

Interiors without beds

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The meaning rests between the fragments. Each is laid on top of another. Bristling with the unboundedness of an openness of a loftiness of an artifact out of its time. A detail in the whole. Gravity suspended for the moment.

How long is the moment? And the space between this one and the next. What can contain the contraries: the number and the word, the right angle and the pencil curve, the shorn edge beside the building plan wrapped in a suspended on a leaning off a precipice.

Pouring out of a mind, emptying of its thoughts, spilling over with memory a person gone, from this book unbounded.

Again, are they an accumulating edifice? That brings us to the clean edge of this is that and that is not. All the while the room door closed with all its people inside.

Muffling on the other side of the wall. Boxed into wordy sentences. Licking their thoughts through the cracks as their bodies bleed into mind, beneath matter – with all its congealed, feeling phenomena.

Therefore a hand, the splayed feathers of a wing, stands for every hand and feather

in this case.

And in that case, we are made aware of time passing, by the dust that gathers under the force of gravity on the shelf.

Here the weight of time becomes material – say to them, the pessimists: ‘comfort’s in heaven, and we are on earth’. Remind them that it is always earth beneath our feet.

And sky overhead. We spot a falcon circling over the cut out, flat landscape. Next to my pencil heart a wing sweeps by, a comfort and a sign.

But where are the people?

They left behind their blunt fingerprints on white.

A trace whisper left against the garden wall, and passed through the gate. Traces dripping onto the paving and into the drains, flushed along with the rain.

Cycling back into gesture and a careful word. To our ears the image whispers (or we are allowed to overhear) a back and forth conversation, ‘into his ruined ears, and thus deliver...’

a crucial passage.

Out of reach of the eye. A little hand, ears, a tail extending from between the lines, grips the attention, as if perching its eagle perch.

And a numbered strip counts a rhythm – as if one book (one brick) is laid on top of another – yellow on red, on white, a hand, a faceless crowd, oh fingerprints, oh little house, a book and its remnants an open door.