

She has a girl's name, it's something like a flower, and he has a girl's name too but I can't remember what it is or where he came from. There are only nine months to the year and there are six days to the week. Floors lined with thin rubber and faint chemical smell, a feather stapled across the corner of the room's top right side, curving across the right angle in its perfect gestural line. Our obedience to everything that surrounds us keeps us grounded; objects litter the floor and lamps illuminate the room in dim light. There is a couch and on it two pillows with their cases in cotton and wool blend, silk. I believe this, and, through belief I am led blindly, with desperation to overcome.

Oval shapes mark positions. Good men stand in circles, green dust blows forceless at bricks still; legs in sand knee-high bending to music notes structured according to a pounding rhythm. Unknown roles manifest themselves into nothingness - say that I know you, met you before ... a sleepless state, I look at you - dreamless - left alone in the formations that the world has granted us. A hand strikes across your face in fluctuating tones; it does the same through the body. Face fixed in mid-sentence - words tumble out of an open mouth - locked patterns present themselves as hexagons woven into chain-tiles around the perimeter of *the hopeless*. Pointed upwards, shooting up, exploding into lines marking the soil of the earth, falling back into place. Autumn breeze, and then Winter, you face the wall almost teenaged.

Guitars strummed by fingers formed to *desired formations*. 100 people in the same room. You're the only one I know and I become nervous seeing you spin endlessly and then rest under the break of the horizon. The mind drifts along unguided, flashes of light across the face, once, twice, three times and then four. You throw me around the edge of a circle. My body evaporated, I become thin and elongated, trained to forget, punished to a state of emptiness. Chords combine in trance, legs to the floor. Asks me "where did you go?" blank stare, glassed eyes unblinking weeping red tears, a childish tone spoken through a clenched jaw. *My natural personality. My insecure nature. My extreme sensitivity.*

We have the same dream one night where we turn our bodies with our arms outstretched in synchronised movement, chromed pipes accessorised with lilac spheres spin on the tips of our noses until we give to the floor's pull. We're the same age. You're one year older. Spine against the earth with face sky-facing, our bodies are pulled clear, transparent in their re-virginised states. There's this machine that's drilled to the wall. It's rectangular with a singular rod that comes out of its side face. It's made of clear perspex, with brackets of steel and other materials wrapping around it; images on its surface are so hard to remember. And there's something hanging from the ceiling but I can only see it from the other side of the room; yellow, red, pink, orange and green. Different sizes, spaced accordingly. I'm standing next to the door and you're pushing me in, a high-pitched laugh - palm half open against my spinal crease - your hands form a semicircle each and you peer into the centre of their completed shape. I've said half of a word but it doesn't sound like anything. I still have hope that you know what it means. It's Five Fifty three. Six forty five and then eight. Nine thirty. Twelve. Two Thirteen. Seven. Ten. Eleven Forty Four.

There are songs that I listen to that stop, words chant abrupt to the melody or in isolation to and then continue.

I slowly become obedient to thoughts that define me and know that through my work I am recognised as true.

He has left us alone but shafts of light sometimes grace the corners of our rooms: Lotus-Eaters

There are illuminated forms. Figures in states of inertia or violence or entranced in episodic ecstasy or despair drawn in pencil or rendered in clay. Crowds gather in hushed reverence beneath trembled blossoms dappled by light reflected from the surfaces of buildings we must go towards, and it is here where dense columns of jasmine emit the scent of pure flowers turning the spring-air crystalline and sweet. The din of music and people hangs in the air here too, but it's mostly quiet.

There are objects here. Some are fine, resplendent, and some aren't worth anything at all. The fantasy of beauty, the risk of damage. To be self-soothed by enamel wares, filigree and semi-precious stones in the yawning divide. There are definitive and perfunctory marks. Circular forms, the rising and setting sun. Beginning and the end. Bold or furtive forms. Some are scant, on the frontier of existence, barely something to begin with.

The maquettes were made in an unknowing way -- opaque and iterative like when you dream when awake or half-asleep. Devices unwittingly blinker in a static rhythm like the cadence of breathing, sleep or time. There are some photos I took as a teenager. They are spare despite my desperate yearning to be loved. There are other things here too. Some have names and some do not.

