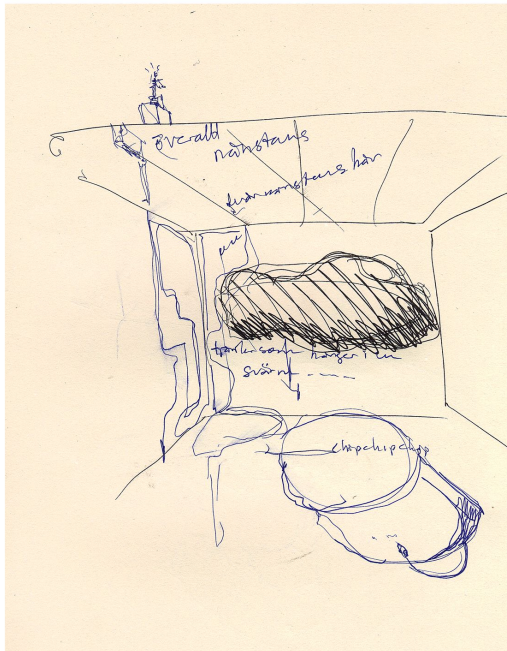




uncertain rooms



I'm walking barefoot in the snow. The sun is shining and I have a slight limp. There's a flower shaped crater under my left foot. I look around for a copier, a jangle of change for the machine in my pocket. I have a script rolled up in the other.

The audience is waiting, and I can tell they're growing restless from the way they fudge around in their seats. It's opening night, number is nine. I wasn't going to perform in this, but somehow I got asked to. I never really had a chance to say no - it was too exciting a proposition to turn down. I will dance with my eyes shut when things get difficult. I will perform an interpretation of the text using my whole body. I might even watch TV; it makes perfect sense at this stage



Before it was now
Damn worse than ill it was
I've gotten both myself in trouble and evicted
So I can neither dwell nor someplace

One more time all together now:

Antes era ahora mismo
Cuno peor que maldita sea
ahora me he puesto en la calle y en apuro mismo
Hasta que no puedo habitar ni estar por ningún lado



ladders, keys and salt.
ashes and honey.
sugar and spice.

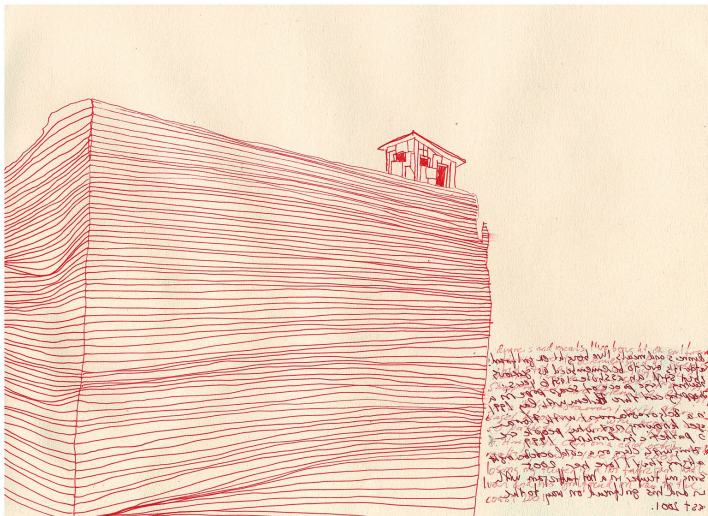
light a candle
burn some sage
open a window

have to put the bird in there or-
can't sign it unless it's-
won't talk about that after-

parking lot prayer:
quiero, puedo y lo hago
quiero, puedo y lo hago
quiero, puedo y lo hago
with thumb and index finger
making a connection,
repeat three times for a space.



There's a hole where the rain gets in. I have to move to the front, careful to avoid exposure in the window facing the house. I stretch an old blanket over the window and attach it on top with a couple of crooked nails. The garden serves as a visual barrier between my family and me in the summer, but the dry twigs offer scant protection at this time of year. I sit down on a stool, smoke a cigarette and take a few sips of warm beer. Every now and then I poke around in a basket filled with cans and scrap metal.
Husshhh! Daddy is working, kids.



There's a small red line drawing of a window with a pediment and two vertical bars. The drawing is made of red ink on a light-colored paper. The window is positioned on the right side of the drawing, above the main body of horizontal lines. The lines are drawn with a pen or marker, and they have a slightly wavy, hand-drawn quality. The overall style is minimalist and architectural.

introductory poem by Clara Diesen



I

There is no movement, today;
it would be strange if anyone approached the shack this day.
I have pried into loss and shut the door.
This door cannot be latched. Not from in here.

No purpose (my hands) other than what (my hands)
my hands
take upon themselves
to execute,
pretend there is no hurry.

A leap, a specific leap- in to the room,
time is phased, visible as a shade just below the floor,
a shadow flat on the ground. Under the room.

This room where that which was brought here
(from the bigger room)
can be unpacked

I read a shack
A shack made of coral
Of alabaster
Of boards and sheet metal
A shack, which is a Saturday
A hospital
A darkroom for producing light
A coincidental shack
A shack for shooting yourself
A shack where a butterfly hides
A shack filled of water
A shack that holds a captured cloud
A shack reclaimed by the landscape

A shack that is a single day
A shack that is a single night

There is a knothole that lets in light, put your mouth to the hole, this!
is how it feels, as if traveling on a river: let your hand drop into the water, feel it!
It is the same place
it is the same now.

I arrange what I brought here, inside.
Surrounded by debris and objects that have fallen out of mind, too.
Someone took off, left a place without a defined function, so, the room, pulls away from its own room
and then I go in.

I go inside with my one meal.
There is no once again.

There's an illuminated square of light on the rotten floor made of nostalgia,
time is already another outside the shack,
but there is an occasional shadow of a flock of birds that flows over the square of light,
like a line of irregular symbols, black undulating letters.

The shack carries with it an illuminated interior. The entire landscape can see this inside,
it got here suddenly, too early, too late
and if I never said anything before I can at least say it now.
(a signal)

Go in to the shack with:

A single letter
A single tool
Go into the shack
with a tiny torchlight.

II

A second at a time fall in through the cracks, through the rifts,
pile up in heaps
On the windowsill, if there is a window, seconds fall onto the
floor, come to rest
in the corners
in drives
and days

my one, my only
shored up with a chain
on top of a protruding rock
a letter written directly under the hands
could tumble straight into the sea below

a shack (a letter) shrouded in mist, in fog,
on the interior of gossamer mould
of lichen, a carpet of soft little mushrooms
like velvet
in there: the fresh smell of decay
a deep green deterioration
like the inside of an old tree
three hundred years.

a shack that is the longest day
and the shortest
a shack that is a sundial
a vessel

someone left, has left behind
but the equipment remains in place

a shack that is an outpost
that is the border town
...my passport with me

a shack that is in custody of a cloud
that has harnessed a storm
that is a vessel
for a single interrupted gesture

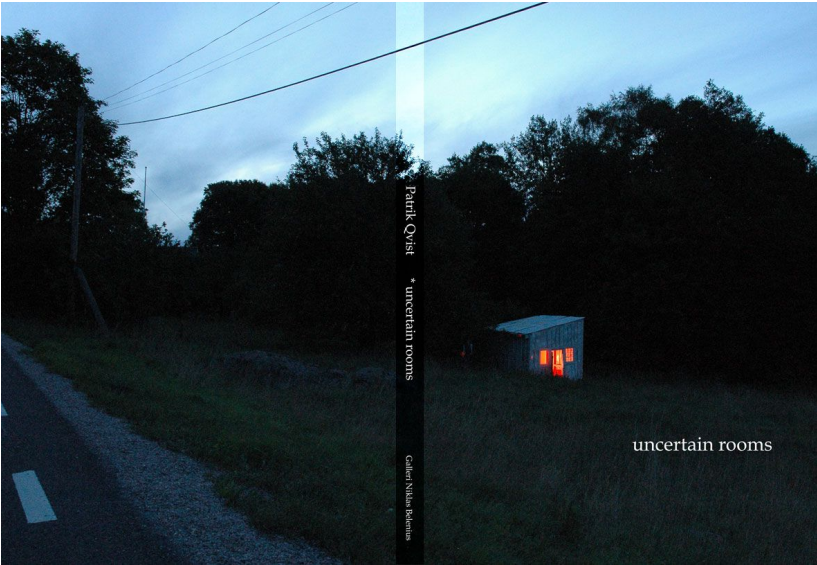
III

We get there now and fill up the suitcase
Wrap in that which was brought along with outmost care
Carefully, nothing left outside
Work fast and with a method
Wrap up what I brought with me
under the canopy of the tree
Within the passage
Inside that shack

A shack that holds a cargo
A vessel
(a signal)

A shack made of wood
A shack to get around in
A shack of green gold

A shack that is a room
Where:
the hands occupy their own room



Patrick O'Neil
+ uncertain rooms

Galleri Nilsen Beinhorn

uncertain rooms