



AK BLAKEMORE

HORROR

MINERVA III

OPENING SHOT (TRUE CRIME)
STORYBOARD FOR A CONCEPTUAL HORROR MOVIE
SONZAI KAN
TOMORROW

AK BLAKEMORE'S FIRST COLLECTION IS 'HUMBERT SUMMER'
(EYEWEAR BOOKS, 2015).

OPENING SHOT (TRUE CRIME)

and when the snow lifted, they saw their own
blue cotton lives, and shy bell-like drippings from the branches that
were a little like the language they spoke – sisters – in the dark.

the young couple who walked up the lane, sipping vodka
from the bottle lid, cannot be criticised for remaining ignorant
to that horror – though they stopped and pointed, laughing, when they saw
the walnut gun-rack through the window, mounted above the gas fire &
fourteen commemorative chastity ball photos,
each of a different girl.

STORYBOARD FOR A CONCEPTUAL HORROR MOVIE

I

on a country walk in mid-february
our heroes find a hollowful of blood.
this discovery is all the more menacing
because unlike the puddles of rain that spot
the rural path around it, this hollowful of blood
is unfrozen.

probably foxes, or

wildlife,
says one.

II

scene
of brutal glossectomy –
intercut with footage of ripe avocado,
inexpertly de-stoned.

III

from the car, he sees two young girls
playing tennis in black thermals.
floodlit, rapt –

they are identical twins.
they may be beautiful.

in cursive, red-on-black

the words flash:

‘the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes’.

IV

the elderly dowager

holds a red rose to her mouth.

this is a subtle visual reference

to *Achilles Mourning the Death of Patroclus* –

the painting by Cy Twombly

he saw hanging in the Louvre.

SONZAI KAN

the soup, left to sit,
grew warm skin.

in the bath tub where
she considered her own feet
and was naked except for a hair-elastic,

she came closest
to having an *aura*.

grey-pink, like shaving foam.
afterwards she picked out
an outfit of

a swimsuit printed with tiny apricots
& a pair of white nylons,
said:

*continuity of colour is slimming and
regret serves no purpose.*

her pre-set dances
depict cart pushing,
digging,

the hanging of lanterns
on an invisible tree.

TOMORROW

we collected bones
from the foreshore –

he told me it is self-indulgent to think you
are living through any sort of end-time

but we returned – in talk –
to the hermetic gardens
we would later find paved over,
empty of the cigarette ends

that signified the presence of those we loved despite their vices.

