

Taylor Brady / from THE BLOCK PARTY

mapping the martial character of movements up and down this street as the charisma of a hardened torso muted by exposure to the light in v's film, turning back the hands of the woman in the mural just behind but who the shot unfreezes and brings forward, not as a reaching to possess but as a legato merging the traffic that her body might be across the border region the mural memorializes in and out of place, and that is certain in what she holds of produce suspended between her hands, onto the same plane as the male body soldiering, shouldering the wall

sin titulo, meaning you will strain to grasp this body and will leave the tracks that clamber into focus up the arms and sides parallel to the dense traffic of prison tattoos, emptying out your desire into the inability to address what you have seen, as the shadow under the man's left nipple lifts him off the wall the woman lifts in lifting up her basket

marks of time, of marking time, doing time

— steps out of the memorial into the street

on the soundtrack, smile for my friends and cry later, and the tears are tears, are rips in skin colored ambiguously off-color by the high contrast black and white, as if the body can't lift itself from the wall without trauma, a wheel of machinery twisting a cramp into the flesh, proving it and making it mobile around this arrest, the fruit in the woman's basket coming forward as equivocal eyes for the man's blind and eloquent torso but they are not looking at the same place and time, and lift the wall of his breast on furrows and ridges of heavy lifting in the clocked fields of