MY POETICS

Abigail Child

Abstract: Unexpectedly reflecting how we are drifting hardly tween actual and invented nerves hear rhizomes

The act of montage invests the internal with exterior workouts with risks and a retake
The insult of fragment
I take to be fabric
	of the actual Narration
	and the ands

The melancholy of One versus
the surprise of another
	I take to be Social:
	the translation of two

The picture unreadable
wrong music
	become comic, fallible
I take to be "transplant"

Affronted labeling of “shard”
I imagine an architecture,
	An atomic etymological left-over
	’s pizzaz

The accusation of discontinuity
the very physiological
	Fuckface
	remedies practice

Mind crossing tween nerves
performed via acetylcholine,
	a miniature model
	a proto typical enzyme

To allow thought from and form
Words improvise
	images promote
	a non ideal transaction

Unexpectedly reflecting how we are
drifting hardly tween
	actual and invented
	nerves hear rhizomes

The act of montage
invests the internal with
	exterior workouts
	with risks and a
retake
A baroque conversation
overwhelms the classical

\[ \text{which has never existed} \]

in its assumed whiteness
\[ \text{Now was always polyglot} \]
Has my defamiliarization unnerved?

immorally banal

Fibonacci poltergeist
lounges ambiguously
How well we shared

property

Squeamish with complicity
I’m trying to \textit{unfinish} business
People inside me

\textit{need} to be homeless

Striations of multiple urges
become trophy to excavation

\[ \text{What makes a theory realistic?} \]

or kaput?

Materialize your metaphors
Meet your gallery owners
gardening in a war zone

a member at lunch shares a new intimacy

with State deception
We remain
Let the Gods stay with the gods

return to the streets

where books become weapons
in the war of ideas
Risk of info science parallels its rise

Spinoza was \textit{our guy}

An open source intelligence
compromising masculinity
in the library museum of an extinct race

plunder consumption preserves
He's a sucker for the civil war
making photos out of live action
   Loving the fade-outs
   isn't my way at all

It’s the indexing, stupid
all greetings with remembrance
   lacking improvement doors
   de categorize snatches in space time

Say something
making manifest cognition
   and acumen junk
History of intelligence is history of the look

the American language of success
   promotes big tobacco
   and big tobacco tattoos
   We reject

these suits
   rename play station
   memento mori
The insult of fabric

The material
   of the actual
   of an other
Become basis of realism

An unforgettable fantasy
or art
   in the act of
   not forgetting

Abigail Child is a media artist. Winner of the Rome Prize, a Radcliffe Institute Fellowship, both Guggenheim and Fulbright Fellowships, as well as participating in two Whitney Biennials, she has had numerous retrospectives worldwide. She is also a writer with five books of collected poetry and author of This is called moving: A critical poetics of film (2005). She is Professor of Film/Animation at the School of the Museum of Fine Arts Boston and has her studio in New York.