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conversations on eternal interstice 2021, us by jess currie, apple and worms by jill mcknight, somewhere to be far away by claudia rose, a compressed urban life of weed consumption by alistair stewart, all roads start from the body and lead back to it by rosie vohra.

Dreams and illusory things, an attempt to capture you between the palms, like thin air with nothing but a loud clap. A smack to the face after being told to shut your relentless, burdening trap. *It never goes away.* Existing in a perpetuated state of delirium... “Just wiggle your big toe”. A gentle stutter frames ideas that hang from the tips of our tongues. The smell of mildew on the bathroom sponge. A pleasant affair. Holding onto the sensation, the cessation of shoulder dislocation after rabidly swinging for too long on monkey-bars. We often rode screaming on top of cars. Outlining each others scars. We called it love. Scientists have told me that pain doesn’t correlate to the extent of damage. Personally, I think they are wrong.

Last week you spent hours drawing symbols that could only ever eat themselves. Heaven knows, I am hungry now.

A holographic iceberg, constructed mostly under the surface, with no density, entirely transparent — like you. A safe space where we could finally find each other. I let go. You did too - at least we are even. A lifetime ago I told you that cutting things open only ever revealed more surface and for whatever reason you refused to believe me.

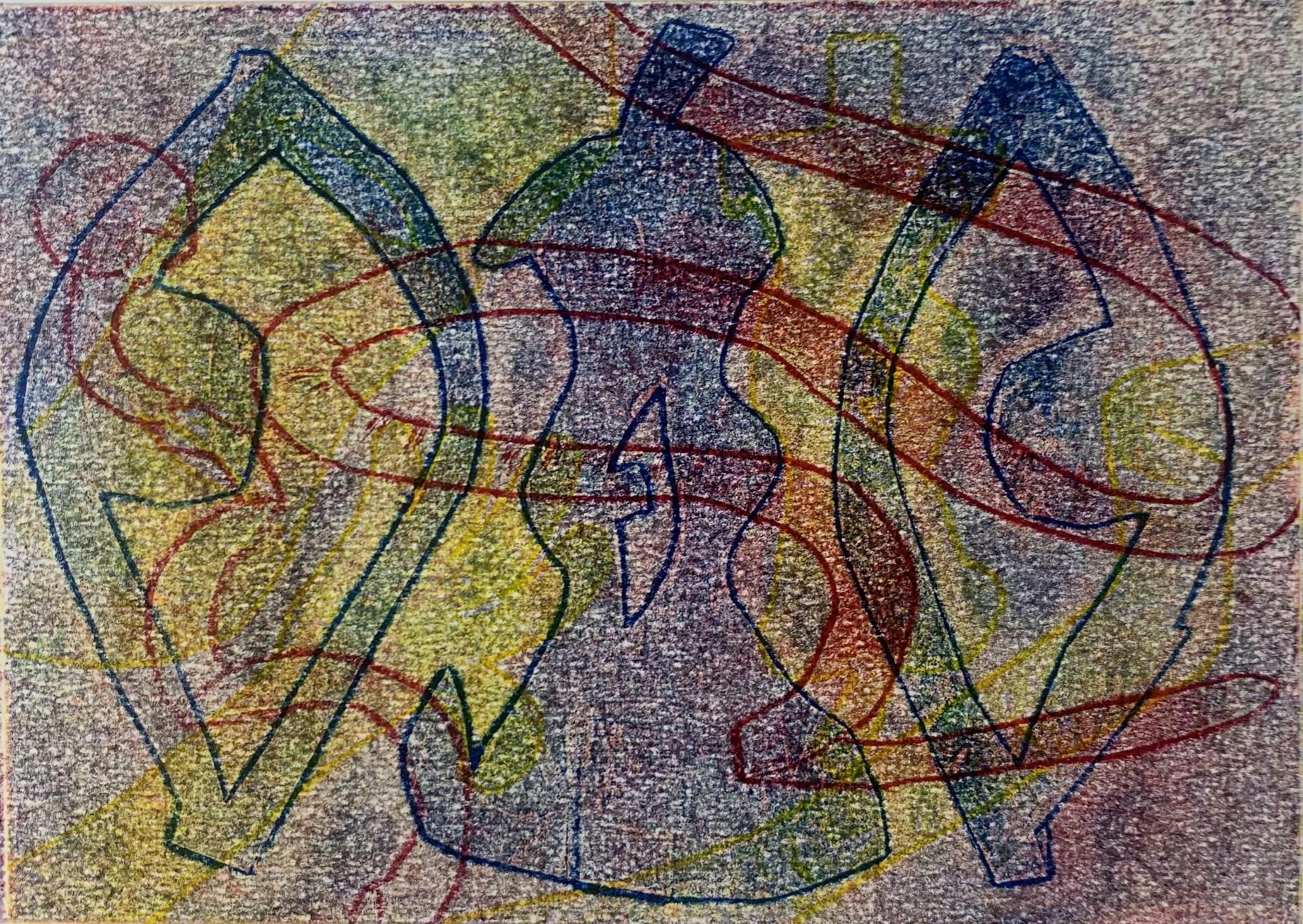
This life, this time round, the only thing I asked for - was a door, so I could leave.

Years ago, we dreamt together. A synchronised, unrecognisable thought. Time split directly down the middle and continued to reduce itself into gravy granules and powdered custard. I hope to never read a sand metaphor again. Cold porridge dries like cement. I have a phobia that I will drown in concrete. It seems only rational after the second time I became the foundations of a home. I broke down many times and relived every second as the present moment, the present tense and we are all going out of fashion.

I’ve been you. I promise. I closed my eyes and awoke in a new scape. The trees were still “green” but somehow existed in a different hue. The light was different and I couldn’t find you. Have you ever discovered that upon leaving a room that you forgot why the goddamn hell you are here? Right now, I feel you all the time.

I’ve stopped buying into subjectivity. Please keep your likes and dislikes to yourself. We all know we are deciphering code. These days, it is the only way we can communicate.





21 June 2021 at 22:44

My house was a house of mystery

My house was a house that had a sweeping brush on every floor

My house was a house that looked out onto fields of brown grass

My house was a house where pigeons sat on the tops of the windows

My house was a house where the freezer was always jam-packed and it was difficult to shut the door

My house was a house where the door was made of wood that would get really really swollen when it rained and during the winter no one could lock the door
Only pull it to, as far as possible
And hope that any prospective thieves couldn't get it pushed back open

My house was a house where we had pets from time to time
A couple of gerbils brown and grey
A couple of cockatiels yellow and grey with orange cheeks that could only sing a few notes
But what beautiful notes they were

My house was a house where at times we were happy
At times we were sad
At times the silence was thick like an impenetrable substance
Like diamonds or coal that covers you with dirt and really hurts in the cracks of your fingers and legs
Gets behind your knees
You need to go in the bath to get some relief
You wash away the coal dust and it leaves your skin all sore
Bright red where the blood's rushed to it

My house was a house where what was the norm changed weekly

My house was a house where every plant was welcomed and watered when we remembered

My house was a house where sometimes the fridge was jam-packed
After we'd been to the shop
Sometimes we would put off going to the shop
Until there was no food left

My house was a house where we went with the flow of what was on TV
Flicking between BBC1 and 2, ITV, Channel 4 and 5
Watching the news whenever it came on
Getting up-to-date
Trying to understand what was going on in the world
Beyond our house

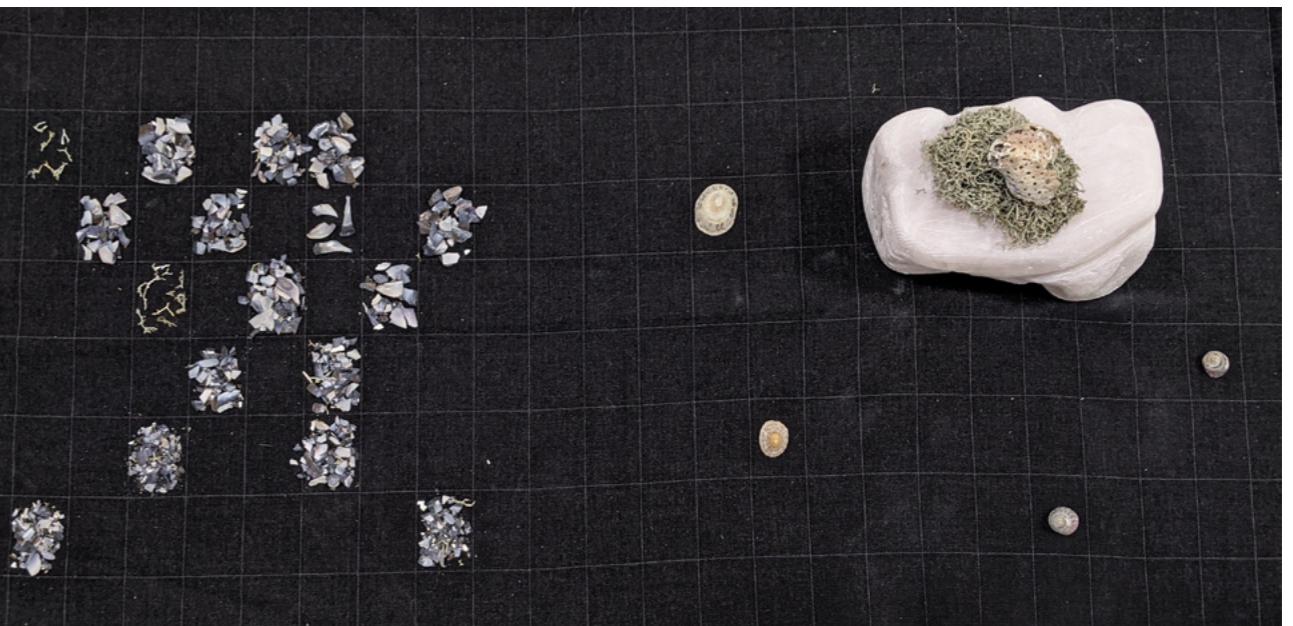
My house was a place where many things were made, negotiated and grown on
Where worries found a home to rest and be kissed on the brow

My house was a house where seagulls would swoop in to eat baby pigeons

Our house was a house where there were plenty of ghosts to keep us company

My house was a house where you could go if you wanted to and had nowhere better to be

My house was a house where we'd bake cakes with a mixer
We had a really old electric whisk to whisk the mix in the packets you got from the supermarket with the eggs and the milk





Somewhere to be far away







“Why did you smoke so much weed during the pandemic?



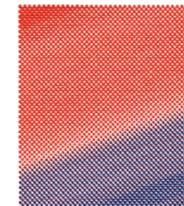
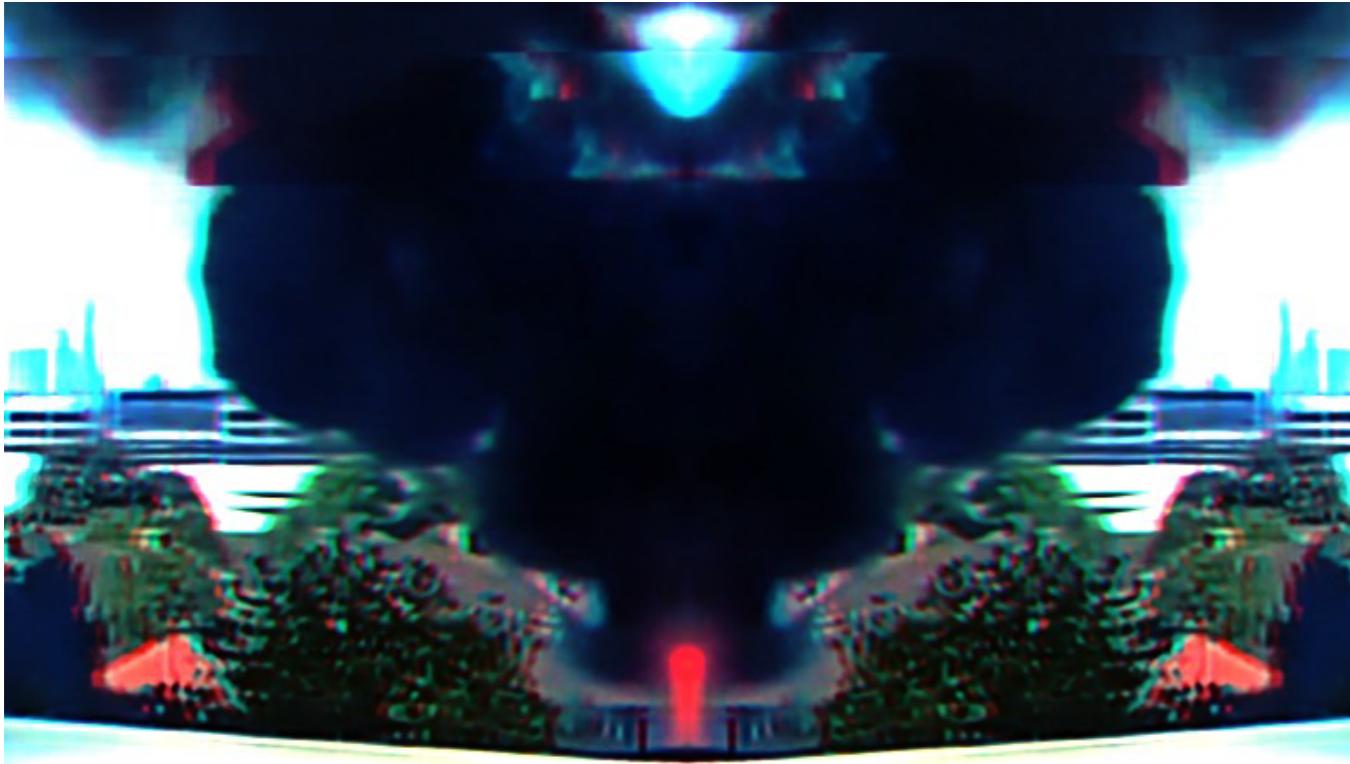
“It was just as easy to get now as it was before [lockdown]. A socially distant transaction. No one checked [at the borders] who knows what



“So you reckon it was too easy? But what about the boredom aspect - like you mentioned before



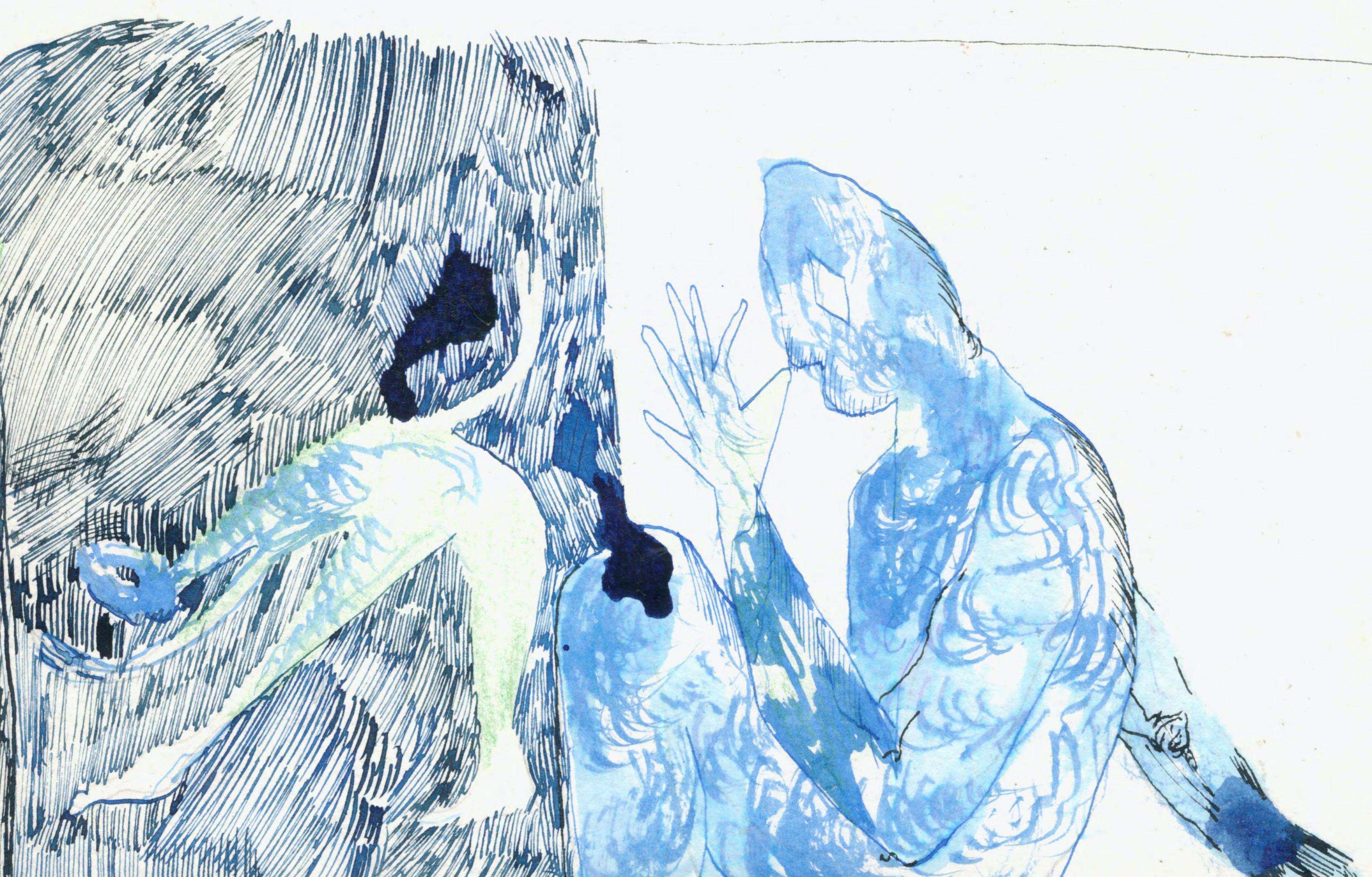
“Yeah, it was kinda about that, feeling like time was passing slowly, time as it flows felt wrong almost and I established a regular pattern during most of last year, way less so this year



“For sure - I was first drawn to the packaging when I saw them in the bin - remember - I told you to keep them safe ‘cause the graphics were so mad, like they imitate sweet packets - even the images evoke that food you eat when you have the munchies - I mean, I know nothing about cannabis strains or whatever but that’s what it appeared like to me



“I guess each packet is a different flavour, a different smell, character or persona in some way, the cost has been high but worth it



2021