a city _ a cloud

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eVersion (PDF File)
Print out pages 2 through 10 (not including this page) and tape together in the sequence below.
Page size is US Letter but can be scaled to fit A4 (with some excess on bottom).

1  2  3
4  5  6
7  8  9

The final poster (images will degrade slightly) should look like the image above.
first from nothing, from a cloud
and
a decision to apprehend

a city, a cloud and a city, the
distance between, its skin slit
open

in a particular courtyard you can
understand how rain is an
accumulation of elsewhere and
why ink bleeds the voices of
local of lonely radiators of
thought, the voice that is not the
voice but the vibration of lights
of the city at night
the sound of rain in another
language becoming the image that
is rain in that thought the
moment of blue letters waltzing
down the square of your back
here I watch you dip yourself in
earth cool powder of earth &
emerge a satellite on the patio of
satellites, cloud-tree in bloom

you say yes, a slow yes, to stain
the map’s authority, this is
where a tyrant lived this the
same street the desert swallowed
this the moment I spilled milk
on the poet’s chinese notebook
this the smoky room in which
we met now fire unfurling now a
cloud’s pink dress lifted by my
finger,

there, flux that is logic that is
merging and also unbound, the
elastic distance between our
bodies passing on the highway
that circumnavigates the city, its
exits naming the nine singing
bridges, the slippery border and
the time that is always 10:10, the
weather according to an
unconvincing cloud and life
in the late victorian age
here, a choice that accumulates edges other choices, and with each choice chance, lost in the supermarket again, the erratic pattern of tenement balcony clotheslines, fluorescent world filled with flickering bodies, wayward stuff in search of like stuff perched on the curb, the way people navigate the city as if glued to its choreography, that this is our best option considering the crossing and uncrossing and running around

really the hallway, its linoleum, scuffed and dully gleaming, that I think of and get sleepy, the satellite dish I mistook for the moon, the truck that guarantees overnight delivery, the orchid garnish from a drink without you that looked like an astonished purple rabbit and I thought of you, the Japanese fighter plane with a red moon on each wing, the moment before my lips rise to your lips, one finger one point of pressure, I have included these in your lunchbox

the distance that is anywhere, anywhere
broken sky and the city you heard of the distance there the collision and sticking of dust and ice particles, airplane airplane, moonlets, blueprint

you said thin jet-trails across my thighs, trails broken in the water, that we are more buoyant when confused and oscillating

because wanting resides in the distance between, fluid and make me ancient, because beneath its shimmering typography is a region of the body often overlooked eternally milky, that there are protests there and block parties and a short film about clones, because you are kind of what you do
negotiating the so-called city situation because there are other cities coveted and rebuked that become part of the lexicon and that after the show there will be a gathering with wine and subtext and thoughts of other names that wander upwards and float away on fugitive satellites that is the autonomy of sky and the temporary sentence pigeons disclose on an antenna

the heavy temporality of clothing detailing bumper to bumper could-be laws, paratroopers, taxis, that once the sky was wholly blue until one day the city paper’s front page photo captured a cloud over the corniche
when the cloud bleeds ink and
the sky is wholly world-like
there the alien cloud stalks the
scuffed truck the astonished city
and all we ate for breakfast was
purple gossip

when I can't be bothered to buy
new shirts and I know the
doorbell is about to ring and you
think purple is sentimental even
when saturating a bruise or slits
or the imagined lips of the dead
seven feet under the city or

that's not what you said you said
he said we broke the sky before
she said she was working
against the idea of a coherent
whole, it was the liquid room
and the new buildings that
already resembled ruins she said
ruins the way someone else
might say sleeping-field or act
one
so breathing in a thought and sensing its expanse its reckless cavorting with no regulatory authority and no financial incentives the impulse that is now and then it is

this body world and the blooming about to play in the sky water splitting and sending out, will be milk spray and red garden, be shining in the landing world on your way to work

chintzy decals pinned to the sky that you come and always leave your rabbit behind why sometimes a supermarket is also an invasion a déjá-vu ligature when the bridge to your old neighborhood has lost its sense of direction
22 the spinning sphere that is wanting, its rupturing the accretion of new neighborhoods and new ways of doing laundry and the only plan that is obsolescence

23 how multi-storied faces gleam nightly and cellophane preserves agendas underpinning our sense of autonomy if I don’t think about what we have chosen the city is spared, the cloud absolutely normal

27 did you hear what you said when you said it not when but where or across what distance that big place over there that nowhere in particular or the pink villa with the trees that rattle when they drop their pods on our bodies rose hips and hibiscus that first time of our bodies in the cut-up filled in by an impulse spanning out, out
of a choice lost amongst other choices and its condition cobbled and nearly not

in particular the characters of our names that cloud a decision with the was continuum and is now here a certain sky wholly world-like that there’s the skytop the cloud that was a city the broken cloud that reaches will slide down reaching bottom