

WIND MONUMENT

Chris Fernald

scene iii.

scene ii.

particles circulate seeking
form
like flies seeking
a place to land.

choppy sea:
an image
asserts itself
beneath the waves
primary impulse
bringing light to image

feel your touch in the static
attempts at definition
animate the void

doubt made manifest
anti-presence:
lil production, lil ghost
sweet unknowing
you're a bat of lashes
a thought away from form

am i yours yet?
i almost have you
i fish for your figure
it's something like touch
brushing spirits in the empty space

we turn off the camera
we turn in the mirror
reach for one another
back in skins again.

you and me on the other side of the lens
me, and you in the lens
you, and me in the lens
putting the kettle on
running the bath
unscrewing the smoke detector
i extend the tripod leg
you adjust the light
i play the roles of
springtime
burn
dependence
baddest behavior
you play
architect
magic
reparations and
everything is bright.
we take turns
inventing the other
posing n'
finding the angles
producing the living project
view finder:
a myth of fact
for times of crisis.

the trips:
a feeling like the first time.

moments tie together
space folds into squares
the past on monitors
all around us
put the kettle on
run the bath
water transmuting itself -
the soundtrack
to spirits dividing
eyeing one another
from different screens.
we sprinting to
a different horizon
spied in the projector's light
the ghosts dance
around the room
and with them, we
the living
living in their light
filmed into being
proven to exist

scene iv.

snake transmitter
you kneel before the
camera as i sleep
pick up your hands, bring them into focus
let the soft part circle around you.
you're pretty looking, looking pretty
pretty task, you offer it freely,
luxuriate in the spinning -
extrusion of your spirit
flesh into film
you
watch yourself multiply in the frame
take a shot:
"Fair creation
running time
into circles"

scene v.

in the morning
i find us
caught between -
you are looking at the paper
i ask
where were you last night?
you tell me to check the tape, wonder
did I think we were a painting or a sculpture.
i thought maybe neither
more of an architectural detail -
maybe a painted surface, with some
shadow
across the paint
you smile,
lost in something
outside the window
your eyes on the glass
you get up to leave
>check the tape

scene vi.

old seaman's lament:

proof of loving
proof of sad
proof of hiding
proof of bad
proof of reaching
proof of mad
proof of honey
proof of had
who gives
who gives?

scene vii.

rain again
pan: camera
spirit of disorder
gnashing our teeth
spinning around three times
our shadows frame the shot.
men aren't content to be documents
human to want boundaries
man's game to violate them

scene viii.

playback the tape -
bring in the witness.
your figure falters
on the screen
i watch you disappear
into flesh of static
i surveil my thoughts
avoid conceiving of you
making you heavy with
consideration and doubts.
is this love's labor
throwing thought at you
invisible other
until you appear
i reach for the camera
hold my eyes and conscience
in my hands

watch you through the lens
you falling back
retreating into slipping shadows
your laughter bounces behind you
in diminishing returns
it's a dagger to the heart
but where is the hand that holds it?
i look again
not too closely

scene ix.

spins the thread
threads the loom
attaches the lens
weaving jet cloth
orders the dark matter

the familiar life recedes
behind a veil of glass
a few strands of technicolor threads
shimmering behind the double woven surface

you go out more
i don't rush home from the studio

you
appear to me
like a smudged out photo, a
hollowed-out space.
my affection
materializes
only in the unblemished light of morning
before clouded over
by the day's indecision and doubt.

windows point to both an opening
and the closed spaces around it:
the no places that don't want you
when you've pushed too far

scene x.

camera lingers on the window
before meandering to us
the room is dark and intimate
we're seated on our bed in
close-up
applying face masks
spreading the white clay
across one another's faces
i laugh as you touch
the cool dirt to my face,
laugh at how you angle your head as if
avoiding a sneeze
inspect my face, your canvas,
shroud
it's a laugh
feeling its way through the dark
i watch your face disappear
beneath the mask
contours smoothed to a pearly white
we watch youtube clips
the masks harden
remove oil from our faces.
i dance around the thought
this is the end.

scene xi.

the scene loses focus
as we turn out the light
we fuck
as strangers do,
our past
evaporates as the
camera latches to
our bodies
i think:
I have the documents
but where are my limbs
soft-edged panic feathers
on the periphery
of my being.
rubbing skin on skin
brings out the
colors that hide along the edges
machines draft
our sex into
sequence,
break
some chemical bond
like a pill in water
dissolve the scaffolding of
the image
we constructed
looking through the lens
we are not in love
it exits in the middle of the night
the camera follows it to the door.

scene xii.

months later
you return late one night
let yourself in the bedroom
quietly fold your body
into bed
i awake and ask:
what did you see on the
other side of the lens tonight?
you touch my nose
turn away
you'd seen the line

scene xiii.

the next morning
your things
and you
are gone
save a few
parking tickets,
a coat you never wore

at night
your figure
animates
the inside of my eyelids
solves the riddle
tells me something
each morning washes away

i
watch the tape
and find you there
spectral other
blinking away a tear
telecasting a smile
across the room
through the lens
to me
still life,
still, life.

Chris Fernald is an interdisciplinary artist currently living in Atlanta, Georgia. He received his BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design in 2013. His interest in the poetics of the post-human condition underlies his explorations of the popular music industry, new age cultures, and networked experience. Recent exhibitions include group shows in New York and Mexico City. You can contact him at fernald.chris@gmail.com.

Cindy Ji Hye Kim received her BFA from Rhode Island School of Design in 2013 and her MFA from Yale School of Art in 2016. She has recently exhibited at Abrons Art Center (New York, NY), Rose Gallery (Brooklyn, NY), and Yale University Art Gallery (New Haven, CT). She has participated in residency programs at Vermont Studio Center and Ox-Bow School of Art, and will be an artist in residence at The Banff Centre this summer. Kim currently lives and works in Brooklyn, New York.