

Catalog of Backgrounds

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An amphetamine drive impossible distance in an unworkable time
the drifting white lines nowhere after nowhere my mind all buzz
buzz buzz the wavering news bulletins and pop songs the twinkling
constellations of surveillance systems I can hear their insect chatter
my skin crawls with algorithms.

In my movie life the heads of missing children stream into homes on
every milk carton the little blue faces useful only for recognizing
that what you love most will disappear a recognition that lay over
you Marcel across Albertine reconstitute yourself around me as you
awaken please don't go.

When the long low Holt Reinhardt horns come birds flicker in and
out of being along with the segments of wire they perch on.
Everyone has perfect pixie hair. Every movement trails veils of pink
and yellow. Garlands of fine lines drift through the air. The sound is
a crumpling instability.

Direction is someone who walks through a dream saying "This is a
dream." Direction is someone who moves outside of the dream and
further into it at the same time.

The movie tracks the coastline of gesture and slows until another
being tickled becomes Lee Harvey Oswald. Climates of violence
blossom in every caress.

