

CHRISTOPHER BARNETT 27 APRIL 2016

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Christopher Barnett

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come
cycling to towers
toppling
into
tar

believe
your book
for what

it's worth
almost nothing
at all

except numbers
knocking about
in head

head
a hole
for working

parts
fragment

rats
forage

back
of machine

that doesn't work
or it can't
make it
much further

less
so much
less than stone

looking through window
at woman weeping
at sight
of whatever

i am
to you

attempting construction
so carefully

feel world
collapsing

centimeter
by centimeter

see us
through song
of songs

we
are just

learning to sing

swallow secrets
when singing

wearing white shirt
over bloody body

explain
to damned
how

her hips
held you
one night
in small village

take
time

steal seconds
in your song

another dominion

shifting stones
palm to palm

take
depth
into depths

night still

walk
in water

sphère

speaks

when

they're listening
to tune

precious silence

pick up traces

cry in dark

sleep

in
line

remember ravens

swallow
souls whole

architects
of abjection

birds beautiful birds
cruel

take blade
to stomach

rip right
across

bathe in blood

bathed in blood

watch
from within
wave i am
becoming

here
turning
towards
you

wake up

some
times

so beautiful

surface so thin
so very thin

expect ice
to save you

it never does
it never does

why don't
you wait

for waves
without blood

dance
to satisfy
this perfect torso

contradictions
imperfect trap
for perfect minds

when they want
an endless circle

passing
through lives
insignificant
& precious

carve this
cadaver

with stones

come
carve

clean

wash

maul memory
when waving
stone
at sky

bring
it back

to skin

sleep
dead
sleep
dead's
dream

no
night knows

all alert

to end

before it begins

who knows how
to break

rock
& rain

remember
memories of mud

tell her
tragedy of tides

if you can
in this
commotion

remember
manner of moon

towards torso

remember

watch you
walk
across room

who spent time
in chapel

who spent time
in dark

mere fractions
cold heart
drawn

testament

trick

carry longing
coherent

despair
instructs

c b - avril – nantes



mural - diego rivera