The Garden

I’m always from a place that I don’t know.

The garden is a figment simultaneously in chorus as synthetic, marketable and utopist; materialist, naturalist, and public; melancholic, solid, and minimal; baroque, isolated, and somnambulant; one-dimensional, inaccessible, and stationary; architectural, serial, and regulatory. The garden is an entrance. The garden is a complicated hinge.

The rill runs through the center of a green expanse, a captivating procession of beneficiary bisection, exposing mirroring hues. Two columns flank a water theatre, leaving the suggested spine vulnerable for an ascending or descending clearance, bordered by white stone pathways. Stone-dust sequins a statue’s sculpted soles in silver shine when wet with water nearby.

Everything in the garden is lovely. Decorated vases line a bridge connecting two separated sections of topiaried shrubs. Beyond this: a widespread, vast stretch of water reflecting in a row of miniature dark-colored garden-glass dually reflecting the surrounding landscape and its subjects – a scenographic technique to minutely condense and flatten an open space.

A theatre of warfare is outside of the garden; absent in actuality, factual in virtuality, and discursive in modality. The reception of this absence blurs and softens rigid clipped hedges crowning the open-air theatre; mosaic tiles of smudged green topiary arrangements broaden crowded outputs leavening perceptive buoyancy in unfastened air as the highest visual notation.

A deformation of landscape objects: one plane exists exclusively as the objects populating this singularity stretch, duplicate, and mirror previous chronological incarnations; the objects exist as a perpetual memorial – a depiction of its past before its present is compromised. Two individuals operate biologically and technically in connectedness on a singular landscape.
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A motorcycle weaved around the garden’s herbaceous border. The path the gardener formed for the crew’s carts was perfect for a quick – speed-driven – jaunt around the protected area. All of the green, hued blends, stone structures, and patterned grids bled into one kaleidoscope of instant panoramic alacrity. A mechanic body, a battery, a connected speed, a path.

A circle around landscaped hierarchical growth – white stone walkways, sculpted bench and water fountains, wide canals of decorative irrigation, flanking avenues outline a planned but never completed arboretum, a shaded pavilion for relaxation populated by an array of urns and statues, and a courtyard surrounded by an expansive green – evident as an oroboros.

Anonymity as a digital compound against a never-waning subjectivity of capitalist momentum: the abhorrent reflective marketing of culture-paste – identity prescribed from a mirrored typecast, a mirrored production of oneself through the achievable object-identity, to erase synthetic product-singularity and embrace communicative anonymity. To become: anonymous.

In the meantime, public flesh is already lost. Skin is skin. Flesh was shell, shell at birth and after, roadside and blown to bits. In time, in the meantime, the structure remains – as death is captured and re-captured and cast and recast – in multiplications. Unknown death is mutative – digitally rendered, perceivable as shock or appetite, a tag, or a data device for marketing.

The garden is a stockpile. The garden is an hour. The garden is civilian. The garden is white. The garden is an anonymous area where subjects cyclically proximate the area in motion devoid of material-as-identity but function as a barrier for mass material colonization. The landscape functions multiplicatively as grounds for domination, exploitation, and expansion.
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A drone of preparatory footage domes grounded gunfire. Light is water through the unhurried saunter of trees lining the garden casting swimming motions over the dirt track barely breaching the outer-lying herbaceous border. At an irrational constant’s endpoint, an angular culmination of speed and leisure erupts equidistant from its original point of velocity.

A series of intersecting stairways ascends to plateau-like levels – visibly never advancing, disappearing when approached – congregating towards an elegant layout of water fountains beautifully counter-cascading the initial ascent downward towards a spectacular expansive reflective pool dotted by atmospheric ornaments complimenting the landscape’s visible ends.

The motorcycle stops in the dirt track. Two men, appropriate in deep leisure, enjoy the picturesque stillness in ad hoc subversion. Ducks congregate poolside as remote controlled sailboats weave, turn sideways, and absently float ashore. A small cascading enhancement slopes pathways to the innermost act of sole servitude. An unfolding hinge exposes walls.

The courtyard is an open space. Entries into the courtyard’s open spaces’ taxonomic history are dual-linear. A constructed marginal space covers the open space’s open space: a body is never seen in the act of doubling bodies; a damaged coupling of colorless extraction from the foreground changes outside participatory want. A gun fires. A body is not motionless.

A body is in reverie-layered retractions – gunpowder style, digital camera – or an additive objection to simulated dancing: an arm, first movement, flings against the backward-heaving chest then an arm, second movement, shudders stock-and-stiff lengthening a thigh then a kneecap, third movement, welters sand-level in a dust-kicking cloud for the final movement.
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The dahlia is a perennial.

Objects vibrate on the humming blanket.

Area by area, the salinity is important.

The garden had a flower garden bed.

A mask emerges.

Forage material to format trunk station.

Trunk station is the codename for rest spot.

Packs include: sandwich, thermos, and a strawberry basket.

It also includes a magazine sometimes.

Military hum lulls inebriation capacity.

Magazine reads disappearance account.

Forms in motion replicate object-self over frames.

The garden is beautiful this time of year.
Two men are lazy in the garden. Two men have nothing left to do. Two men eat strawberries in the garden.

There is nothing left to do. Only occupation exists.

An old friend is in the garden.

A body is pushed into the dirt.

Grass stains.

Cumulative statistical prospects erase identity.

Identity is erased before congealed self-accumulation.

Mountainous land-locked floral arrangements sign seclusion.

Recent history: elections and parties total density.

Area by area, the salinity is important.

How many times is a subject replicated by condensing rhetoric?

Old friend.

Meaning is lost/found.

War is a resource.
Conjuring catastrophe.

A conversation with oneself envelops.

Font.

Straight arrow confederation conquers sequestering associations.

Candlelit mirror-messages trump nihilism.

Back inside.

All of this is overhead.

Over-stuffed fruit pouch saturates cloth pack.

Area by area, the salinity is important.

Dry, dirt path: a sidebar corrupts central target.

The motorcycle hums.

A call is sent from remote quarters.

It is an easy call to make: anonymity is enforced.

An erasure of anonymity: immortal digital depiction.

An erasure of identity: immortal digital depiction.
Landscape motion subset rejects foreground fade.

Learn how. Forget.

Manufacturing intellectualism.

Modern warfare.

Government issued psychological function corruption.

Belated trite scepter allocation is packaged grievance.

Translation: war crime is a reflection of societal desire.

Remote events pull intra-premeditations from collective conscious.

Gore is universal.

Universal serial bus establishes communication.

Figment is a reality derived from first life’s second life.

Second life is a tab.

Unplanned travel.

Economic draft.

Old friend.

Strawberry stains.
Window draft chills
dried knuckle.

Disappear and
reappear with no
recollection.

Two discontents’
future incarnation is
half-fugue, half-
human.

Armored complex
extensive numbering
in circumstantial
unfamiliarity.

A friend is sitting on
the back porch.

Occipital lobe damage
pulses anti-colors.

An illusory anti-color
depicts an alienated
falling-away-from-
one-self-feeling feeling.

Intrusive thought
traveling movement.

Immaterial substance
shields immaterial
substance.

Subject against veil
against veil against
content.

Area by area, the
salinity is important.

Strawberry stains.

Old friend.
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A non-visible skyline arrests a mindset in apt style. Remote document-screen in military-ode: a motorcycle with two civilians is speeding around the garden on a circular dirt path, passenger and driver both carry a parcel, motorcycle components include re-usable battery, motorcycle could be repurposed for small base travel, also fuel. The motorcycle stopped moving.

In the garden, a trilogy of conflict-impetus continues: two young civilians purge the herbaceous border, enter the garden passing through the back garden; two young men enter the garden’s courtyard through the back garden enjoying the open space, watching the day do nothing, gardening silence; and two young insurgents leave the garden to the dirt path.

Cadence spread of events: drunk – madcap color-capsized multitude mangles perceptive innocence, camouflage codec warrior haphazardly keels leisure-life of traditional values, horizontal flip of sexed wax-like figures prematurely crush death masks, the value of time spent in an open space deflates in the face of nationalism, a foreign escalation – shot.

Bullets shred the passenger’s chest cavity before the ground rashes facial territory upon impact. A structure shakes. A structure stands. A driver is thrown, barefoot, forward. His shoes were tied around his neck – his feet last feeling fresh-clipped grass before dry-rotted rubber. A body is motionless. Prior orientation spills intestine-rank at leather boot stance.

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The whole of the world's occupied surface: professional memorandum, textile copy source codes natural exemplifications of traditional spoil, practicing commodities inhabit developmental regions for cultural-aggregate expansion, and major depletions of cartographical space, leaving only contracted axis of backwards perspectives.

National thinking endorsed cyanotype landscape reconfiguration: a blue-drenched extremist palette repackaged as centric-capital acceptance platform inaugurates rosy continental stabilization. Blue aggression dominance: crimson evaporates replacement-discovery of media futility. Crimson flesh order disassociates identifiable subject from elite annex system.

Self-destruction is obsolete. Self-destruction is state-replicated activity. Primacy of foreign policy mirrors primacy of domestic policy. Landscape of foreign policy is adjacent to landscape of domestic policy. Foreign destructive unit will mirror domestic destructive unit. Landscape destructive units mirrors domestic destructive units. Destructive unit is destructive actor.

Cultural landscape: a holograph subsumed in a para-national entity. A Styrofoam mixed blend phosphate space, ethereal areal depiction, ectoplasm flotation device, or a distraction is stumbling face-first, blood-empathy, grasping hand downward through the front gate. Crumpling bone and flesh together into something wanting to resemble a hand.

Evening falls over the garden. An embellished structural frame refracts its budding antiquity wave-like in the lightly unsettled reflective pool. A recreation of picturesque recreation idly floats in singular perception: not of architecture, grid, zone-planning, geographical location systems, or remote surveillance weapons locators but of a simple idyllic, isolated nature.