

Karen Mac Cormack / PAPER SECTIONS
for Jane Creighton

Exits more attended than entrances for years now. The light fades (oh yes) into night beat. Jackal harness, a double, please. Shoe spectrums to remember by the ultimate platform twist. On whose knees? Suede's not to soften any fall. Apart, her fingers frame the trajectory of "become." We *are* the visuals, words have been before us. Tell me. Lead into graduation, hang the hat on retro, hold onto the door frame. Portability sinks from sight. To wander is a luxury not stilled. Silk always slides downwards best. Advantage first speaker. Streets are there with or without notice and shades align shadow (only). Our attention is attracted now distracted by the results of situations out of our control. What we see is carnage. In differing locales evidence's out of tact, water, shovels, hope. Some boxes were opened. P(l)ans flash, nothing in them. Generations of objects collapse toward someone (else) if not us. Details don't mislead. They follow main facts. Knowing why to write's different from despair or running.

The outline differs sharply from month to month neither coming to rest, nor departing, though this can't serve or be described as territory to crowd the case. Voice, not statement may be concentrated on but the latter holds, deploys a view. Canny if resistant combinations surrender pleasure. The tongue still gives what the "I" holds back. Veins in a leaf, blast as a plan not to wake up to much. Slip into the night. Irregular

moments of non-interference resist complaints. Patches splurge diagonally and lift-off into the rubbish bin. Moving vehicles form the rehearsal of how we really perceive all the time (not just sight, but sixth sense, too). Join nothing, remember all the “seem to’s” in a frame. Money on it. Chequered is a portrait, suggestion isn’t math, our “monsters” are among us. Do we begin or end with flowers growing in both (vertical) directions? Papyrus beat. Invasions mark our works (gone) wrong.

A planned arcade rises only as far as the eyes can see. Fold the linen, not the spoons (legs bend to curl in pairs) to reflect graciousness. The pannicle holds to knife’s edge, flowers beyond, drooping. Landscape here is blurred by wind and more immediate concerns. Seasons tune the clock. Snuff performance art isn’t beyond question. Spin the stop to go (dictates a quickness akin to sleight-of-hand). Quisquous if anything else. She looked at him in the chair, on the road, at desk. Hours of how many breaths in and out together. Shut the door. Open the book. Each year contributes to a curve in a letter of one’s signed name.