

Core (Hold)

Within the silt the darkroom awaits; dark,
like when you close your eyes

against a flash of sunlight in the lens – a black
flash – or better still: a duotone, your veil slipping its way

over mine – or better still: see me evaporate,
highly inflammable developer – or better still:

tank packed with fossil fuel, explosive, exploding.
For an infinite second the entire, proverbial spectrum

shudders, the taste of vermouth in my mouth,
the tinge of silt. Drifting silt; touch it and it

pulls you in, absorbs you, the inner silt, the
silt inside–silky, silkily clinging, like
spinning gossamer, licking your skin. Sleek
satin that smells like more. The oily sheen. A
texture to tangle and unravel, always sticking, a
body stocking. And when you start swimming it
changes its shape to suit your strokes, expands,
reaches out, celestial mud becoming cosmic ashes, ever-
widening, and once there, folding back on itself once
again, on itself, in itself, clutching itself, turning back on
itself; a core. And how–weary of swimming–your
swimming becomes groping, crawling with shell-
shaped hands, floating, head first, an erasing of
self, a sinking feeling (thanks, Annie) till
you're overwhelmed in deep deep gulfs; a
cell.

'Core (Hold)' is de Engelse vertaling, door Sherry Marx, van 'Kern (Greep)', uit *Anatomie van het slik* (Uitgeverij De Weideblik, 2010). De Engelse vertaling van het geheel, *An Anatomy of Silt*, wordt in september / oktober 2010 in de Acadia University Art Gallery, Wolfville, Nova Scotia, gepresenteerd. Met de foto's van Dick Groot, in een geluidslandschap gecomponeerd door Derek Charke (zie <http://www.charke.com/comp/comp/composition/tidelines.htm>).