

Checkpoint _Can Serrat

An Incomplete Ballad of Love

How far is the land," said the sea
Atop the lighthouse, he seeing-
When the sea crashed from its breathing
Reaching the shore as an ash-ed sea-
Would you agree to disagree
if the blue turned to smoky grey?
And the blue skies, reflect at day
Clouds white- spread a little oddly
No grimness, a grey- not godly
just ashes not ugly decay

So, this burning sea once more said
"How much far is the land from me?
Where's the end, what's my destiny?"
Roaring, rumbling- it turned blood red
There he watched, and thought as it bled
Atop the lighthouse, he- sighing
Crying, "Its dying, Its dying"
As from blue to red, red to grey
He stood to see a death portray
What could've been a star flying

And the sea, red, rose once again
"How far am I, tell me, I pray"
Sighing, he said, "Ah, not today,
I pray you count from one to ten."
"One... two... three... four...," wreathing in pain
*"How can I tell the sea its death,
To whom do I owe this sad debt!"*
How beastly, left, were nine and ten
If the land and sea were to meet
the ballad of love, incomplete
The land, the sea, the women and men.

Rising, like flames of angry fire
"I pray I pray! Tell me!" cried the sea,
"How far yet is the land from me?"
Like singing, at church choir,
Like lighting, at temples, a pyre
A grieving he, a dying sea
The sea didn't know, its destiny
As from blue to red, red to grey
He stood to see a death portray
it bleeding, burning into infinity.

Informal Statement

Here, take this sheet of paper. It's an A4 sized blank sheet. White- clean, ready to be written on. As you hold it between your thumb and fingers, take a look at it. At how empty it is. No- at how blank it is. Its blankness, a warm blanket arousing comfort on a cold night. Thoughts, aren't your thoughts arising? They must be. Talk about it, over dinner- you can. They all do, and you're free too.

Here, before you do anything to it, or on it- the sheet- blank clean slate of white is your day- every day you change your sheet. Crumple it, tear it, draw- write- stare at. But change it, and sometimes go back to the old ones, and talk about how looking at it makes you feel now.

Talk about it, over dinner- or when you cross somebody in the studio- or pass someone on the stairs, going in different directions- in the same space. And even when you're lost in translation

And you will see, over time- these papers will hold a different meaning for you- and you will hold them differently too.

#Truestory

#myworkprocessatCS

#cleanslate

#hashtagsareimportantohighlightthepoints*

*read them at your own risk

While at the residency, I had been posting a few of my texts on my blog, please find the link below.

<https://ifdotdot.wordpress.com/>