

x marks a spot — a response to In the meantime...

x		x	x	x		x	x	x		x
	x		x		x		x		x	x
x		x		x		x		x		x
	x		x		x		x		x	x
x		x	x	x		x	x	x		x

I've been thinking about how *x marks the spot*.

how it tries to get at something
tries to pin it and fix it

as though things are ever-static.

and how really all it is *pinning* is itself:

it pins a point on paper, (x) there.

it sites, *centralises*, a spot in two dimensions only.

draw a line
draw another to cross it
you have defined their meeting just.

x		x	x	x		x	x	x		x
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people are working on the face of the tenement across from me
they scratch thud stumble
hammer drills against its surface

In the evening when they've gone home for the day I walk past
slow, to see these little lines they've been working on. Such
small grooves for such a judder.

they do this to give it tooth.
take it back to build it up.

to help the next adhere.

x		x		x		x		x		x
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Some dots, here, take you places, make you hear voices, some don't.
Some I try and click, try and get a nail under, anxious tending, only to find
they're just stickers – like the kind you see on lampposts, or on a parking
meter.

They don't carry anything
(not everything is for me to try and hunger at, I learn).

Here, blue, little, redundant, skins, voids, blushes of colour. They end at
that.

I harry this digital surface so readily!
but won't touch a true lamppost, now.

x x x x x x

I've been thinking about how *x marks the spot*.

but also how a weave is made utterly of

1) x upon x upon x, again,
 again, amongst, with, while,

*x's that love each other and are lovers of others.*¹

and, crucial, how a weave is also built of

2) will.

x x x x x x

solid things, tarmac, stone... have continuous effects.

Their solidity might hide this, try and pre-date their effects to '*the past*,' but sites and their uses carry and proliferate their effects, prevailing.

...what stops movement moves. ²

x x x x x x x x

What won't change:

 the pitch of the road where I'd wait on a small brick wall for the 31 bus, watching cars queue up the hill; the way, on the light going green, each would nudge backwards ever so slightly as drivers took their hand-breaks off –

x x x x x x x x
x x x x x x x
x x x x x x x
x x x x x x x

¹ 'Kahlo and Rivera are comrades too. Comrades and lovers. They love each other and they are lovers of others. They are comrades for each other and for others.' Esther Leslie, *In the meantime...* p. 14

² Sara Ahmed, "How Not to Do Things with Words" *Wagadu: A Journal of Transnational Women's and Gender Studies*, 2016, vol. 16, pp. 1-10