

Sound is a shell

Sound is a shell
An ear
Curves of sound
Vibrating and condensing air
Echoes in a curved space
An ocean in the shell of sound

Skin sensations

Prickling
Crawling
Goosebumps
Itchiness
Pressure
Smoothness
Stroking
Rasping
Crackling
Smell of fire

Skins and Shells

A thin covering
Covering a mysterious nothingness
That is everything
Shadows inside
Curving within
Voids and vessels

Cascades

Feather skin
Scintillations
Sparks
Shivering
Shilling
Gold
Fluttering
Bristling
Showering
Skin
Creeping
Shadows passing
Over skin
Motes of dust
Falling on feather tips

Black Lace

Turn this talk into a tale
A small dark textured cloth
Shadows with shades of velvet
Borders and edges tactile
Spaces glittering and ornate
An elaborate intertwining language
Of touching
A complex dance of bodies
Claustrophobic close
Obscure ornate organs
Lying in a dark net of black stuffs
Needles like obsidian beaks
Braiding sound into
A florid calligraphy of sensations
Rose Point
Point de Neige
Gros Point
Punto in aria

Vis and Ramin

Silver ermine eglantine
For Gol's breast
Gold bodies
These bodies will be flatter
More shimmering
Dispersed
Less solid
Sepia umber
Copper gold yellow pink
Disappearing in the eternal

The Witches Pouches

Bags of velvet black
Nets entangling objects
Bones of birds
The insides of shells
Spells
Pearls
Things that stand in for other things

Arid

Dry cracks caked with salt at the edges
Encrusted rivulets
Baked lines of sensation
A well pool
A blue iris eye
A portal for a fall
The feeling of the present
Within it a sink hole from the past
Through which in the end
Everything falls

Peacock Pass

Shimmering down to the edge of space
The feeling you get with feathers
Iridescence
Isn't colour
But structures reflecting colours
And shimmering and catching the eye
The imaginary
Flickering off the real
And leading to the eternal

Rose

Rose coloured lips swirling around a dark spot
Tasting a baroque sound
Inspired by graffiti in Barcelona
On a corrugated shutter
Inside a temple
Incense in the darkness leads you
To the glint of the gold cloth
The curl of the baroque frame and deep blue gaze

The Unfolding of a Fold

Folds pleats curves knots
In the fabric of time
Pandora's vessel
A pleat that traps the future
A porcelain vessel shattered and shaken out
My china blue and white premonition
A design of blue and white
Then going down and down to finer and finer detail
Tiny tiniest detail so very awfully fine
And there in that terribly tiny detail:
A woman on a horse looking back at me with the coldest most terrifying gaze I had ever
seen and then I woke shaking and breathless – a metaphor for a biopsy showing a
malignant cell. Her malignant gaze took my breath. A few months later a diagnosis.