

**Poetic musings on the filmic frame and word/title extracts
from Ripples on the Pond wall label texts and one line from
Pasolini's poem Triumph of the Night, 2015.**

Not just the perfect moments, laid down in
pigment, blind embossed
and washed in color,
tight spaces and wide spaces
still time marked and traded,
flows of intensity fade away as in lost memories
the present always fresh, the past a darkened branch.

Poetic measure
pain painted, illuminated,
film fought, celluloid tears, stacked up cares
duration: 38 minutes, 15 seconds.

Unframed stone in a room full of stones
it's almost a set design glimpsed in a dream,
ruins of colliery and salt works
stasis (Black Vase / Hiroshima) -
the dreamer's birthday.

Sunlight on an empty room
pencil and screen expose and preserve,
single channel of the large and small form,
Joan playing in the streets near her Townhead
studio.

Movement and broken gestures fractured as in a
presence
the frame carefully drawn to tell the story of a
blameless life,
I wish I knew that now, Barbara.

The pile of orange ruins with the night stains,
how far to the the ripples on the pond?
At Bagmotts Halt, a breath and a hum.

I give you the future, undone.