

## Queen FRX2 (n)

I am “Pure Joy”

I am “Sweet Enemy”

I am “You Are Right”

I am “Queen of the shell”

It is 2:30am, 6:30pm (yesterday), and 7.15pm.

[Rotate]

Before any *criminal feelings*, this is a prototype:

6 Timbers - angled, 3 Sizes, 1 Centre and a *haze of spores* established for ‘contemporary London’.

They told me to “lower my body, briefly, by bending one knee to the floor” - typically from the compound - to snap or tear the binding of my choice.

Usually *the buzzing* came from around the ankle, centred about 5 seconds later than *the deep rubble vernacular* under which a foot, or feet, fall.

It had to do with breathing; or *not* permitting the lungs to inhale the necessary volume of air, to get a body towards a line or a first step, or other bodies.

[Rotate]

Apparently it will be the *Sea Biscuit*, or *The Triangle Building* or *Mother*, that will be the division - but I’m not interested. Obviously *it is the edges that kill*.

“We can *see* what you are saying, we can *hear* what you are doing ...

and we *feel* you” - they said from all 256 *seats* arranged evenly throughout a 300 square meter space, in rows of 8, columns of 4 and 2 banks.

But even after standing on the spot or falling asleep in the shade; or crouching in the sun; or lifting one leg in the rain; or bending my arm to support my head - *they STILL don't recognise me.*

[play birdsong]

I always have to get there so early, and originally they told me there would only ever be one incision, that would not expand - but this is apparently one of the 3rd, 5th or 7th divergent phases - so this time I hid *much* further away from those bastard pipes.

To try to explain, I said to them that this is a simple volume, an informal and low-cost space or a cross-section of values who's names are *Yes-and- no*: 6 cross beams and one corner anticipates 23 visible sacks deflecting a storm of eyes starting 1400mm away from the back wall.

I just wanted to wash socks on demolition rubble, two or three times, cause I love the warm water on my fingers, and I get a better sense of the sound. But after a prolonged hesitation, and some blood at the fingernails - I was advised to silence, collecting numb around safety spikes, leaving an aperture slightly ajar for the shoelace replacing velcro.

[stop birdsong]

Utilising resources that are readily available locally at little or no material cost - whether in the area of the abyss, the middle range or the upper register: The feelings are *so much* from just one thing - it needs repeating, not *speaking well*.