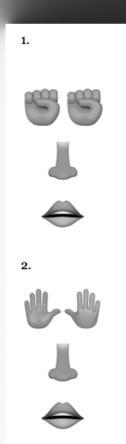
Vanessa Holyoak "Ghost Archive"

I see I saw a wet moss lichen imagined right out of my shower the window cracked open plummeting rain outdoors meets hot shower steam inside and outside linked by a porous membrane or at least one that opens and closes suddenly the heater works it smells like toxic sweet ink I texted my friend to see if I should worry she said yes

II all caught up in timely business and looking for an exit, she thought back to her hand as it dripped ink in slender lines and wonky blotches and remembered her ancestor's calligraphy on those scrolls in the nunnery each written as by a different hand different styles different epochs one man's hand but at least 10

gods

Ш how many times I forget what I am doing & stand staring into darkness dizzy despite my determination. a day is like crawling through a lead pipe shuffling along in the damp blindness & hoping I'm going in the direction. how easy to stand still when this is my only task between a&z is just space



Effy Morris ____*Nancy"

grew out my hair to taste, covered now in feelers

touching ur soft green mantle for, maybe an electric shock

> Nancy I want ur weird flesh draped over my leg bone, Nancy

my hair invasive, crawling up ur spine