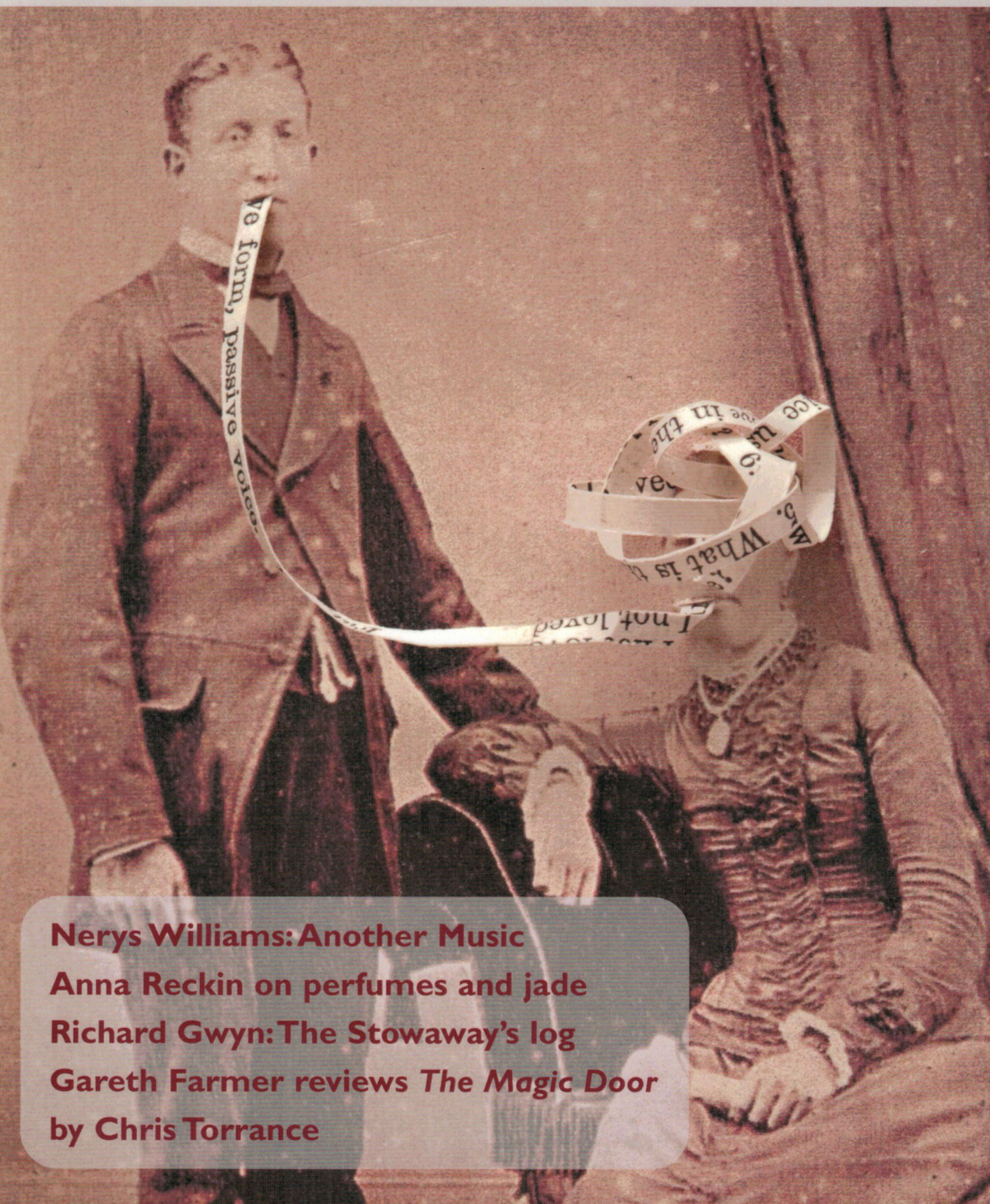


POETRYWALES



Nerys Williams: Another Music
Anna Reckin on perfumes and jade
Richard Gwyn: The Stowaway's log
Gareth Farmer reviews *The Magic Door*
by Chris Torrance

JAZMINE LINKLATER

Installation

Her body contradicts definition
packing paper & a monologue moving
out from the wheel hub, a clothes-pulley
bringing in close, in connection, how
what's oral resonates visually –
spokes point cloth openings:
a rug, a figure, a mask making tones
on the wing, in denim. We are not
seraphs. Subject to the curves
of the shell, reflected.

I prop a dark glass against the edge
of our world where two masks record
anechoic, gold leaf pressed into angles. Who
is the voice they speak? A figure, a drying rack.
There are particular circles
of goddesses watching you move
every direction exploited. Syllables
bloom & smile & I want to say
to meditate sonic what you do. Speak us
to proximity. Blur ready-made chambers
& all of these circle-shapes might fold us in
milk to voice you pearlescent, to feed.

Corners mock curves but the illusion
convinces, milks all of her
speaking. She disappears
underground, colours untethered.
We broke her apart. Did not
find the world as the apsaras moves in
& sees. The plaster-cast body divided
is planting white flags over confluence.
Everyone must receive their allotted part:
a rug, a figure, a mask. Join in
when you can, just make the sounds:
the sentence contains both directions
it is, will be always, beyond us.

Most text is collaged from Nisha Ramayya's *Notes on Sanskrit* (Dystercatcher, 2015) & Ruth Barker's monologue from the performance *If this is the last thing that I say* (2018) performed at Castlefield Gallery, March 8th 2018. I am grateful for their kind permissions.



Ruth Barker, Vi



Ruth Barker, Victory (2013), Her Whole Self (2018) © Drew Forsyth