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(fill in the blanks.) And blanks there were plenty / given the constitution and effacement of forms
Originally printed as part of 'Alone In The Midnight', published by Soup Gallery x Foolscap Editions to accompany
the group exhibition 'Alone In The Moonlight' featuring Mark Burch, I. Mills and Albie Romero.

(fill in the blanks.) And blanks there were plenty
given the constitution and effacement of forms¹

Mostly that: the not-remembering, little quads of negative space. Gulfs
of wall and artificial borders and notes, here, in the marginalia. Lapses
occasionally fastened in place by a sparkly node that purports to be something of value.
Retinal value, that's one system of belief quite ≠ some others:

- governing bodies
- planetary maps
- funerary arrangements
- civil lawsuits
- that other way you could have done it,
because the other way is always right and you
are never.

There is a constant yearning
For all that is unconfined. But much needs
To be retained. And loyalty is required.²
Barbed feelings have too little say, and your genetic make-up, too much.
Despite the term, pink noise sounds monochromatic
if not for the spark of outrage when the plane engine jolts. (a kick inside)
You wake with instituted functionality, you go
kill your darlings, then hazily prepare the leftovers.

Blurred images carry more information, the velocity and direction of the photographer, for instance.
Legibility ≠ meaning, modern technologies have altered the nature of the literal, by uncoupling act
from representation, the event as performed from the image as perceived.³ The rest is found (ie. what
follows being lost), if we were to reengineer causality and suffer its reprisals. Doubtful. Debt full.
To one image its own economy of guilt and things unsaid, entirely, you
running late after the gilded present,
no surprise.

Which better frames a window of thought: your myopic vision or my selective memory? The closing
distance between the ground and a calculated fall ≠ the closing distance between distorted
reminiscence and watered-down fantasy. Closing in
but never quite:
the hang ups and ends of days
the betrayals and loose ends, that only
render softer your (earth-tethered) longings by increasingly worn brush.

then cut ties, anyway. Speaking of severance, you've taken unusual interest in scenes abstracted from
their context lately. Remind me, what were those fuzz-edged desires that you mistook as
the cornerstones of meaning ≠ how you interpreted the event and told me this with levelled breath
(the only even thing in this room). What is your preferred means of surviving?
dressed in olive oil or furnished cheaply,
standing dinner or probable ambitions. Either

¹ Catherine Malabou, *What Should We Do With Our Brain?*, trans. Sebastian Rand (New York: Fordham University Press, 2008), p.77

² Friedrich Hölderlin, *Mnemosyne*, c.1803, *Selected Poems and Fragments*, trans. Michael Hamburger (London: Penguin Books, 2007)

³ Marina Warner, 'Ether', *Phantasmagoria*, (Oxford University Press, 2008), p.288

way, have you grief enough for two? Does it shift as weight can, from one hip to its weaker other,
apportioned as unfairly as memories are? Every Angel is terrifying.⁴ Every bone must be named, items
in the library numbered, such are our days
so what
of nothings gathered then herded
towards the most casual of caesuras: the
–threshold that is an ornamented fence
–self-portrait with furrow-hashed brow
–smoke wisps ending the cherry draw
–suspension of landings in crosswinds
–abductions for which there are no safe-words,
≠ a secret padded out by rumpled crepe paper.

and blanks there were plenty
given your melancholic absenteeism, one offset by cheap tricks and
garnished to the effect of the minute's sentiments, even.
(ie. a roundabout way of saying things.) You
protect your love of unresolved plotlines be it a waft, a blur, an effulgent dream
or a seemingly hard-edged thing like a UFO. (pirouetting quietly)
Never still, a memory

mourning in default,⁵
an event prolapsed from its original position and duly anaesthetised.

⁴ Rainer Maria Rilke, *The First Elegy*, 1912, trans. Edward Snow, <https://poetrysociety.org/poems/the-first-elegy>. The angel is described by Rilke as having 'nothing to do with the angel of the Christian heaven... The angel of the Elegies is that creation in which the transformation of the world into invisibility which we carry out appears already completed.'

⁵ Jacques Derrida, *Memoirs for Paul de Man*, trans. Cecile Lindsay (New York: Columbia University Press, 1989), p.57