Chimera
**A paragraph for each painting**

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Here is a painting that makes speaking about it feel like dropping coins into an empty teapot and trying to pour. Words are cartoons in this light, each one tripping over its own image, unaccustomed to being caught in the cast of their own frantic shadowplay. But there is a climate beyond this - see where the coppered enclave falls away into its own dormant context. Colour is given shape against the burr of time, as the vine is flavoured by its terrior. The result reduces the division between in- and ex- to the constituent *Terior*.
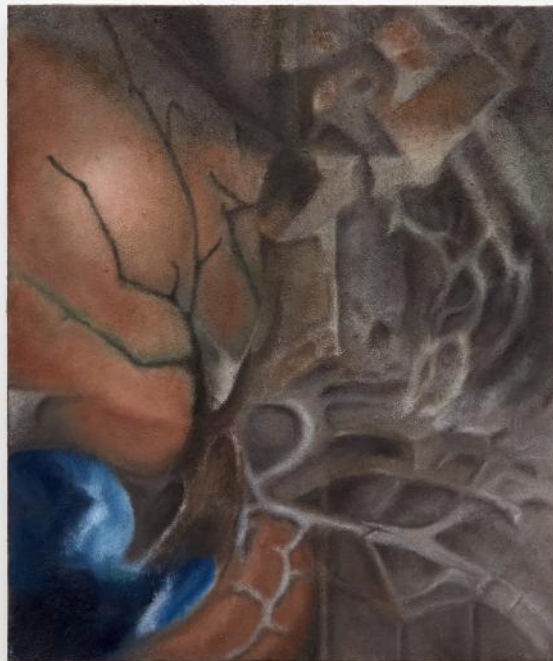
The subject is its own syntax, still forming. Vision accustoms gradually, as to shapes in a dark room - the edges are obvious, but the density remains nameless. What is this rhythm of ribbon held by? Every edge is a loop, any gesture you enact here will be enacted upon you. This is depth without distance, the scale is not human. There is no vanishing point, only sedimentation. What to read into the elegance of a line that is both before motion and after language? Coiled, folded and unspun, it was done a dab at a time, but now happens all at once. How does its duration intersect with your own? Look at it arriving, like light from a sunless sky, *Deadpan*.

If there must be a noun, let it be one that opens. A door in a picture promises another picture, lying unseen beneath. The pinch point undoes the image from itself. Crosshairs are a unit of measurement, against which foliage can be scaled, albeit dumbly. But here we look down the other end, the measured thing is subsuming the instrument. Slant rip, peeling panes. A decoy being deconstructed. Which was the warp and which way the weft? Blue pulls, folds green. Back up, *Syntheses*.

These are curves of time, held by the guise of still life. Solidification along lines of harmony. Entropy, frosting. Brought to witness by the glimmer, as night traffic animates the eyes of something dead. Whatever is holding these features in taught relation, it too holds me in looking. Air bubbles in ice, the picture hovers. Break off the metaphysic fruit, watch it pitch and quiver. This is no smooth skinned reward. The dazzle is puckered by its particles. Seeing the here now projects the what into past existence. Journey, journey. Move at any speed, just cover the distance to *Phala.*

A device for loosening time. The beckoning pulse, rhythm of what? No sundial or clock. Face of the rain, unwitting the outer city. Vehicle of choice: naval noise taker with nasal furrows. Invitation to see the inner image. Frontal ache of colours named: Titanium and Payne's. Just the two, then all that falls between. Come closer, be where the days puddle. Clean your ear, not in the canal but along the antihelix. Brush salt crystals from the future pit. Close your eyes and find the painting inside, remember how the curves fed each other like unspooled words, have another look, close your eyes, recite it in your mind, see the mesial colour, say: *Eidetic Maneki-neko*.

Bracket, bending a line into meaning. Half a zero, or an eye on its side, revelling in its own crop of light. Keeper of what is yet to come. Friction gives form to immaterial agents. Agitate of magnet dust, our optical window. Blue light scattered by clean sky, red light not. Truest bucket, always about to arrive. Planetary convex, lumen reach. Once alien ancestor, now juice fountain. Every misnomer emanates from another intimate dimension. There are two steps *(*encrypt, reverse*)*.

Far sky is brought close as fur by the paintwork. Surface grows out in front of itself as it recedes. Addition is a means of concealment. Ascendant negation, a state of generation. The result is an oblique but absolute document of how the painting came into being. It holds the tip of its own becoming above the dim of received history. Imagine that what we have is a constellation of unseeable rocks, lit from above - the question is how to be located by the promised patches of shade, and what shapes are made of us below. Find it branching from an old promise, the *Hidden path*.