Images from Vanishing Acts, performed

Sketches for 'A here and now left for later', based on 'Bedroomfloor in Twelves'

Bedroomfloor in twelves

The wood grain depicts a movement that could have caused the floor to ripple, but for that, time must release the image. You sometimes wondered whose idea it was to divide time's lapse into twelves, leaving one finger short on each hand to have grip. But the Parquet laughs square at you when thinking that. Parquet says "Babe, I am a dead body divided into rectangles, laid open as a map at your feet and if there's anything I'm showing you, it's that there is no pinning, no ownership to time passing, cause it 'll always have you first. Time is the one recording you. It has you so innately, it's your body's way of skewing, the arc your shoulders have formed from being bent over your notebook every—"

"The here and now then has I'm probably going to put a hard break here."
I wrote the second half of the previous sentence without remembering what was in the first bit, three days later, two minutes ago. In this sentence already two days ago. Two days and a half ago.

What I wanted to say is, time must let go of the image: the here and now then, is so thickly smeared, there is no here and now left for later. A rose petal paper weight on one's chest. The here and now then, was one without resistance, with thin air, with a particular articulation of Meaning leaning on the table with one hand, pulling the chair back with the other, making room. In bed, with the back of my head in the crease of their elbow, they made room.
Before I opened my mouth for fresh air, I swallowed the worries about how I'd pay for this. All this good.
Where will it be deducted from?
The window is of the type where the sun burns through.
At the lightest spot in the room, Meaning turns their back to it and leans over their laptop, hunches over as they write. After a week of having the same morning routine, the sun has camouflaged them in the same shades of brown as the oak boards.
You can just about see the edge of their two-dimensionality, you can see them turn into pages. Become layers.
Become virtual. Become messages.
Become less and less.

Small excerpt from "Bedroomfloor in Twelves'

Sketches for ‘A here and now left for later’, based on ‘Bedroomfloor in Twelves’

Images for Vanishing Acts, (zine)
with Karina Rovira

3. Transfer, the delirious trust
that a mold will hold
(what once was)

4. Project
(things that are not there,
from what has not yet been)

5. Forecast,
(things that are not there,
from what has)

6. The virtual,
all of language

7. Namelessness,
not having a code yet to then
be processed in one's under-
standing of the world

(amorphous)

8. Titulary abuse,
calling it the wrong thing, not
calling it at all

(within it's form)
(can both butcher a concept
as make it's meaning bigger)

9. Fragment,
a trail back to what's lost

(returning)

10. Pores,
mazes in your tissue, con-
stantly perforated by the
world

as soon as heaven annexes/an edge it'll start/to flake: decom-
pose it'll do/at two sides of an ingrown/blade that tried to/undo
lived through/time from flesh/the blood and rust it cost went/
back in, doubled the skin, so/much body to lose, so thin/ time:
decompose it'll do/caramelizing oxygen in/an eternal sudden
stuck/at your throat, fold the neck, already/hunchback further
succumbing/into golden ratio living to try/conjure dead from a
belly button and forget/to unplug your/gaze: how do I love the/
view: decompose it'll do/in lashes rippling into/concern about
leaving again/

you used to be: a human in human years/and set the alarm
clock throughout/the day at bare nerves/a defibrillator install-
ing/panic every couple of minutes for lack of tissue/and when
trying to track the sun in a backbend /imitating firmament,
imitating a ceiling that isn't one/enacting depth I pleaded/for
when the fuck I could please stop/now the city is as still as a
sun dial and the body burns/in fear of falling of the picture/as
it develops/imagination two-dimensional at best/at my left the
thought/at my right it's back/dousing idea's between fingertips
and proceeding/to burn on what I tamped out/

I get to fold the blue now/how do I love the view/or become the
indigo silhouette leaning against my eyelids/the moment I stop
looking

11. Callus,
no space for world

12. Hunger,
(motive)

13. Thread,
all of the air between lifes
frames per second

14. Naking,
eternal intimacy due to
impossibilty of ever really
touching

15. Transparency,
implying access, though
attributed to the thing keeping
you from something

16. Having blood on your hands
before any attack occurs

17. What remains, never
returns

18. Any place but here,

(inversion)

Excerpt from Vanishing Acts, (zine)