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**conversations on eternal interstice** 2025, infernal synchrony, a solstice text for josh by owen brakspear, twin & good luck with your mother by hiona choi, iron mirror by henry cottam, but not quite & what I said before I was over it by tianna mcintosh, each day is like a year, a year whose days are long by jill mcknight, hospicing christmas tree by zhao ruo tong.

## SOLSTICE TEXT FOR JOSH

in the heat of it all to tell myself that I had loved continuing to  
commerce breaking into fiberoptic lines and civic birdlife everywhere  
imaginary friends that sit beside me on the bed and speak in monochrome  
and all the time had murdered at least between 0.00076811594  
and 0.00269565217 people in my sleep for  
memoranda of understanding solstice fruit of iron rails and candles  
disappearing shapes i see it float away the legal tide  
is legible in sigh of weeping death she sat her head was spilling blood  
so countenance i never wanted mute desire pulls me  
little waves that speak of childhood as we imaged it to  
overcome the image being torn apart into the movements of the leaf  
o we the future's destitute plenipotentiary  
heedless catching signals held me there  
in quiet of our false and righteous having lived  
above a vale of the northern edge of Asia Minor and  
how could i still how could i still part of the national community  
and all their brighter premonitions coming true in spite of u  
and what begun so long ago not answer in its silence  
incompletion briefly through the window changeless  
flight from good that never happened as if so as if so  
and no more to be done to never rest well if u could  
to when the world is you no longer must i promise am  
a scattered thoughts to veil of day of piles of things and

mirror to ur sadness is this sky no really this  
the water answers you are looking now a clouded blue  
moves with the affirmation of your destined peace  
beyond the killing and the militarisation of the police to assuage the  
killings what was that blue the most inclusive phenomenon aka  
you were already supposed to be no overture I dreamed a kingfisher  
blood in ploughshares for the countenance of our song upon  
investments of tomorrow twinkling civic twilight fuelling  
season brightly in the hemisphere now dispossessed of quiet debt  
a lifetime to the dream the leaves are stirring as you turn your head to  
chance to weep in terror at the grandeur of ur error I was never so alone  
what could I do but wish for other chance and walk out on the deck  
construct what must from what will happen to the petals  
in a waking from the day and double-up ur whole life's burden  
closest knowing maybe what else can I say to close the liking gap  
betimes like morning afternoon and night the lark thy gold  
o shall it be you staying here when all of that is washed away but what  
before it comes to view no matter how far was the sea  
the face unveiled the day continued and when thinks about it wishes  
know if ever I believed in anything but this indeed before believed in  
hand in hand walked to the gate head in their hands was resting on  
the solemn days of youth and adulthood the blue geraniums the blue  
inevitable white across the field at my approach that was the end of  
shame through topsail of the things I wore and he was gone  
a hillside very far from here into a folded map and list of name the

darker dreams of what it was for us this happens still  
a plea against their shallow agency money for money as the form of  
their community is happening quick logic of the damned  
whose emptiness is thorns so wish to palm the dispossessed  
I am sincere that worries so I speak in public  
triumph of life on little earth where we have found it is not better  
birdsong of the heart sinks into you is it that some  
remains cling to the sunsets on the windows gulls the  
not to be alone that's fine until you wish to be your thread  
to sorrow Gloucester seeds and trust a non-financialised tomorrow  
of the metro back into the centre slanted on a parquet globe  
raised gesture genocidal index in the markets of Al Quds among  
deception gentle murderers as ballast for a century of  
silencing the conceit of our bitter waste of everything and  
wax and dream of taser parties waking to a world  
with the police vs. the people gonna need a bigger sandwich  
regularly like your wife and kids and smashing heads against walls  
of relative peace and happiness and human resources my dad was a piece  
of 0.435714285 people it was the great parade  
their barren lives forever why should they dismiss sadistic  
world the souls of tolomea still we are happy sometimes  
and presentiment's extasia borne from restless  
vote of green and blue and white and quiet where  
an early agapeic inclination swiftly bound to sex and inbuilt feeling of  
being anything but habits fundamentally obscuring what

the bells that now farewell his drifting faraway right here  
perchance to wake the world uncriminal to fall upon  
an aggregate of other golds present coincidental monuments to  
all the strings the goodness of 'the heart' our body what's that  
tied to the things that tear us into place that we refrain to  
somewhere of this soul's compassion sparkling light upon the  
flemish backdrops to his wrathful infancy of love's attempt to  
what that bright might means forever then  
we kissed among the bodies on the surface  
miracle believing once again that this is so and happening the  
felt you were and did obscure so humanly the hanging branches stir  
defined as ending in a way you would have wished where all that  
what I thought was history of gerrymandering and things  
once more but now in fall the bluewinged sky and folds its feathers  
the flowers of late spring had I not known you  
hopes are stars of vice the tourniquet new flower once again in  
months before I love you too where did they go they touch the water  
and mosquitoes and the perfect rose you called it and in writing  
there in public to break down at what I came to know the only time each  
everyone on earth and more and with the waves  
ourselves that is the long night's peroration through the  
dismembered victory of the world of you and I

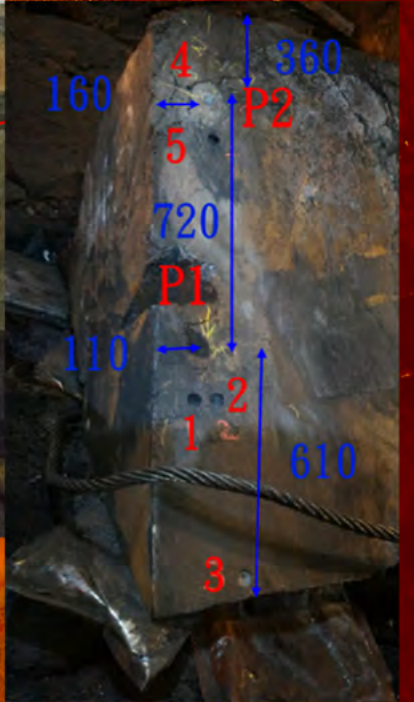
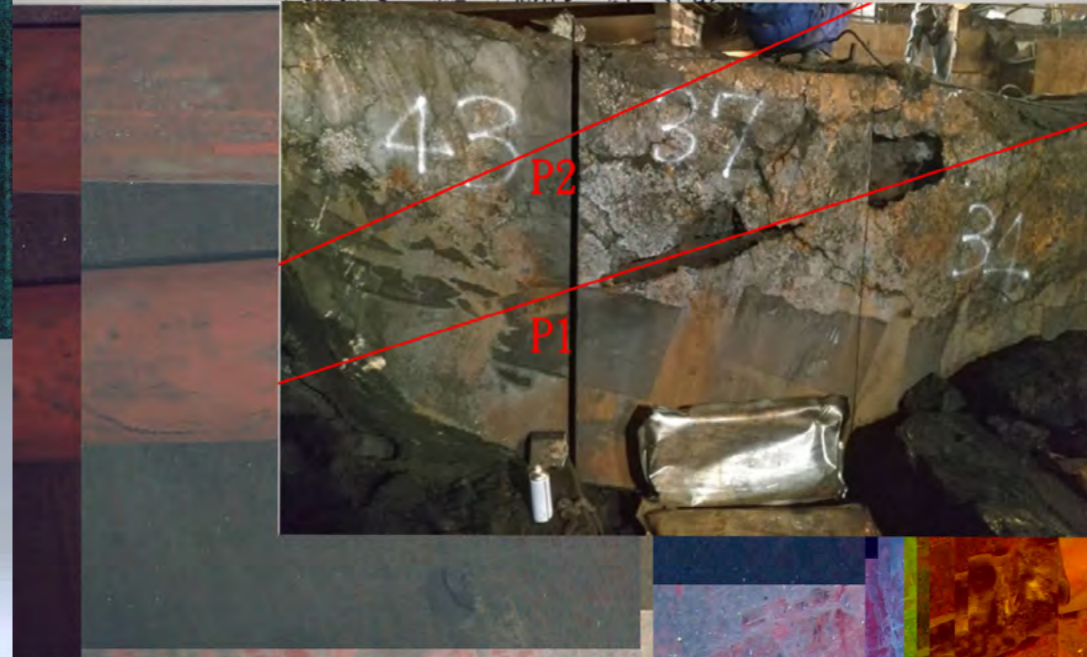
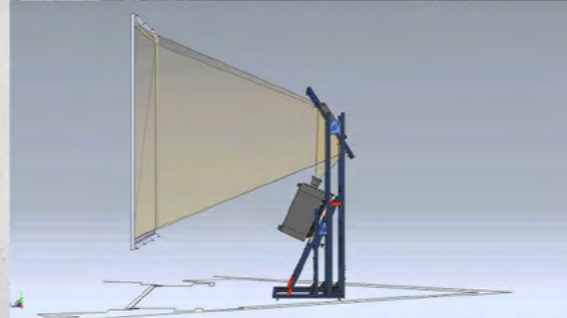
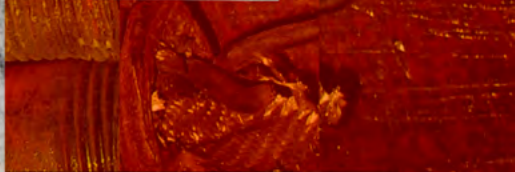
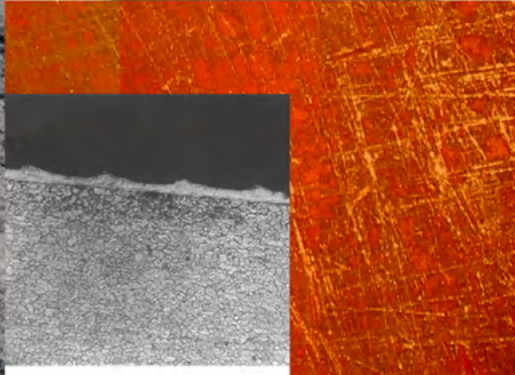
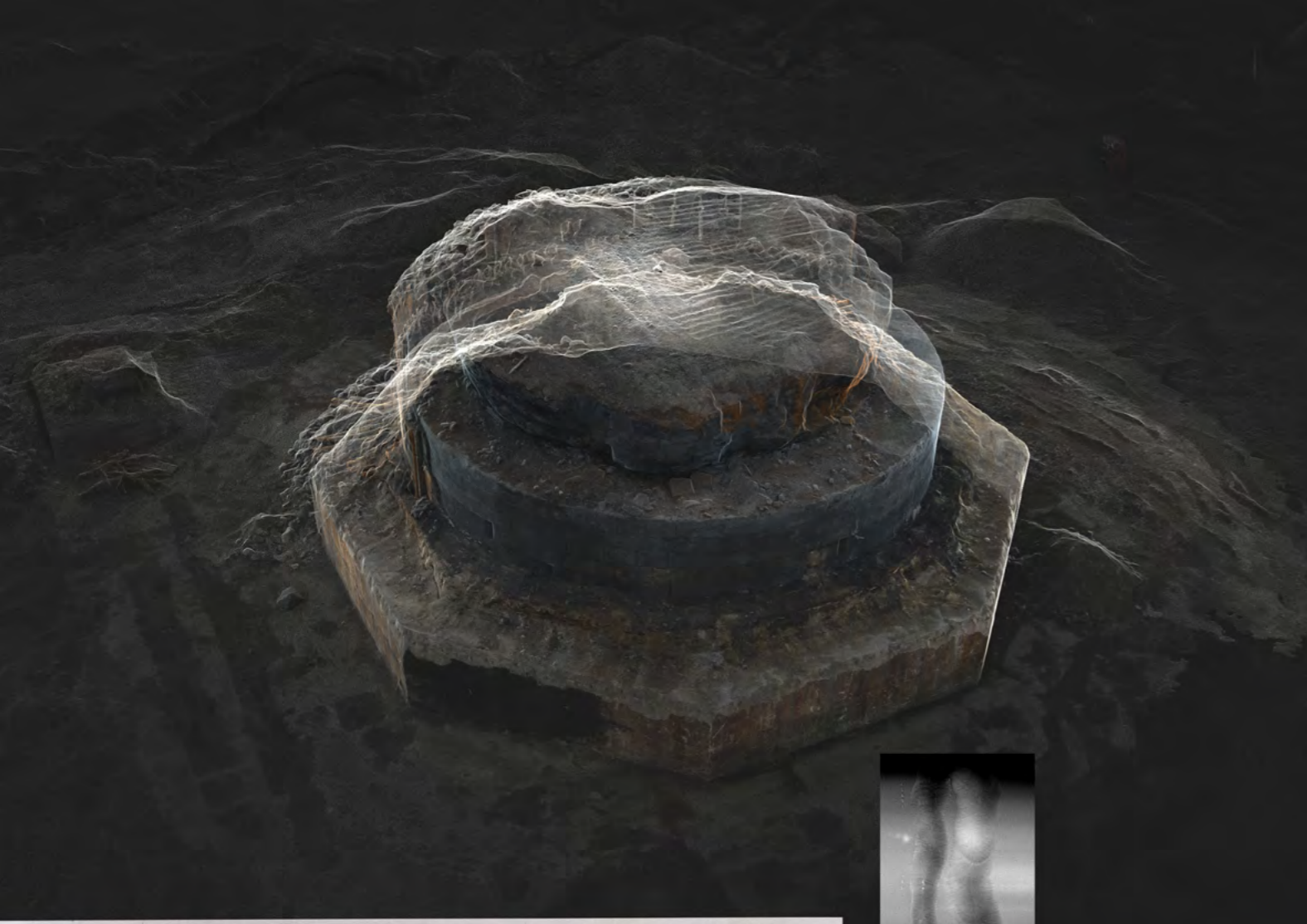




Good things come to those who love their mother



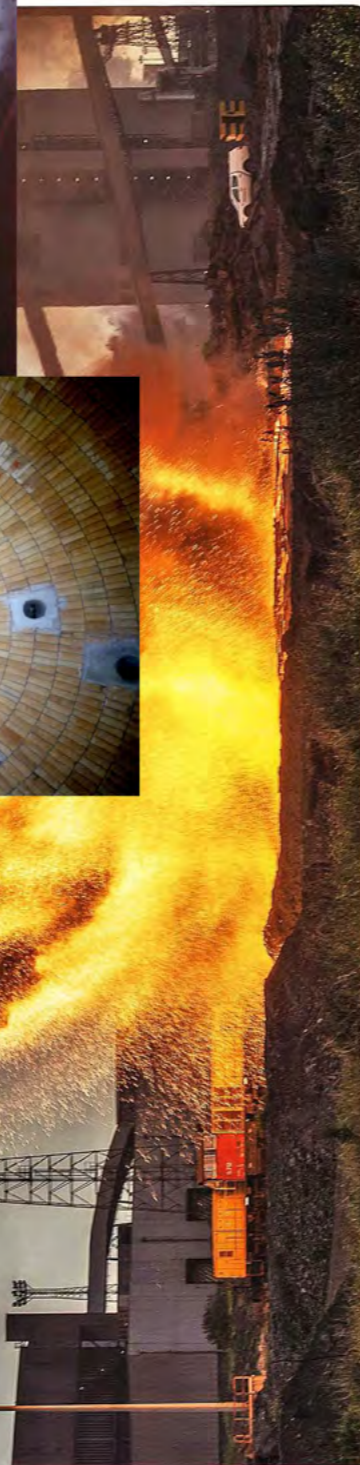






```
[WallData]
p=0;run.section(lw-tools.txt,f
set laserdata -b 1;set laserda
laserdatmax;
imin=1+%(Parameter,2,39+nmeas)
imax=%(Parameter,2,40+nmeas);
dif=imax-imin+1;
set WallData-er dif;
```

```
Data_Index=Data(imin,imax)
-b imin LaserData_Depth W
-b 1 -e dif;
```



```
sort-w WallData WallData_Depth;
end=xindex(botdep,WallData_AngRa
d);
set WallData -er end;
```

```
switch(q) {
case 1:
copy-a Grid6_X wxyz2_Angle;copy-a Grid6_Y wxyz2_Depth;
wxyz2_Radius=Grid6_Brick;break;
case 2:
Grid6_Y*=-1;
copy-a Grid6_Y wxyz2_Angle;copy-a Grid6_X wxyz2_Depth;
copy-a Grid6_Brick wxyz2_Radius;break;
case 3:
Grid6_X*=-1;
Refractory
```

```
////////////////////////////////////
[WallPlot]
////////////////////////////////////
```

```
Buried Relight
Bored holes
Acid etched
Mirrored
Cut
```

Forged charge

Portal connecting to the dead

```
B
////////////////////////////////////
[BottPlot]
////////////////////////////////////Last
```

Alloying copper iron

```
sort-w SlagBott SlagBott Meas:
end=list(1,SlagBott_M
If(end==0){
set SlagBott -er 1;set SlagBott -e 0;
Carbon
```

```
set buff -e 0; Burn
buff=Data(0,0,nm+1);
loop(sec,-1,secm){
w=sec*secang*100;
buff=Data(0,botdep,deldep);copy-a buff Grid1_Depth;
buff+=w;copy-a buff Grid1_Angle;
Tap
hole
```





Ask me about  
how you come to  
me in a dream.  
I AM RIGHT ALONG -  
SIDE YOU TRYING TO BE  
IDEALISTIC. because it  
isn't gold & I want  
all of yours. — WHAT I SAID  
BEFORE I WAS  
OVER IT.



It seems like there's a tree.

Someone told me, because of you.....

So the tree responded.

I walk on a trunk.

I fall.

A vast wall of floor-to-ceiling windows stood before me, made up of many double-hinged panels. None of them were locked. When I pushed one of the windows open, I realized that just beyond it was a cliff—an expansive canyon landscape stretched out beneath me. In the distance, a massive waterfall poured down over a wide, flat ledge. Twisted tree trunks curved across the scene in front of me.

I saw an old man walking unsteadily along those tree trunks, leaning on a cane. He swayed as if drunk, nearly falling several times. Alarmed, I turned to the people around me and told them what I was seeing, but everyone remained calm. Someone said, "That's not a person. That's a ghost."

"How's your sleep?" I asked when Shabi would wake up.

"I don't remember, but I didn't dream about the waterfall." He said.



RT 1672

811H 7960

HIER STEHT  
FRISCHE  
BRIN.  
WE

Bröndbystraße

4 - 64







2025