

Meaning surfaces

floats

first words

syllables

from rupture

disruption

wedged between

one misunderstanding

and

history's compressed

to verbal veins

distilled

essence

caught

So large

small

so insignificant a signifier

intractably embedded

deposit

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hard words

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silted stories

time tells

language tells

of accumulation

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things change

stories stay the same

repeat

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SOUND PIECE for DEPOSITS INSTALLATION

On a small shelf is a speaker projecting a voice reading the text presented to the left. The reading voice overlaps with itself creating layers or strata of voices, words, and sounds. When installed, the speaker plays relatively low to entice the viewer/reader up the ladder to listen, and to read and look at the hanging artist's book. The recorded text coming from the speaker is completely different from the text in the book.

THE TEXT IN THE BOOK READS

There were no fences, just pine and sage, blue sky and melting snow.

We found the stream where spearmint grew and rubbed it on our wrists like perfume.

Weekend mornings, the floors were always sticky with soda. I swept up popcorn and wrappers. The empty theater was eerie but the stage was mine.

I went to the carnival with Gloria. We drank vodka, rode the rides, and got sick in the porta-potties. Oh, and a man asked if we wanted to go on the mustache ride.

The room was tiny, but life was expansive. I put my groceries outside on the window ledge to keep them cold, sometimes they froze and occasionally they were lost to the courtyard below.

There was a curve in the metro track, I watched as a man walked too close and was pulled under the train.

It was pitch black, no change in color from the dirt road to the night sky, so I walked, shuffling along with my hands out-stretched in front of me.

There were cockroaches everywhere, big ones, little ones, even in the stereo. And then there was the dog, it chewed up everything you loved.

I had the best meal of my life on that hill, crawfish boil with all the go-alongs. He had the fish market's number on speed dial. He was not okay though, and he died of a drug overdose shortly after.

A still, dirty, tan-orange sky, too quiet.

We looked up at the smoking hole in one of the towers. "Do you think it was an accident? Looks like a helicopter hit it."

He was lying there on a table in the funeral home, a shell, and his nose was all wrong, not his at all.