

short excerpt of surtitled & spoken word text for moving image

THERE WAS A TIME WHEN ONE THING SEPARATED ANOTHER. NOW THERE IS ONLY SATURATION AND THE COLOUR BLUE.

(sound of birds singing, insects buzzing)

I saw that woman yesterday

not the one with the dog?

yeah she was in that coffee shop. she was in there with her dog and I just thought *oh god. oh god I really can't face a conversation*

god no

anyway she didn't see me. and she probably wouldn't remember me even if she had

mmm. she was bit um

mad?

she was a bit mad, yes

it's so weird. I wonder why she keeps popping up

...

going back to

yep

you could always

could I?

yes. you could just say *fuck this*. FUCK. THIS. and then, well, deal with the
here, suddenly

yeah

sunk in the sea-drag wet of it

difficult but

doable

everywhere else being suddenly drowned

doable. definitely. definitely an option to

go into shoulder stand?

into a world upturned, twin toes nudging the up-there thin very-thin air of

everything you've been through, it's like how do you find a way out of the um

soften the throat, soften the tongue

exhale, bend your knees and roll yourself out of the

knot?

OUT OF THE FLOOD, A LANDING LIFTS ITS BELLY TO THE SKY

wind howling still

still mist, still-still.

but a sea less mad —

break and spray rephrased by a mouth (my mouth?)

a mouth now chewing on the sea-dark bark of

A SIGNAL TO RETURN

I think the problem for us is feeling that our outputs aren't um valid – you know, outside of the

yep

/ and just, and just oh I don't know. I seem to be incapable of seeing a thing through to its

/ and just, and just

your work, you mean?

yes but also my

the suddenly-naked hurt

that word I find it hard to say

now rearing, now branching

up and out and

flesh clinging

slime dripping

you feel it's connected

I mean yes

we're twigging the everything-altered-now

it's definitely not *unconnected*

...