

Sarah Kosch

Tracks—Taking The First Great Western Train to Oxford, February 26, 2011

The window is a whirl, a whirl-dow, a world doe , wide-eyed and raw, spin me faster.
A line, a stripe of layered green—tree tops stationary above a green tangle home—a brick of roof,
a shelter dissolved into color and past, left behind to blow away in the breeze. Listen, *the water rises up*

We slow.

The dust settles, and it is cold industry and train tracks and waiting in a gray room where billboards tell me what to read.

I'm ready so don't stop.

Don't look up or you will share with a stranger.

I'm ready so don't stop.

The next stop is in thirteen minutes time.

Now we rush again, we fly and sway and clack, clack-a-lack-a-lack-a-lack, the lack
lack of luck, with luck
we will join the queue soon.

Just

a moment. Resting the back of your head in the crook of the glass elbow forces a pause.

Dark blue crowded room.

Nails red. They drum.

Krispy Kreme coffee cup on a wooden tray and a boy takes pictures out the window.

The catching is unlikely but the blur is soft and melts like tufts of cotton candy sugar.

Maybe he will smear sticky handprints on the wall and stroke out a green field of open and some still water.

I waited in the rain for you.

This is my favorite sweater, being poor was never better, and its buttons are just the right sun.

Twist your head back and fast forward with your nose against the glass.

The clouds move slowly because they can.

If I look at the reflection instead of the refraction, half the time I see a woman. She rests her chin on her hand and stares. Her red fingernails square dance on the table top—Dosey doe , here we go.

You're next.

Her eyes look tired and her lips are.

Time to refract.

New billboard = ESCAPE. It's now that easy.

That girl on the bench did it. The boy in the green jacket sits close and she is glad he smells like soap and folds his hands between his knees.

I Am Finding—Getting to and exploring Tate Modern, March 8, 2011

I. It (has to be somewhere around here)

Lost is last worry and comfort when time goes undaunted, uncantered, uncatered, but the tick tock march makes me gulp in hurry and flies and try to stick composure to my sweaty forehead with some relaxed shoulders and a straight spine. I raise, raise the crown and walk like I mean it, and hope so desperately in my armpits that no one can tell I don't. Circles in circles there I am again again the windows show my steps to men in business suits and they laugh, maybe at a joke or maybe because my face is pale and they've seen it before.

I follow faint recollections of a road in a faint direction that I think is faintly south. Or maybe in between. I ask the map, but it doesn't answer. It is mad at me because I don't take it to dinner and only acknowledge it in dark corners where no one can see me looking. Hush, hush, I am not a tourist.

Where the fuck am I?

I am following a general amble. I like him just fine, but it is his Salvation Army that I'm really after. When I see it on the corner up ahead, I give Jesus an air high-five and follow a couple of Death Eaters across a bridge that makes me feel like I'm in the movies. I poise on my tiptoes with my arms in the air and swirl, whirl, furl out and look at the river and wonder why time can tick when I don't look at the clock. I guess the lapping of the waves counts too.

II. Inside (the museum)

Here are building blocks that do not stay still but rearrange into a man with a folded handkerchief
then a 'bot'
then a 'kneipp'
and a floating hand holds a metal tin of ice cubes.

I am convinced in this one I see the Hulk's green butt cheeks and his fart has caused a police state to fall.

In Chile yet in France, in the mind yet in the dark. Roberto Matta Echaurren paints what I see sometimes at night and don't talk about. It has warm touches and the hope of green purples and rainbows making roses out of my belly button.

And here is a piece that is better than Keats' Urn for at least their lips touch even if that's as close as they will ever get.

What happens when you throw books at the wall and they stick? Do they change colors and trim their mustaches with wire scissors so they can look more like art? Or do they look across the room and see their spines in a mirror that swears to them they are beautiful and that they belong in a museum.

She is pretty, he is not.

But she looks so sad. The bow waits propped, but she gazes out the canvas at autumn leaves and remembers when she dies the silence will be like now.

His ribs point out and distort—broken—but he doesn't even notice. His organs have punctured and oozed into silly-putty-molded lungs and he will just breathe deeper and unstrap her bra.

"This is an artist," she says and points to red paper on the wall and wooden stakes and gorilla glue with a sign that says DO NOT TOUCH. Art.

The sculpted maze leads to a near empty room with a table that buzzes and metal tools that wait to be floured and rolled. Why doesn't the noise stop and why does the light fade?

All there are are rooms and more rooms and rooms in rooms with rooms reflected in television screens and hung on walls. How do we get in this maze and where does it end if we are just reflections in a lens—photographic typologies—a series of skin and arms that scrape their elbows and bleed and cry. States of flux, the history of nothing. I sit on a leather bench and watch four black scratches wiggle over metal buttons without pushing them.

III. A Memory (cemented)

This one was here last time. A box of half crosses and wood with receipts for sales I did not make. In my head it is quiet except for a click and a rustle, and there is no one to block my view. I think it is a time machine and each time-traveler has a time card to fill before they clock out and go home. A slip floats past the fence and into my palm. It is in Spanish and I don't know what it says, so I smile and put it back. I think it must mean beautiful things. Then I read the sign on the wall.

I wish Brutalismo wasn't so easy to translate.

Architecture and dictatorships can both be stark and cause disappearances. I hope the time-travelers escaped unscathed.

Ear (/eye) Ration, All a Tease—Observations in Automatic at the British Library, February 16, 2011

First:
Stop thinking.
Let's go sailing.

There is an old man
with green rain boots halfway up his calves.
His pants are tucked into said boots and said boots match his sweater.
I could die from the cuteness.
I like the way he walks.
I like the way my shoe taps to my own beat.

Two friends talk, laugh, one speaks so fast –
is it English? I can't even tell. I love the way it vibes
Up
and down.

Vibrations in a tin can,
a fruit syrup,
a peach fuzz yellow jell-o on Grandma's table,
a red and white squared cloth,
a heart,
a doily valentine cut-out with a smiley cartoon face.

What if our
faces

were on our hearts?

No one would have a nose.
The eyes would see just red and inhale ketchup without the fries.
No crispy chips, no laughing halibut.
No tap tap.

Walk faster, Hands-in-Pockets-Boy.

Tip tap, tap, tip,
no unison,
out of sync.
Nsync =
non sync =
lip-syncing pilgrims.

What:

A white haired wig, plaid flower.

Clean halls and a plant.

I wonder if they're real.

A bag with gingerbread men and flowers painted on.

A girl standing and putting on her coat.

Don't mind me watching.

Don't mind the cracks of break your mother's back

and blue tiles with pink sunsets starting to creep from the edges like sand off the dune.

The green boot man has returned.

He walks forward, back, back slow.

Walk slow, walk and talk and tell telephone missus you love her.

I hope she has the same rain boots in yellow.

I hope they are dry with a little dirt from the garden.

Mud and a slug squelching and slimy on the windowsill.

Hold her, hold her. It is warm.