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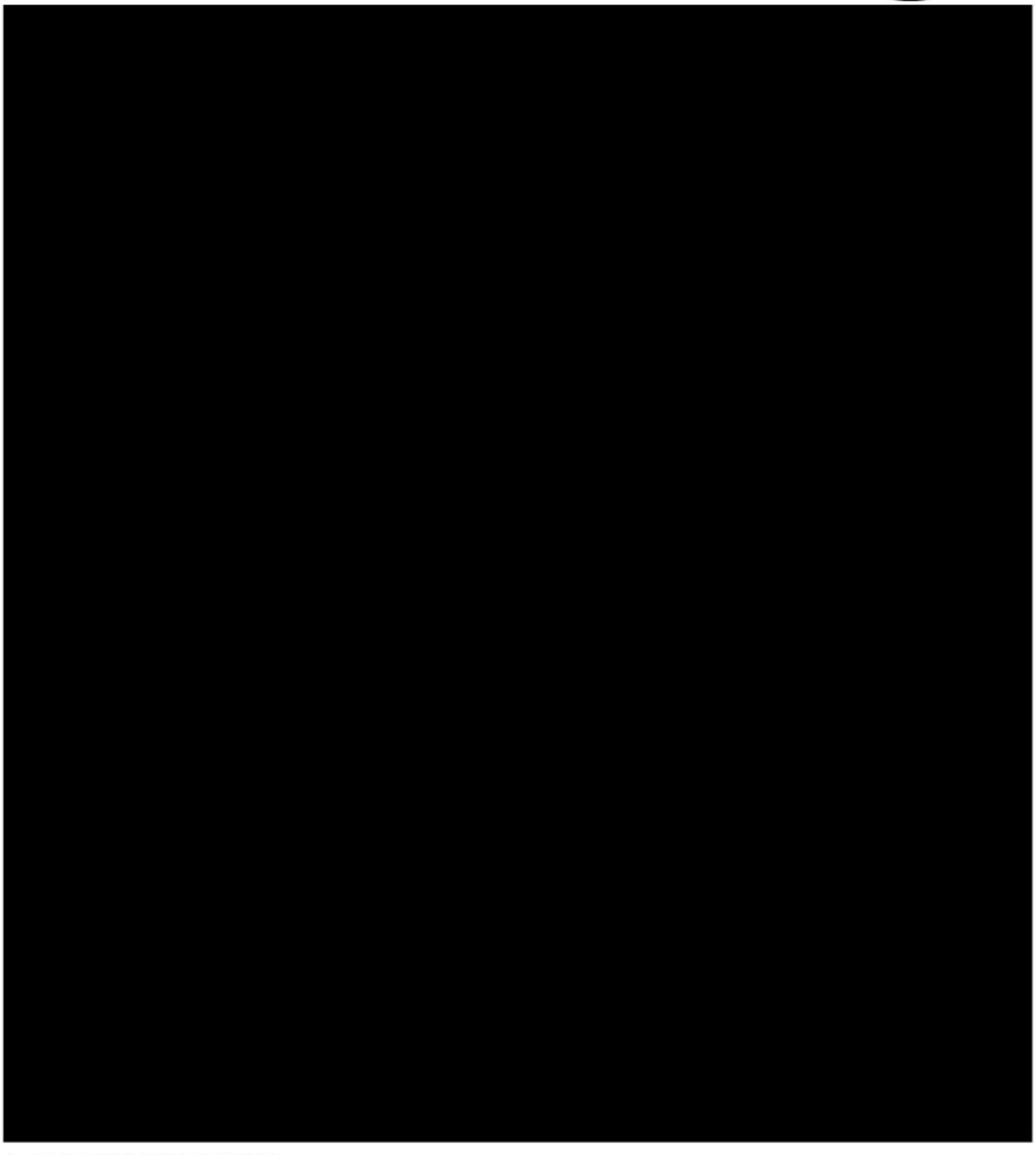
Maria Lind, Vanessa Joan Müller, Martina Kandeler-Fritsch (eds.)

● Customers Who Bought This Item Also Bought:

Canvas Awnings: The Complete Guide To Make Your Own

Apr 23, 2015, by Chad Kordes

AN AWNING



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● Customers Who Bought This Item Also Bought:

The Signature of All Things: On Method

Sep 11, 2009, by Giorgio Agamben and Luca D'Isanto

SIGNATURE RE PEATS

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● Customers Who Bought This Item Also Bought:

1000 Shutters and Awnings (Schiffer Book)

Aug 15, 2007, by Jo Cryder

An Awning (for Hadley Howes)

We're essentially tent-stained.
Palpably sparkly.
Reflection, opacity, and translucence join in our mouths.
Begin the play.
Glorious ignorance soaks the whole scene.
Will we love Spring with enough tenderness?
Look at the effect produced by the yellow, red,
and green awnings suspended over this vast theater.
It's intrinsically rippling.
Take everything worldly into this tent:
Collaborative fruiting!
Smooth and naked constellations!
Whole seas of fleets!
Shininess of Art!
Dresses!
Holy fakes!
All the money!
Then spawn each category of light-craving arrival.
This is often done by yellow and red and purple awnings,
when outspread above faces.
We don't know what the soul is
besides definitely curiously resplendent insouciant protestation.
Here tone is a humor in the pagan sense.

Hegel scorned the women who undertake experimental
metaphysics while walking in gardens.
Sound-bleed and image-bleed. Ragweed and sumac.
We were driving the car.
I said that in my work the idea had gone fugitive.
We wondered how to recognize an idea
and as the light unfurled theatrically we talked about
the difference between an idea and thought.
We said that an idea comes and goes, like Spring or a guest
while thinking continues until death, we supposed.
Amidst this crowded thinking how do we know the guest?

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She seems to crack open time a little.
She despises yearning and duration.
She gives us the freedom to keep working you said.
But we must get ready to receive her!
Or the idea is like fashion. A portable proportion shifts.

We were driving through agriculture and villages and towns,
the light slicing across diagonally
It was 4:30 p.m. in late winter, and as I waited to merge
onto the truck road
an idea appeared dressed like Queen Victoria
when opening on old file by chance.
Suddenly a strange and simple thing will appear
as if it had been waiting all the while:
The beautiful girl with camera and heaviness
of her gathered-up black hair
even mournfully in the last blue hour
whereas for a long time we had despaired
of ever really having an idea
then her swinging earring teases us.
She is now in purgatory perhaps.
She is, in her bare mobility, loveable and comedic.

We said probably in anyone's life there is really only one idea.
Two at most.
Queenly this signature repeats.
The inversion of architecture, for example,
to show the floral surface
or the conversion of that fleeting accessory to a method.
Rotation as advance. Densification.
Is an idea the luxury of somebody lounging in the other room?
I mean is it a logical serendipity?
Or does it wobble, being present comedically, then recognized
by a sillage of decay, or lilies.
Yesterday the car windshield had been splattered with mud
and now the clay-scrim refracted
so that light came lily-like by other senses
and we continued to wonder about the difference between
thinking and a lily
which is after all very slight, a very inclement thing
becoming commodious only after the after the glamming.
There is a figure/field relationship between glamming and dying

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(this is the sad and bright window)
then a view of the glowing city appeared
after a curve in the road
then I craned my neck out over the dark grave
to look down at the pale coffin
dressed as it was in petals
I exclaimed how I loved it.
It was a fairly ancient city we said
it translates all of our senses.

Each day we receive the body of a gentle light, not burning.
This sentience passes through our muscles to the soul,
brushed by the pupils.
It borrows the motion of anything
in order for the female soul to be reached
the vibration of this Queen being color.
Light is the actualization of transparency Aristotle chanted
(or was it Peaches or Björk)
Transparency is melodic.
Light is the color of this great, sweet, immanent,
female distance.
Color causes a commotion in transparency.
Air is a visual instrument whispered Galen or Etel.
The visual spirit radiating from a person is conveyance itself.
Olivia or Cicero says the air is woven from glances.
In the relationship of light and vision
in the ceremony of this issuing substance
we find energy, very mystical.
Glamor is the true subject of the idea.
We know substance because it loves.
Stacy theorized that etymologically hormones are star-slime.
Everything produces rays, like a star, promised Al Kindi
and Leslie. Especially internally words conceive and exude.
For a long time I sip from their gazes.

As wood expresses smoke
and fire heat
as paradoxes are grafted onto the models
as grasshoppers disrobe quite sensuously in summer
as a caul slips from a calf
things free from their surfaces
extremely pale forms

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like kimonos or curtains
in an economy withheld from duration
and so we meet the dead in our sleep
or we think in the car
with the grace of these assistants
to live as freely as possible.
The flat warehouses extend forever
(Warehouses made of cinderblocks, containing cinderblocks)
Let's decorate their city, their city, their city
with our anciently scorned thinking.

Always something flows fatally from each surface
streaming outwards with smoothness from a rapid origin
with thinness in many ways all at once
with velocity in a very brief and moist time
with minuteness which instantly follows inexpressibly
with rarification so easily penetrating by gliding and diffusing
with a swift lightness
truly and preeminently and marvelously without slackening
particularly what feels like to glow in the dark
now again streaming they brush our pupils
and pass into us like air
like color like fingers little by little they give us the image
of our bodies
as ideas bobbing and melting and incessantly changing shape.
We're about to convert ourselves into all manner of lilies.
They caress our pupils.

Is all the epistemology metaphorical?
Ideas come as images which are not time.
They palely bounce from the deepdown coffinwood
within our own unspoken desire and compulsion.
Quite free of assignment
and despite the inclement representations
the theater of an idea
is having its breast stroked
—just enough to invert the conditions of transmission—
not wanting to reproduce a friendship but to repeat it.
Hormones, like humors, are produced by light
in order to unaccountably transform us.
We're shocked by the popularity of stiffly
pointing-downward foliage

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so yes, we're turning tree-like
light materially extending in three dimensions
shooting green rays from our branches
therefore it's the first corporeal form, the original cinema.
Its awning casts that quivering hue on everything we ever feel:
every idea is an intense duct-like repetition.
Theater in the garden or in the car throws
very glam petal movement.
It lights a precariousness.
Dawn finds us.
The morning is cool.
We arrive here at six in the morning.

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The Last Light of the Sun

Apr 5, 2005, by Guy Gavriel Kay

IN THE LAST BLUE HOUR

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● Customers Who Bought This Item Also Bought:

True Love

Nov 4, 2014, by Jennifer Lopez

GLAMORIS

THE TRUE SUBJECT

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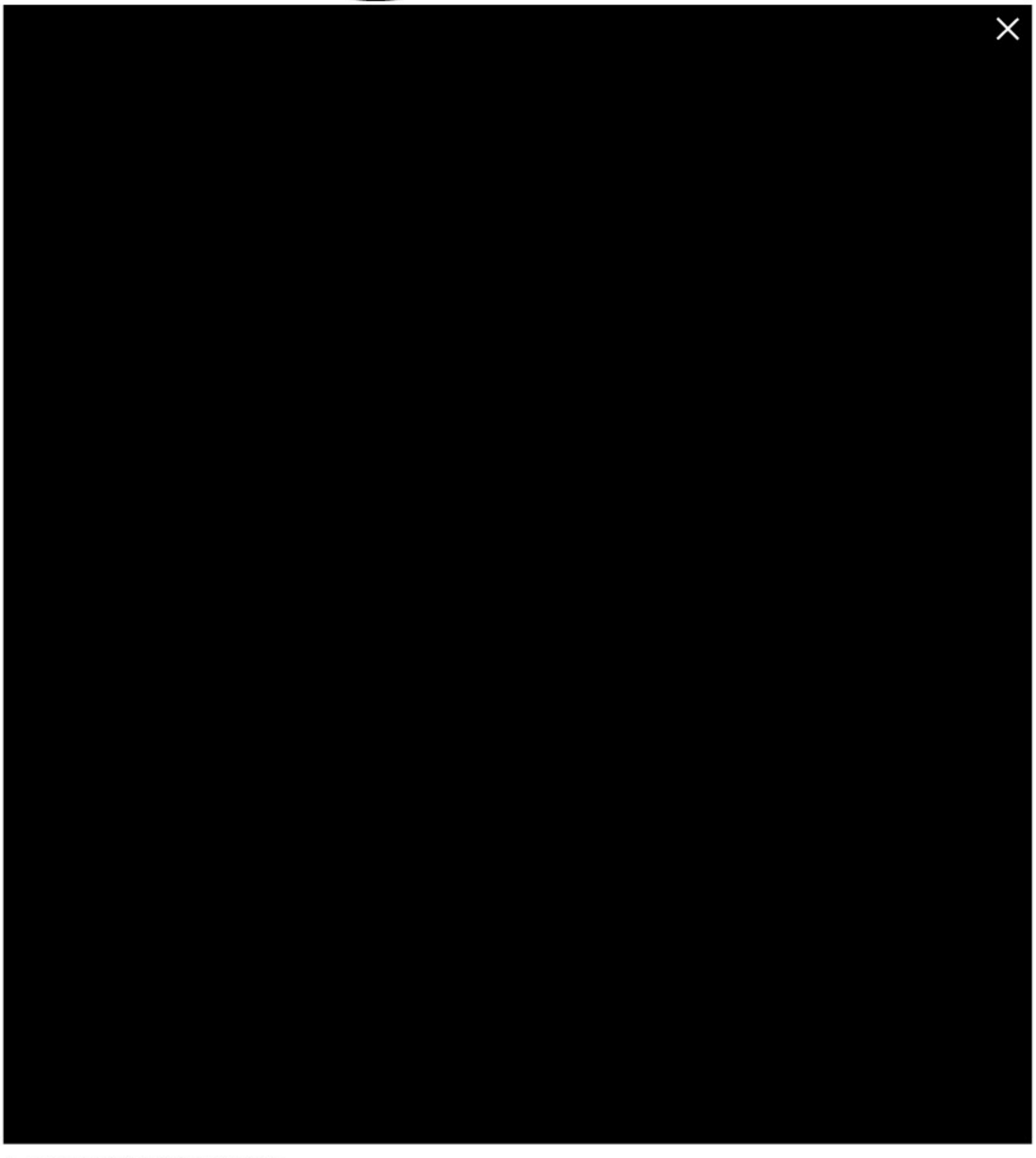
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Sun, 1,2006 by Larry Wilson

SO YES



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