

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>).