

The Foliage.

Sophie Erlandsson

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Tutor: Mathew Gregory



Konstfack
University College of
Arts, Crafts and Design

this is the only room
where time ceases to be
and the pines look like grass from here
while oceans change

Sentences on carrying the now

The words are a vacation and a curse; they are always with me.

Constantly recollecting the now and re-defining my own history.

There is a persistent involvedness with time, as a subject matter.

When down on the deep sea plane, not much work gets done.

I write everything down. Because of my fear of forgetting.

The words do not necessarily proceed in logical order.

Sometimes there is a need to derail into pyjamatown.

How you survive life and other things in the world of words and birds.

There is the generic and autobiographical.

The nuance in the perception of being who you are, clearly.

I need your ears; I need us to disintegrate the post-war.

The shade that takes over the charcoal; the color of time.

I am the icebreaker, the mermaid and the drunk - a simple burial at sea.

Preserve the stories instead of discarding them.

I forget anyway, so it might seem pointless.

In the live performance I can carry the now.

The external shapes you as much as the internal.

An organic portrait, aesthetically appealing with clear traces of discomfort.

You need to give yourself up to someone.

The poem as unwanted rest.

In the performance I can breathe, share and confer.

Be aware of the grander outline in which we all live.

At the same time be integral deeply in the specific.

I unearth my own archive, a metaphorical excavation.

You may not necessarily understand. But feel something.

I feed you with humor and sadness, spoon by spoon.

To cope with a life when the rest continues.

A poem is not an Oprah episodeⁱ.

These sentences comment on my lifepactice, and they are my practice.

We must love each other. Or dieⁱⁱ

I am like a beach erosion; I am happening.

This is a beginning without the end. These are letters formed into words. This is a respirator. This is space. This is movement. This is an essay trying to be all the emotions felt from day one. This is an adventure. Or is this a painting.

Possessive pronouns

MONDAY

The frame as time

The first sentence. I have a library of first sentences. Conclusion: this is going to be painful. So is time. Every moment a new time begins, here and now. But the memory ate the now and all that is left is past tense. It is impossible to forget your memories, they will remember you. I am trying to write and live at the same time. Running from detailed times, encapsulated within passing markers inside the story itself; my life. Conclusion: This is going to be painful.

There are points of contact; clear vowels rise like balloonsⁱⁱⁱ. I am writing and I am starting over, over again, over someone, over again. The gap of history creates instant slowness. And the language, the language itself is a maze. I cannot read because the books open in different ways. But everything is material, even the closed books! I am sitting at home and I speak with the floor even though it has no mouth. There is no logic in this, I do not have time for this, because I am busy thinking away things, and with things I mean people who do not fit inside of me anymore.

I walk around the deployment of concepts in my childhood home. I am searching for meaning and context in a time of abundance, linguistically scanning the boundaries of sincerity and parody. I fight, I fight with the will of my material, my object is not given to me, it is me! The old notebooks show signs of poems. A guide for the present using contemporary memories. Noted: I never had high grades in physics or math, only in cleaning and assimilation.

There is a crack in the algorithm; someone is afraid of doves. And I am a machine; because how else to live without, to live within. The time leaves, like autumn, even if I place it under my feet. My back hurts of the guilt over my love for metaphors, clichés and autobiographical sentiment.

Remembering and forgetting at the same time! The mind lifts up every strain it ever had, hiding away the essentials of the nearby. I try to recollect the present, while developing and understanding the flickering images. The discourse is running back and forth over a field; mapping principles, outskirts, intersections. And it aches. It aches in the art. Artache.

I wonder how it feels
to eat

a live seagull.

A point of departure:

You have bodily facts. You have memories. You have the most evaluated scenery, embedded in the question of belonging, which is also a question of time. The deliverance of your memory arrives in shapes impossible to articulate. Clichés are piling up; the words are trying to be something in an unfamiliar framework. Exhausted by telling it over and over; the lived experience.

inside of the bottomless cavities
echoes prosaic residues

the perfect space
spreading, in the wrong direction

as a separated cloud
with swirling magpies

whose eyes changed
they learned to see detailed fires

necks stretched, praying for rain
wings start beating, hearts ending

Definite and indefinite form

TUESDAY

Through the archives; a way in

It is, is it winter? Everything is unbreakable and striking, clean but soiled. And it is strange how time passes ever so slowly in the past. The traumawall is still intact; overexposed as a radiograph. If I had any legs, I would run forever. Here is the now, with its disorder. Excuse me for interrupting, myself; but what is this? The text is drawn together and apart, by chance and order. The commercial talks and I do not want to use question marks, anymore.

I will be one year older this year. Aging is memorable; we grow in value every day, not the other way around. And getting older just means you did not die. Life consists around time passed, and time ahead. At the moment, I question the existence of the current. We travel; we travel through a movement over time; between the sea where we are in now and where we were. Perhaps I should dress myself in the language, before it disappears.

Last night I dreamed of palms, or letters, shaped like butterflies. Two years, or decades, on the ocean floor. I am writing, no wrong, I am living from the experience of a you. And from time within time that makes it pitch black. Like a power cut without electricity. I have a migraine from too many words, too little time and more than a fraction of red - not the army. And I need a better memory; for faces and names and for which bird is which because they fly and move, over again, over no one, over again.

My body is linguistic and this text has always been here! With me.

I have to cut my hair. This is what people do. To cut ones hair is an adventure, a sort of drowning accident. I remember when you told me about carrying a dead swan in your arms, it had flown into the high voltage lines. It was heavy and you threw it from the bridge into the water. It did not have to drown. Or cut its hair. And everything I am trying to remember drowns in clouds, but seen on X-rays.

All these things that exist, at the side of each other, but never explain anything.

The rising feeling of urgency:

You are not working, you are struggling with work. There is a sequence of layers, grey skylines, the ice cold and that established cargo ship on your back. The word is important, but this language is not your own. How is it possible to remember and forget at the same time. Understand and recollect the present while developing pictures that seemingly cannot be found. Notable: words are undeniably a part of your tapestry.

swimming through the river
with frozen arms
how can they be surprised
touching the waterway
tactilely

the force
underneath the skin
the loss
of a vocal fire
stay!

a ceiling on the garden
trying to talk through the silence
have borne the consequences
for so long

lost feathers memorizes;
do not remember everything

*I wrap you up
inside of my own blood*

epilogue; your body, not mine

Auxiliary verbs

WEDNESDAY

Time will never pass!

I cannot read anymore, just order books with beautiful covers. I navigate, to find the way, scanning below the surface, getting uncertain. Space-time, forever place and time, together with high heels, on long lost trails that are sewn together. Time is a paradox, a hideaway and counterproductive. Time is a canvas, but not blank; it includes cardiac pain, being under water for too long and the universe.

The heart! The heart!

The phone; rang. And then there was no you.

The poem; connects the poignant and universal. Attacks the feeling, forces it to go aflat with grief.

The parrot: this is not creaking sentiment. This is not creaking sentiment.

You slumber in the waves. Between me and the room that shrinks. The hours will be here, dividing. I crush the pattern of the pillow with my cheek. Everything has a chain reaction. The heart is a baptismal font with water. The name lies as a coat over our head. This organchest, this concentration of a heart with a will to survive the choir of the underground. Drama; I die several times every day, alongside the written.

I remember the rain in bright colors, further north. I remember times covered in passionate leaves, like piles of routines. This was, was it, a long time ago; to live life, wildly alive. You found another life, to live in. The sun and the pain and plants continue without you. I have lost the ability to lie; I am sentimental, and made out of concrete. There is no longer anything to balance my feet; it feels like walking on brackish water.

Know this;

to live is something we mainly do alone. We bear our burdens, by ourselves.

Create your own relationship to a methodology:

Use the body as material for a cross-examination of boundaries. Insert the viewer into the idea of the everyday, living through its severity. Free yourself from the pain of being original. There is no need for the revolutionary in your own artwork! The precision lies in the description of what you have in your imagination. And the imagination is only for real. Kill your darlings, but please, not yourself.

an echo
destroying air space,
cloudy water

daffodils, in close proximity
breaking the waves

to climb, to autumnfall
one million hours per minute

heavy porcelain shoulders
from breast to armpit
spending a decade
in run-down meetings

eyes shifting
the wine tastes like fruits
counting in French
turning tables
talking too loud
cannot move
there is a torrentlake here
absorbing the self

blackout

horizon.

Prepositions; use

NOW

Travelling between a room of time and intervals,
an albatross on a line.

The body: redorange
The audience: there
The electricity: palpable

A brief conscious experience of the now
from the inside and out; transference of emotions.

A grip of the anger
and the locked-away everything else
to share,
together with air pits
without a sky.

Moving a house
within a house
eyes closed, travelling
landscaping
a train
trying to keep track
over a body! with
exclamation heartmarks.

The empty pages: ours
The emotions: ours
The chest: ours.

Resorting to a narrative:

Create a temporal disorder, spell and/or retrieve your name, as a part of history. Extend semiology, to describe and manage structures of emotional systems. Travel through a movement over time; between the sea where you are now and where you were. Away from the language, to find your truth. But there may not be enough time to capture everything before it disappears; the heart is made of water; this is not only semantics.

work in a certain order
while trying to follow an order
text
paratext
parrot

placelessness

is a problem

Imperfect tense

THURSDAY

Linear difficulty

Reality always has a head start, that we know. What I know for now; the recollections are pale, then clear; there is a hierarchy. And I am not young anymore. I have aged a century in the past. Have my original thoughts never existed. How understandable are my memories except for me, their way and their wire. I am naked, and all my wounds do not come from love^{iv}. There is no time, this I have always known.

Orchid groves, white sulfur, the smell of rain; things, I think of. Three bicycles fell to the ground during pouring rains and probable wind. We all fall, at times. The world contains of wicked barns that burn, dust storms, semi-colored flowers, asphalt-hard times. I overwinter atriums and remember them daily, as faces of waiting, blinded tree crowns. All this time with a different pulse. Maybe it is something in the water.

I use lanterns as light when your forced song is hibernating behind flowers in winterbreeze. I cannot move, the survivor guilt roots deeper stuck than before.

It takes a will
made out of amber
to continue here.

The hard parts always seem to go on forever. Forever. All that time standing on my feet, the tale of an endless lung.

We are only a community
in war.

Who knows,
where time goes.

I have a bad habit of searching for the forever in the temporary. Now, put down all thoughts to rest.

Do I make sense, as a woman as a human as both. Do I get it. Am I getting it. Please, hold on for a little bit longer. Notice where the words are landing! They are a part of this garment.

Close to a daily practice, also close to the end of the road:

There are the verbal and emotional guiding forces in your surrounding narrative, fluctuating between the strong and the fragile. You are searching for meaning and context in a time of abundance, linguistically scanning the boundaries of sincerity and parody. You fight with the will of your material, your object is not given to you, it is you. Do not let the everyday language drown out everything. Recalculate: there is nothing poetic around red wine.

we move
we move lightly
running through nights
over the broken piano and the leaves
that left the trees in favor of the violent ground
there was a view from the train:
park fields waves,

then came the month of May; and the birth
of an ongoing winter.

Collective nouns

FRIDAY

Metaphorically present

There are only fragments of myself that do not want to carry themselves anymore! I start every morning with falling asleep until evening hours. Remembering that hand against the shoulder blades; the violent stroke of a failing situation. It breaches all my line breaks, still lingering around during the day in the tree's shadow, in the shadow of trees. You are half hidden in light silhouette, between earth and sky. By night; the near side, blindside. The last quarter I have been in the quarry, falling, removing life from memory. Feet as an anchor, body as the carrier. I want to know your name. I want you to die, like I have. But this is not about revenge or hatred any longer; it is about wanting to live.

I am counting forwards; from behindface to surfaces digging holes, furious with cottonmouth.

I said furious.

Thoughts words twisted deformed, becomes an argument, a remote ink pen, and hollow streets.

Listen; a barbird, standing on the sidewalk, or sitting motionless in a bed.

-What happened!

-Well it started to rain.

Change of narrative!

I clean windows
to look out
at the grey
just now; wild magpies
in tight formation,
or was it words

I shoulder a bird to be myself, not someone else. Then your voice and I am at war, again. The wings come apart over an icy wooden railing. I have become hard, too hard to cry. The water turns to iron; a still life of protection.

Orientation to research^v:

Remember the importance of stupidity; create a theoretical persona when feeling stupid. Your history is an open endlessness and benefits from doing passive research through seagulls. The old memory will not allow remembering anything new. You would rather write a poem about the ocean and take a bath, at the same time. Be the realm of an oil painting, or a correspondence of time. Footnote: You come closer to yourself but also further and further away.

white lines
dragons birds planes
pilots touching on the traces of air

fractures in your chest

wait! a breath
the landslide seeks another life form

treading water
during the drought
while your voice
keeps running
through my hair

the cheerful bouquet
once immortal
now a deforestation
between heartbeats

flowers appear dangerous at close range
a small discomfort
the colorful weighing a coffin

saltshadows bluesoil temperate veins
on the deep-sea floor
a tide inside a home

words in the wild!
small cracks
the wind that blows the downpour
sideways

each breath
still contains more than air;
anger sorrow tenderness southern winds

will I ever forgive the

never.

Central determiners

SATURDAY

Paint needs poetry for its heart to beat^{vi}

I am reminding my remains of raising my hand when I am sure I am not. If you were here, I would tell you that the concept of art, is the only thing that needs to exist. And you would answer me that it is never that simple to move away from the logical. Beautiful bird, remember, I will love you on Monday morning, when the walls are empty and the water are lost at sea. I am not sure if we are designed for everyday life; sleep being slept, products being replaced.

I bled
no red color is left
only loud flakes
from the balcony's inner layer
there is not even air for sale!

The days are as their longest now. And the darkest. There is something of a storm. Everything shakes. A bird flew inside the courtyard yesterday, maybe it was you. And I saw a run over bag of elderflowers. At every stop, I wait for your forearm and I want to say that I wish you were right, about the new wild, the big exhale; for poetry to be the solution that changes the wind. But it is still, a cold day, with the typewriter, the snowpaper, scratches on the cell wall, captured sun spots, air heavy and full of time. A book made of carbon - no beginning, only a writer's block end.

the back yard is not dying!
but lives on
in new formation
an amputated body
becomes a part of the rhythm
lost in the fog of time
a part of the narrative
part of apart

and to many seagulls

today.

Deconstruct the weather forecast:

Find a technique to endure the poetics of the hand, see through the anatomy of its autonomy. Use a captivating narrative rather than complimentary explanation. Arrest the thoughts when they yearn for shortcuts. Reading the news can get you to use words in a different way, but do not let the everyday language drown out everything. Listen to others but also to your inner institution. Remember: spell check all the black syllables.

in time will not come;
I fall asleep through the air around
fingers on the lid that is there
detaching!

walking around around in archives
behind the scenes
the clouds are spreading
motion pictures
breaking every bone in the body

run ran run
through the springcity
a last attempt after an attempt
smoke fumes rifles
you are still alive
I can hardly breathe
through the heartbeats
the disgust drowns the pulse
blood liver entrails;
the only thing remaining

You are resin.
You are nothing.

I have given my name
and my story,
to the birds

The foliage of conjunctions

SUNDAY

As every day is followed by a night, so every night is followed by a day^{vii}

The art of life is modest. Everything is impossible until we understand that it takes place. In the now everything is kindled, and hard. There is only one moment, and that is the moment in which I am in, at that moment. The link between the past moments, the present moment and the future moments is the memory. The present moment is the result of your memory upon the endless number of past moments.

I remember when being asked what I wanted to be when growing up, I answered a vet or a fire fighter. I remember when my grandmother told me that either you will be a president or an actor. This was a long time ago. Was it a long time ago.

I have painted a poetrycorner, and behind me stands

A hundred years of solitude

that I have not read
but you lived through.

Butterflies are not metaphors for freedom. And you have been waiting for a decade in a century that will take you to the next lifetime. Bead by bead, word against word. With it, a memory no one wants to own. The world change, changes color. The street lamp cuts through the body. This is my property. Twice a day I breathe in. Never out. There is nothing to do with emptiness, but to crease it.

Too much of anything can make you nauseas, like the absent sound of voices. Where is the parachute! I have built myself into the inside of a museum. All I want in here is to watch what I can do with the air at the end of a line; how it can leave me there,

and then

catch me

from a different cliff ,

entirely^{viii}.

And the page itself, it is mine. It is the only thing I have;
this tender sliver of a murdered tree.^{ix}

Questions from the dispatch:

What is the grammar of pain. Are your children safe at sea. Is there enough silence here for a glass of water. What is the difference between metaphor and allegory. Is it dark enough for a bed. Does the situation belong to the one who can think and walk at the same time. Is there a difference between art, life and the art of living. Why is the water always too cold. Are we all a Rorschach test on note paper.

binary season with orange leaves, scarred
survived the cold
and frozen
controlled by the rage
from the sea
under bridges and
hard cold floors

dust swirling in my hotel room
taking notes through it
with lifelike lifeboats

we are all a walking goodbye

the whole has drowned itself
in the color of time
a shade that takes over the charcoal

we are renovating ourselves
into separation!
the sea got lost
in the ocean of memories
and in the sound of winter
you need to give yourself up
to someone;
the melting ice
of an internal interior

are we all someone else now
seagulls in a bookforest
turning the leaves in silence
so alone
in our swanlove

*and I will carry you,
still.*

Conclusion:

In the dark all cats are black. Contrast is crucial. Labelling is important. The soft hand is part of the algorithm of pain. There is a vulnerability and immediacy in your vernacular language. The world exceeds the alphabet. Infuse humor through subject matter and scale. Desires are living their own life, let them live their own life. The reality is that the reality changes when you are looking at it. Rainfall and showers are not the same thing.

days, divided
artifacts and a shore

finding the reflection
in a room that is grey
or under the feathers surface

move on, birdword

move on.

it is so quiet!
that must be
because someone
is thinking about me!
and the birds look like grass
from here.

ⁱ Robin Coste Lewis

ⁱⁱ Auden

ⁱⁱⁱ Sylvia Plath "Morning Song"

^{iv} Paraphrasing Jenny Tunedal from a lecture at Valand Academy oct 2016

^v Paraphrasing from lectures by Lisa Tan, Behzad Khosravi during Konstfack research week feb 2016

^{vi} Dinnis Van Dijken

^{vii} Found note, I am sure it is not mine

^{viii} Robin Coste Lewis

^{ix} Robin Coste Lewis