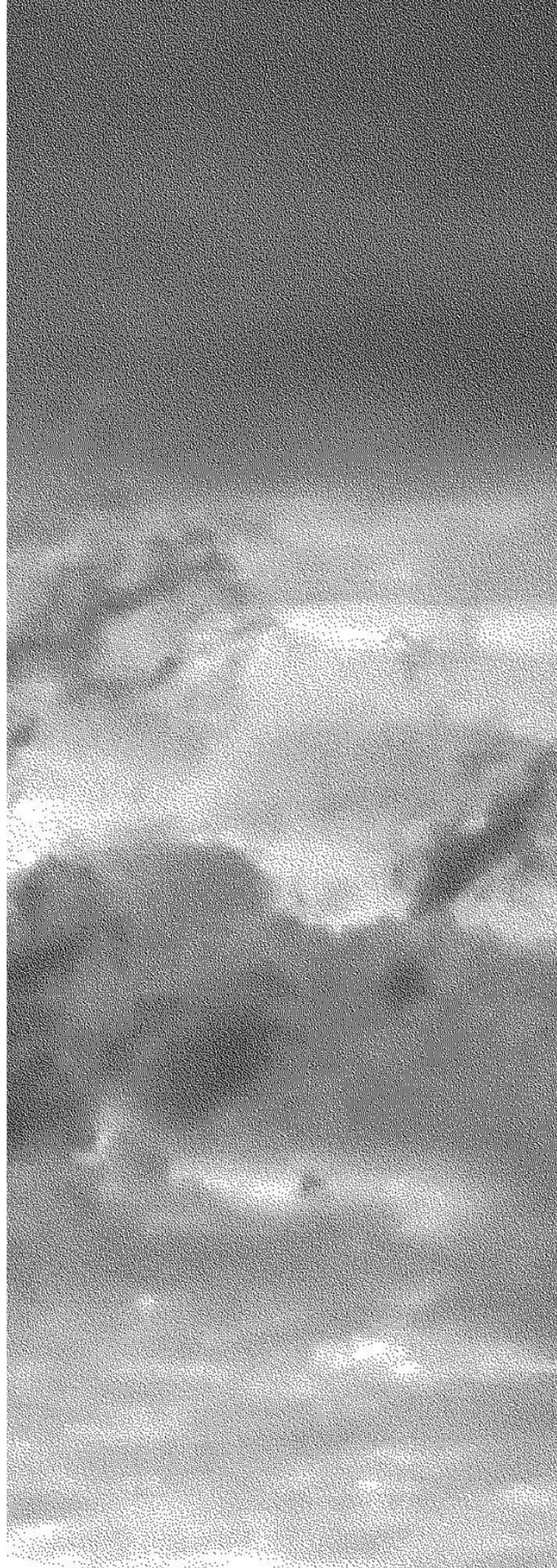




Cor,
Nube



For a moment, all I could do was walk. Walk, and look overhead.

I say

"I am
here"

I mean

"I can
not be
else
where"

*I created a
ghost out
of loss and
location.*

Besides
touch,
how can
we be
said to
know one
another.
We are
so far.

Removals
and
absences.
An ethics
of away.

*I could
be feeling
anything
at all.*

*What do
you mean
when you
mistake my
face for all
that I am?*

My heart's
understanding
of a certain
shape at
a certain
moment.
A heart
who invents
its object.
A pattern
seeking heart.
Calling the
future by a
dead name
(past).

The duty I am a heart and so I love

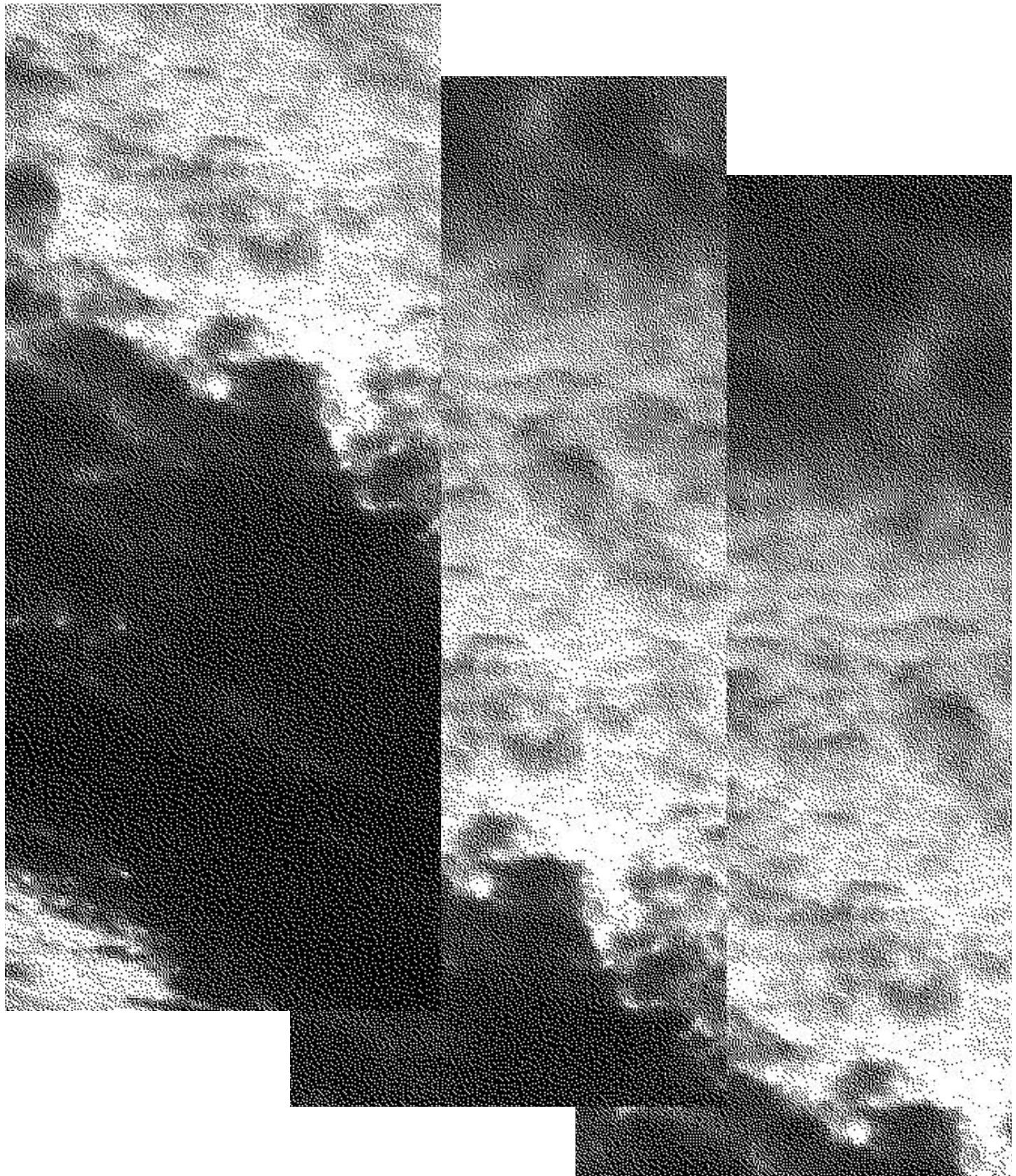
Lightness is
the quality,
in feeling, of
disembodiment.

A step to
leave the
body. A
step to
fall back
in, over
and over
again.

*Every
time I felt
the moon
on my
moon-scalp
I could
swear
I was
leaving
earth.*

All this world I tried to speak about

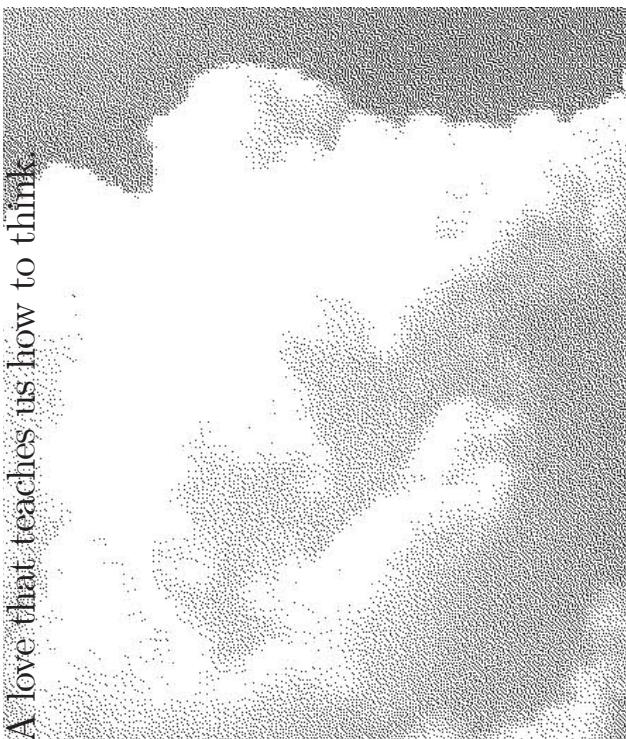
But it would not be spoken about



There remains something unsaid here

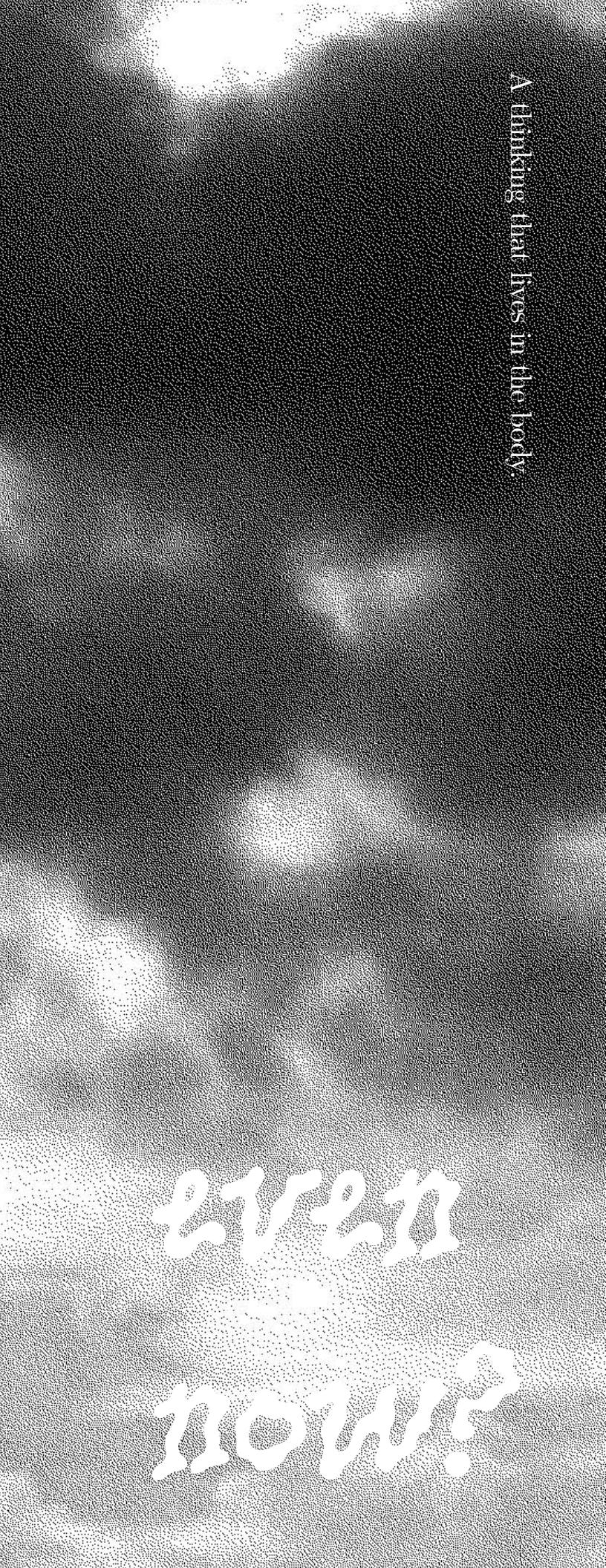
And so it seems—I cannot speak

How
do we
enfold
each
other



A love that reaches us low to high.

mix



A thinking that lives in the body.



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