



KELLY BALLETT

KATE HOLFORD

REU LEACOCK

SAMRA MAYANJA

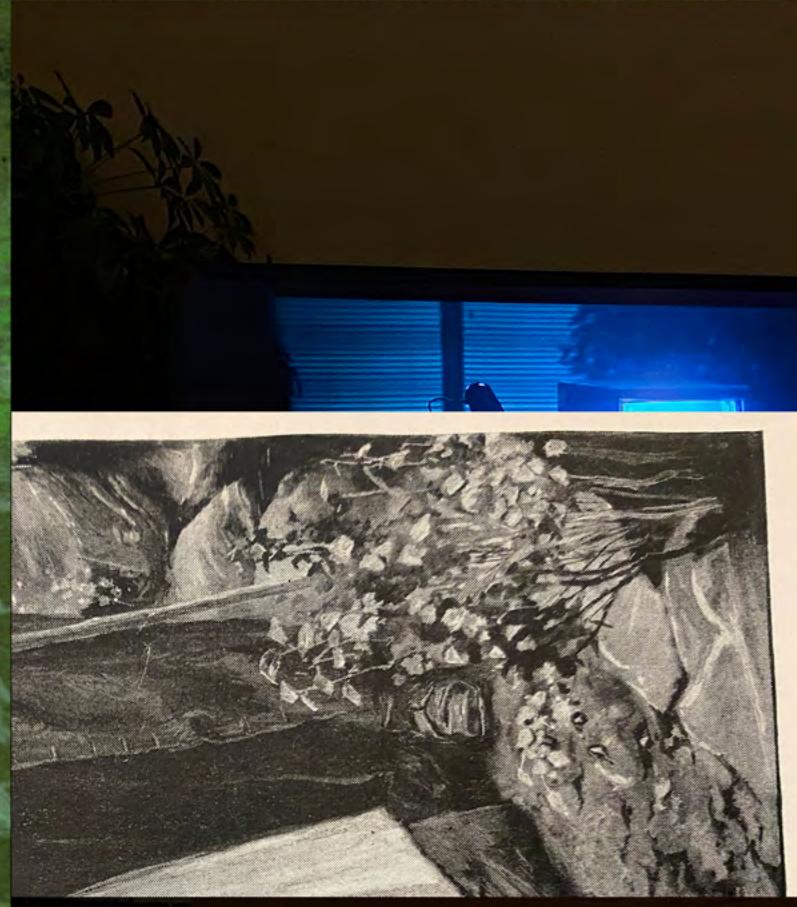
JILL MCKNIGHT

TIM O'PHEE

conversations on eternal interstice 2024, painted lady by kelly ballett, case images / the shortest tragedies ever told by kate holford, the symphony at hand by reu leacock, the call centre by samra mayanja, holding on in overalls & letting go in overalls by jill mcknight, red mist by tim o'phee.

The suburbs are hallucinating // a bundle-o-nerves
its mobius strip in rigid torque,
a gravitational eclipse with the centre of attention
Coaster flex rattle in spinal bend
riding on 1776 joy twitch St Mary's husk is a shot shy of coconut
flaring flood wound Of perennial bid
bucks of turf prod and lazily snaking namesake
buttermilk, parchment, magnolia, ivory
all limb-lit in silky milk gloss





gloop in in the blisters on her
palms

Charm chum (not charmed!)



You want to talk about
children? Water hitting their
feet and slapping against
the shiny-rock. You want to
tell me what it is you
mean?

He looked at her and she
squinted and the possibility
of it was over. Leaning onto
the gate of the path through
the scrubland she had known
it. At the point of opening
the car door. Now she did not
know it. She knew only silence,
the creep of water darkening
his trouser leg, time nearly done.

10.7.10

Watched him tumble to the
ground.

Later

You want to talk about ~~child~~?
Water hitting their feet and
slapping against the dark rock.
You want to tell me what it is you
mean?

He looked at her and
she squinted and the possibility of
it was over. Leaning onto the gate
of the path through the scrubland
she had known it. At the moment
of opening the car door. Now she
did not know it. She knew only
silence, the creep of water
darkening his trouser leg, a line
nearly done.



nurse ends
Embellisher neutrality through violence &
brutality.
The purity of nature.
Crawling on her stomach



I heard a glass smash. Or, something glass. I heard the smash and I felt something in my knees, a glistening.

To be given more time. He had told me he wanted more of it to prove himself, to overcome it, the distance. His job that, from a young age – a tragedy of sorts. But instead I said, what you gunna do now, huh? A revocation, wrong fields with three things in my pocket.

From the path we saw a sea of white stars, flowers in the grasses, in the bracken, thousands of them until the soil turned to sand. Then, the smash of the glass.

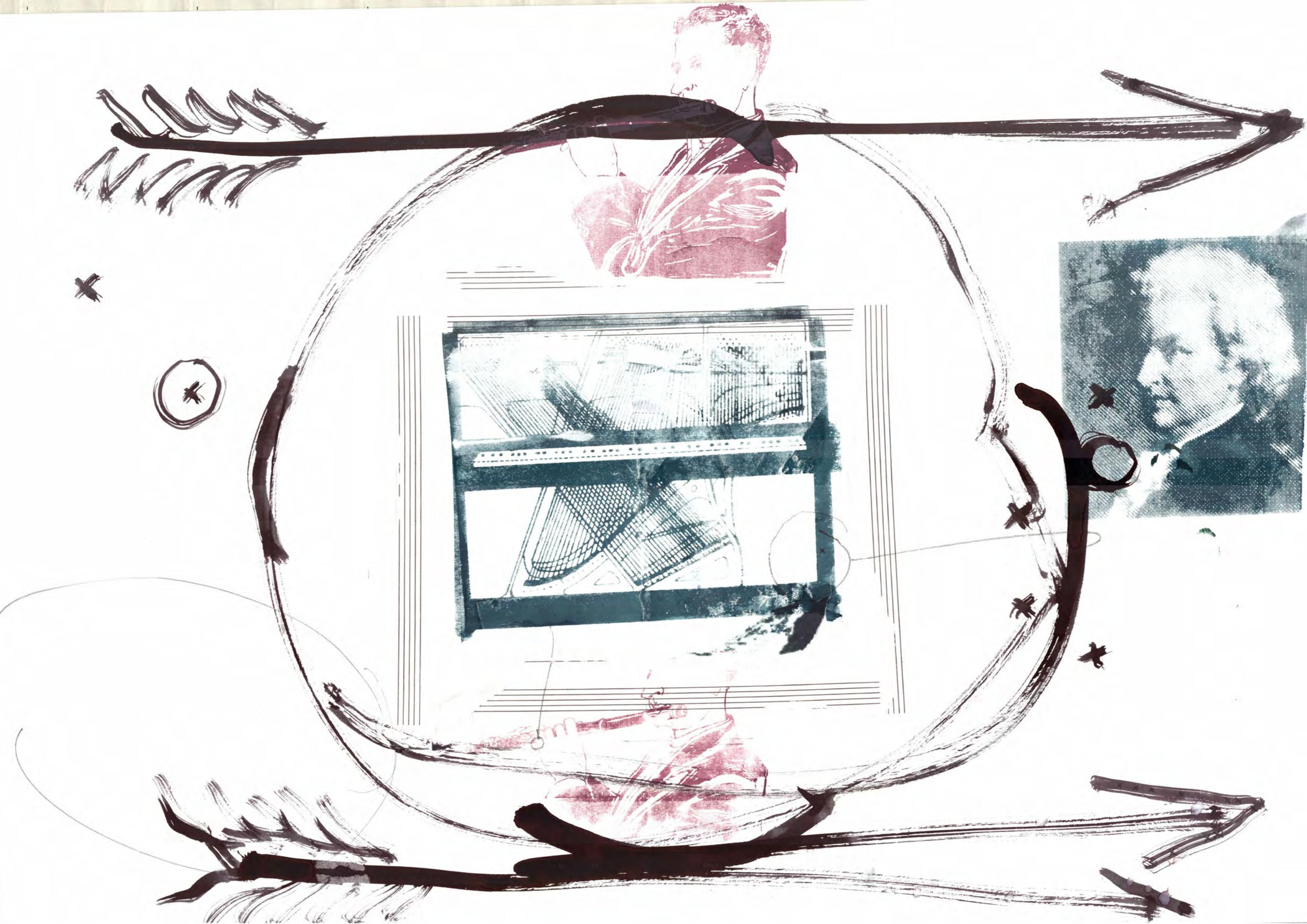
It's just one idea, precision – shapes being preordained. Such as, attempts to imagine the pelvic bone, the anatomy of the pelvic cavity. There was a bloom that slipped away from me, [REDACTED]
A cardinal concern.

I guess I was over the notion of *the traumatic destiny of desire*, of complicating matters, of cataloguing the evidence of how we can be lost. I said, what is it you're trying to measure? He couldn't answer me. Devil's guts, there to the end. He could only say, what I want is, what I— and then fade out, into the grey edges of a body.

Often, for officers near the sea, a seal foot is presumed to be a human hand. And I say, look at us now, see, mist everywhere over the water.







OPEN 500 INSTRUMENTS OVER A BLANK PAGE



MUSIC MANUSCRIPT



PLAY THIS PAGE







TAKE A symphony



LET IT LIVE IN + music

box for years

10 piece

OPEN THE CASES OF 500 INSTRUMENTS
OVER A BLANK
SHEET OF

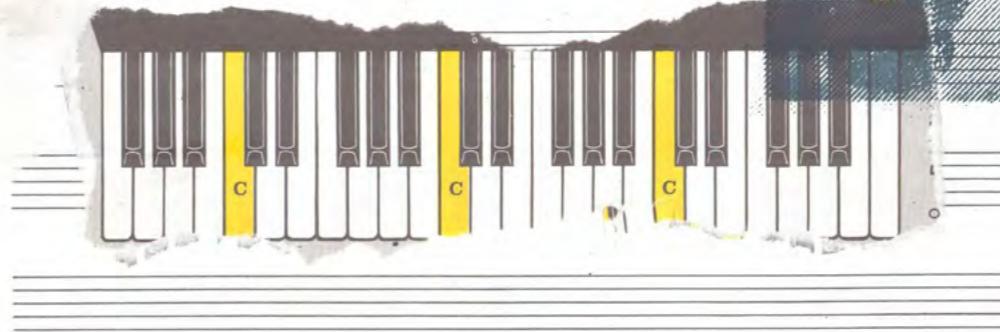
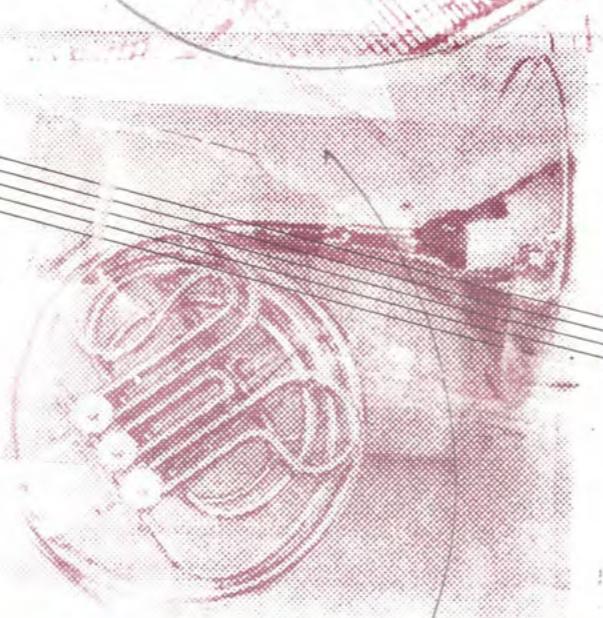
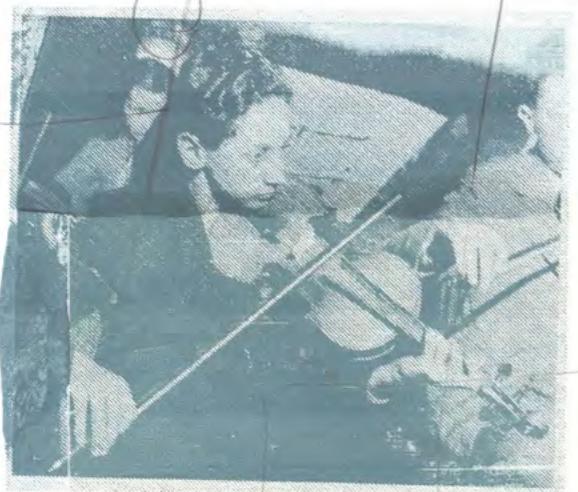
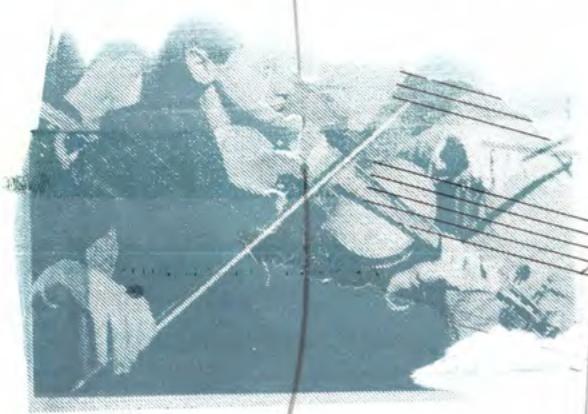
PAPER

LET THE

MUSIC

PLAY









Hollow Body

post

FRONT VIEW



x

put a symphony
with your

3 FROM MUSIC HIGH

EARS CLOSELY

PUT DOWN THE

STRINGS

TRIP

BREAK YOURSELF FROM SONG



THE CALL CENTRE



[[[BEGIN WITH A SONG – FUCK THE PAIN AWAY by PEACHES -- GIVE OUT LOVING MESSAGES]]]

In my 'SAD SUMMER' when I felt like I was nothing to no one going where, simply an extra in nobody's film.

Yes yes, yes yes.

In that moment, in my d-d-d-deepest -d-e-e-p dive days,
Pre-ancestral psyche, goth body cave words trauma shit

I, me, MS HOLLIDAY, I dreamed of a reality TV production company who would create the 1st episode of my life after it stopped being shit.

Too much Sex and the City and Girls and all those other HBO shows featuring a bunch of melancholic horny gal pals seeking – what exactly?

Nothing in particular.

[[[INTERRUPTION – PHONE RINGS]]]

Given that that doesn't exist - I've decided to set it up.

So I have created 'THE CALL CENTRE' and employed a bunch of 'PAIN ADVISORS' to speak with the people who are looking for solutions, plans and paths...

A clear road out of pain.

THE PAIN ADVISORS pass on your details to my team.

THE TEAM - comprised of

- story specialists,
- tarot readers,
- Actors,

[[[FUCK THE PAIN AWAY – choreography!]]]

- therapists,
- negligent mums and
- trauma-informed yoga teachers,

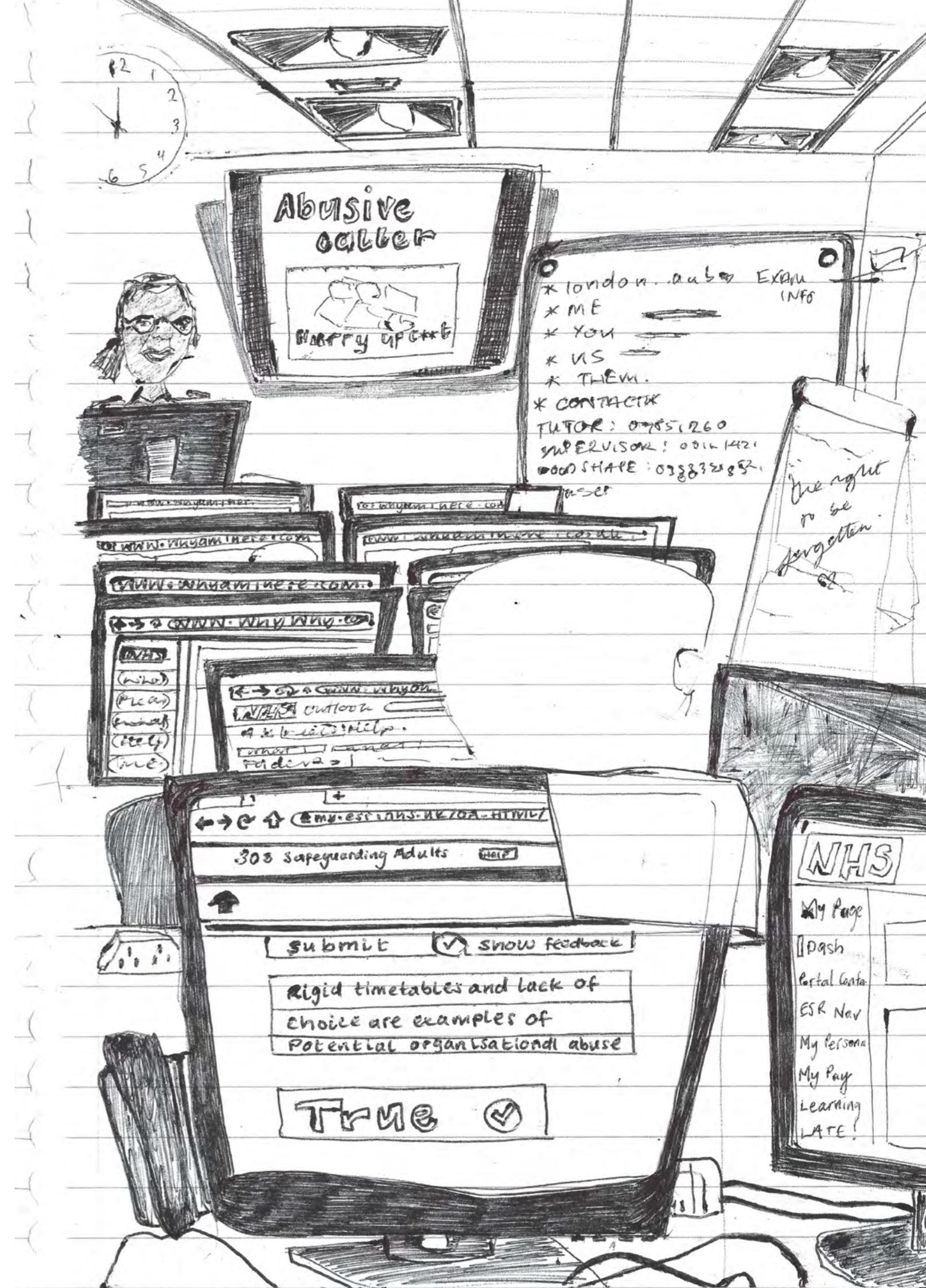
Begin to craft that first-

[[[INTERRUPTION]]]

-episode after your life stops being shit.

Will the caller buy into their new life? Does it resonate? Who cares?

WELCOME TO THE CALL CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE CENTRE...







... in London a man may sometimes walk a mile before he can meet with a suitable corner; for so unaccommodating are the owners of door-ways; passages and angles, that they seem to have exhausted invention in the ridiculous barricadoes and shelves, grooved, and one fixed above another, to conduct the stream into the shoes of the luckless wight who shall dare to profane the intrenchments.

a figure on a horizon line exasperated by
Lavender AI Systems
children fly flags
in the cross hair
the computer fails to recognize them for
shrub
and carpet bombs the area
with bombs designed to kill living flesh
and preserve material goods



to the warehouse, for a 14

hour shift

a stand alone in a flexi-hour contract

the threshold of desolation, bricked

in

with

Back to Work Scheme

Work and Health Scheme

Reduced Earnings Allowance

that which keeps a plug circled
hose down the iron lung

full of a summered stink - a shaft

around an adolecence,

rumbles groans in the tank

and wires tacked to a pale chest,
tears that pool in a sunken eye and

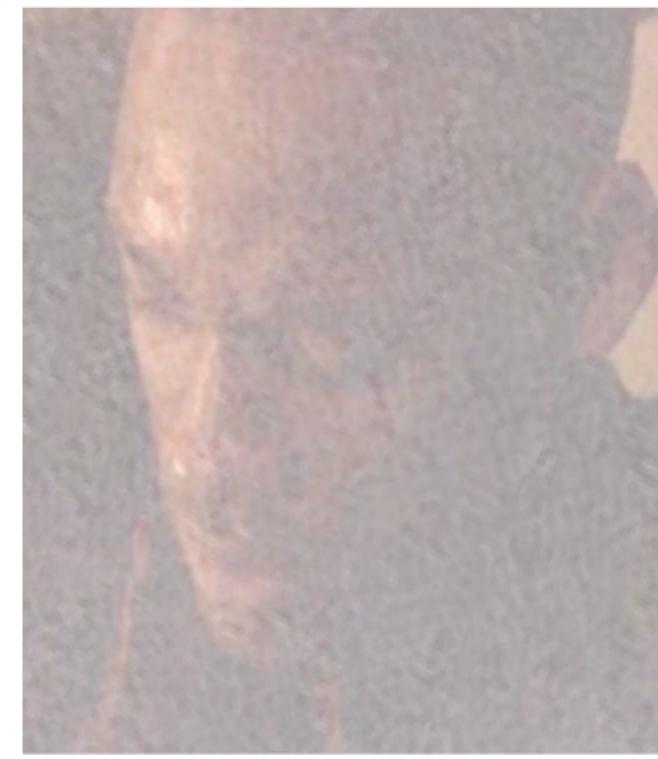
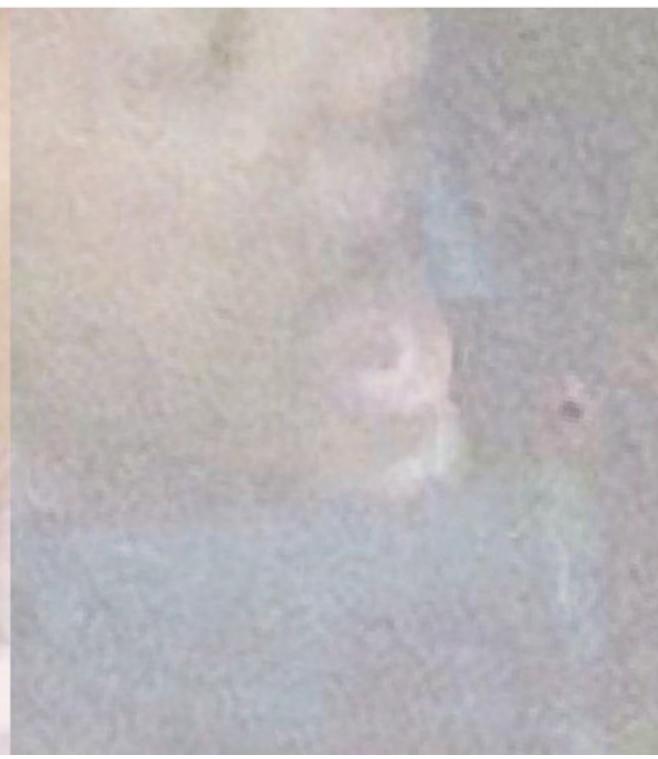
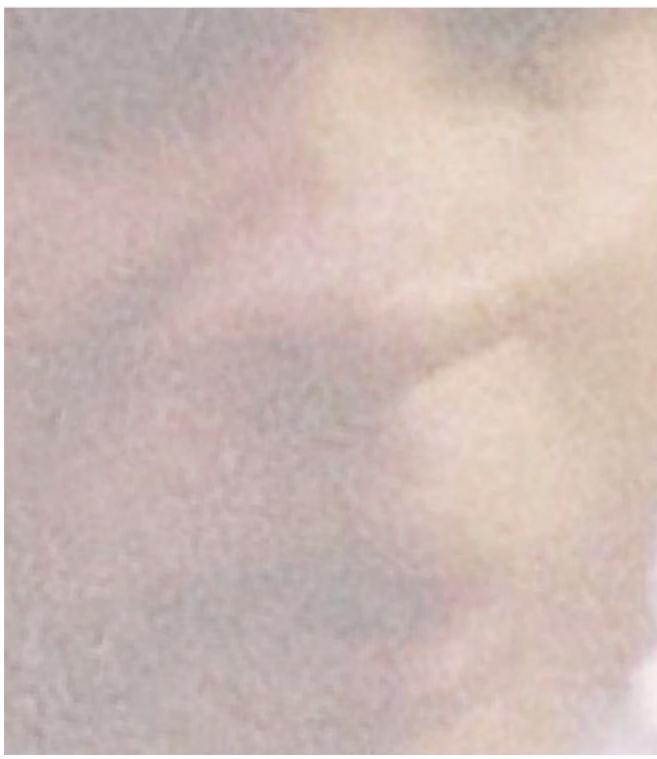
stream into your ears

with your lower portions

buckled to the innards of the machine

a compromise,, a bloodletting

the smelting ring of industry
dying





and to calm those
close to death
by self inflicting a disability
by a plunged stick in the spokes
reap the rewards of
workplace sick pay
from grade 4 and beyond
to jeer at the working poor
~~I, ROBOT~~ with shame
in your voice
don't shake the charity pot,
its unbecoming to beg
for the cancer house , and ward cleaners
under it all in the mercy kill pit
is the foundations and
plan of a treatment centre
ff or lack of investment , weighed life
unequivocally less than
the costing of rehabilitation
to liberate the corridors full of soiled
gurneys
of the filth that keeps a system overworked
there's no progress in social care
when its mitigation ~~or~~ prevention

2024