on Peru.





NO MORE DIALECTIC

