

FROM HERE



Poems by Zoë Skoulding

Images by Simonetta Moro

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**Ypolita Press
for the 2008 Dusie Chapbook Kollektiv**



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FROM HERE

I

what I can hold in the eye breaks

at the edges a cluster of paths a zebra

crossing to the other side of the road side-

walks becoming pavements that shadow

pulled across continents the signs point

in all directions at once down

there in the windblown circumference

of light you carry history from a

to b in planetary drifts across a lens

II

you walk at the edge of land traffic
turning in swathes of sea
that I can't hear from up
here where the glass holds me in
place so that I can't fall into
violet pools under your feet or
out into flightpaths where the sky
a sudden mass of cloud holds
steady you could fall up into it

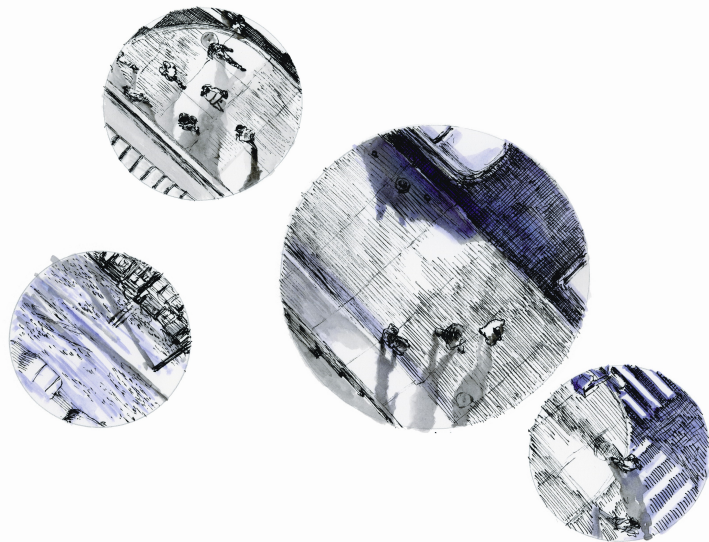


III

a perforated surface opens down
on every hair every sparrow every
shadow falling in parabolas
every word every world is its own
hidden footfall crosses light
the ground aslant where
walkers sleep along the lines of
habit scored in ink barely
reading the grid one instant to

IV

another where a corridor streams
back to the eye in red the days
marked out in verticals while
absent bodies pulse in shapes
they passed through at the edge of
colour in the corner of an eye
descending walls run into
thoughts replaced by moving images
walk this way and I disappear



V

in years of hours and hours of years
bricks disintegrate the lights on red
where the road folds over I tie
myself in knots trying to see how
the standstill image might lay
everything side by side in static
histories that never happen here
where the lights on continuous loop
flicker into shadow scuff marks vapour trails

VI

under the stones the minutes
scratch away in seconds and nothing
stays when you look a second
time on a curve of thought spiralling
into where I might be written a moment ago
there were futures in bricks
as the ground opens up only the sky's
unchanged in the roughened surface global
weather patterns notwithstanding

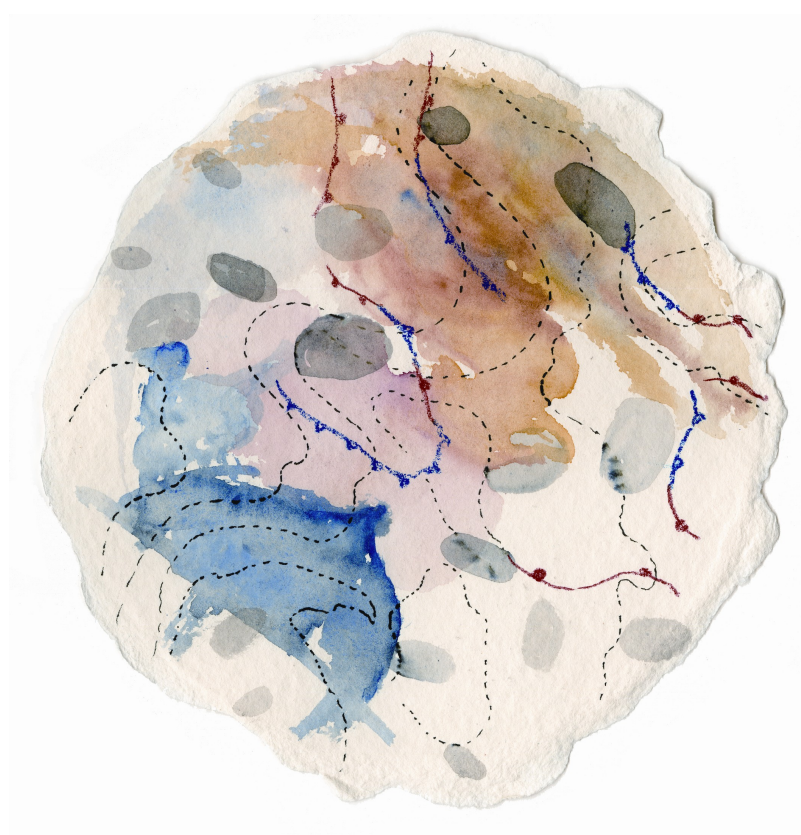


VII

our faces scrunch against the sun
in the torn edges summer
berry-stained where birds fly
overhead in strict formation crossing
wet ground as colour seeps over
and into living things where they
begin an arc of movement from
hatching to blur whole continents
do not contain them

VIII

territorial integrity softens into rain
as things get cloudy under
cold fronts of diplomatic pressure
I signed on the dotted line and became
another autumn falling through
copper and bronze the blue winds
in our mouths a scale of connections
balanced at street level
from a storm to a single drop

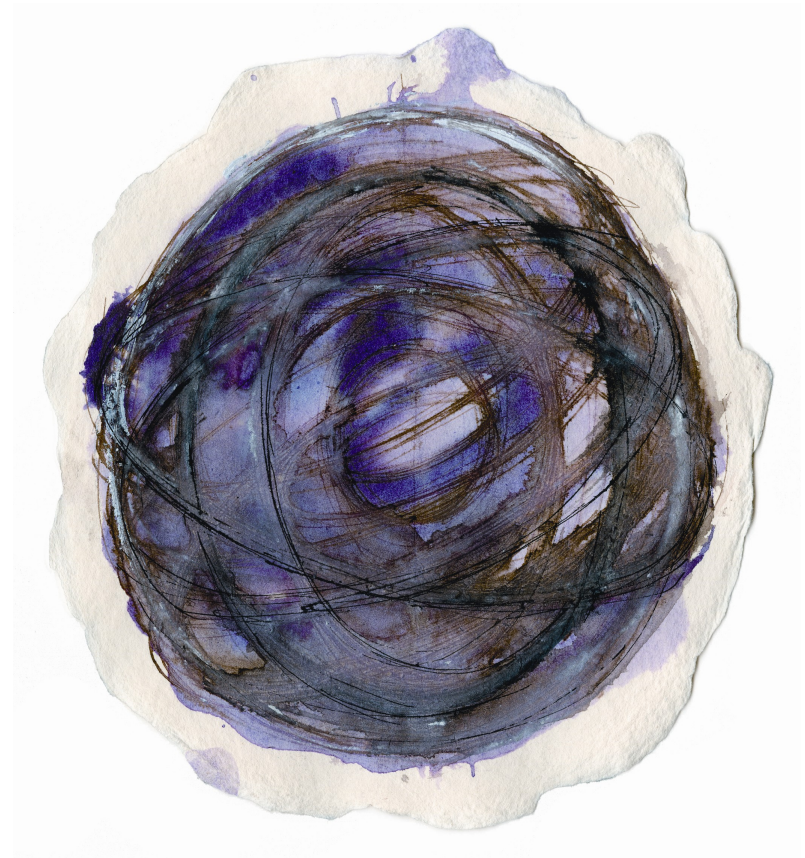


IX

in our mouths beyond human
beyond habitation the winds
in a circle of eyes on the liquid
surface of social contact
translucent bodies where place
comes through in washes
beyond the city lilac far
off mountains water in the rough
fur of dogs their open mouths and eyes

X

on the tip of your tongue another
word for it that won't settle
under cloud of a half-known
language the tip of ice melts
on the page in the friction of
asphalt under shoes chewing gum
stains map islands corresponding
to nothing elsewhere but better
to know this than nothing

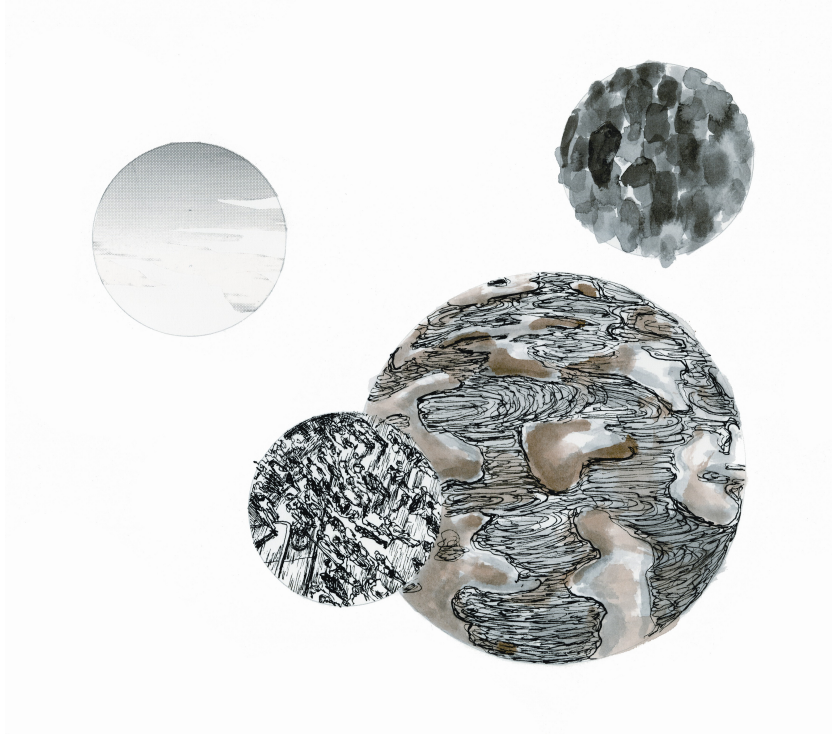


XI

the global falls open early one morning
as if the real and virtual worlds
were different spheres as if the stride
of boots across the street
were not in time with anthems
of nations warping on the car stereo
in the other world its clouds of ink
gather in thumbprints where
each line is your next move

XII

the search engine split your
name into flood victim film
star doctor on four continents we passed
each other in the street a collision
or collusion in air currencies
magnified in cross-section the lens
smudged by speed you were here
a second ago both feet on the ground
flipped over in the sphere of an eye



1. Street Crossing

Oil on canvas

6" diameter

2. Eyes on the City

Ink on paper

11x14"

3. Ghosts

Ink and charcoal on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

4. Weatherlines

Watercolour, ink, and crayons on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

5. Cosmo 1

Ink on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

6. Final

Ink on paper

11x14"

Cover: Eye

Ink on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

‘From here’ was an email collaboration during the summer of 2008 that began with a chance meeting one rainy afternoon during Territories Re-imagined: International Perspectives, a conference and festival of psychogeography at Manchester Metropolitan University. Over the following weeks, Simonetta sent drawings from New York, I sent poems back from Bangor in north Wales, and the sequence developed as a conversation. Thanks to the AHRC, whose support has provided time for this project. ZS