

Rafael Domenech (Audio Transcript)

This Way, Rafael Domenech

A purposeful misconstruction of a situation with no future, one mile. Select one of the four posters. Following the design, write, cut, or print it on a piece of paper. Fold the paper and place it inside a pocket or bag. Take it with you, unfold, then drop, place, or insert the paper somewhere and keep walking.

Poster one, streams of neon on ketchup and plastics.

Poster two, the beautiful fragment of the fucked up whole.

Poster three, do not succumb to the waiting city.

Poster four, invisible environments of pervasive regulations.

Start from home or the periphery with someone you may or not know. The page and area, street, bridge, building, park, the words, letters, sounds, vectors to follow, coordinate conductive movement, assembling missteps, gaps, glitches. Trace the poems until there are no more words and then redo them again.

Poem one, moving in a semicircle shape across space. 600 lines of blank verse without any bumblebees or sunsets is a pretty stiff dose.

Poem two, cross into space diagonally from left to right for a position in the courtyard. The trees are all crossing the space horizontally from right to left. Found sound. Ask for anything to read. Ask for any number of things which make sounds. Start reading and sound production slowly. With feeling, modulate and build up a crashing roar. Moving through space on the right side, from top to bottom, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss, hiss. Standing on a corner, call someone. Share a thought.

Poem three, crossing space diagonally, forming a staircase pattern from left to right. Tightly clasped, granules graying pavement know well the design of falling soles. August falling leaves, grounded thoughts. A montage over-exposed, a collage of bucolic silences.

Poem four, crosses a space of point three and move into the next space forming an S-shape pattern. Trace. Amid the darkness, where utterance coast about few, trace their mirrors on a fuel. DIA only shadows only touch the wood's fringe. Divided and ever from the edge.

Poem five overlaps with poem four above the same space, crossing the area from left to right diagonally.

ASALTERIS change as circumstance may be of curious courses, as though as if there were indubitably uncertain one or not. Crosses the space from left to right horizontally. Provoked the grassss, lay blister beneath. End in space. The decision to suspend all judgment.