

Gordon Schmidt

*Plaza*

October 23<sup>rd</sup> – December 5<sup>th</sup> 2015

How long have we wandered this seemingly illimitable plain? Familiar terrain at an unfamiliar hour, we busy ourselves on the divisions of a capital. One fixed point on a grinding platform of rock. This note sounds longer in isolation, its position verified by continued velocity.

Daybreak comes, light bends across visages burnt by syncopated drumbeats. Amongst the scattered dead limbs the shift from fervent recognition to foreign divorce is being written up, but till the ink dries an agitated limbo strangles talk at birth. Confinement upon release, the sound of liberty affirmed by the heavy clang of a metal gate. For the present, these objects of the plaza, this matter playing-dead, speak more than dumb wiped out bipeds. Those marks on the distant rock wall, scratched under electric light hours ago, minutes in the past, slip seamlessly into collusion with a geological time signature. A facsimile of eons within a fissure of rock.

But for now, locked between beats the plain languidly stretches your gaze out beyond, towards an invisible blue-grey point where the land meets the air.

Text by Jack McConville.