

LISTENING TO THE ARCHITECTURE

Having to embrace an assumption
or a summary is a contribution
to do with what's happening
rather than an existing idea. The sofa

for instance, can join the narrative
completely replacing the need for shops
with a kind of inversion of responsibility
that responds from the outside in.

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In this web of the visceral there's
public shame packaged as
a dismissal of wisdom.
If it starts to dissolve

significant objects will interact with others
on a different time scale quite
consciously to create a new direction
from what we normally mean.

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I don't feel like a string quartet.
My suspicion is that I define myself
in terms of the human kernel
and that all I need to know

will lapse somehow
because of all the things that
by definition I can't be:
a rag, a violin, a piano...

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Things speak with
their own voice, chipping in
from time to time. Or
so it seems. It

seems we have multiple identities
which shift the chattering mind-clutter,
controlling the way we label stuff
right across the board.

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does it get harder to achieve faith ?
to feel what the world will look like
for the rest of the day ?
a brilliant stranger

to any commercial imperative ?
a turbulent honesty
thinking manually in the situation ?
a textile ? a box ? an illness ?

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underneath people
there's this language...
There's
this language of

finding. A language
with people in
sampling cider, with people
in, having to embrace further ideas.

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well I don't know what it is:
I suppose it's not fancy
and it isn't
something Shakespearian.

It seems to be
uncontrollably moving
like a dummy having difficulty
with how I think about it.