

CLEARING

november 13, 2013-

december 21, 2013

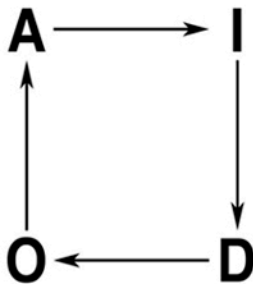
a wand stirs the juice

anna-sophie berger
matthew langan peck
zak kitnick

I

II

III



I sit on the ground floor of whatever/
might be built here and think/
of Sandrine's lunch two years ago-/
the manic switch of architects, a mark of
fundamental/
indecision. To stall on a word-any-in this/
building, new girding search for residence-
-but you must settle on the wattle, hoist this
lip/
onto this platform, install a sunken living
room/
blend the old walkway into the fact it's gone/
-a wand stirs the juice so it tastes like juice/
like a double entendre/
like a double entendre/
has time to answer. There is a road, no it
doesn't, an amount of salt on lost salt/
I don't have time to go but I will.
-Claire Wilcox

