

Books
Ballads
Bodies, boxes, bottles, barriers
Beatless interludes, bags and baskets
Basements, bowels

All can be found around other objects – like books are often found around words, belts can be found around waists and bottles around liquids. Substances contained within layers of other substances. Ideas held between the beginnings and endings of other ideas. Some rigid, some soft, some fleshy, some old fashioned. Some temporary.

Things starting with a 'B' do not always contain, but might contain things with names starting with that same 'B'.

Like berries, or beads, restless bodies.
Beating hearts, bellies, breasts,
blood, bones and bats.
Bookworms, bacteria and blasphemy.

Contained within bodies that have themselves for a long time been contained. Caught and constrained not in between but precisely without an in between: in a binary.

Bodies, bottles, basements, boxes and bowls, might all contain fruit – each in various states of rot. Found by fruit flies and others attracted by decay: the artists of deconstruction. Those that corrode, gnaw at foundations, that cross the dividing lines.

Unless of course the fruit, the idea, the feeling, is carefully contained – in plastic. The kind that is tightly wrapped but not punctured; the non-breathable kind. Everything squeezed out between the layers. The image flattened.

But who could live so carefully conserved, so tightly wrapped, so cautiously contained? Inside and outside rigidly separated. Would you not rather live unbolted? Unboxed? Allowing new layers of meaning, new connections, sliced up and divided, then multiplied. The non-space between the zeroes and the ones becomes a landscape filled with infinite identities. Opening a book, lifting a lid, sliding down a mask, all in order to open up the inside to the outside. An empathy that must be formed.

Tim Hollander, May 2021