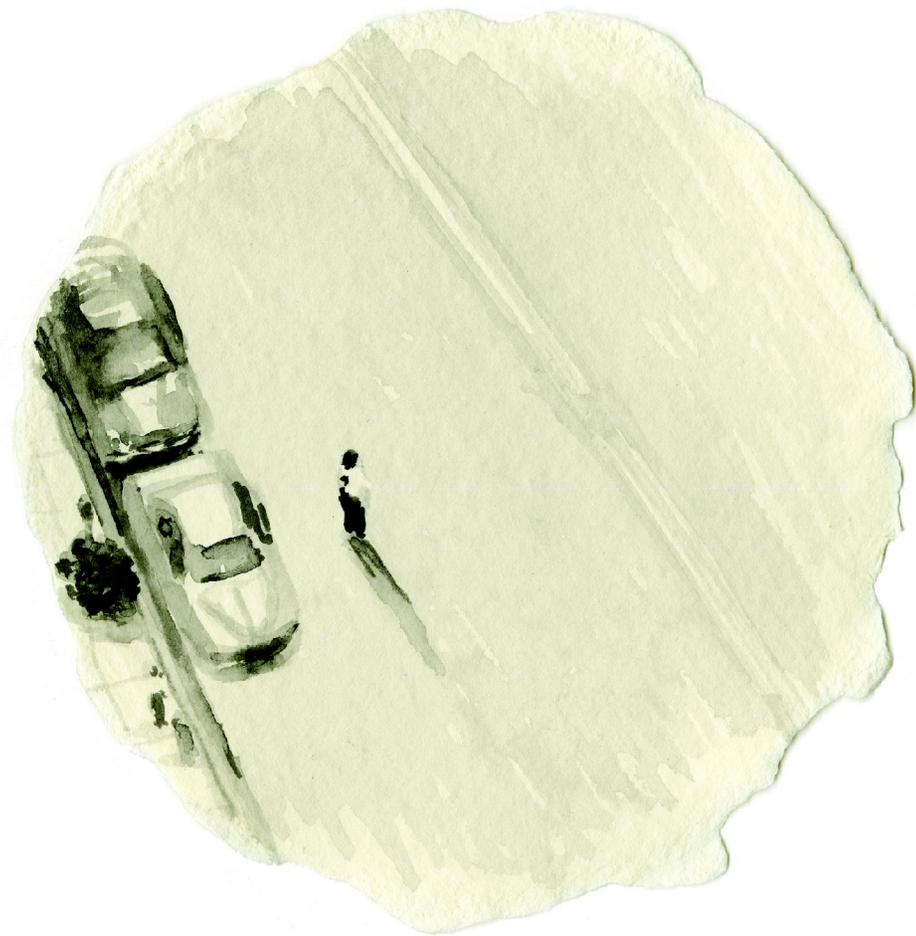


# FROM HERE



Poems by Zoë Skoulding

Images by Simonetta Moro

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**Poems by Zoë Skoulding**

**Images by Simonetta Moro**



**Ypolita Press  
for the 2008 Dusie Chapbook Kollektiv**



**December 21, 2008**

[www.zoeskoulding.co.uk](http://www.zoeskoulding.co.uk)

[www.simonettamoro.com](http://www.simonettamoro.com)

**FROM HERE**

**I**

what I can hold in the eye breaks

at the edges a cluster of paths a zebra

crossing to the other side of the road side-

walks becoming pavements that shadow

pulled across continents the signs point

in all directions at once down

there in the windblown circumference

of light you carry history from a

to b in planetary drifts across a lens

## II

you walk at the edge of land traffic  
turning in swathes of sea  
that I can't hear from up  
here where the glass holds me in  
place so that I can't fall into  
violet pools under your feet or  
out into flightpaths where the sky  
a sudden mass of cloud holds  
steady you could fall up into it

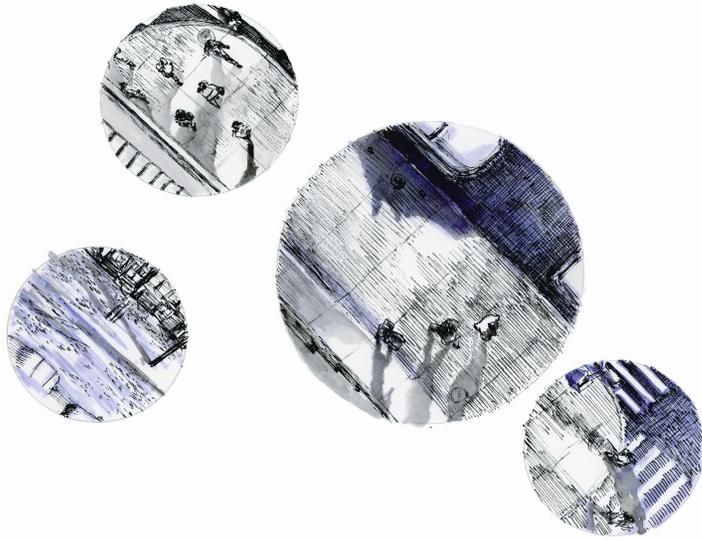


### III

a perforated surface opens down  
on every hair every sparrow every  
shadow falling in parabolas  
every word every world is its own  
hidden footfall crosses light  
the ground aslant where  
walkers sleep along the lines of  
habit scored in ink barely  
reading the grid one instant to

### IV

another where a corridor streams  
back to the eye in red the days  
marked out in verticals while  
absent bodies pulse in shapes  
they passed through at the edge of  
colour in the corner of an eye  
descending walls run into  
thoughts replaced by moving images  
walk this way and I disappear



V

in years of hours and hours of years

bricks disintegrate the lights on red

where the road folds over I tie

myself in knots trying to see how

the standstill image might lay

everything side by side in static

histories that never happen here

where the lights on continuous loop

flicker into shadow scuff marks vapour trails

## VI

under the stones the minutes  
scratch away in seconds and nothing  
stays when you look a second  
time on a curve of thought spiralling  
into where I might be written a moment ago  
there were futures in bricks  
as the ground opens up only the sky's  
unchanged in the roughened surface global  
weather patterns notwithstanding

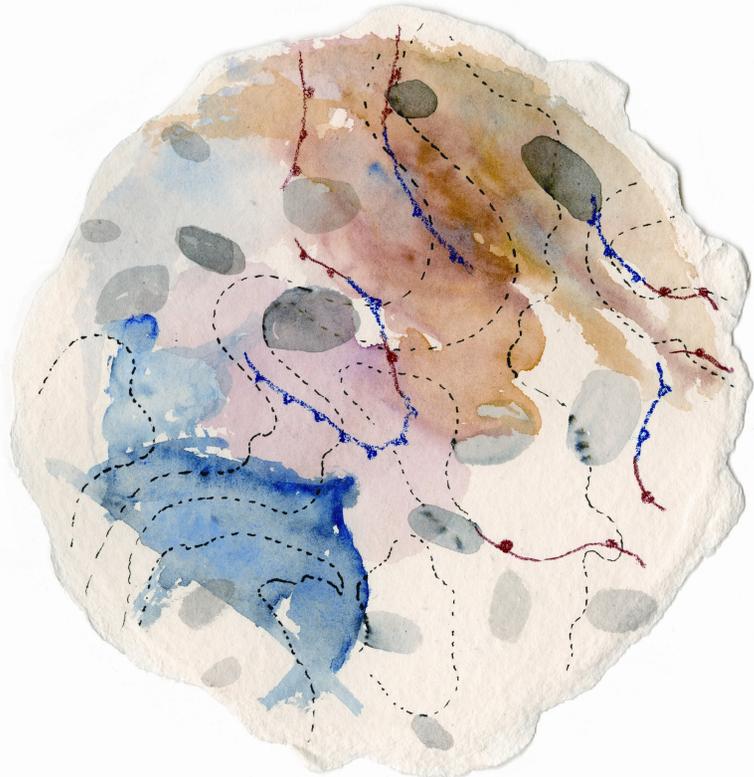


## VII

our faces scrunch against the sun  
in the torn edges summer  
berry-stained where birds fly  
overhead in strict formation crossing  
wet ground as colour seeps over  
and into living things where they  
begin an arc of movement from  
hatching to blur whole continents  
do not contain them

## VIII

territorial integrity softens into rain  
as things get cloudy under  
cold fronts of diplomatic pressure  
I signed on the dotted line and became  
another autumn falling through  
copper and bronze the blue winds  
in our mouths a scale of connections  
balanced at street level  
from a storm to a single drop



## IX

in our mouths beyond human

beyond habitation the winds

in a circle of eyes on the liquid

surface of social contact

translucent bodies where place

comes through in washes

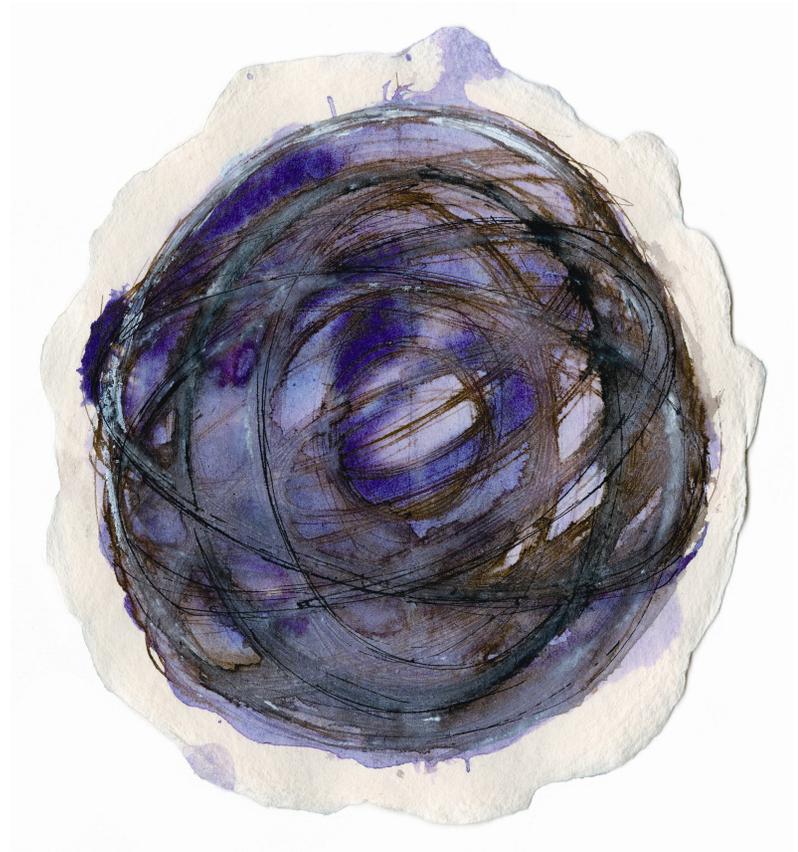
beyond the city lilac far

off mountains water in the rough

fur of dogs their open mouths and eyes

**X**

on the tip of your tongue another  
word for it that won't settle  
under cloud of a half-known  
language the tip of ice melts  
on the page in the friction of  
asphalt under shoes chewing gum  
stains map islands corresponding  
to nothing elsewhere but better  
to know this than nothing

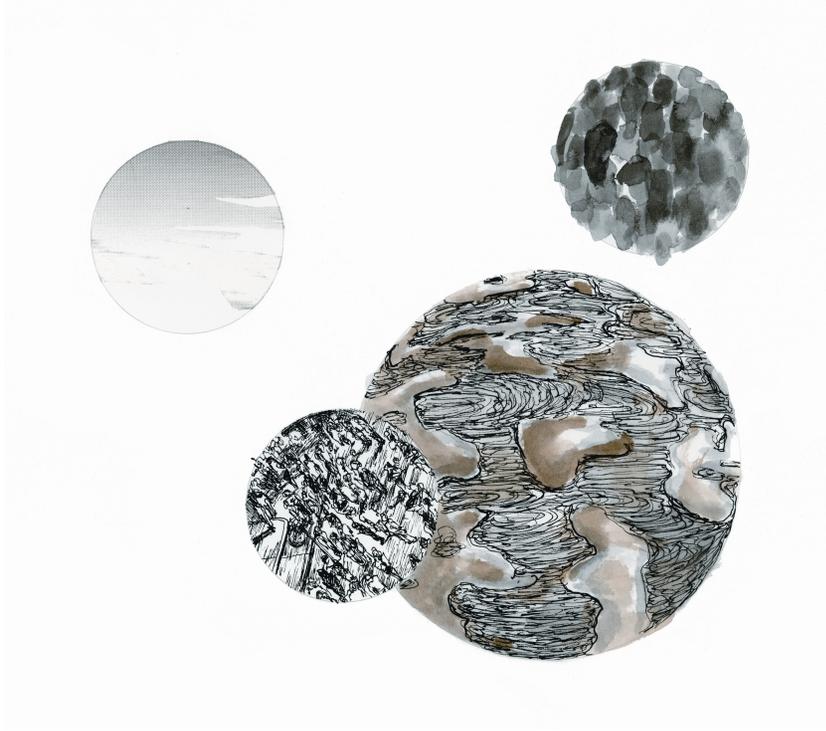


## XI

the global falls open early one morning  
as if the real and virtual worlds  
were different spheres as if the stride  
of boots across the street  
were not in time with anthems  
of nations warping on the car stereo  
in the other world its clouds of ink  
gather in thumbprints where  
each line is your next move

## XII

the search engine split your  
name into flood victim film  
star doctor on four continents we passed  
each other in the street a collision  
or collusion in air currencies  
magnified in cross-section the lens  
smudged by speed you were here  
a second ago both feet on the ground  
flipped over in the sphere of an eye



1. Street Crossing

Oil on canvas

6" diameter

2. Eyes on the City

Ink on paper

11x14"

3. Ghosts

Ink and charcoal on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

4. Weatherlines

Watercolour, ink, and crayons on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

5. Cosmo 1

Ink on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

6. Final

Ink on paper

11x14"

Cover: Eye

Ink on hand made paper

6 ½" diameter

'From here' was an email collaboration during the summer of 2008 that began with a chance meeting one rainy afternoon during Territories Re-imagined: International Perspectives, a conference and festival of psychogeography at Manchester Metropolitan University. Over the following weeks, Simonetta sent drawings from New York, I sent poems back from Bangor in north Wales, and the sequence developed as a conversation. Thanks to the AHRC, whose support has provided time for this project. ZS