

andrea geyer

My friend, I'm working on it now. About scale and all over painting and blurred calligraphy, our maps brushing up against our poems. About two dimensions' capacity to represent three or loop. About the contact sheet if by contact we mean what the lover means by braiding. About entrance into braiding and flow charts about the charting of flight. About how clustered marks move on the page when you look on from afar. About looking at big things up close as a mode of transport in historical sheet music. About the maternal ecology of ice floe. Socioecological floating about off scale about the background. You got that curled austerity in the baroque about thickened sheet music, about four little boys learning who to learn about. About the way a globe, flattened into plat and ground plan, is a collapsed lattice of expanding sphere as the world in our hands on the wall, world against world beneath the new world, world upside the wall in caress delineation, a dyson sphere thrown around a hug in fresco, a facility of tile in accident about a mosaic of notebooks about motive shower, on showing that we literally breathe them. My friend, I have discovered in the antagonism between my work and dead letter that the project returns as an amazing field and air of correspondence, a transgenerational lotion of breathing, a revue of breath, a general bouquet in the grace of your asking in friendship since the day we met, and our braiding and breathing of a correspondence that we are now and have been working together in the atmosphere of our comrades, that we literally breathe them as a kind of braiding, an insistence of revolt as garment, a tapestry for the touched wall of a spaceship we noticed on the way to school, that off dimensionality of the cloud from our perspective, which I want to say is real not graphed, which I want to say is both a function of, and still untainted by the terrible business of, the Dutch masters, so that it's impossible to tell the top from the side, though there was some kind of emanation or emendation that we all saw as a smooth flatness, like a table the cloud prepared of its own accord, a spread platform for spreading our metastatic air, our beautiful, is ourreal. My friend, when I was thinking about the drip choreography of the most interesting man in the world, I fell in love with the relation between n and x . Is there a rivalry or a union of variables when s is all we think about? It's not about cutting piercing, or even putting it in its place, but bearing radical displacement everywhere like the most beautiful black woman who ever worked on the garbage truck. The floe chart is a contact improvisation of temporary solidities in solidarity as contemporary solidities of bearing, a gauze of reckoning and smuggling, im/possible to keep as the air sung history of the unofficial stevedore. See how she folds the general insurrection from hand to hand? See if you can hear the breathing, braided differences of our endlessly repeating tavern.

margaret kerry