

- 1 It had the form of a wish
to make something of human in clay
Random experience
confused with the past and present
knowing that a figure in clay
as a replica of the expected norm
did not represent
and the fantasy illusion to
imperfect anatomy
as a representative distortion
was uncomfortably normal
the outer form of a figure made in clay
was where the limits of the body
met the social space.
I did not know who they were until they finished with themselves
Blaming interference of myself
in the process of making a figure in clay
Skill matters
In the necessity of finding the inner life
on the surface image
Anatomy is abstract.
One is not particularly alienated from
a form of the kind that realizes a unity outside of content
and on the basis of its own ideology
proposes shaping that arranges
around an empty center.
- 2 There are not many patterns of the body
that mean
Street reality has many body types
not all are chosen, whose everyday variations
might not say
the past offered criticism
Closing the lid on one of these people
wrapping it up in its own form of flesh,
one tries to pack it all in —
something is always sticking out,
one keeps bumping into others
the parking places between the samples are just too small
the human as the ineffable in the form can end in a rubble
the residue is trying for a story
That might be where the subject lies – at least some of it.
pinched, punctured, anatomized
sometimes I was on the inside
and sometimes on the outside
The past sticks its nose in once in a while
You might imagine it far away
but no, it is suddenly right there
Never only like the evasive anatomy of a person walking down the street
That distorts also