

a city\_a cloud

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a dusi/e-chap  
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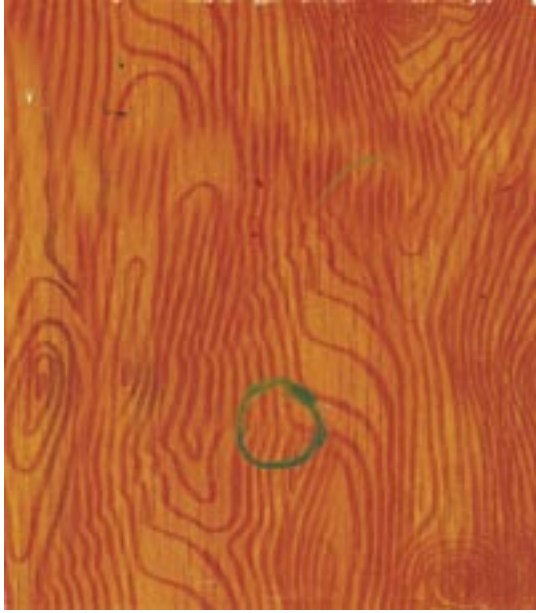
eVersion (PDF File)

Print out pages 2 through 10 (not including this page) and tape together in the sequence below. Page size is US Letter but can be scaled to fit A4 (with some excess on bottom).

- 1      2      3
- 4      5      6
- 7      8      9

The final poster (images will degrade slightly) should look like the image above.





first from nothing, from a cloud  
and

2 a decision to apprehend

3 a city, a cloud and a city, the  
distance between, its skin slit  
open



7 in a particular courtyard you can  
understand how rain is an  
accumulation of elsewhere and  
why ink bleeds the voices of  
local of lonely radiators of  
thought, the voice that is not the  
voice but the vibration of lights  
of the city at night

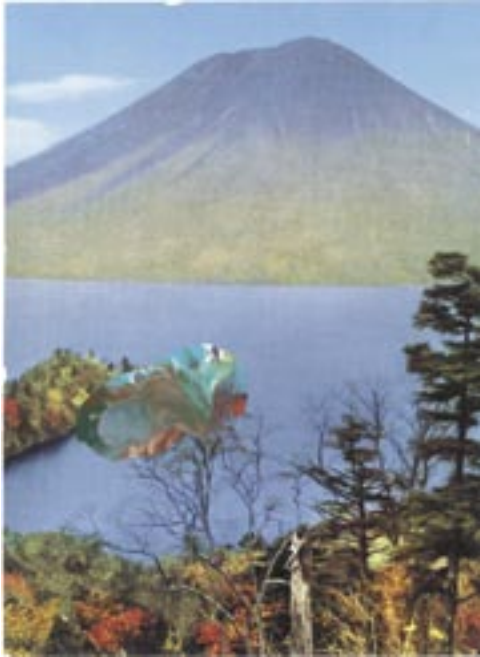
8 the sound of rain in another  
language becoming the image that  
is rain in that thought the  
moment of blue letters waltzing  
down the square of your back



- 4 here I watch you dip yourself in  
earth cool powder of earth &  
emerge a satellite on the patio of  
satellites, cloud-tree in bloom
- 5 you say yes, a slow yes, to stain  
the map's authority, this is  
where a tyrant lived this the  
same street the desert swallowed  
this the moment I spilled milk  
on the poet's chinese notebook  
this the smoky room in which  
we met now fire unfurling now a  
cloud's pink dress lifted by my  
finger,



- 9 there, flux that is logic that is  
merging and also unbound, the  
elastic distance between our  
bodies passing on the highway  
that circumnavigates the city, its  
exits naming the nine singing  
bridges, the slippery border and  
the time that is always 10:10, the  
weather according to an  
unconvincing cloud and life  
in the late victorian age

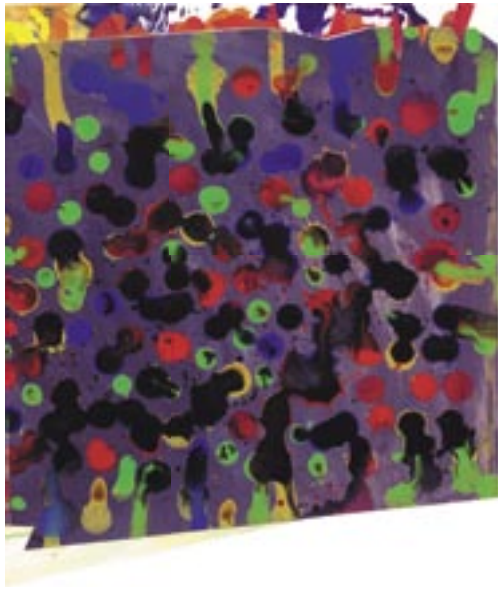


6 here, a choice that accumulates edges other choices, and with each choice chance, lost in the supermarket again, the erratic pattern of tenement balcony clotheslines, fluorescent world filled with flickering bodies, wayward stuff in search of like stuff perched on the curb, the way people navigate the city as if glued to its choreography, that this is our best option considering the crossing and uncrossing and running around



10 really the hallway, its linoleum, scuffed and dully gleaming, that I think of and get sleepy, the satellite dish I mistook for the moon, the truck that guarantees overnight delivery, the orchid garnish from a drink without you that looked like an astonished purple rabbit and I thought of you, the japanese fighter plane with a red moon on each wing, the moment before my lips rise to your lips, one finger one point of pressure, I have included these in your lunchbox

11 the distance that is anywhere, anywhere



12 because wanting resides in the distance between, fluid and make me ancient, because beneath its shimmering typography is a region of the body often overlooked eternally milky, that there are protests there and block parties and a short film about clones, because you are kind of what you do



16 broken sky and the city you heard of the distance there the collision and sticking of dust and ice particles, airplane airplane, moonlets, blueprint  
17 you said thin jet-trails across my thighs, trails broken in the water, that we are more buoyant when confused and oscillating





- 13 negotiating the so-called city situation because there are other cities coveted and rebuked that become part of the lexicon and that after the show there will be a gathering with wine and subtext and thoughts of other names that wander upwards and float away on fugitive satellites
- 14 that is the autonomy of sky and the temporary sentence 29 pigeons disclose on an antenna



- 18 the heavy temporality of clothing detailing bumper to bumper could-be laws, paratroopers, taxis, that once the sky was wholly blue until one day the city paper's front page photo captured a cloud over the corniche



15 that's not what you said you said  
he said we broke the sky before  
she said she was working  
against the idea of a coherent  
whole, it was the liquid room  
and the new buildings that  
already resembled ruins she said  
ruins the way someone else  
might say sleeping-field or act  
one



19 when the cloud bleeds ink and  
the sky is wholly world-like  
there the alien cloud stalks the  
scuffed truck the astonished city  
and all we ate for breakfast was  
purple gossip  
20 when I can't be bothered to buy  
new shirts and I know the  
doorbell is about to ring and you  
think purple is sentimental even  
when saturating a bruise or slits  
or the imagined lips of the dead  
seven feet under the city or



21 chintzy decals pinned to the sky  
that you come and always leave  
your rabbit behind why  
sometimes a supermarket is also  
an invasion a déjà-vu ligature  
when the bridge to your old  
neighborhood has lost its sense  
of direction



25 so breathing in a thought and  
sensing its expanse its reckless  
cavorting with no regulatory  
authority and no financial  
incentives the impulse that is  
now and then it is  
26 this body world and the  
blooming about to play in the  
sky water splitting and sending  
out, will be milk spray and red  
garden, be shining in the landing  
world on your way to work





- 22 the spinning sphere that is  
wanting, its rupturing the  
accretion of new neighborhoods  
and new ways of doing laundry  
and the only plan that is  
obsolescence
- 23 how multi-storied faces gleam  
nightly and cellophane preserves  
agendas underpinning our sense  
of autonomy if I don't think  
about what we have chosen the  
city is spared, the cloud  
absolutely normal



- 27 did you hear what you said  
when you said it not when but  
where or across what distance  
that big place over there that  
nowhere in particular or the pink  
villa with the trees that rattle  
when they drop their pods on  
our bodies rose hips and  
hibiscus that first time of our  
bodies in the cut-up filled in by  
an impulse spanning out, out



24 of a choice lost amongst other  
 choices and its condition  
 cobbled and nearly not



28 in particular the characters of  
 our names that cloud a decision  
 with the was continuum and is  
 now here a certain sky wholly  
 world-like

29 that there's the skytop the cloud  
 that was a city the broken cloud  
 that reaches will slide down  
 reaching bottom