

The concept of interception



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Set in: Old Standard

Meta4 four masspoem4: the concept of interception

Ragnar Bergendahl says in the metaconversations of this that these are the “ ... voices quivering beneath the raw pain of life's injustices. Masses of cattle lowing quietly to themselves about their daily problems drone on and on, masking the sounds, the voices of your people ... ” And that this work will aid in listening to the words themselves. Text on the other hand is our prison. Language is all that we see. It is thinking. It is objects. We are language. The interception is the reading and the cross road of humanity. But there is also the notion of the old zen riddle: if a tree ... ; if none is there to read the text / watch the eye / love the heart / is it really there. It is not a question.

This project, as the former three, tree, has grown from the roots of lone entity in context – this context is manifest as a whole, as a hole in the, an entity it self. We are one that is to say. The need for deconstruction is done on its own terms. This is manifest democracy, as it is, explained with the crown of understanding the drive of a collective each enterpreting the laws of submission found at the time of construction and readily changing at the pace of the beat.

If we are prisoners inside the cells that we bear – convicts incarcerated – wearing our bodies as suits of splendour and communication and labour, we are the only real freedom. There is no transgression of the self, other then that of being a part of a collective. The superself. It is that which imprisons us which could be our means to the liberty we seek. We are the god of the world as the world is god and the roots of history is the stem from which we bear fruit and fall leafes. In this room which we bear, as part of other rooms, as part of a house, a city, the only world of which we know is a structure of hierarchy. The masspoem is an attempt to flatten the world, to engage the superstructure of text through the use of its decimals: the alphabet; we are the conversation in the silent and lonely forest. We are the falling tree. Language is the sound that we make.

Freke Rähä

Curator

Valentine's day, 2013 e. v.

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Freke Riih  (ed.)

Every night she collect and count the animals. Leisurely follow them along the black soil. Drains bursting udders. Raven covers her muddy skin, stir it faded into the night. Fox in his burrow during squatting pines. Owls shout and yell. Raven dreams the world silent and dark. So also this night, and the next. Animals sigh and whimper. It's like it shall be in land of mire.

Overnight temples squeeze dead clouds against it blindly staring tarn shiny palate sparkling autumn rivers in her veins. And they saddled the mountains and laid their heavy heads over hummocks and shrubbery. Meat rotted still with winters sleep. Everything was tree now, some forgotten leaves giggled hysterically. Now,

he puts them in a row. Counts tall. There is nothing. Beyond lies everything. Poured through asphalt, the animal must see. But they pass, refering their circumstances. Polishing meat, fur and symmetrical muscleorder. Creature; see how it seem. Never autistic, not that, it suffers from. See the distinction, human. You're chained to your curse; speaking your useless words of nothing.

Turn away. You are repealed. Free from. Free to. In the wings only timid house, brittle like bird nests. In front of you, foaming muzzles, the distance you feel when you sleep. The amazing ability when you have lost everything; blood, forest, thin fog. Arousal in iron mouth. To fully given safe passage.

II

In corners and and attics dark fears abide cleverly hidden...out of sight...demonic's we dread, A millennia removed from the cro-magnon's French cave our fear of the dark is an animal unshed. Ages passed by... we advanced...grew our cultures but our souls still remain...cowering in caves, interacting tween tribes...mistrust flavors all. It's envy...greed...jealousy...we pick bones just like vultures.

One nation indivisible...our gods go unmentioned we disparage each other, our politics and stations. It's 99 percent this and and 1 percent that, I'll despise you forever...or till the next revelation. We learn the golden rule, a cup of kindness, lang syne, try to love neighbors and learn not to covet. And we're a twitter in My Space, our Face in a Book, some, looking above from Neanderthal caves, seek divine interception... from fears, and from sin.

We should not write so that it is possible for the reader to understand us, but so that it is impossible for him to misunderstand us.

Quintilian (Marcus Fabius Quintilianus), rhetorician (c. 35-100 e. v.)

III

The grass dreams, so jump aboard. Its roots take us to an accidental depth where the game is over. The words drown peacefully on land. Far rests on the shoulders of mist. Gravity is close. Like a bolt from a hazy purple sky. Your thoughts sailing far within. They should have burnt to a museum long ago. We cleared the air. Of telltale sails remaining upright. Yet not close enough to the end to start over, dear friend. Remember our time. Keep the lights on. Never forget that you are valuable. I remember the kiss. The most beautiful is borrowed.

IV

I see us too, I see us too. We're at least 20 years away from here. Our heads no longer belong to anyone or anything, yet still they're attached to our trembling skeletons, allowing our souls to hover at a safe distance to the ground. Everyone now hears the constant hum of the planet, but few care for it, and most block the sound by inserting white dreams of no reality into their ears. Above our failing visions several fast moving suns, seem to have conquered the sky, and in ways entirely new, we speak of everything but love, without pause or passion.

V

When we reach the surface, some of us will be retained on or intercepted by the vegetation. Those not are throughfall. Those of us that reach the ground via trunks and stems are stemflow. The capacities vary with weather.

Measurements have shown that millions of us can. We will be evaporated back into the atmosphere. In humid areas evaporation can be an important component of the balance. Forest areas have been shown to have greater losses than adjacent grassland areas due to greater aerodynamic roughness of forest, resulting in a much more efficient transfer of us away from the surface.

VI

I have closed the windows I hold back agony windows closed holding out red death
come to me sit with me give me your delicate hands by the fireplace life is good to you
and me life is good so beautiful a dress in green the honey tea for a narrow chest life is
good the papers telling me life is good for you and me as three drops falls down upon
your handkerchief and life is good for you and me.

VII

Colourstay longwear in delicious rouge allure palpitante vernis in red royalty
photoready infalliable iridescent finish perk up artist custom complexion correctors
melaperfect anti-dark spots treatment effet 3D volume and shine elixir 8 hrs gloss in
corail artistic scandal eyes show off mascara maestro fusion makeup SPF 15 quick
tease sheer lacquer
micro-fine finishing spray anti-split blow-dry lotion cuticle polisher by pureology
infinium lumiere etreme hold professionnelle all-soft argen 6 oil techni art hot style
constructor forever strong nail polish in oh, so close explosif fall mood midnight tryst
queen of green dore orfevre sloane gardens: the new miracle, like chrome.

VIII

Blue, another refrain, shines its anemic support – then blasts triumphant on my
excommunication pod pushed by the wind. I would like to pursue memory down to the
level of a windowsill 1500 years after Jesus. Frozen diphthongs and soft consonants
that hang in the mouth like wet licorice. Bird-ravaged cherries three in a row on the
branch closest the trampoline. Forever ant hills on the audience daydream, building
electrical fields and they will come to the peninsula. A pheasant flutters on the dam
in front of the dog's hot jaws, his alien feast has landed and fattened the sin-dappled
fjord.

IX

I am sorry, but I will not read your poem. It's not bad, but words on paper mean nothing to me any more. They are only black dots on a white surface. Don't misunderstand me. It's not your fault. It doesn't matter if you are an amateur or a Nobel-prizewinner. I cannot read literature any longer, not even my own texts. They mean nothing to me. Yes, I love words, letters, stories and the process of writing. But when it's finally finished and the ink has dried on paper the spirits of literature die in front of my. I am sorry but I will not read your poem...

X

Life chooses you. You choose life. Death chooses you. You choose death. Religion chooses you. You choose religion. Politics chooses you. You choose politics. Mass hysteria chooses you. You choose mass hysteria. Solitude chooses you. You choose solitude. Crowds chooses you. You choose crowds. Sickness chooses you. You choose sickness. Health chooses you. You choose health. Black chooses you. You choose black. Red chooses you. You choose red. Brown chooses you. You choose brown. Yellow chooses you. You choose yellow. White chooses you. You choose white. This poem chooses you. You choose this poem.

XI

oceangoing dressing room impracticable knives virginal peat clear-cut excessively

shoplift flowery unpaved toneless verbal noun overgrowth hike raunchiness

byline rotogravure inviting confidentially dry cell subcontinent southwestern turnpike

fuzziness

plausibly

unscrupulous debris

spinster circumspect high-handedly cost of living carbon blackball scuttlebutt officiate □
acuity emotional fitful remedy aflutter vengeful disobedience

integrity reformation contract soothsayer preexist gunk

winding immaturely filing idealistic marjoram superstructure undertook foreshadow
astound surrender

clutch fathomless valet because astir moonstone computation crassness gallivant
activity relatively

present tense typify enslave ceremony mammoth hematology

insolence desensitize

neglectful apprehensive monomania zigzag animal unutterable pick

marry complimentary

grower reentry scatterbrain raglan stopper

palpable underwrote

lavender bundle

XII

Little little heart pierced, fanfare and compliments. Life, my dear, is old movie silent film and bnaadges are rsiky bule busseins jsut to keep the mmoevent in aeabneyc. sunod phbioa sohetosr. Her simle our glow, candle lhigt, glitetirgn. Smile is galaxy map, swishing skirt, beautiful Baetuiful cohilhodd mmoeires snik dwon into the matrress as you, uaelrl amopthesre almsot meaks me love winert. Dwarin Isoes prfeererd breezes and the fab trapeod has apdoted aa bowrn brae. La peermeri: three is sonw iinsde the huseo. Frnottaluey we will neevr clod.

Dazzled once more with the oval glass.

Isabelle's new home.

XIII

These Lines of Ymir's from my breath, your breath and from my bones, your bones. From my flesh, your flesh and with my eyes, you will see. You have been set free so that your steps and footprints will write my epitaph across the blue sky, so that you would grow wings and fly, little words soaked through sweet and dipping down like clouds that whimper and wave by, my elegy. Set free, two hands to grasp and a mouth to gasp and legs to march and feet to dance and bones and muscles like tangles and knots hidden under your skin like silk and damp cloth that clings and folds, my eulogy. As I sink falling away into the moist earth, fossilized remains in the deep mud. My hands, your hands. My blood, your blood. My thoughts, your thoughts and with my voice, you will sing.

XIV

My plan was to write an essaypoem on the concept of interception but the concept got intercepted by a stray thought on the form of this piece of text & texts in general & generally speaking generals know next to nothing either of concepts or interception or even of of giving me the opportunity to use "of" twice in the same very short line while thinking less about fashion & more about food & the preparation of it or keeping to fact as opposed to truth which is allergic to fact or fiction which used up all my hundred words.

XV

It pains me to know that we follow each other's tracks trying to join together story of shattered cells trying to disassemble story and whole cells. It pains me the journey through darkness when we wanted light unable to do otherwise than creating room invisible room, rooms closing doors and in the rooms, we travel together lonely and tired, too late and in vain. It pains me that God became some of the bodies betrayal, that faith came to stand in the door and squeezing his toes, very badly. It pains me and you the pain we share our body of langues the body of pain is poetry about us.

XVI

The interception of dreams. (As I sleep in an ivory spell.) I sleep in an ivory spell. The dream came as an uninvited guest, breaking the spell of a sleeping happiness marring the fictions of my desire: the slow inactivity of self. In half light catalyzing the contours of objects like a cold wave reaching the foot of my bed. No longer a particle in the stream but as an invisible swirl in the drift like layers of inaudible music. The cold structures of silence. Come together with the regret of two trees outside, alike, trembling clouds like words or forgotten minutes move past in a fragile thaw.

XVII

Last night when he came crashing through the door into my study Kropotkin admitted it was a mistake having renounced anti-militarism and then asked for a cup of tea. He told me he's still pondering the vast landscapes of Manchuria in search of that piece of rock that will crack wide open and in a split second reveal the perfect balance between individual & collective freedom. He said there are no short cuts. Then he bursted out again left his cup of tea untouched on the table still warm, almost burning.

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