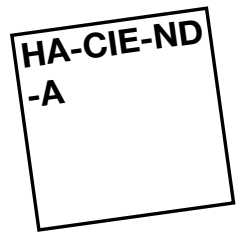


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## Complications

In the thick shadows of the study, again and again, I pass my peg leg under the cone of light. Each passage reveals a skin made of splinters under which the finely sculpted design of metal bones can be made out.

I am the last of my kind. The hazardous descent of a pioneer who disappeared towards the end of the 19th century at the edges of the Russian empire. As all inventions from the past era, I am oiled and greased. Within me strikes the hammer of industry, within me float the vapors from the horses of fire. I am an addition of mechanics and friction promised to the scrap yard. I am also the smuggler, the carrier of desire from one species to another.

I am alone, struggling in thick solitude. My webbed tracks surround the cone of light, tracing an 8 I multiply on the dry, dusty wooden floor. Around me on the walls hang the reliefs of a past and exhausted attention. The flow dried up and the presences turned into the bars of a cell. There are no windows to my space, not a surface of negotiation left. I am a warden sitting atop a canopied throne.

I am a resigned duck. A web-footed bird abandoned by ancient classification. I am the last of my species and the first of a world that has yet to come. Yet in the muted and suffocating atmosphere of my study, I am but the book-keeper of a night replacing itself in endless substitution.

I was incarnate, self-centered and concentrated attention. I was the grain of sand turned billiard ball, caught in the play of generational gears. I am rupture, a hen's nest to be filled by the generations to come.

Above all I was an object of attention and desire. My court was vast and bursting with sap before it clung all around me as an army of shadows mocking my guilt. I am both the cigar holder and the clay pipe targets of a shooting range, both entrance and exit.

I am a tube adorned with two anuses, ambivalent and still. I am exhaustion and sleep, I count and paint each of my nights as if they were an attempt at escape.

I was born of a fantasy, a desire for gluten in a body of metal.

I am a duck, and not a very benevolent one.

Kim Seob Boninsegni