

an arrangement of partials constructs a whole arrangement of partials.
an embossed rose. petals oversized. gold rimmed glass. decaled plates.
monogrammed plaid tablecloth. wallpapered florals. stilled life.
pink plastic lid. decor of our lives. arranged fragments. roused by the
coagulating patterns — each maintains its own composition and placed
alongside the others — domestic bliss — amidst *cruel optimisms*.
a distant bird swoops into the domestic landscape. as if into the spout.
to become a thing to be consumed, and then subsumed into form.
the distance between an object and its likeness is almost as far as
the distance between a subject and its likeness. all this is in company.
the corner, a white plate, adjacent to another, suggests a turn of the camera's
gaze. here, another entirety, maybe this time (but almost always never)
a suggestion of an entire whole.

corporeal refraction. poedesic light. arranged behind frames. obstructed
congeniaity. the aura without the body somehow remains. dimpled citric
globe. orifice ocular. i am in motion. i am still. the still life is a managed
reality. i pretend entropy can be managed so i arrange. i live within
arrangements. i peruse the gallery of strangers for an understanding
exchange. if understanding, if sharing, then this load of life is
manageable. i carry my lot. i am carried by my lot. i find a seat within the
surreal. it becomes amaterial. the institutions may call it art. the trees
may too. the stratosphere where the gaze lands. bright earth labyrinth.
creature comforts in my teeth. i gnaw and gnaw. crawling in the
hologram. i reach the end. nirvanic root. i finish and brush my teeth. now
i can go outside and sit among quiet rains. the desolate landscape left
behind, inside. i step into and out of realms. the guarantees, today,
are in my favor.

google: how dollar store tablecloth is made
who makes it
how do they decide where the lines go
and then the gradient's perfect titration?
the line and the fly keep a common time
there must be heat in this labor.
see the photograph and the factory
i see molasses on the table, atop the gradient, the floral, the line, the fly.
the orange sits — beheld by time
awaiting the — no — time waits — and we perceive time's waiting.
the orange is being and becomes — surrounded by lines in space.
the cut-across angles in all of these images suggest another kind of being,
another kind of day.

the stillness of the image
hapticality sign
permanence
reference

dolphin consciousness
sonar love / war / (r) ior
shooting projectiles

way.
we have not done away with meaning yet
life
flesh
(plastic)

behind the gate
another djinn
this one from the earth
made of sesame
in the eighth dimension

i live through my eye phone
see attachment
think stamen
feel umbilical
create corded
fight relational
archival
nostalgia
projection
neuronological

nothing, a name / overshadowed light box
self in matrix / coronated cave
the light is somewhere touching

consider failures of technology to do what it is designed to do. a video game becomes an entirely enfleshed paradigm, encoding human hands with
psycho-spiritual-chemical imprints (memories, which remain archived for fourteen generations). my grandmother's childhood games involved stealing wheat
and taunting the village egg peddler. children. slick surfaces of pupils memorizing life. where does a child's imagination get uploaded? the evolutionary
watershed moment when ants are friends and then the switch, signals an abhorrent swarm at the sight. my friend farah holds the light. capitalist frameworks
enameling decaling affixing the surfaces of our lives. the edifice holds the entire whole, all the arrows pointing north, all the boats bound from south.

she lets her dress swan through the water. absorbed life force, a mare fording the waves. becoming earth. a heroine's journey. refracted by the medium.

we find meaning in the avatar state
narrative
linguistic
lexical
technicolor
borrowed
commons
carceral

the orange holds
a lilted balance
correspondence in space
parallel life modes
hexagonal slice (trap)

correlation is not composition

(the search for certainty)