

The Kiss is the Fix

Atlas, you know slowly. Heart-shaped Planchette, you are the indicator, a whip branch ruffling pink. Press my dry hands in yours for a while. Flower bodies are barely discolored. Photographs, sit lightly on paper. Kiss.

You certainly have been surfacing repeatedly with your crushed parts. Transported cross country, ground to humus, you keep asking to be chosen, re upping. Joined by pedals, you point back, wanting to be fixed.

Anger, the crush is in you. Cup your dry hands in mine. I am the herbarium. And you are. I can't move ahead, how clean, no matter, circling dust. You don't hold long, are easy. This ease exists before you, to crush on flowers, on beaus cupped black.

What are these small hairs, trichome on the head of a clover? Held by the hirsute stem of a small garden weed, known as Bedstraw or Galium aparine, with many common names including cleavers and catchweed? Maybe it's for another to press, finger the clover in terms of industry and slavery. Yes, and the other is the clover, let the clover speak.

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The work knows that you're pinned, between knowing and not knowing. You bring information by pedals, you move (yourself and others) forward to pin or fix and to kiss. The pressed flowers with their crushed parts, being transported cross country, keep on asking to be chosen, re-
upping.

Photographs sit lightly on paper. Kiss. Keep coming. They certainly have been surfacing repeatedly. Photographs and pedals point to themselves, wanting to be held. The work holds on to the absent diary, and is always moving back. The diary was formed in another time. No matter how clean these flowers are, the diary lingers like dust.

The diary is the room or housing. Herbarium and specimen. And the gallery becomes this. And you become this container. You are the pause and things keep moving forward. The flowers are pressed to you.

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