



Espace Maurice

Friday, January 17th 6-9pm - Saturday, January 18th, 12-6pm

“Flowers waiting Phantoms, Phantasmal surface of earth under blue old space”

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Flowers waiting,
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blue old space ¹

This time of year, I sleep an inordinate amount. This is not a unique phenomenon. Most aren't impervious to seasons, and God knows this might last until spring. I sleep with a book entitled *Torpor* at the end of my bed. A Kraus' book that is not at all about mammalian hibernation or metabolic preservation (although perhaps metaphorically that may apply, I haven't gotten around to reading it yet). I see the word every morning, greeting me far later than my alarm. Time contracts. Sunlight is scarce. But from my bed, night time doesn't darken all the way. Moonlight spreads itself onto the snow – it's just a whole lot of blue. Nothing escapes it.

Ploughmen wait just like me. Earth's frozen from here to the Midwest and the Prairies. All I can think about is leaving. You know the way birds conserve energy in flight? Their body temperature goes down, 12 degrees below average. All I can do is stay put. When I wake up at 3 for water, it isn't clear what's the phantom – how deep's the snow. Some birds do stick around, you know. I wonder what great truth could be extracted from their song. Like Pelican's blood, by which melody could I be revived.

¹ Jack Kerouac, “Beginning With A Few Haikus Some of Them Addresses in The Book”, *Poems All Sizes*, 1992.