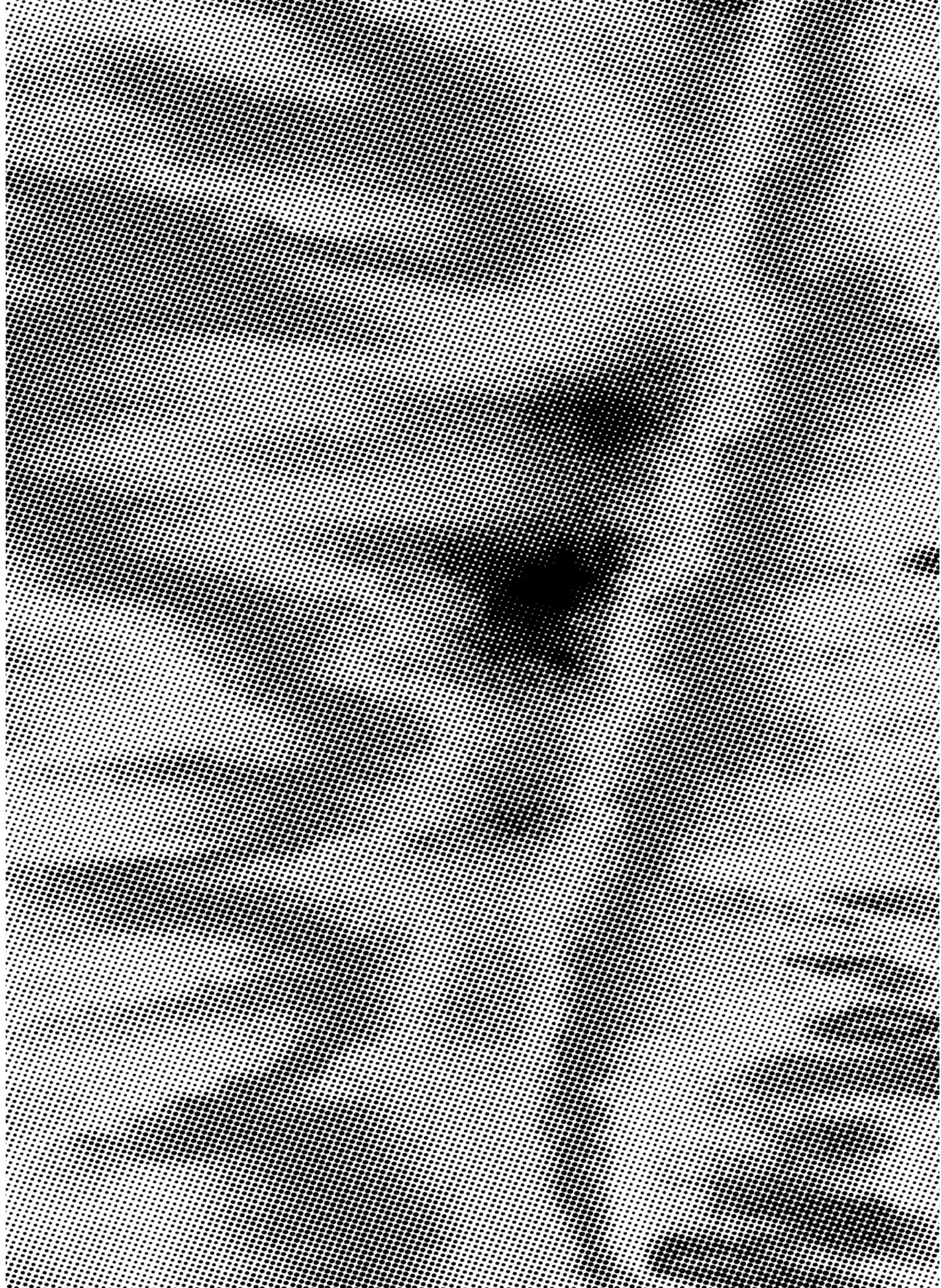
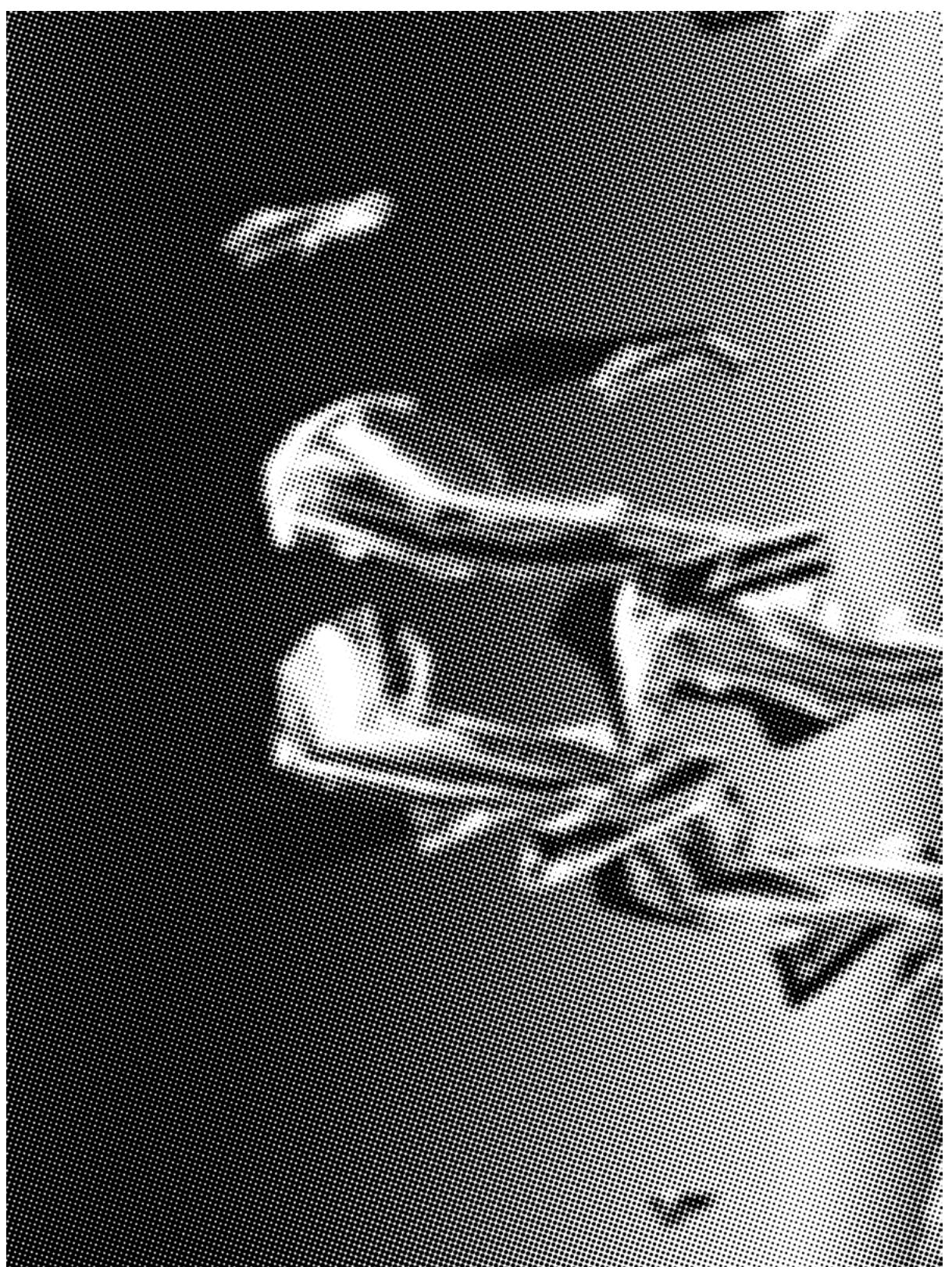
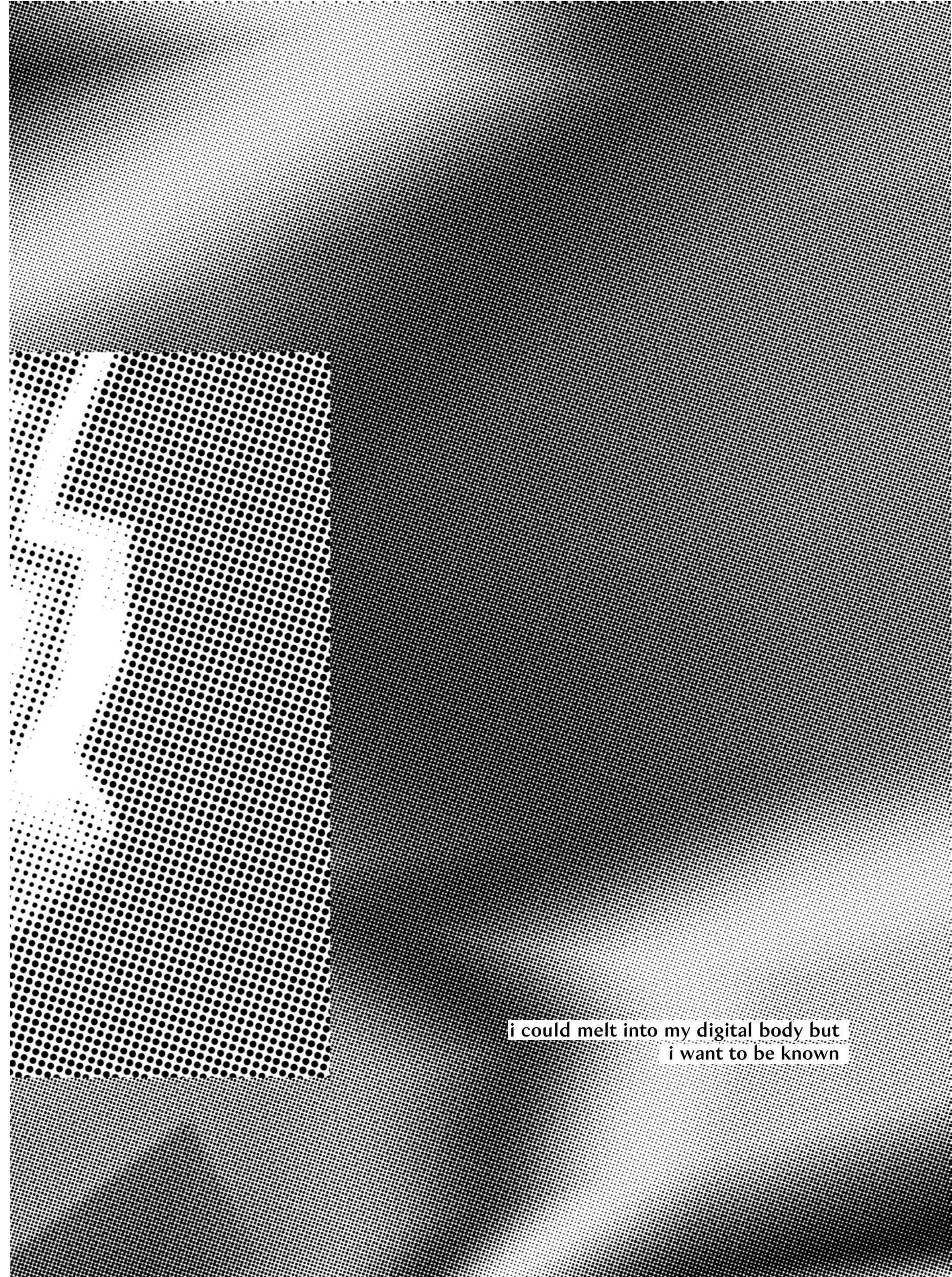
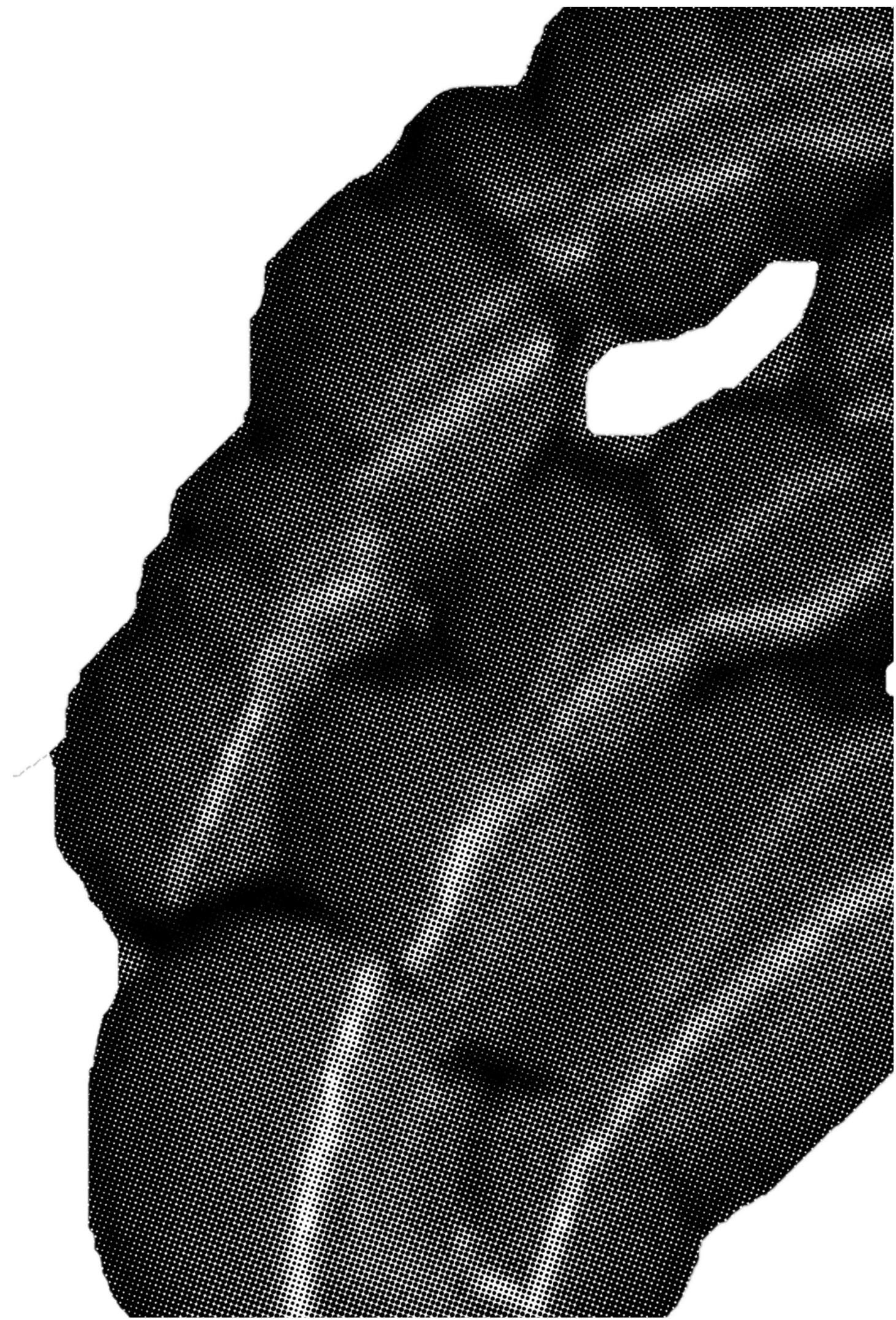
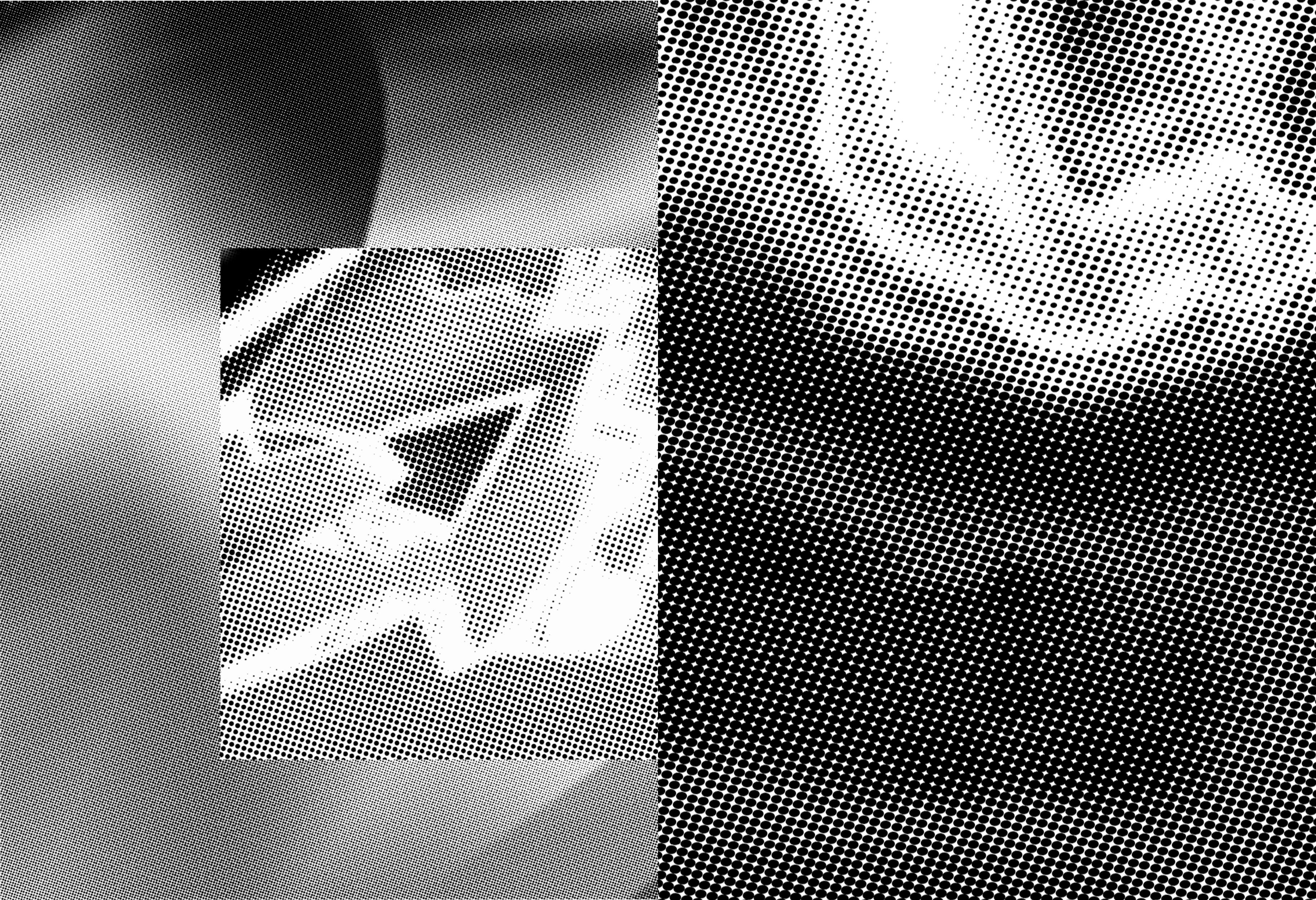


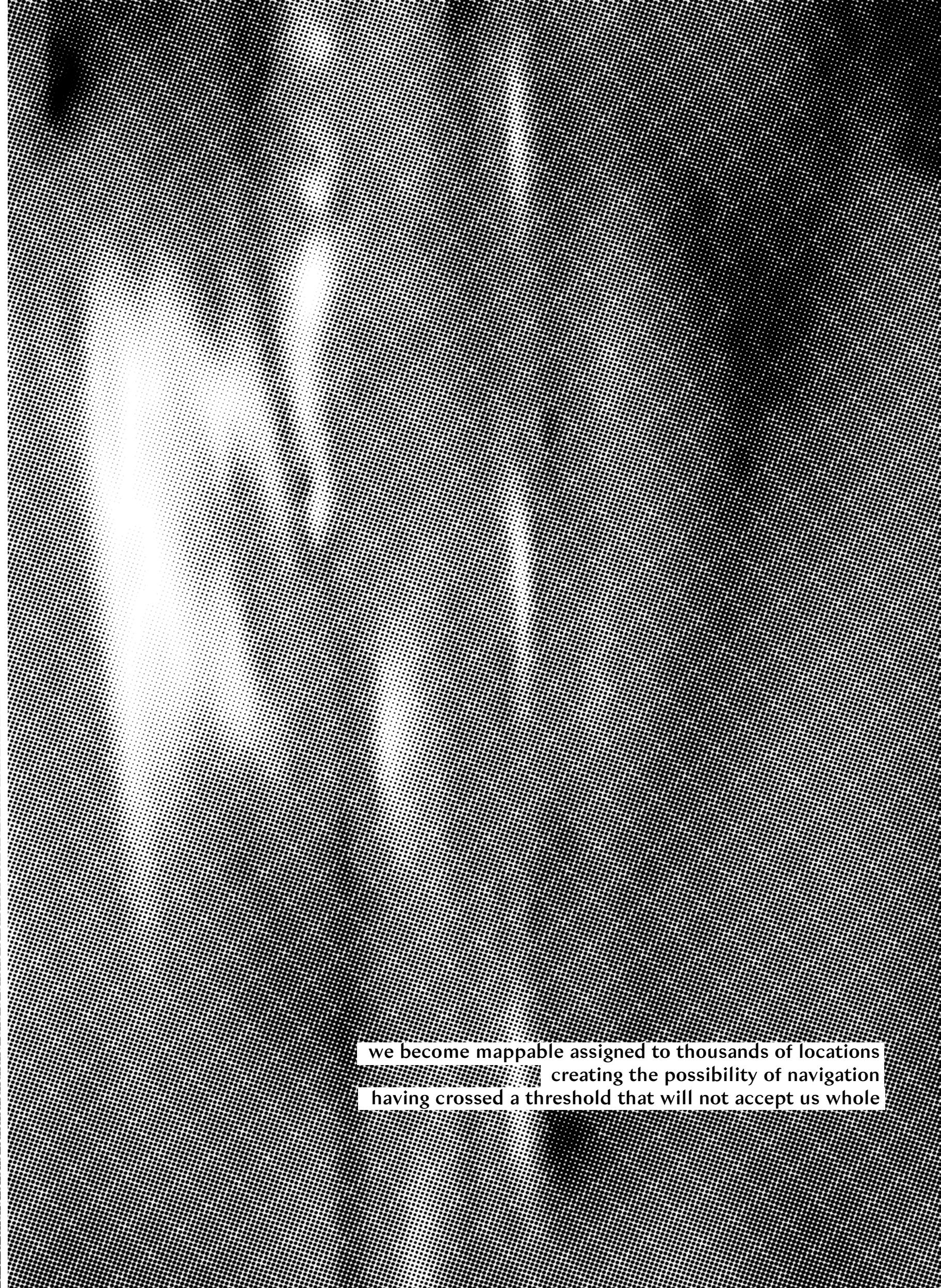
jules galbraith
2019

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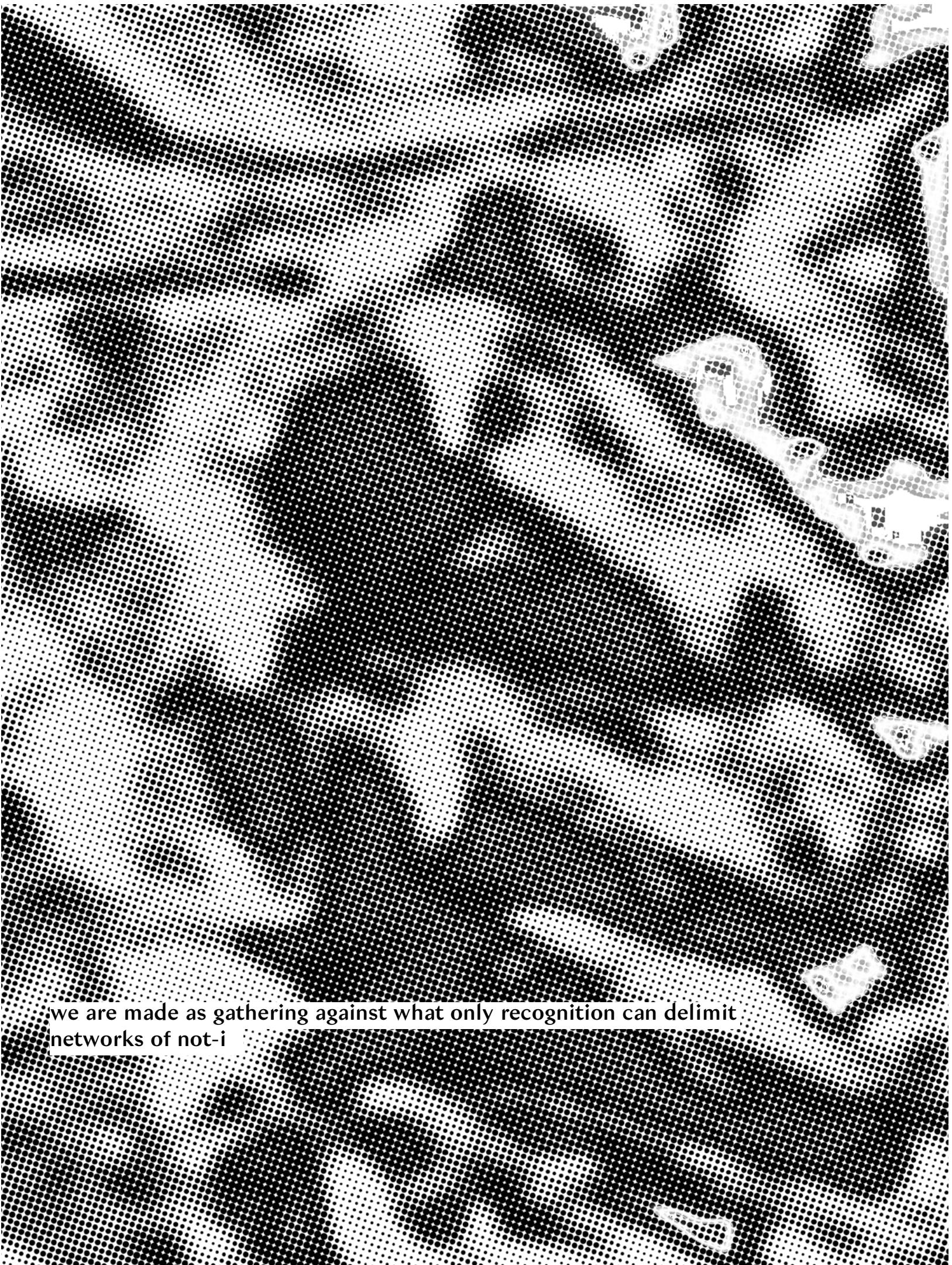




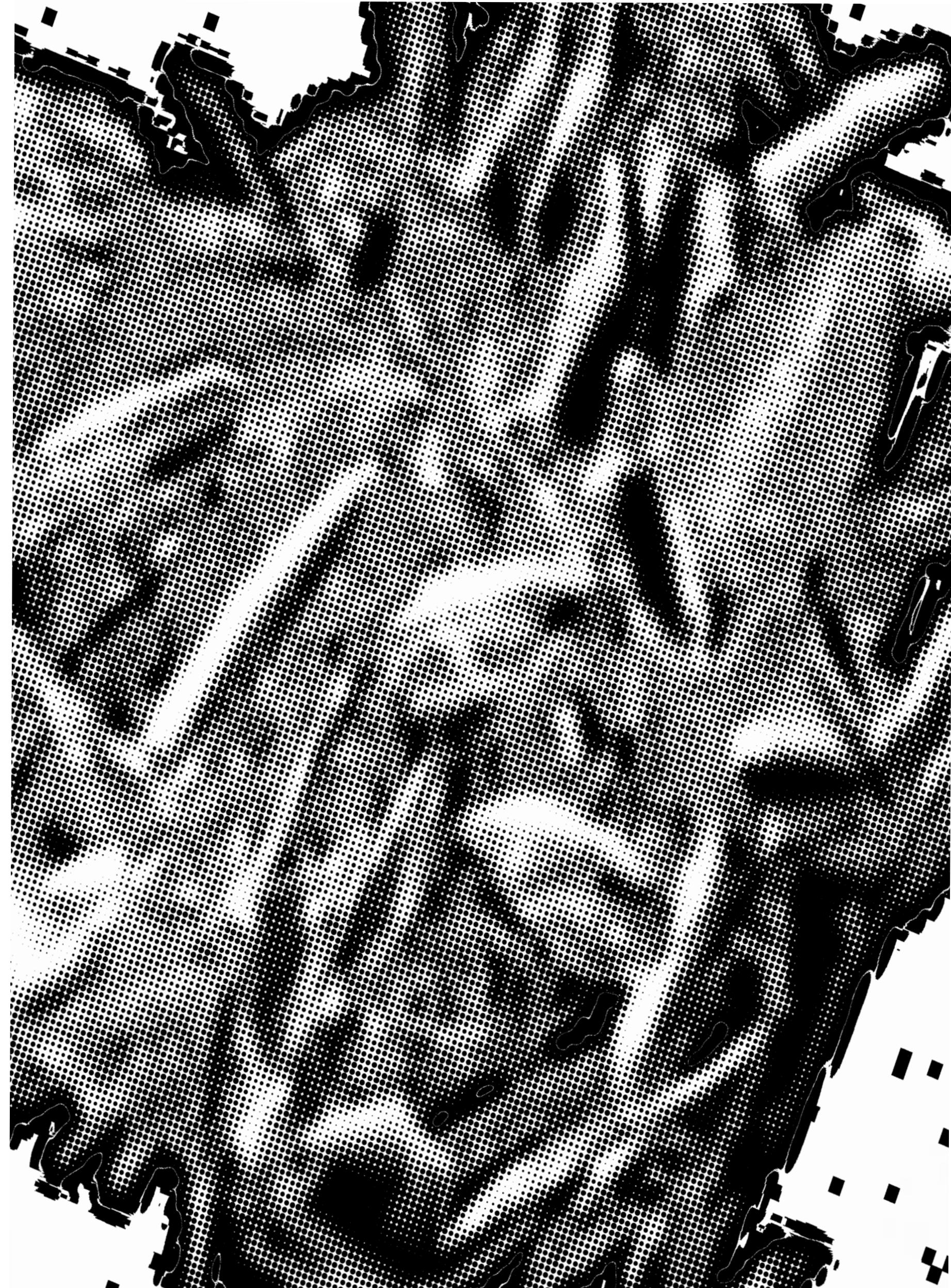


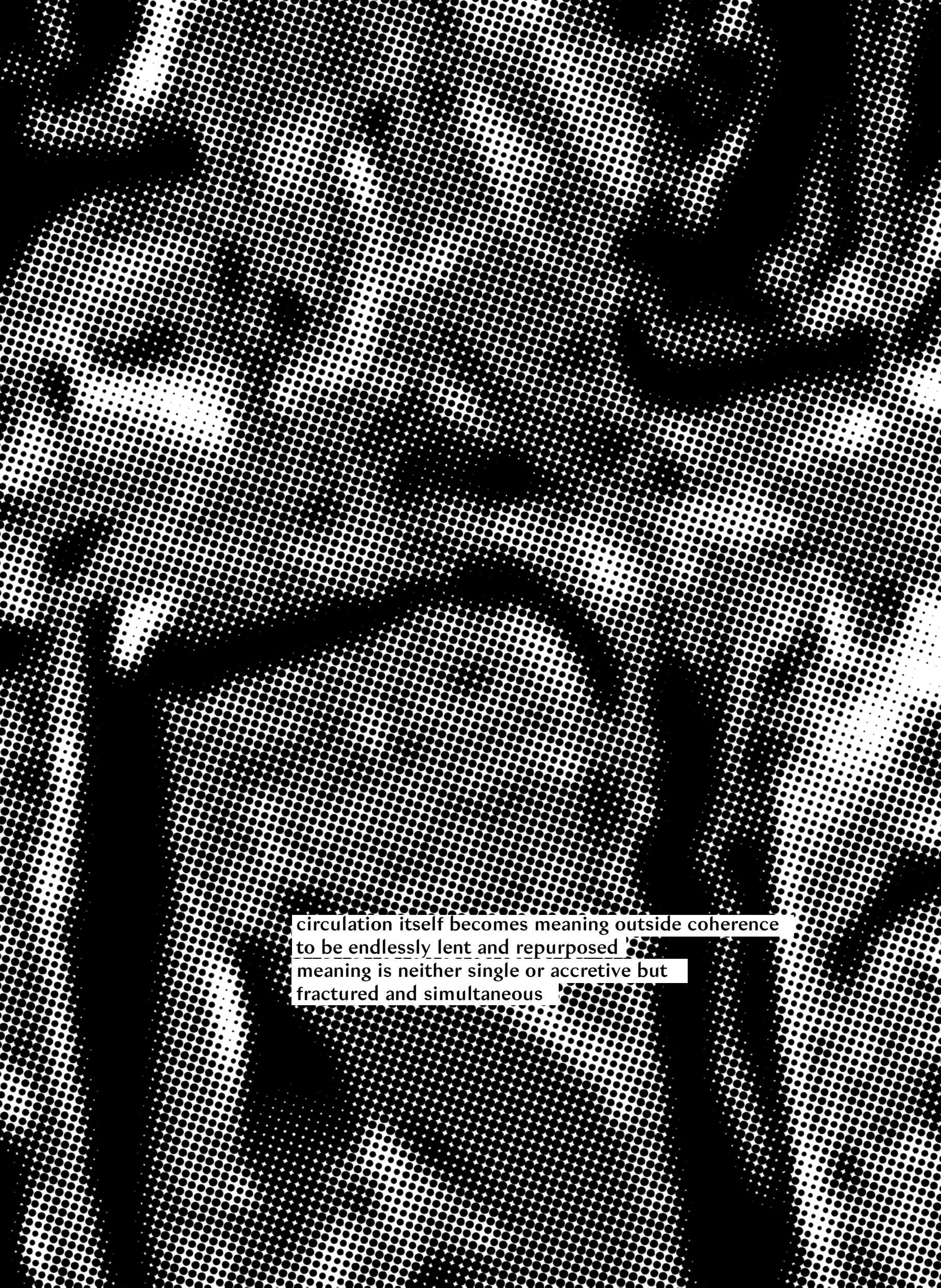


we become mappable assigned to thousands of locations
creating the possibility of navigation
having crossed a threshold that will not accept us whole

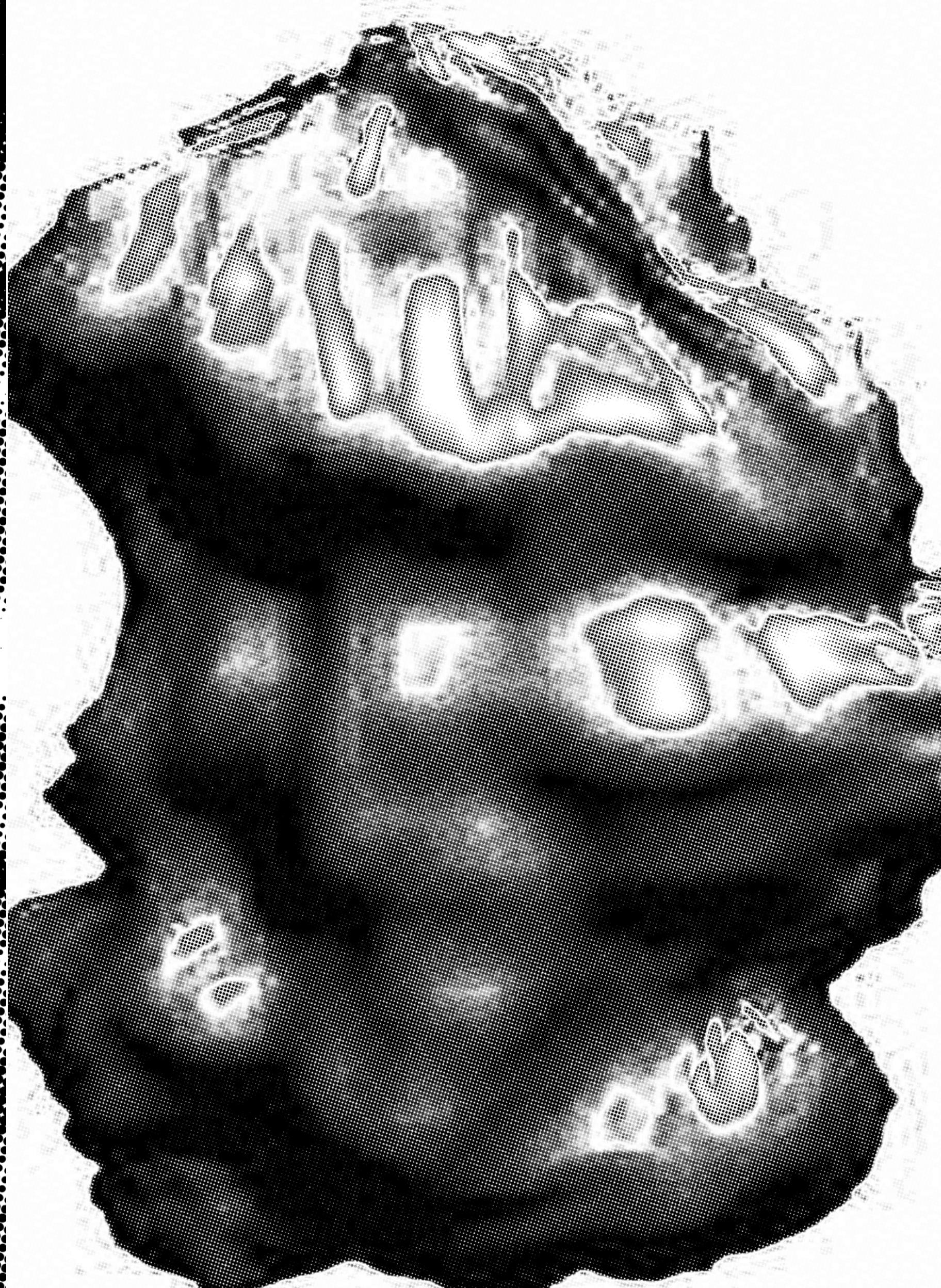


we are made as gathering against what only recognition can delimit
networks of not-i



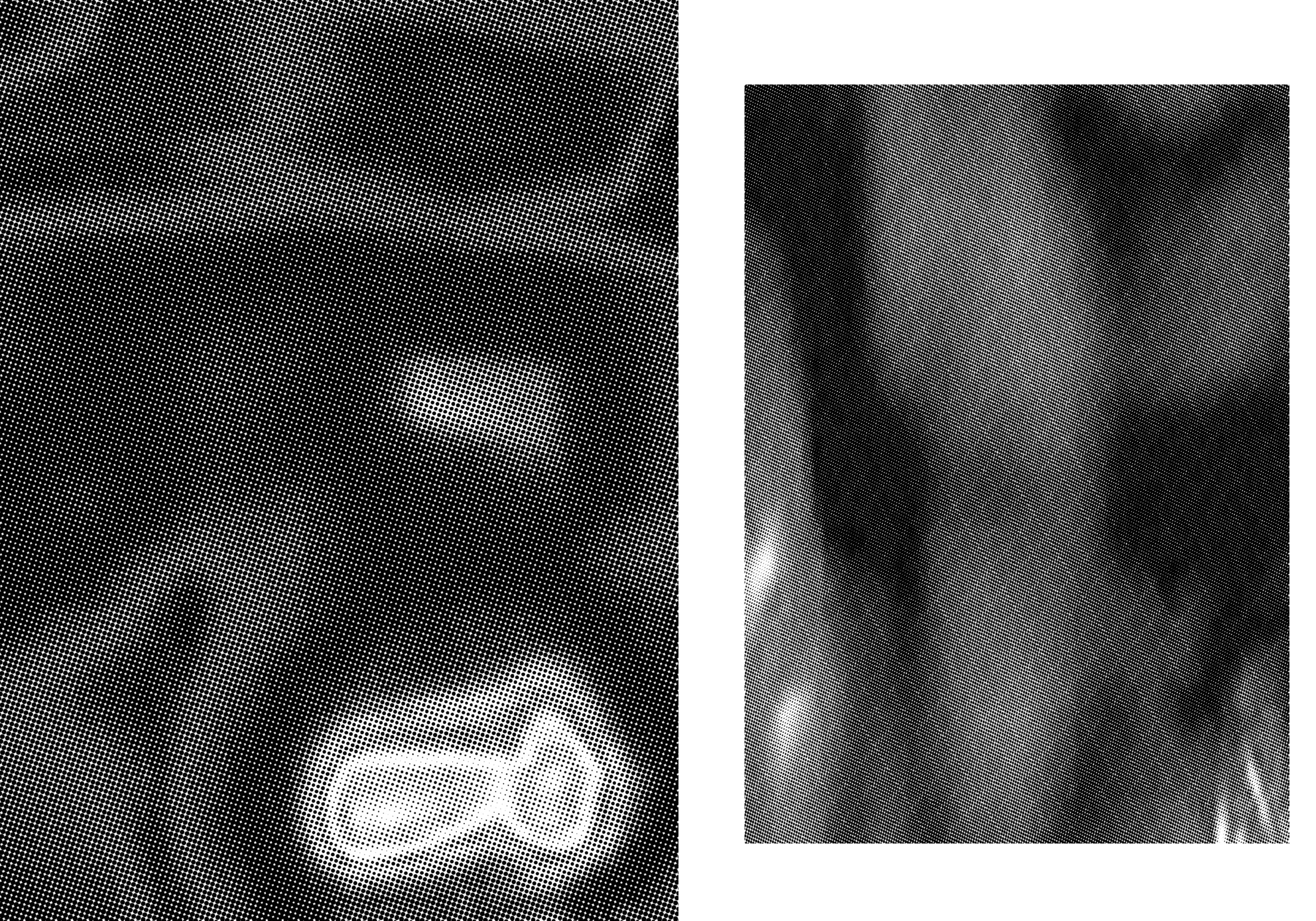


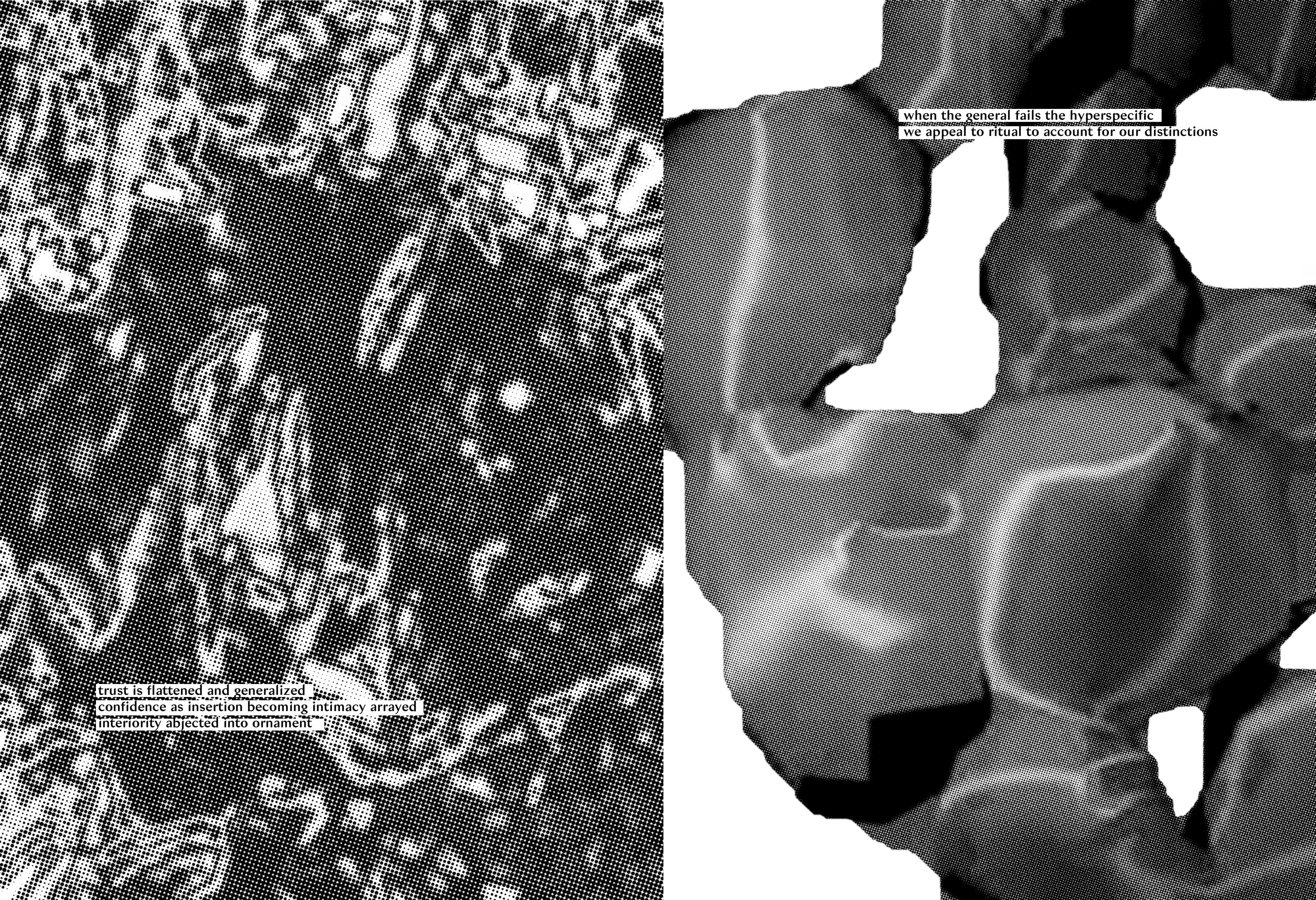
circulation itself becomes meaning outside coherence
to be endlessly lent and repurposed
meaning is neither single or accretive but
fractured and simultaneous





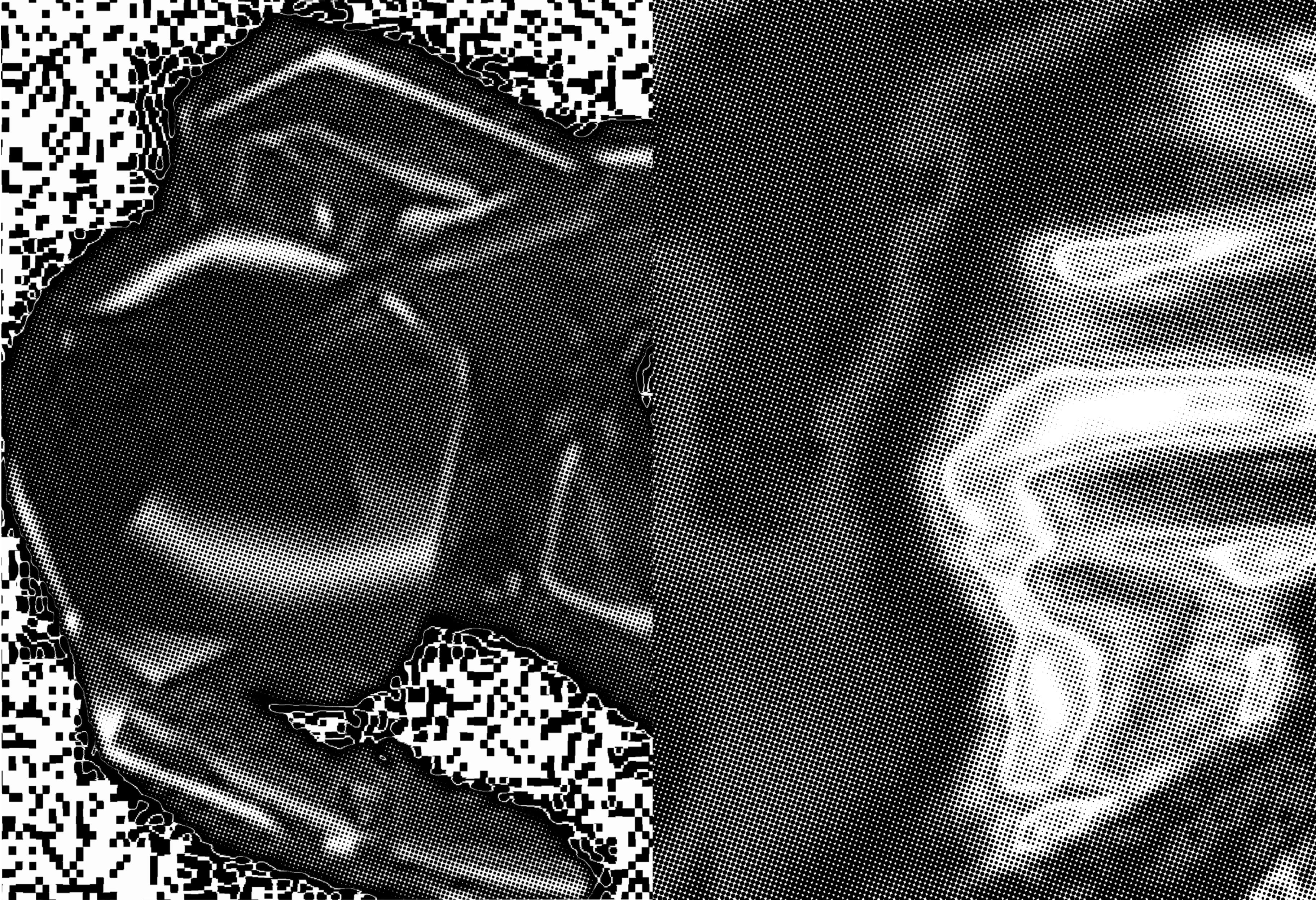
our time becomes the holier for being split and luminous
transparency becomes mundane, opacity sacred
we become pure direction, desiring an end to the endlessness of light
if we are transparent it is because we are disparate

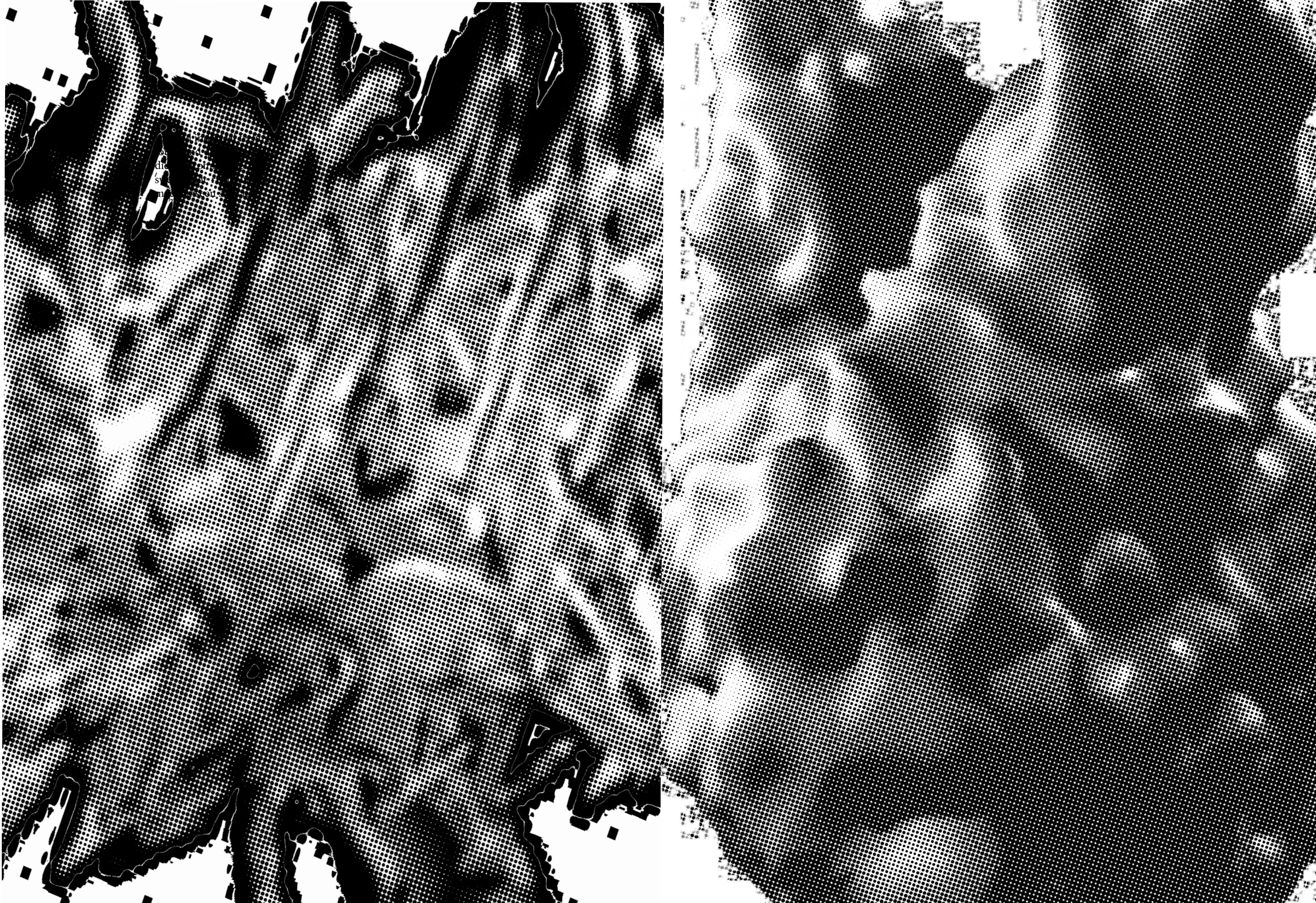


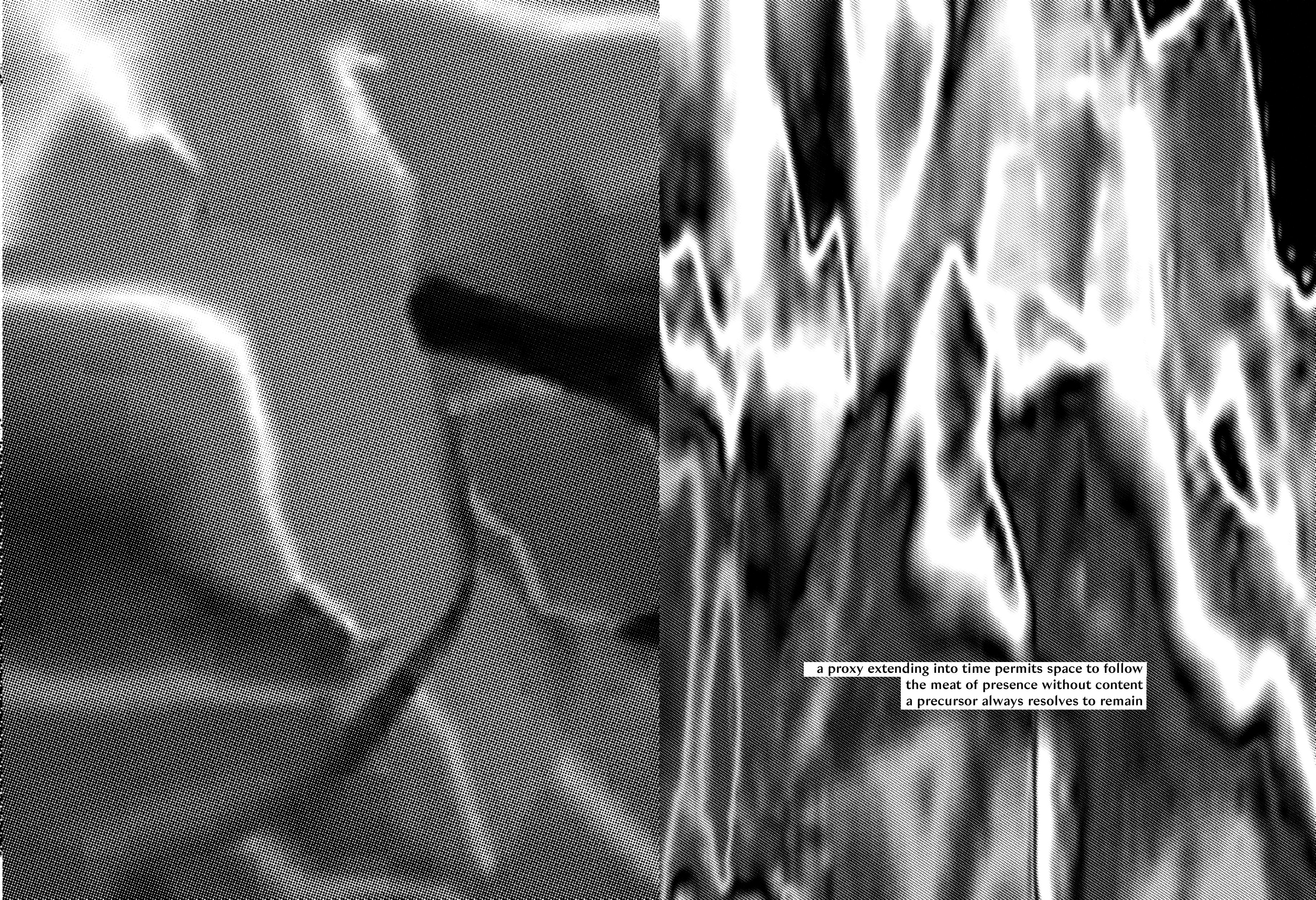


trust is flattened and generalized
confidence as insertion becoming intimacy arrayed
interiority abjected into ornament

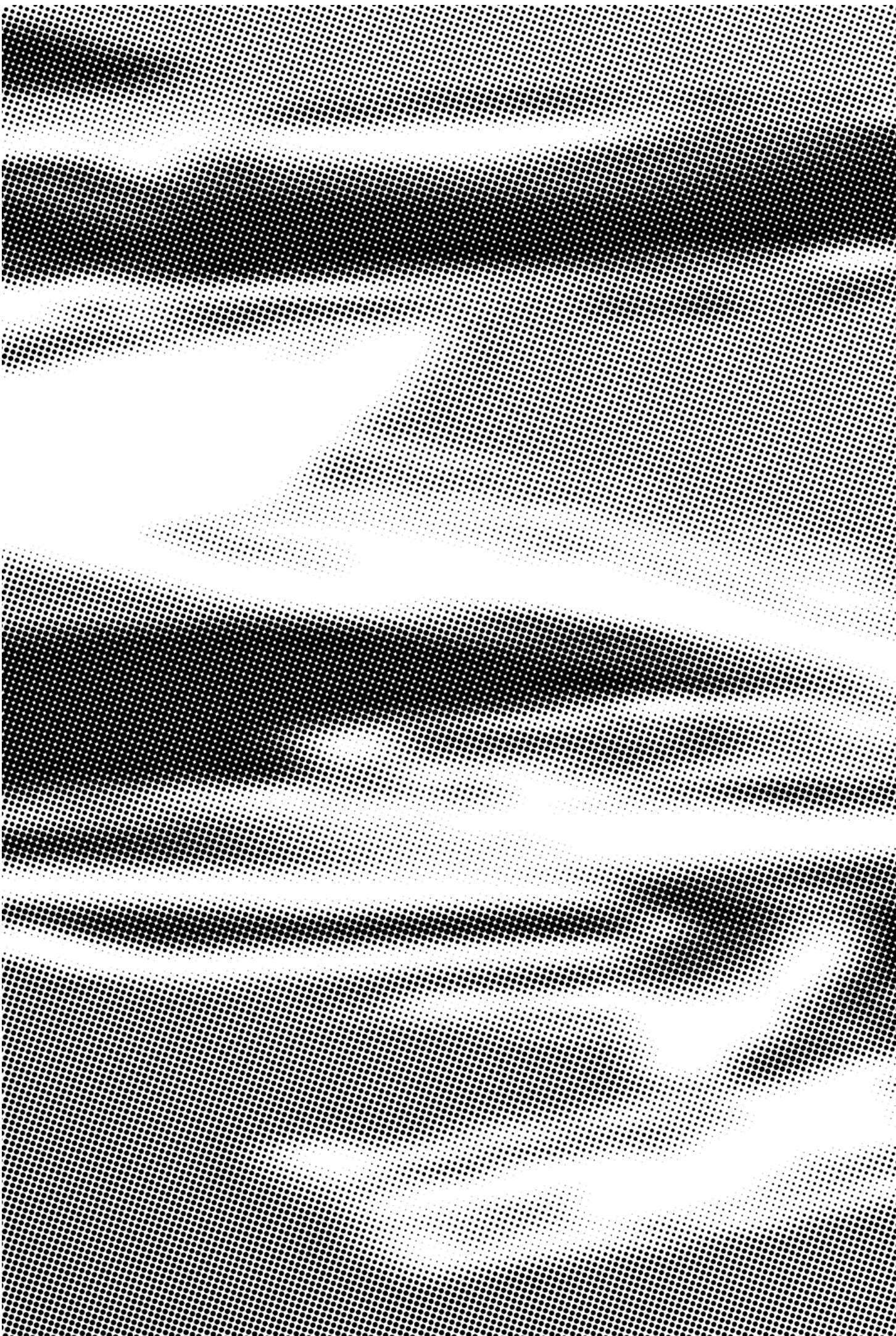
when the general fails the hyperspecific
we appeal to ritual to account for our distinctions

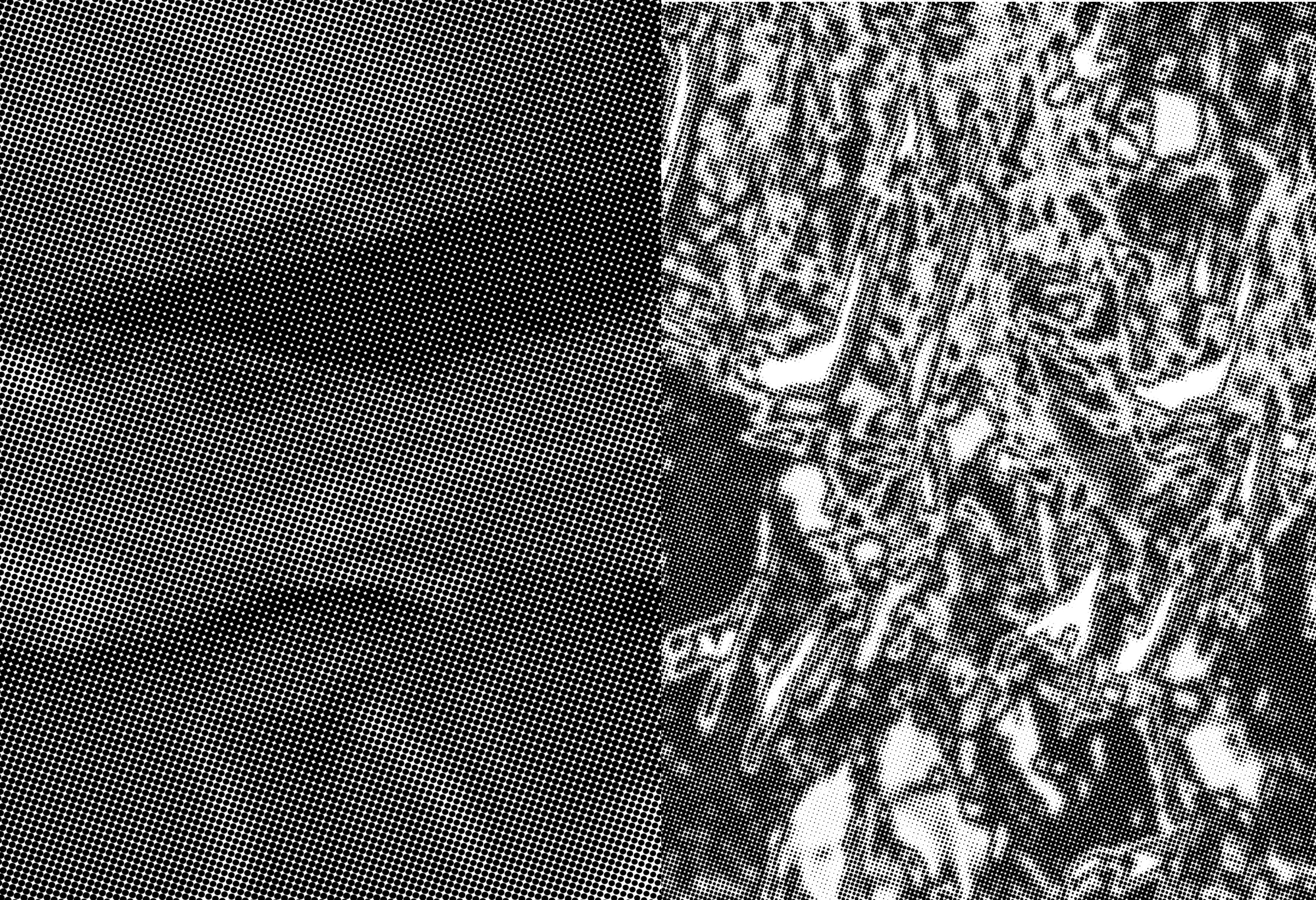


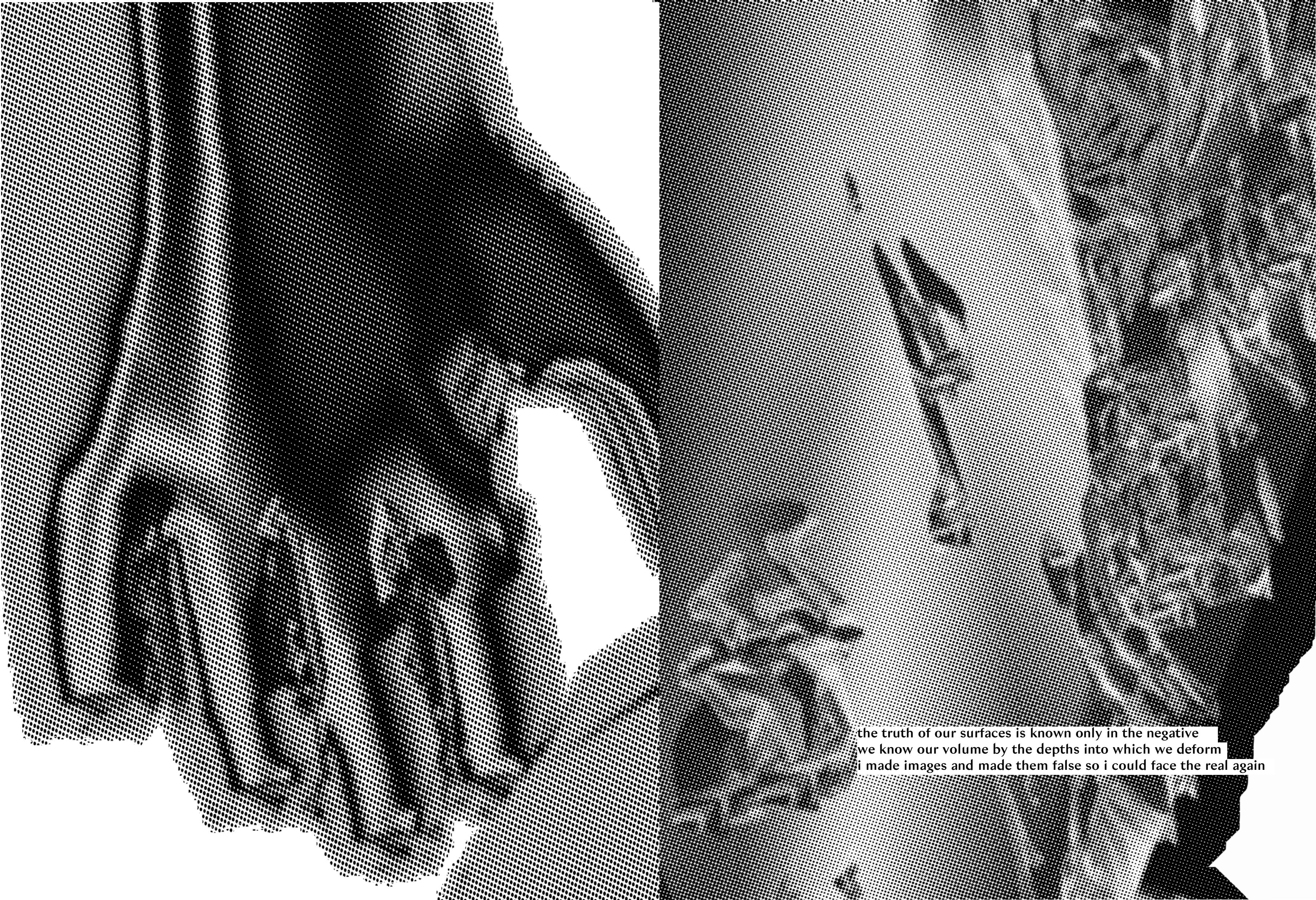




a proxy extending into time permits space to follow
the meat of presence without content
a precursor always resolves to remain







the truth of our surfaces is known only in the negative
we know our volume by the depths into which we deform
i made images and made them false so i could face the real again

