



Garden Don't Care

Pattern of Pears

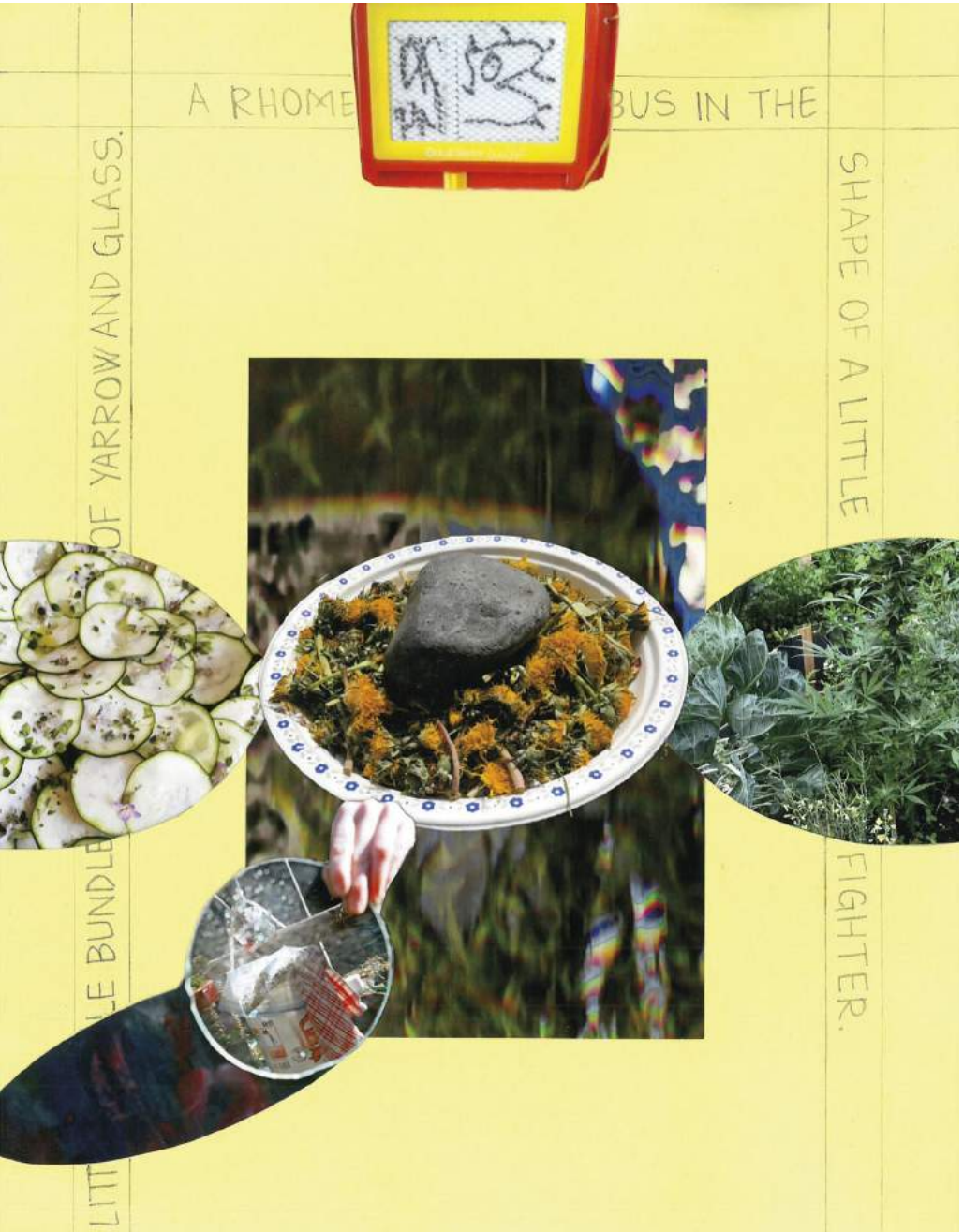
Garden Don't Care is the collaborative project of Derya Akay, Vivienne Bessette, Conor Fanning, Rowan Fanning-Blackwater, Julia Feyrer, Tobin Gibson, Salem Sharp, Emma Sise, and Kurtis Wilson

TRY AND PLACE THE
SHAPES OF THE CLOUDS









A RHOME

BUS IN THE

SHAPE OF A LITTLE

FIGHTER.

OF YARROW AND GLASS.

LITTLE BUNDLE

LITT





Following two pages: Garden Don't Care *Pattern of Pears: Exquisite Corpse* 2020

From the sauna we burst out onto the snow. Another ten steps to the streaming pile of soil, and I am first into its loving weight. I push my arm into the gritty loam, feeling around for the handle, and inside, where the bamboo ribs hold the little chamber open, by the light of the glowing mycelium, we conduct our ceremony. The first to attend are the knee-high—no—waist-to-neck—to-tip-of—the recovery plants. Fire and green and white and hairy. Fluffy and squirting and shooting and p-d touch-me-not. We hear pebble footsteps; they conduct four paws and a stinky tail—white, black—to keep the racoon eyes away. The garbage grows a mouse trying to escape a rubber bin as new kinds of flies join our party. White ghosts we call “muah” like kisses from heart-shaped wings, sloppy wet cheeks, garden tears falling from the sky. Maggie grows deep dark light, while actually, starburst! I see the moon, then again, then again then again then again. Kurt’s, are you going now? Time passes in and amongst intervals, the shapes of which I can barely interpret anymore, and anymore is years long and anyway, it’s a pleasure to be here. Who is going? What do I mourn in full and what do I just sigh about? I sigh to mourn because just is just enough, is what it means to keep on breathing. Maggie and the moon have taught me that the shape of a sigh is well-enough for a form of mourning and a form of longing and a form with which to measure time. They mirror each other impeccably: a full sigh, a full moon, a full tree full of blooms. Body, earth, space. A man swan solidity, a gust of breath and a breadth of shrub and a whole rock of dust that shapes the water we feed on. To find an interval of soil and know its mould is such an old thing, like nodding at the calendar in the sky as the shapes pass by. Who is going? Who has gone? Every hand, a light, throwing seeds that fall as constellations. I whisper out a list, a wish, a fist (the end of an old poem, another coon about shapes)... so in my will I’ll wager for a stick-shift in the mud. There’s seed to be sown and the mind is a shaping, it’s a cavity of molten stone. Clay body clay bodies body of clay clay body clay bodies cranium grey. The thinker is melting in the rain, crumbling an upside-down sun across the shadows. Cracked-open bevets between species coevolve the coloured nubs. Leaf shapes twirl, spin, flip, or sway down to the feeding of the lepidoptera amidst extrafloral nectaries. Any creature small enough to travel underneath your fingernail knows how valuable these little sugar buttons are. Some aphids will spend the entirety of their lives climbing a tree, only to come to a leaf that has already been claimed by another. Why not just fly there?” you may be asking. The answer is because they need their sugar button go-go juice. Not real juice, really. More like what you might call a “fruit drink.” Orange, maybe—watered-down and sugary. The kind of drink served from a big, orange, plastic thermos at half-time alongside a few poorly cut wedges of real orange (more of a pale yellow, really). As if no one would notice the difference! Eye roll emoji! You would never buy such stuff. Your friends would judge you, and you would judge them too, if you ran into one of them at the grocery store with a plastic tub of Tang in hand. Which is why you would normally never consider it. But budget won’t allow for the real stuff—real juice is cold-pressed and more valuable and ephemeral than a bottle of VQA wine, freshly decanted, Pinot Noir. Or maybe a chilled Pinot Grigio with a bowl of warmed olives. Now you’re getting side-tracked. There’s definitely no budget for booze, and every night, the juice nurses refill the baby bottles with fruit drink and collect the discarded, rotten baby teeth. Maybe let’s just have water. Juice is no replacement for water. Why ever suggested such a thing? We can’t drink much else. I keep looping back to grey water. That in-between stuff. Maybe it’s the end, I dream of an infrastructure warming from the sky. Almost disappearing. But then there are our bodies. Our material. I laugh uncontrollably, becoming warmed by huge vanishing roots criss-crossing over my body, a forest of trees with each branch and twig supporting me pressed against brick walls warm by the sun, peach, cherry, mango trees, okra, avocado, and loaf hanging above. Paris? Phoenix? I don’t want to be in either. We are in an area where the trees are like a fence, through the vines we see a disrupted path and nothing how much stuff is falling from the clouds. A hammock. A second floor. Perfumes, plants. Run your fingers through them and contain them. Wait, they contain you. Mallow flame above a checked path and pebble underfoot. Writing and waiting, mysterious. Fistful and iambic like reams of where they put their feet. They put them on sand, the beach, they ate meat. T-Rex is eating meat, really meaty meat. Check it against the realism of where they eat. Real drink water.

The last to attend are the knee-high—no—waist-to-neck—to-tip-of—the recovery plants. Fire and green and white and hairy. Fluffy and squirting and shooting and p-d touch-me-not. We hear pebble footsteps; they conduct four paws and a stinky tail—white, black—to keep the racoon eyes away. The garbage grows a mouse trying to escape a rubber bin as new kinds of flies join our party. White ghosts we call “muah” like kisses from heart-shaped wings, sloppy wet cheeks, garden tears falling from the sky. Maggie grows deep dark light, while actually, starburst! I see the moon, then again, then again then again then again. Kurt’s, are you going now? Time passes in and amongst intervals, the shapes of which I can barely interpret anymore, and anymore is years long and anyway, it’s a pleasure to be here. Who is going? What do I mourn in full and what do I just sigh about? I sigh to mourn because just is just enough, is what it means to keep on breathing. Maggie and the moon have taught me that the shape of a sigh is well-enough for a form of mourning and a form of longing and a form with which to measure time. They mirror each other impeccably: a full sigh, a full moon, a full tree full of blooms. Body, earth, space. A man swan solidity, a gust of breath and a breadth of shrub and a whole rock of dust that shapes the water we feed on. To find an interval of soil and know its mould is such an old thing, like nodding at the calendar in the sky as the shapes pass by. Who is going? Who has gone? Every hand, a light, throwing seeds that fall as constellations. I whisper out a list, a wish, a fist (the end of an old poem, another coon about shapes)... so in my will I’ll wager for a stick-shift in the mud. There’s seed to be sown and the mind is a shaping, it’s a cavity of molten stone. Clay body clay bodies body of clay clay body clay bodies cranium grey. The thinker is melting in the rain, crumbling an upside-down sun across the shadows. Cracked-open bevets between species coevolve the coloured nubs. Leaf shapes twirl, spin, flip, or sway down to the feeding of the lepidoptera amidst extrafloral nectaries. Any creature small enough to travel underneath your fingernail knows how valuable these little sugar buttons are. Some aphids will spend the entirety of their lives climbing a tree, only to come to a leaf that has already been claimed by another. Why not just fly there?” you may be asking. The answer is because they need their sugar button go-go juice. Not real juice, really. More like what you might call a “fruit drink.” Orange, maybe—watered-down and sugary. The kind of drink served from a big, orange, plastic thermos at half-time alongside a few poorly cut wedges of real orange (more of a pale yellow, really). As if no one would notice the difference! Eye roll emoji! You would never buy such stuff. Your friends would judge you, and you would judge them too, if you ran into one of them at the grocery store with a plastic tub of Tang in hand. Which is why you would normally never consider it. But budget won’t allow for the real stuff—real juice is cold-pressed and more valuable and ephemeral than a bottle of VQA wine, freshly decanted, Pinot Noir. Or maybe a chilled Pinot Grigio with a bowl of warmed olives. Now you’re getting side-tracked. There’s definitely no budget for booze, and every night, the juice nurses refill the baby bottles with fruit drink and collect the discarded, rotten baby teeth. Maybe let’s just have water. Juice is no replacement for water. Why ever suggested such a thing? We can’t drink much else. I keep looping back to grey water. That in-between stuff. Maybe it’s the end, I dream of an infrastructure warming from the sky. Almost disappearing. But then there are our bodies. Our material. I laugh uncontrollably, becoming warmed by huge vanishing roots criss-crossing over my body, a forest of trees with each branch and twig supporting me pressed against brick walls warm by the sun, peach, cherry, mango trees, okra, avocado, and loaf hanging above. Paris? Phoenix? I don’t want to be in either. We are in an area where the trees are like a fence, through the vines we see a disrupted path and nothing how much stuff is falling from the clouds. A hammock. A second floor. Perfumes, plants. Run your fingers through them and contain them. Wait, they contain you. Mallow flame above a checked path and pebble underfoot. Writing and waiting, mysterious. Fistful and iambic like reams of where they put their feet. They put them on sand, the beach, they ate meat. T-Rex is eating meat, really meaty meat. Check it against the realism of where they eat. Real drink water.

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