

# (A LOT OF) MOVING SPLACES

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## **WELCOME (JULIETTE)**

This is the no-place from which any and every place is born. The proto stardust, the fertile soil, the raw flesh.

I am everywhere, there are no not-me spaces, no not-you surfaces, in this place, the spaces it makes, these splaces.

There is no center here and no periphery, a sense of endless horizon, terminal twilight. There is silence on the horizon.

A lattice through which to see the world is all it takes. Be it made of hair or fingers, a lattice is all it takes to get more depth out of it all.

## **THE SKY, HORIZONS AND A BIT OF WEATHER (JULIETTE)**

The sky is light green, very pale green, almost white. It rumbles and shakes, bumping the light eternal. There are cloud systems rolling in, housed inside of a single drop of water. Encapsulated weather systems, full of crickets singing loudly.

The sky is quite still, as before a storm. Changing air pressure says rain will soon fall. Birds are flying low, passing over trees with radioactive trunks.

Some trees are aching. The steadily rising wind is loosening their knots.

Swaying, bending, the gravity-tree notions itself inward and down, cantilevered by grace.

The horizon now glows a faint light blue, and changes often. It is many horizons at once.

Showers of hot electric purple darts rain down from the sky, a deep night sky, wet like a waterfall, warm and cold and warm and cold all at the same time. They rain down, hard,

forcefully, steady, constant, they are what sustains this splace, give it consistency, in

the flickering hot-cold atmosphere. There are currents of pink magic winds, gelatinous,

that push through the splace, from one horizon to another, in unpredictable intervals,

pulsing the thick air with ocean-like waves and tides of pink gelatinous thrust.

**TEXTILE WITH SLIME (KAI)**

It is a painting, a painting coming alive.

Really long dry grass, when touched, moves the toucher.

Wormy tubes in my head over where nobody has the right to speak  
open graves, facing the sea.

A single volcano with lemon and honey, opened by monsters.

Marmelade, sticky skin.

Lightning, loud and hard.

Elephants and Deer, running.

Well well well,

I wonder,

how many of the little flowers have lactated.

## **HOLLOW (STINA)**

The bony crest rises up, framing a hollow in the earth where something has been pressed into the ground for millions of years. It's springing back from the weight of the ice. This planet is cracking apart at the center. The plates are full of spreading heat. The rocks fracture at the edges. Magma, pouring down the sides, moves at the pace of flesh. Spread thinly, the tiny structures fall away, along my calf. It's a hemisphere biosphere nanosphere severe peer-reviewed station. Deep in the undercut.

## **MACHINES (STINA)**

My pelvis is some bizarre piece of machinery, vestigial in design, full of parts, holes, hoses and pumps that nobody knows what they were designed for or how. A metal structure is rising up out of the ground, and creaking where its joints meet. It's pulling oil up from the core. Pulling it up in a series of metal buckets that rise up towards the sky, scratching the atmosphere of the planet. The oil being pulled is like rotting battery fluid, the obsolete insides of Planet Dearth's aging core.

## **TWIN PLANETS (ELEANOR)**

There are two planets, parallel: Planet Dearth and Planet Worth.

Both globes have dried up from lack of precipitation, and cannot both survive. Some scientists believe they will go one at a time. Other scientists believe they will compress into the splace of one, together.

These planets do not have ideas of good or bad alignment. The boney porcelain organization that supports them relies on movement, rhythm, and something like a libidinous drive for verticality. The civilisation on Planet Worth's greatest achievement was a giant lever they developed in order to reach verticality, which took them centuries to perfect and operate. When they finally got the lever to hoist their universe into vertical alignment, the moment of verticality was so brief, like the blink of an eye in the scale of eons, after which they returned to hover indefinitely within their low horizontal horizons.

Planet Dearth went dry when the poles shifted from one day to the next with no warning. Now we know it was an outage in the magnetic central generator. The pole switch messed up all the clocks, un-syncing the clouds which stopped raining, disrupting the notification

and alarm systems, disturbing the coordinated flight paths of the birds who so heavily populated the screen-skies. The birds became so thirsty and disoriented they drained the central button well, starting the great draught. Their constant movement was the only screensaver, and without them, the skies burned dry.

#### **FIRE (ADAM)**

So it's quite bright because there is a lot of fire around. It's not like orange or red fire, its white fire, scattered all over. There are a lot of black, quite squared off pipes that are burning. That's where the fire comes from. The white fire looks prominent against a very dark blue sky. The pipes are attached to the white ground with a lot of craters in it, like the ground of the moon. But I am not the moon.

#### **THE SUNS, MOONS AND OTHER PLANETS (ALICE)**

Somewhere, where the river meets the ocean, under soft layers of afternoon clouded-sun flesh, there are three sons dwelling. They each keep three moons as their companions, making a total of nine moons hovering over their coven. Every time any of the nine moons

is full, each son menstruates. The menstruation blood, slithering out through the top of their soft penises, sludges down on the slippery red floor and further into a systematic measuring grid.

The first son is licking the animals that lick his back. The backside of the sun and the dark sides of the moons. Weighted precision. Eclipse.

The second son hears the lick eclipse. By touching the floor he spreads heat to the walls. The overleaf skin starts burning. The reddish floor and the metal grid starts melting. The nine edges swallow the sunlight and their tongues get burned. The thick solid walls start pressing down into the softening reddish surface. The reddish surface, sleek and shiny, swallows the thick solid walls.

The third son has been swallowed by the nine moons. They keep what heat remains and share a nice dinner on the red shiny surface. You can hear all of the moons laughing a bit, amused by the son's hubris, and its aftertaste. The moons' teeth are made of glass, each bite makes them sharper. Edges breaking off, glass spreads everywhere, raining piles of moon dust.

## **SOUNDZZZZ (ALICE)**

There is always a sound. A low volume sound, kind of a hum, but with a high pitch. It's the kind of sound you don't notice until it's gone but it's always there. If you go somewhere else you might find it very silent since the humming is not there. Sometimes, in some places, it gets louder. Then it's more like a whistling sound. It's like one tone all the time, but if you listen for a very long time, you hear a kind of song. It's a long, time-stretched melody.

Since you asked, thank you, I might add that my sacrum is a sounder of the depths. My ears are horns, trumpets or tubas, burning brass at the brim with tingling joys, resonant from whatever shows up but not only from sound, from other things: thoughts, random desires, reminders. It is loud in here, like a constant pink-brown noise, mauve or beige, bubbling and babbling, pulsing and comforting. The sound of this space sings a wordless song that says: everything is and can be good if and when it is allowed to be so.



## **MUD, SOIL (KAI)**

The ground has sunken in on itself like a face falling in disappointment. In order to turn itself inside out. Over the course of thousands of years, the mud is moving towards the east, slowly sliding off the sea of fog until the fog farts out on the west and the mud slides eastward, carrying with it whatever was once forest, deserts, and cities. It doesn't extinguish anything. It just covers everything in a muddy feeling as it moves into different shapes, forming stalagmites and living stone sculptures. As the stalagmites grow higher, over thousands and thousands of years, they make patterns in the ground, from where they used to be to where they are now.

The ground is rich and fertile, churning and pulsing constantly, turning wet dark brown soil up to the surface again and again. Despite its being so rich and moist, almost nothing can grow in this soil because it never stops moving. It's mud with golden fibres in it, and some plant matter crawling out from time to time. Tiny velcro plants, brown, clever, and built for survival, are building an impenetrable plant fortress to protect the soil. Turquoise, green and red moss holds it all together at the edges, stopping this magic soil-source from falling over the lip of a nearby cave's mouth.

## **CAVES (ALICE)**

In this damp slime of a cave, a mercury sea slowly sludges in double tides. A beach of fingernails is blown by the wind into small dwellings. The creatures sheltered within these dwellings have bodies shaped by the nails, that are in turn shaped by the wind.

Furry mammals of the land and sea with mercury sticking to their fur like silver slicks nest in the stunted oak trees. Their young roll out of the nests and onto the soft moss below. The trees bleed a green gold resin, trapping vertebrae in their amber.

Towards the south, at the end of two clear rivers, is another cave, where the fluid seeps into indoor pools of beautiful potable water. The pools seem shallow because you can see all the way to the bottom, but they are actually several hundred meters deep, and very cold. It's a pelvic bowl littered with the bones of those who could not climb out, the sides worn smooth by touch and rain. The surfaces are cold and shiny, like a stone floor, marbled black and white. The stony walls of the cave are for leaning against. You lean against them to go back to where you came from. The softened walls transmit words when leaned against. It's a whispering war.

## **IL GIORDANO DI FLORALE MAGNIFICA (ELEANOR reads intro)**

A near future garden, where gardening is a means of moving from here to there without the ability to walk or scamper or prance or chasse. Unlike the gardens designed for contemplative think walking, such as those of the 18th century, this garden has no pre-subscribed routes nor determined means of moving through it. Pathways are delineated by careful observation of the unfolding phenomena as they are read or felt, and in that essential space of obscurity, there is a distinct yet elusive cast of characters:

### **1**

I am an uneven field of gravel. Parts of me show the path to the gate. This is the path mostly trodden. You have walked this path several times. Here, the gravel is fine, almost like sand, and although stirred from many feet, it miraculously evens itself out. Next to the path, the gravel starts to become more coarse. Its edges are sharper as it turns into small stones. When you walk on it, it hurts. It makes you slow down, look where you are going. If you walk here, off the beaten path, you are walking on stones with personality and character. I do not necessarily want you here, did not invite you over.

## 2

Your shoulder blade is a home for insects. That nest underneath the bone. It floods when it rains, driving the insects out to look for higher ground. They make their way to your forehead, and stand there with the rest. The forehead that rises just above the water like a huge island. An island covered in moss. The waves lap against your armpit, waving the coral of your hair. It breaks off into tiny pieces.

## 3

I am a box being wrapped. A really excited kid is wrapping the box. I contain a toy, a stinky toy. The kid gets distracted by the wrapping job. The dog gets a hold of the box, dragging it across the floor.

## 4

I smell like a wonderful fantasy forest. A bit heavy and damp, but at the same time very desirable. This might be the first thing you notice about me, but I also always carry a bag with me. A transparent plastic bag, with a green box in it, blue pens, and an apple.

Always. I sometimes wear yellow shoes, and they make a loud noise when I walk on hard surfaces. The hardest surface I ever walked on is the diamond floor that's in the living room in my penthouse two blocks away from here.

## **5 (duet)**

Through the darkness we caught sight of each other in snatches. Tiny flashes of skin momentarily lighting up with the orange glow of phosphorescence, sulphur and salt. As we danced it formed a cloud around us that condensed and stuck to the walls. The ground beneath soaked us up. Heels sunk slightly, the skins of the fruit spread up between our toes, dying the soles of our feet a darker shade of purple.

## **6 (trio)**

I am the rolling thunder. Sweeping in from the north, I cover landscapes in despair and put fear in children. When I approach, dogs hide under tables and the laundry shivers in fear. As I am upon you, you have no escape. My wet fingers will reach your every piece of dry, making you wet, moist, cold and slightly hot. Every sheet once dry will be soaked.

Every lake once easily swam will be a deadly hazard. Every electric outlet is your glance into the two eyes of death.

#### **7 (quartet)**

I am a lump of blue mud, heavy and moist, every touch on me leaves a huge imprint. Wedged in, I press my arse cheeks up against the velvet and let the sofa hold me. It envelops me. It smells like pine needles and dust. I am multiplying, snaking and arching upward.

#### **8 (quintet)**

My spine is redwood, my joints are galvanised iron nails, my brain the roots of the tree of life. I am a hard motherfucker. I am not stronger, I am the strongest. I am not faster, I am the fastest. I am not wiser, I am God. The distance between the tip of my thumb and my wrist equals the distance between the Sun and Jupiter. I am bigger than the biggest.

#### **9 (sextet)**

Flowy thin sneaky soup of difficult feelings. My middle name is Attention, my first name Conflict and my last name Jealousy. I flow through all that lives and all that breathes. I am drama liquified. When your friend flirts with that person you've liked for a long

time, I'm there. When that lazy motherfucker gets promoted, I'm there. Self-doubt is my breakfast, worry is my lunch and anger my dinner. I am that fucker, and inside that fucker, and in all fucking fuckers.

#### **10 (septet)**

And snow. I am the kindest softest covering, laying itself quietly over all of your senses, scampering along with a wisdom only the rabbit knows and which visits your knowing only when you are dancing. Getting in touch is a bit of a chase. A touch chase.

#### **TIME (STINA)**

Time as the cave where all the lights have been blown out. Time as physical, material and concrete. Time melting on top of my sandwich, like cheese.

### **THE SEA & SAND & RIVERS (ALEX)**

Under the bridge of hell lies a current of silver metal liquid.

The water is dark green with shades of black, not poisonous but definitely scary.

Meanwhile, ashore, I thought I would love nothing more than to make you an ocean. When I lifted my head, I was met with an overwhelming flood of sorrow-joy, an overwhelming flood of sorrow-joy was splayed upon the beach.

Distant shore, offset imprint, on a beach of sand. A giant crane, doing something mechanical, its two rotating arms folding and twisting, weaving seaweed into a textile, thinner than water.

### **CITIES (ALEX)**

A suburb, on a hill.

A long row of concrete apartment blocks, connected in a continuous line, is both a street and a self-contained city, like 1960's utopian architecture. It is abandoned. At the end of this long abandoned utopian city row, and perpendicular to it, is a bridge. A giant rubber suspension bridge. Birds sometimes fly into it and bounce off. --->



At the other end of the abandoned city or town row is a dump of compacted matter, rejected mood and sentiment sediment, continuously compressed. Encrusted emblems of ancient empires crumble their golden-flecked patina. Oppressed and forgotten feelings are stirred and kicked up by the wind.

#### **HOTEL (ADAM)**

My ribcage is a buoyant filleted dungeon of latent dreams. Dust bunnies have apparently and finally been blown out or vacuumed up by the people that pass through the rooms after hours or between guests, but this is not a hotel for which you can pay money. Passage into these chambers comes at a different price and is unfortunately for me very low - all of you who have stuck yourselves to these walls, I let you slip away now from this dungeon and find your way out. The corridor is long and carpeted.

## **HOUSE (KAI)**

This is the larger splace, no longer macro. It is dissolving.

There is a way to become invisible through this blur, this white roof with its grey floor and the gaps of texture where holes have been places.

This room was lit by the sun, but not directly. If you had a solar clock it wouldn't work here. In this room there was a flower. In fact there were several flowers, and I think together they made some kind of garden. For a long time this garden happened, but I have no recollection of any detail. I think it grew and changed, but I might also have missed a long sequence where other things happened. Because the next thing I remember is that there are people writing. It is nice to write here. And the floor makes sounds in this white room, with its grey floor and the gaps of texture where the holes are places.

The wicked deal of this whole trip is the tiny house that came along with the plastic bag from the moon. To accept that time is not a physical thing or a visual thing. That's all.

## OUTTAKES:

### ~~THE BAR~~

~~This is a splace far away from any kind of, I don't know but very much like, trying to be funny. Its a stage for comedians. There's a wooden floor, red curtains, and strong lights. The dressing rooms behind the stage are filled with inspirational quotes in light grey italics and scented candles with a strong smell of vanilla. Grey couches with muted green and orange pillows. Cheap fake plants that do not do the job, because, of course there are no windows, it's in a basement. The comedians always fail miserably because they are mediocre at their best. The street outside is full of thinkers. They think about time and about writing letters. They think about how letters are addressed to the future. When you tell jokes on this stage, you not only have to speak for the people in the back row, but also for the people in the shop outside selling cigarettes, candies and water bottles on the other side of the street of thinkers. The stage is lit up, and no one is on it, but no one in the audience cares. They are only there for the free sparkling wine and goodie bags filled with rings that change color according to their emotions.~~

## **2**

~~The wolf and the cabin and darkness in moonlight. I am the wolf and she is me, we cuddle and lick each other. Outside there is a grave full of lights, it is the keeper of all the laughter in my life. A tunnel has two open ends, this one might have more. No one that enters the tunnel comes back. There is total darkness, a world that does not have any shadows, everything is everything without separation, until the meat starts to separate from your bones, becoming tender, so you can easily chew through and suck on the bone marrow.~~

## **PURPLE**

~~Now, it's night time. The sun has set. Everything has a purple light to it, the sky and the ground and all the houses have different shades of purple and a low frequency sound. You feel it rather than hear it. If you would put a glass of water out you would see it rumbling. Inside the houses the lamps are turned off, so it is also purple in there. Sometimes the shaking becomes more violent, like an earthquake.~~

