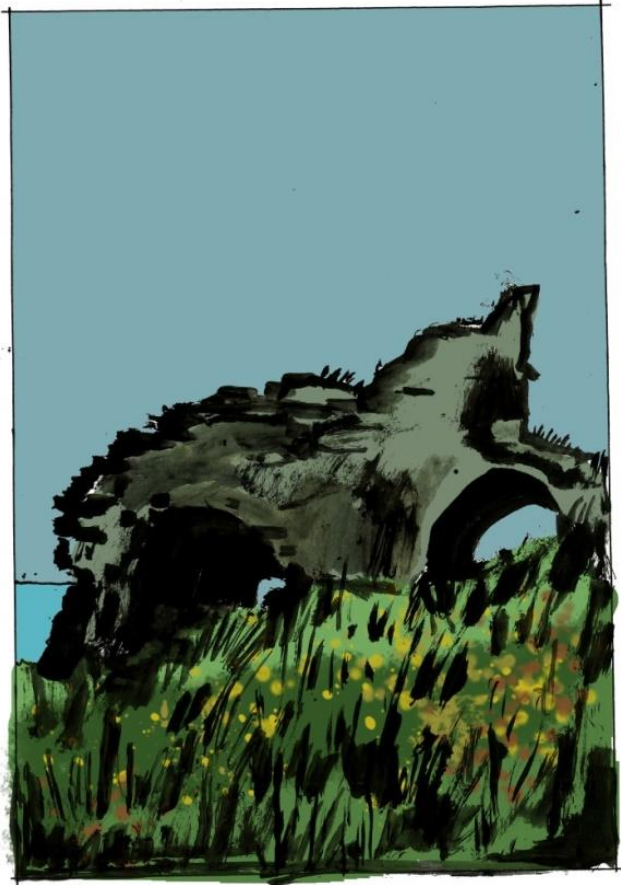


Entry points

Exits

understanding
of defunct



fuse time.

of delayed

fired in limekilns

You can pivot on the turning circle of trains that welded tales in pulsed mobility

Fold

down



Press down to the ground

Crouch with the land. Have edges

washed over in oil spills of unknown

Run in, out, over, time.

Mark the spot

Begin the unfolding

Fling your arms up until the ends spin to

dangle with water

Dip down again

Coalesce with the grey of before



where you realised edgelands exist only as a word

scuff the sand with
in

CARNIVAL

KICKS

The Shows, Fairground

T..R..A..V..E..L..L..I..N..G

people



impermanence

SSSSSS

OPLE

PEOPLE

Cover your eyes with both palms , heat the memories until they spill out in
someone's else's words.

STRIP

PEEL

BARK

STONE

CUT

FOOT

PATHS

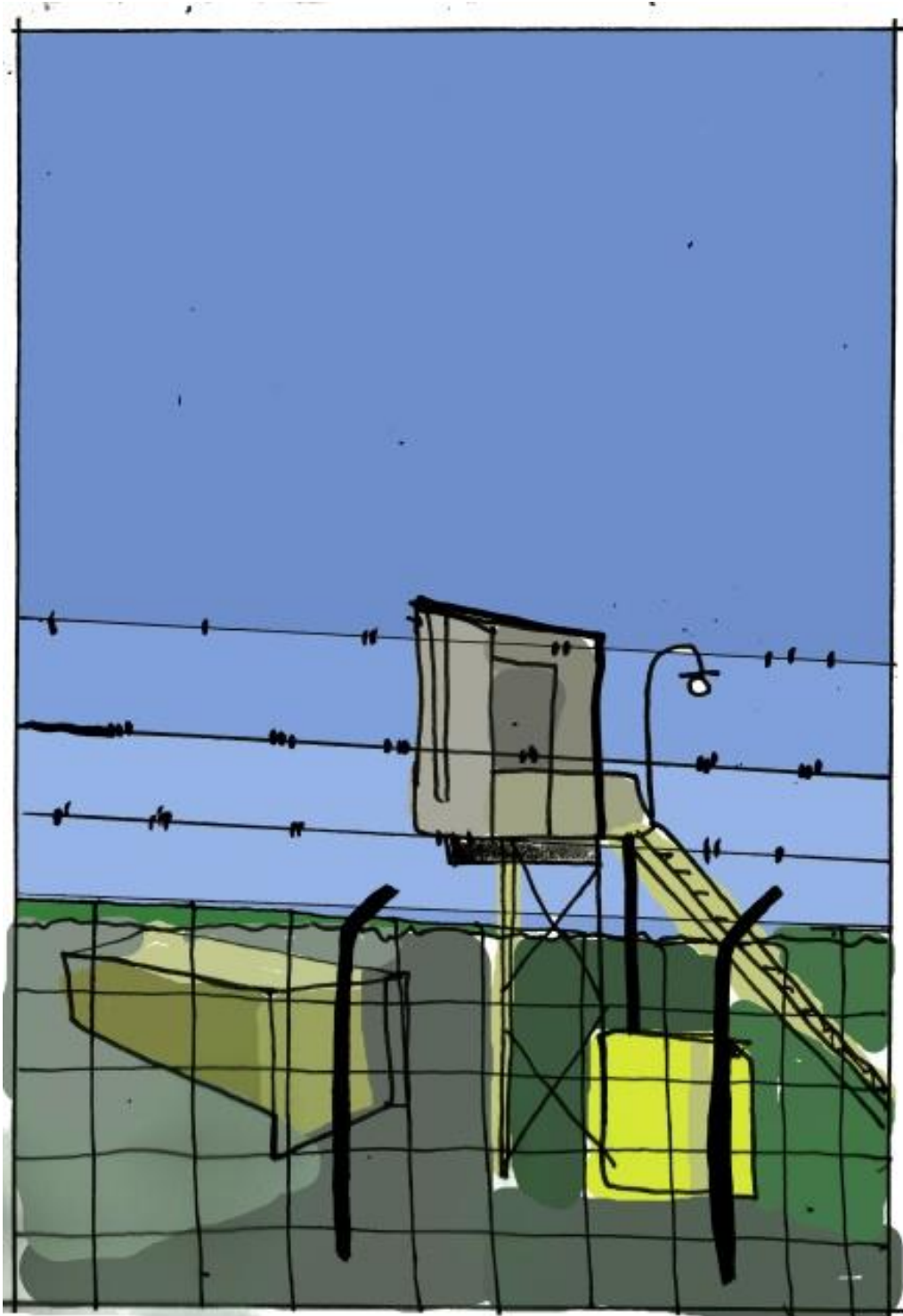


AWASH

Fall into false-known slithers of rhythm with sounds from unmarked designations

Turn corners suctioning heels on sea air

Navigate debris of the eye and ear with barbed stains of colour



Crease, tear, cut through the unsilent watching

Fold in formation of incoming words of hidden