

Emma Bolland, 2022

sky tangents from clock tower (fragments from notes towards *Three Building*)

I. asymptote

Last night I heard the twisters take the towers. Did the wind touch them or did they twist themselves not-being? Block. And block. And block. Tumbling. In some rooms there are no windows and to gaze is to see the nowhere. To cast in stone stones that cast themselves, preparing for divination. To read, concrete, to read the slips, the plasters. The lines that drop are twisted too, from sheets, from nightgowns and pyjamas. Holy Mary Mother of God make holes in the walls and in the windows. The delusion that the deluded imagine themselves kings and queens.

II. a symptom

The ones we lost were Andrew, who when told what he was cast himself on the lines rather than be so. The ones we lost were the one whose name I can't remember who went to the top of the tower and sat and tipped themselves gently down to the concrete which did not return their gentleness. The ones we lost were the others who have slipped my mind. Better to stay in the towers, eh, you fuckers?

III. a symmetry

Breach the sweep of the echelon and set the walls apart.

Emma Bolland is an artist and writer employing experimental approaches to inter-genre / interdisciplinary writing, speaking, and reading, and the problematics and ambiguities of an expanded understanding of translation—between languages and language codes, and between voice, ear, and page. They co-edit (with Rachel Smith) the imprint *intergraphia* and lecture in Fine Art at Bolton and Sheffield Hallam universities. Their hybrid prose-poem/novella *Instructions from Light*, which embeds their translation of a French silent era screenplay is forthcoming from JOAN publishing. Previous publications include *Over, In, and Under* (Dostoyevsky Wannabe, 2019). <https://emmabolland.net>