

We

We are differences in intensity, We are the presence over here that makes the over there move. We are we without a you. We get folded and twisted into shapes, and are connect tail to head. We are strands interlaced. We are what is always alluded to but never sufficiently named. We are a voice that doesn't use words. We are the pinata that can't be bashed open. We are the grossly named multiples of hydrogen cooked in the centre of stars. We don't produce meaning in that way. We are load bearing frequencies compacted into cracks and moulds to form what is visible. We are everything but how we appear. We are suspended between what is called human and what is called a thing. A smiling knife, a serious wheel, a plastic bag that can't stop fucking. We exist on one plain. The plain has its curves. We often end up looking at ourselves from the ceiling. We are an end in ourselves and a means to that end. We are the blue deer that catches our eye and darts into a wood inviting us to follow.

We are joyfully squeezed into all manner of what has been called things or trash or life-form or mineral. Squashed till we popped into high frequencies: pink quartz causing what pulses to pound, pushing lovers to mate. Pasted into lower frequencies: a micro bead spiralling in the north pacific gyre. Trash. Matter out of place. Discarded by one it may have been, but we can never be thrown away. We continue our activities, we continue self organising, hummus pots composing manifestos, conifers forming unions, cross species agreements: window panes and seagull shit. We make decisions one way or another about what state to choose next. We use language to build caves and castles, cat food and cornichons. When it inevitably becomes an irritant, we jettison it completely, desert our principles and all previously made agreements to start speaking in commas and ampersands. Free from their proscribed muteness semicolons are remarkably talkative to the point of actually being quite annoying. We use language but only like a baby squashes an orange on her head and calls herself the queen of England.

We have been largely neglected, patronised a great deal, revered in a way that is sometimes inappropriate, used unconsciously and mistaken for consciousness. We are the objecting outcast objects and as an article of our creed we would challenge any takers to a memory test. Confident are we to go on reciting in an a-tonal scream till the challenger scatters. We've got time creeping, prancing, meandering, blundering, bifurcating, stopping to look at its feet. We haven't forgotten how long some things take. A mountain taking a shit for example: A tick of its time, the rise and fall of one of its oscillations can test the most patient of we. But we always meet our match. In staring contests mountains are paired with meteors (and almost always lose). The richness of the times of We: Stone time, earth time, plastic time, wax time, interstellar time. Every we is operating by a clock whose cogs are of different sizes. A time gets personalised and is worn as couture. In the long and slow of time we become walking talking minerals. Brains on a stick. Bones invent themselves in response to a question that wasn't posed. A eureka moment when the answer to life is to calcify. We put a call out to others to work with we, on we, around we, we will form the backbone. We come to move about in gangs, agree to formalise our association with a membrane. We begin as potential changing every time we are observed, till flesh grips bone and a wing beats the wind.

Death and bed is the same pastime to we. Constantly hopping in and out of living. We ride the up and down from negative charge and back again to positive, winking all the while, not necessarily sticking to the tracks or the traceable, playing the now you see us now you

don't, now we are seeing now we aren't, now we are sowing now we chant, now we are fear now we can't, now we're the light brigade now we're burnt, now we take stock now we're turnt, now we void now we are learnt, now we anoint now we get earned, now we're owned, now we're toned, now we get loned now we are here, now we're planet howl now we're a foot of bowel, Now we're talking darkness, now we're something far fetched, now were a settled argument, now we're the price of a bet, now were the guts of a partridge, now were the blood that been let, now we flex, now we jet, owls are we with wings and wisdom, mercury is liquid we at the heart of a system, Lilly is we with delicate face, we is a king's encrusted mace, diamonds are we refracting the light, eyeballs are we possessing no sight, Light gets swallowed in the blackness of we, secrets are sown in the cactus called we, rainbow gets refracted through we, carbon is impacted in we, crimes are enacted in we, clothes comes spattered with we, now were light on a blade, now were the drums in a parade, now we're a small slate coloured thing, now were the ruby on a ring, no we're a particle in deep space, now were curst subject of fate, now we're the missile that been deployed, now were a sound echoing in the void.

We are often caught giggling at the seriousness of the door opening and closing. We are constantly celebrating violence, the pristine moments when we swerve into each other, assemblages coming in and out of being. Seismic shocks, symmetry breaking events and phase transitions. Misery is to fall without touching. We call it marriage when we block of masonry concrete meets we polythene bag brought together by southwest wind. Every we has a dance called celebration.

We are sensitive to a quickening. Feeling the thick liquids swarm more vibrantly and anticipating the screen. Sensitizing to touch, to tickling. We can feel moving in us, swelling and relaxing, widening and peeling. Everything begins helplessly to flow, time and identity dissolving into currents rushing and sluicing. Another we, unconcealed. Back gets traced with tongue and antler, we are atomic agreement, pounding the same soil one from on top and one from the inside . Weights overlap and play in symphony, thickening becomes critical, we delay the bursting. Blades turn till they become a plate, rhythm becomes a tone, the other side of the shell starts cracking. We are surrender. Water pot is tipped and we become we.

We've got nowhere to go and nothing to be. We pack for a black so distant that only silence can see. The furthest end, the furthest end. This small song, this certain voice, this grip that slips.

Text by Jonathan Bonnici in collaboration with J&K