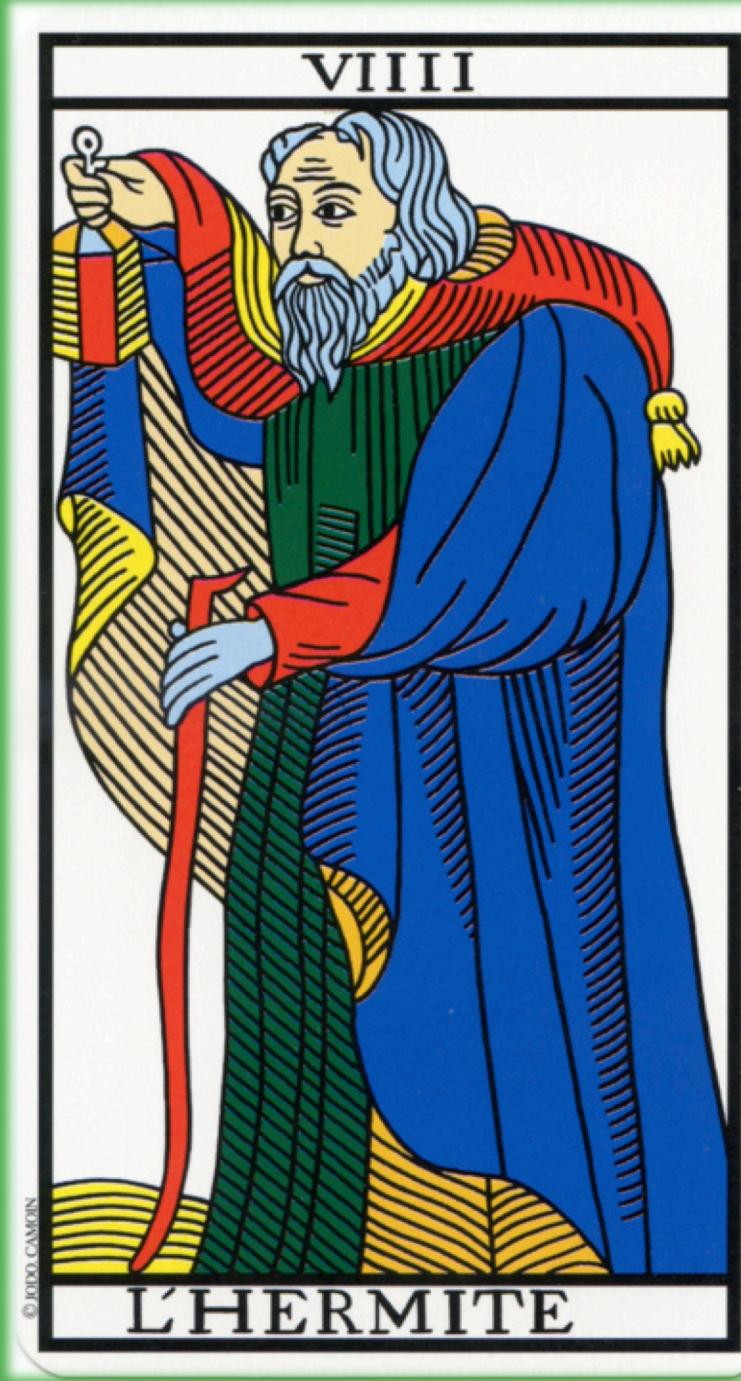




E K L E I P S I S:

every moment is an infinite place



suffered through alienation...

Mariah Carey, "Vision of Love"

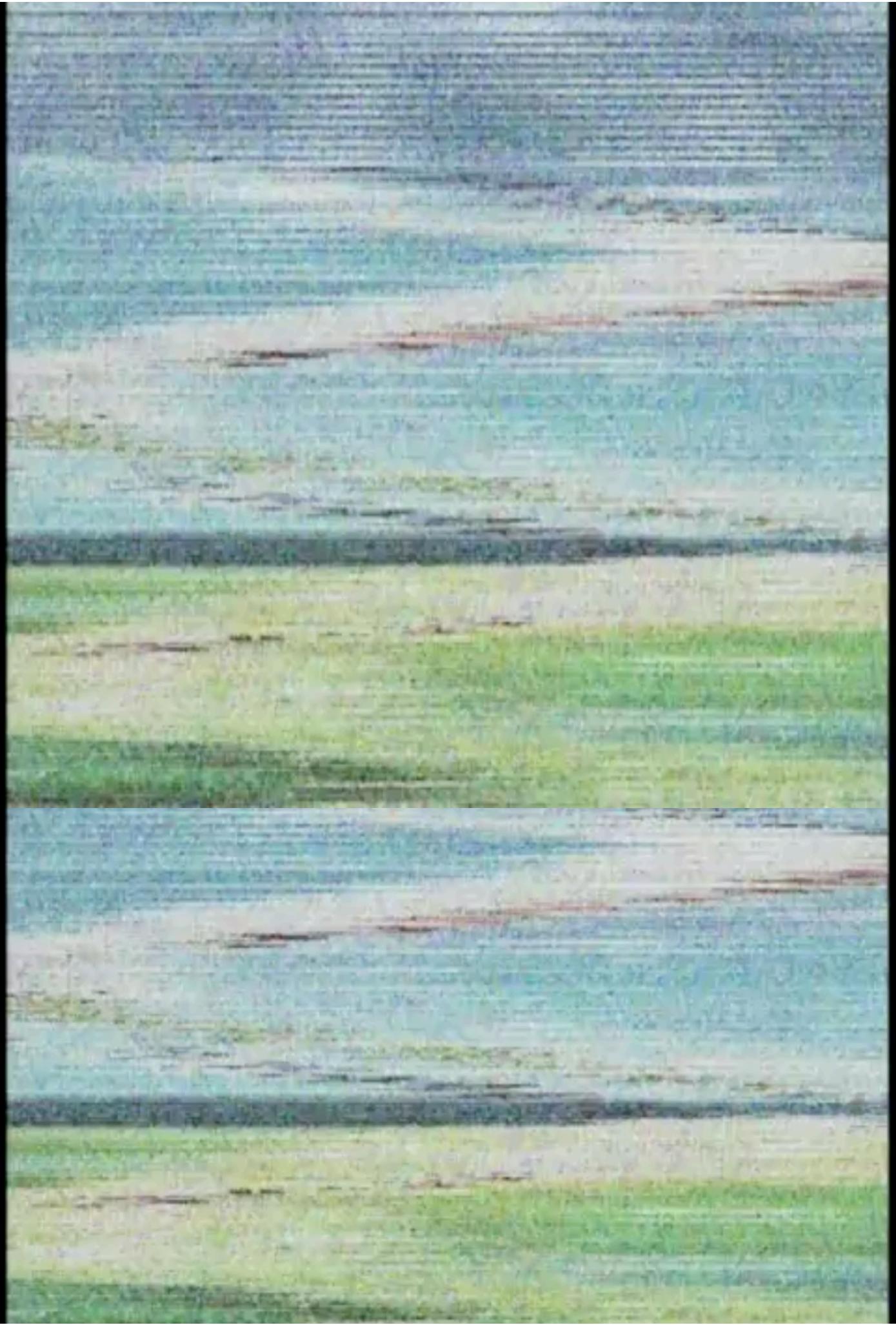
i.

inscrutable shores

That summer late day in hottest August I had the most
dreadful certainty that you were dead that I had been and finally (inevitably) drawn to the position of your
executor, little sister separator, curator of all the precious things / the gauzy undergrounds of you and you,
inscrutable and miracle, the distant shore
whose / contours I had been so blessed to witness lurching from an ugly distance / many, many times /
the lighthouse failing on you, now would I be drawing you away by drawing nearer to you,
muffled summer heat alive with silence as I stood there, certain you were dead and still it didn't feel so new
sometimes I know you have been dead to me in such a gentle way, like brush against the air or sound that
carries from another room adjacent to / the wall that never was a wall

I'm learning the subtleties of public crying. There's a trick to crying without sound and it gets harder as each episode goes on. It's important to remember that no one is expecting to see someone sobbing out and about. It sometimes takes a minute to register exactly what you're doing (coughing maybe or laughing, possibly about to be sick) and once it becomes clear there's a certain shame in continuing to watch. A cloth handkerchief is essential; it doesn't rip up the underside of your nose like paper and won't stick to your lips and tongue. Cover your mouth, lower your head, forget shame, and put your back into it.

I want to splash my bleeding heart on everyone I see.



*...there exists for each one of us an oneiric house, a house of dream-memory,
that is lost in the shadow of a beyond of the real past.*

Gaston Bachelard, *La Poetiques du Space*

ii.

mute territories

INDIFFERENT CITIES, PT 1 (FISH FACTORY)



No one knows anyone who works there.

Accidental heap of steel, cement and glass, an underwhelming sentinel at the heart of town. Grown larger in my mind with time, grown over with the quiet, throbbing vines of distance, nurtured and obscured by fog and memory.

The Arctic Star Fish Factory. At least, that's what I've decided it was called.

An installation: mute, industrious, soft like clay, unviolent smothering like cooling of the day. Architecture, barely, soft in something other than, a grey, drawn off across the edges of the place. (A home I never lived in.) Was never there, but yet, will never leave. You never know when this could happen – something, someone leaves in you the opposite of a seed, lacuna with the gravity of empty space, attractive as any vacuum, rolling stone in place. Messy orbit, suffocating fog.

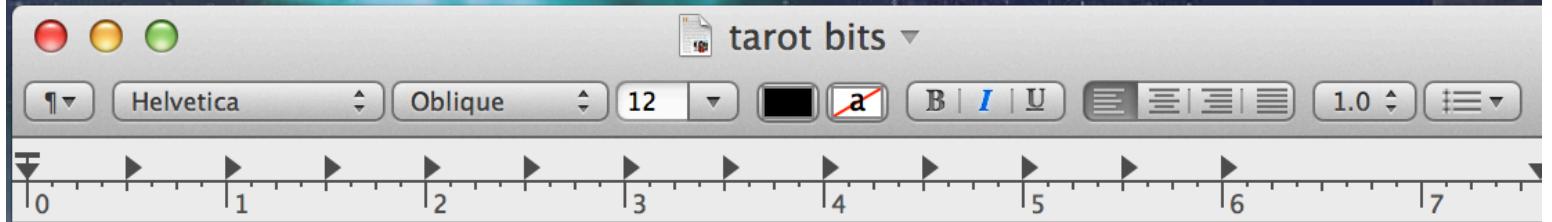
I often passed the factory in adolescence. Twilight days. I turn my head toward them and the room is filled with smoke, beneath which teem the crowded underthings of open days and quiet cloistered nights. Summer dust, choke hot, the dusky womb of schoolyards, Gamecube in the basement, older brothers. Early days. Eventually it burned itself onto my memory, or maybe it's more accurate to say that it simply would not dissolve, crowding out nearby memories, or functioning as their gathering point. Precipice or nexus, the factory will lurch ahead from unexpected memories.

Once or twice a day, and always dusk, steel chute would belch up an indifferent stream of chum. The indifferent collage of guts and waste, the husks of processed fish, the indifferent byproduct. Runoff, the sunset of production.

Clumsy gaps in the architecture let in light from downtown: the granary, the Park and Ride, that dry expanse of pavement, open wound at the edge of the flooded fields that wrap around the memorial barn and yawn toward the veterinary hospital) onto the lonely and exhausted stretch of highway astride the Les Schwab tire center.

I don't remember any signs of life in that place. Except for the occasional man or woman cutting out a jagged silhouette against the grey or orange sky, or for the loose belch of the chum chute, there was never any indication that the factory was occupied. The wide and filthy windows facing out toward the Les Schwab on Old Pioneer offered nothing to indifferent observers. Residue had clouded off the innards of the place: diffuse, arcane interior. The yolk white of sweat stained tile, the tarnish of a Chelsea sex arcade at 4 AM some decade later. (Echo without sound.)

Enormous, underwhelming, hollow, it made the perfect vessel, filled and emptied of my fears and my desires, churning engine of my spirit. Vulnerable latticework, decaying, overgrown by my asphyxiating ivies. Blank and hulking architecture, palimpsest rubbed over and erased by my desperate young imagination.



Tarot is about learning to see beauty - to find+experience truth as reflected in beauty.

Tarot is a tool with which to rehearse+refine intuition. To learn how to sense.
A sensing game.

Tarot, (like fog) is about dissolved/destroyed unity+parts of a whole.
A temple represents the singular/whole unit of God destroyed, distributed,
kept like treasure in a chest. Like architecture, a unit, comprised of innumerable material elements
within which we/I dwell.

Destruction/reunification/reconstitution/deconstitution
Both always+never the sum of its parts.

Illness, mental as well as physical, is a result of stagnation. Wisdom+health are evidenced in fluidity.
Fluid, flexible system Tarot. A well-oiled, expansive intuition and imagination.

(I would like a woolen mantle with a hood.)

Sexually as well as spiritually I would like to think of myself as a filter.
I heal myself in order to cleanse the "air" of toxicity+impurities, as plants convert CO^2 into food.
I take the dark parts, befriend them, unwrap their airless binding, and expose them to the annihilating
light+air so they can be destroyed and reconstituted

How can that position of filter, of sacred conduit, be a part of my tarot practice? My spiritual practice?

*every moment is an infinite place
the Tarot is a study of the locks on the doors in the rooms of the Palace*

