



KINE(STA)SIS

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CHAPBOOK

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Kine(sta)sis

You shouldn't have turned.

The music will not play.

eternal people...

telephone as intermediary

"We have destiny to thank
for permitting us to be
what we will become to one another."

A canoe drifts amidst trees.

Unseen//epidemic

musician caught in fermata

"Your original memory
will never be fully restored
and there might be residual simulations."

but everything that must start must start
a sleeping hand

"The reassuring possibility of a dream."

"There are no pianos here."

unattainable beauty of the other

"What we see now is like a dim image
in a mirror."

"One shouldn't be waiting for something."

"But regretting helps you move
on to new things."

One who has chosen certain words
to no longer speak.

Then we shall see
face to face.

Rain. In the elements.
A jester. "The devil sent jesters."

"loitering with intent"

An epidemic of water.

Those who sleep
through everything,
or until it is time.

Entrance into _____
where it is normal to speak
to paintings.

The belated doorway.

The men on horses leave. Or arrive.

"It feels like I'm living in someone else's imagination."

eternally in your passion

whirling eddy
horse-drawn, etc.

"In the course of a life, when is an action necessary?"

Those who endure daily life.

"Dangerous utopias
...need the whole stage."

Eslanda waits.

thermoptic camouflage

"The fourth machine is awaiting you."

"As if the living I'd done so far hadn't been real life."

"The only survival technique
I have always known
is cowardice."

The wringing of rags.

How the skin waits,
the ear listens,
the drinks overflow.

"Did you ever wonder about plants?"

colors everywhere
everything bleeding

"Be quiet so I can hear."

The jester must be given over to god. Or to the horses.

The women slowly
come out of corners.

What lines do we travel on?
Silents are never silent.

excess says goodnight

The point of the wringing is the water.

Encountering ghosts
who have the correct time.

When moments do not flow one into the next.
All of us waiting for our stasis.

"I'm neither in this world nor the next."

"Somehow I suspect I'm not who I think I am."

It is something other that speaks.

"With eyes like a dead billy goat."

"Have you come
to look?" An argument in quiet voices.
"The scaffolding is being built."

"You need to make the connections
between that which appears unconnected..."

every doorway fluid

[waves crashing]

"A long wait for something real,
something important."

The quotidian slips away.
"Remaining here is forbidden."

the cusp of violence

mailbox eats sound
points of view diverge converge
in this divergence and merging is

a simultaneity

Old man with ants on his feet.
Monks who are all painters.

Nothing could be less certain.

"The illustrious whore."

Astrid with her luggage.

"I wasn't made to be happy."

There is always light and always colors.

swan corpse

"Maybe there never was a real me in the first place."

the weaponizing of urban space

[Gardeners Shouting]

a card game
a departure
an open window

"I collect incidents."

Catherine the Great walks in the snow.

I hear your footsteps.

She has disappeared again.

"My life has been one long wait, for this!"

Eyelids flutter like a dead bird's feathers,
as if dead, as if alive.

Die before you are dead – Sufi saying.

"Real illnesses here are absolutely essential
for the imagination."

How many different holes between us
are enlarging.

Becoming the bird.

Her pretense a lie

Nightingales. The chasing of witches.
Pyre of the unseen – into
the unseen.

poisoned by snails

the train
the fire
the witch

piano player pauses

they used to put the eyes out of birds
to make them sing better

environmental refugees

"There is one last chance."

"Life perpetuates itself through diversity
and this includes the ability to sacrifice itself."

"One must not trust this world."

Bryer's neck

That we keep seeing things falling. A question.

"I can hear them at night"

Climbing up ladders and jumping
Climbing up ladders and jumping
Climbing up ladders and jumping

The wind covering us, Vesuvial.

The eye seeing all
but what it does not see.

a demand for vacancy

It's like it all happened once,
but I've never been here before.

Stop imagining things.

"Cells repeat the process
of degeneration and regeneration
until one day they die – obliterating
an entire set of memories and information.
Only senses remain."

A question of whether we are meant to see
what we see, or not.

ice cream chairs

"All things change in a dynamic environment.
Your effort to remain what you are is what limits you."

"Things happen to other people.
Nothing happens to you."

horses underneath hidden

and so we keep swimming

The discus thrower throws.
The story tries to hide itself,
yet still remains.

[waves crashing]

Sadness carries flowers
nothing is shattered

What does memory have to do with it?

The sea is all around.

"Courage for waiting."

Enigma is still slightly visible, despite
its best efforts.

"Create multiple borderlines.
If we have multiple borderlines,
they will lose their meaning."

where I dream mechanically with the tides

bells ring but
nothing is shattered

"She was still alive in those days."

"We were right back at the beginning.
Nothing had happened."

What splits apart from itself,
what chimes and what runs,
what we watch of the self.

Nothing but hearts shatter,
beautiful display,
glass piñatas.

"we're like that"

And so the plane flies.

The Man With the Movie Camera - Dziga Vertov

Russian Ark - Aleksandr Sokurov

The Hole - Tsai Ming-Liang

Last Images of the Shipwreck - Eliseo Subiela

Various Andrei Tarkovsky films

Children of Men - Alfonso Cuaron

My Favorite Season - Andre Techine

Borderline - Kenneth Macpherson

Dreams - Akira Kurosawa

Ghost in the Shell - Mamoru Oshii

The Piano Tuner of Earthquakes - The Quay Brothers