

THE LANES ARE ART!

WE ARE GENIUSES IN LOVE WITH OUR CITY!

CLOSEST TO THE MOUNTAIN CEMETERY HIGH
TENSILE STEEL CORDS WHINE. CUCUMBERS AND
MELONS CHOKE INSIDE PLASTIC HOUSES. RECKLESS
MONSTERS COPULATE IN CARS. DOGS BARK AND
SCRATCH AT GATES HURLING THEIR BODIES AT SORE
WOOD. BARRED TEETH GLISTEN BETWEEN GAPS

DRAGON'S FEED FLOWS THROUGH THE
UNDERGROUND TOMATOES FIGS ARTICHOKE
SILENT COLONIES OF FLYING ANTS SWARM DRY
GROUND. WASPS EMERGE FROM THEIR SLEEP
A YELLOW HISS STALKS THE AIR. LAVENDER HANGS
IN THE WINDOWS

DEATH IS SO CLOSE HERE. WE WALK CARRYING
ASHES IN OUR HANDS. WE FALTER OVER CRACKS
AND CREVICES GATHERING THE MATERIAL OF SPACE
WONDERING ALL THE WHILE **WHETHER THE**
FENCES KEEP US OUT OR IN

**WE WORK WHEN NO ONE IS
COUNTING**

**WE ARE QUEENS LOST BY OUR
DRONES!**

SANDCASTLES APPEAR AMONGST THE
CONSTRUCTION MATERIALS. WE LOOK CLOSELY AND
DETECT TINY WINDOWS AND AN INHABITANT'S GAZE.
FAKE TOPIARY ODORS OF SOAP AND ROT. SWEEPING
PORTICOES

WE RIDE DOWN LANES WITH OUR DEVICES
OUTSTRETCHED. WE PERFORM TRICKS ON OUR WAY
TO THE TRAIN. EYEING MATTRESSES NEAR THE RED
DOOR WIRES HANGING FROM OUR EARS

STALE PASTRY FILLS OUR STOMACHS. WE YEARN
FOR SOMETHING FRESH. OUR HEELED ANKLES GIVE
WAY ON THE WAY TO THE BAR. GLOWING COUNTERS
LIGHTEN OUR BLEMISHES

WE COLLECT REMNANTS OF A STRANGER'S STASH

TURNED WOOD, BLOWN GLASS, SPIKES FOR
GRINDING BUDS. RESPITE FROM THE MONOTONY OF
MEALS AND EARNINGS

WE HAVE SEEN THE SPIRITS AND ANIMALS ROAMING TOGETHER!

**WE MAKE LISTS, BUT IN THE LOWER PART OF MAIN
STREET THE LANES ARE DISAPPEARING. TUNNELS
OF SMOOTH CONCRETE WHERE LOFT PARTIES AND
THEIR SLEEK GUESTS SIP FROM CRYSTAL**

**WE STOP AND LOOK TO THE BOTTOM OF PITS.
PUMPS SUCK UP ANCIENT WATER. A BUILDING LISTS
DANGEROUSLY CLOSE TO THE EDGE. CHILDREN'S
TOYS HANG FROM THE REBAR**

**THERE IS NO WAY OUT OF THE NOISE
BOYS WATCH RED AWNINGS
WE STEAL THE DUMPSTERS FOR OUR OWN
PURPOSES. WE DRAW CHALK LINES ON THE
CONCRETE**

WE CHOOSE TO LIVE UNTIL THE NEXT LINE!

WE CAN HEAR THE FOUNTAINS, BUT CAN'T AFFORD THEM

HERE THE LANES LEAD TO THE OCEAN. WE PICK WAYS TO HUNT. THE SMELL
HERE IS PART SEAWEED PART DIESEL

bamboo shoves its way through the cracks and a
lady with a hairnet hacks at it. her blade glints in the
moonlight. she hums between swings

a man in a dressing gown lounges amongst his
pillows. he measures his square feet and plans new
booths for his interiors. condensation slides down his
drinking glass

WE SMASH GARBAGE ON THE PATHWAYS!

WE DRAG OUR FEET ON THE TILED FLOORS

WE UNBUTTON OUR FLANNEL SHIRTS

WE LISTEN TO THE SCREAMS

AS WE WHIRL PAST ON OUR NIGHTLY RIDES
THERE ARE SO MANY FUTURES THAT HAVE EVADED OUR RECORDS. THE
STRAPPED ON PLATFORMS BLISTER OUR ARCHES
PAINTINGS ARE NAILED INTO TELEPHONE POLES. GARDENS SPILL FROM THE
PARKED VANS. LAYERS OF ROCK PEEL AWAY REVEALING ALABASTER EGGS,
MISMATCHED DRAWERS, MURALS, HANDMADE FURNITURE

IN THE FALL WE WANDER THE LANES SEARCHING FOR ARTISTS. WE RIDE
PAST PARKS WHERE GIRLS WRITE THEIR NAMES IN BLOOD IN THE SAND. WE
TALK OF FAILED RESCUES WHILE ANOTHER LANGUAGE FLOWS FROM OUR
EARS

WE FILL OUR INNER AND OUTER GLANDS WITH GOSSIP

WE RIFLE THROUGH OUR POSSESSIONS AS FILMS
FLICKER IN THE CORNER ROOM. DECORATIONS
DIG INTO SKIN AS WE PASS A SMOKE TO THE
STRANGER ON A BIKE

WE HAVE BEEN GAGGING ALL DAY AND ARE
STARVING. THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS IN
WRAPPERS. OUR HANDS ARE TOO FRAIL TO OPEN
THEM. WE SHARPEN OUR MAGNIFYING GLASSES
IN OUR HUNT FOR FOOD

IN OUR POOR STAMPED BONES ROBINS SING THE
WRONG SONG

WE ARE WOMEN IN LOVE WITH OUR CITY!

1. THE LANES ARE ART!

2. THERE ARE TOO MANY THINGS TO COUNT
THEREFORE NUMBERS SHOULD BE ABOLISHED

3. WE ARE TRAGEDY AND MATERIAL AND LICK THE
LININGS OF OUR MACHINES

4. THE ARCHITECTS ARE ASLEEP

5. THE LUSTER HERE HIDES AGE AND RUIN IT IS POINTLESS TO
INDICATE A LACK OF SPACE

6. WE ARE **GENIUSES** AND WOMEN!