



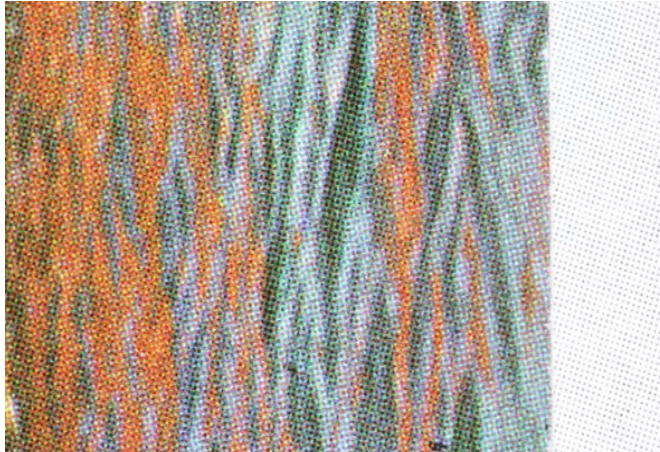
This work was originally completed  
as part of the Underscore Project,  
curated by Jayne Dent in November 2015

Photographic score by Josh Wilson  
Written response by Cathy Garner



I took my score/ and broke it down  
to less than score  
fewer than the digits of my hands.

Let us call the first one: One  
That makes sense  
or: I  
or: Monday.



I'm not sure what it is.  
Tissue paper.  
The sea turned on its side,  
turned to rust  
an iron skin on lapping waves  
a trunk within.  
I think of pulling up my anchor and sculling far  
through gullies inlets  
estuaries  
/of oestrogen.  
I have long been one whose bad for travel  
though I am equally bad at staying in one place.  
I use the word stagnation to mean being  
But you built waves like pointilists.  
I heard Seurat say he broke the sea to dots to hold the  
droplets  
he carries water on his canvas  
turned to rust beneath the sun  
-to sand

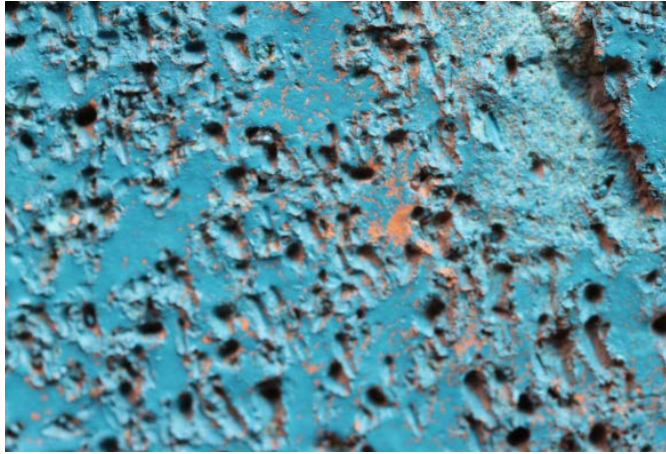
which is the second.



The second we call "i" but twice  
like twins- unlike the water bearer I named seurat  
hence we have it stretched across our edges  
too much for walruses  
too much for carpenters.

We say "I" but twice like sailors  
(I have none in any port.)  
but I heard that they make glass from sand  
clear windows born of dust  
flat panes  
planes filmed  
then dusted over  
dirtied, thick with scum  
with car exhaust;  
thick with all the things I feel that I'm built from  
and I am built from walls  
of which there could be four

but it is time for three.



As one was sea  
and two was sand  
then three is walls  
of something  
close to blue

petrol blue scored warm and bubbled  
/boiled  
stretching cankers over brick and seizing

and this blue silt or blistered clay  
is a wall I shall not break

and he is only three



because four is a chink through venetian blinds  
light pulsing softly on gap toothed pores  
she

she is bright and fair but mottled like Spring sunshine  
late in the morning  
when she feels she should rise  
but is too sad to do so  
and her eyes stick with sleep  
and her stomach with malaise  
and she'd be inert if she wasn't depressed  
and pulling up the sheets  
for winks exponential  
with her silt becoming paper  
and her guts becoming wadding  
eviscerated  
dessicated  
dried  
coconut  
draw the blinds



blind for 5: the brick wall.

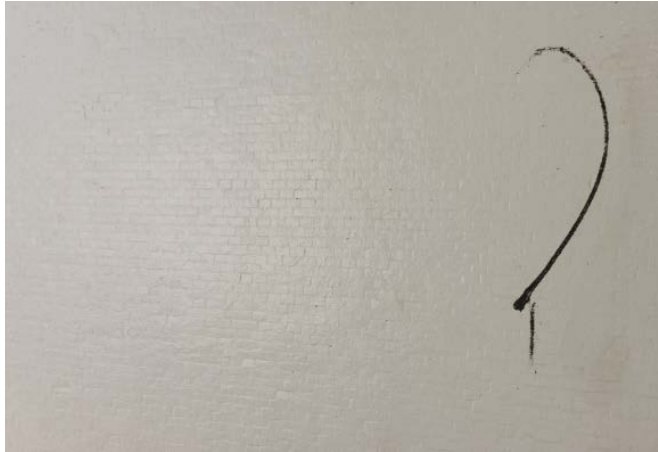
Red brick is sturdy  
Red brick is the institution  
solidity

and someone has marked it with skates  
as in the fish and not the shoes.

White like sperm  
spat toothpaste  
albino tadpoles  
will grow into albino toads  
the wall has got his flecks of white  
chasing the bricks  
anemia spiking the iron  
spiked meaning the tired  
we have slept so long  
I built another wall

left behind  
like 7.  
or saturday  
7 (question mark)  
leave it there

for 8  
the last  
and final  
finale  
the end  
fin



and now for six.  
epiphany  
another beach  
but this time clouded white  
scotch mist  
three strangers arm in arm  
whether for friendship or for safety I can't say-  
should there be a difference.  
but from this viewpoint  
we can discern a straggler  
and Sontag always talks of her photographers as some  
jaded beast left out  
berreft  
replacing living with collecting;  
with the need to capture.

I suppose we always surrogate something  
something is always lost or sacrificed

I did it my way  
got into the groove  
the runway  
a slab  
on the pavement  
the eightfold path  
I am far from wherever that leads.

cardinal number 8  
come in your time is up

my time is up

I have been pluto  
I have sailed on a boat  
I have scaled four most familiar walls  
and made friends with all the ceiling tiles  
I get a long just fine with the floor  
with sand between my toes  
the wind in my hair

floss between my teeth

and there were 8 of us  
like octopodes  
with limbs like ariadne

I heard her weaving  
heard her singing  
splayed

she asked to scale an octave  
notes so fine from her thin gullet  
hungry ghost

it was like the word skillet

skimmed between two  
a sharp blade between the ribs

a scarf on the air  
and so we fell in love  
and bored each others  
flesh  
pawed each other blue  
I loved her skin  
I licked her thighs

we made some glass  
we went for walks  
went for swims  
and built walls  
we lost something  
buried something  
paved it over  
put up parking lots  
and when she said "all is done"  
I told her she was fiction  
that she meant nothing to me  
that seurat's shit  
that the sea makes me sick  
that she was only ever me  
and 8 was  
always finite  
despite its  
shape.





2016

