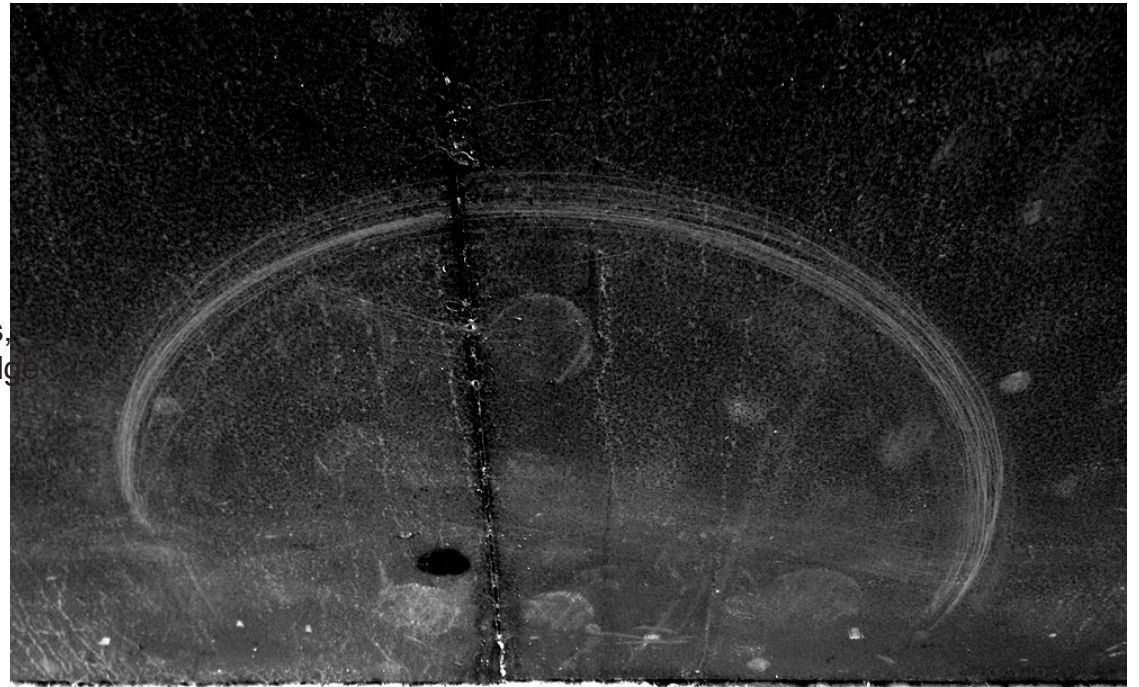


Coriolis

the spinning
keeps the tension from becoming overwhelming:
thoughts compress into inverted patterns of pointillated
excavations on the inner patinated surface of a copper
coolant tower.

It keeps memories just out of reach:
retracing their path,
firing neurons slightly reconnect to the left, or westwards,
if you are looking down. You're just on the outer edge
of pain or the inner workings of foreboding.

This inability to definitively, accurately retrace our
memorial path to an actual event is not only due to
sedimented and dendritic materialities, which
lie between desire and affect, but also from
the spinning
that keeps us constantly, ever so slightly
off kilter,
off track,
and a little over there.



Unless you're at the equator. Here, the I of the storm,
the eerie calm and piercing silence evade the act of urgency.

On point, no distractions, yet leaking through the
possibility of shutdown:
spaced out, inner and outer surfaces enmesh into a
dissociative wandering until the poles are reached *where the effect is at its fullest once again.*