

Frankincense and Flora



A Script

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A whispered voice reads in a slow, convalescent pace somewhat reminiscent of ASMR recordings where slight mouth sounds are still legible.

“The ever-elusive woman emerges from a metamorphic process leading from bird, to bow and quiver, to spindle, to cup and ball game, to flower, to her human form, as her dress trails off into a bouquet of flowers and ends in the symbolic coils of a serpent”.

**Rupture you sound pure.
Rupture you sound pure.
Rupture your sound pure.
That could be you landing.
Your head cracked open
upon a first image.**

“I will show you what I have in my collection.”

“And with that she took out from the empty bag a white apron and tied it around her waist. Next she unpacked a large cake of [...] soap, a toothbrush, a packet of hairpins, a bottle of scent, a small folding armchair and a box of throat lozenges.”

write me in and how a story gets written
in a comma and after a toast

Words carrying some poetic meaning draw some tension.
I have the legs fixed in position. The third leg is height-adjustable. I can raise one leg higher than the others. I can sleep there until no more room or breath is left in the air.
Then limp against a shadow a small trace emerges on a page.

**Combs
are lovely
things.
All shadows
and all rays
abandoned
in my hair.**

*What in my eyes
can you say?*

*What in the caws
and the rakes?*

*Jumping Lizard
Ponds and Lakes*

*A lamp
by the chaise*

*by the books
set in place*

*I say I say
what in my eyes?*

*can you say?
I say*

*what in my eyes?
can you say?*

“In the prizewinning portrait” I tilt my head at a confident angle. My skin glows. In this one, I am sad. Pinched and pregnant. In a full skirt. “The echo of a colossal bough sagging with ripe pears.”

Hidden behind this shadow, in this light, all forms of life reveal themselves that are abandoned in me. The pears look heavy enough to break the bough.

“Flora, sad and peaked and almost haunted, looks ready to break...”
At one point perspective is totally over. Flora’s lover dead.

The pears have fallen from the bough. The peaked pears have fallen from the bough. The bough that held the pears could not hold.

“The photograph depicts” me, “a plump woman... waist cinched in, abundant hair piled up; bedecked with earrings, necklace, bracelets, a plumed hat, an artificial rose...”

“The things that make art and the things that art makes need to be encapsulated in a single, sublime speech, and this speech should yield a wall of sound.”

“Spirit is an altogether different bird: an impersonal, incorporeal spark that seeks clarity, essence, and a blast of the absolute”

A spiritual regimen of natural spells.

framework and world views

A deepened and willful strangeness of our days

**the rain drawls
the plug sparks
the bulb burns**

“I smoked a bowl of frankincense resin. It tasted off when smoked out of a pipe, kept catching on fire. I would recommend vaporizing it on a charcoal instead. There were definitely some psychoactive effects. I felt dizzy, in a not unpleasant way, kinda stoned. My internal dialogue quieted. The effects are noticeable but hard to put a finger on. I will probably be trying this again in the near future.”

“Took 2 deep inhales of burning frankincense “rocks” last night. Mild mood improvement and an “odd” feeling. Nothing like an opiate nor like anything else I could compare it with. Not profound enough to make me write off placebo, but noticeable enough to make me consider trying again in about a week.”

“Frankincense feels somewhat like a dopamine agonist, you’re better off rubbing the oil over your chakras, smoking some right after eating and sitting cross legged and breathing slowly for 120 seconds or longer.”

“Higher grades of frankincense oil can be wiped inside the nasal cavity and inhaled sharply, this is simpler when done with things safe to snort from where you can suspend the oil in, like cotton balls or sponges.”

“Frankincense anti-addictive properties are similar to D2 agonists. I can reset my receptors and entire neurotransmitter system but I worry.”

I taste sour
Selfish reasons

You taste
of warm marshmallows

fluff on your chest and arms

I hope the gift of life is a good gift
Having a heart beat keeps getting harder

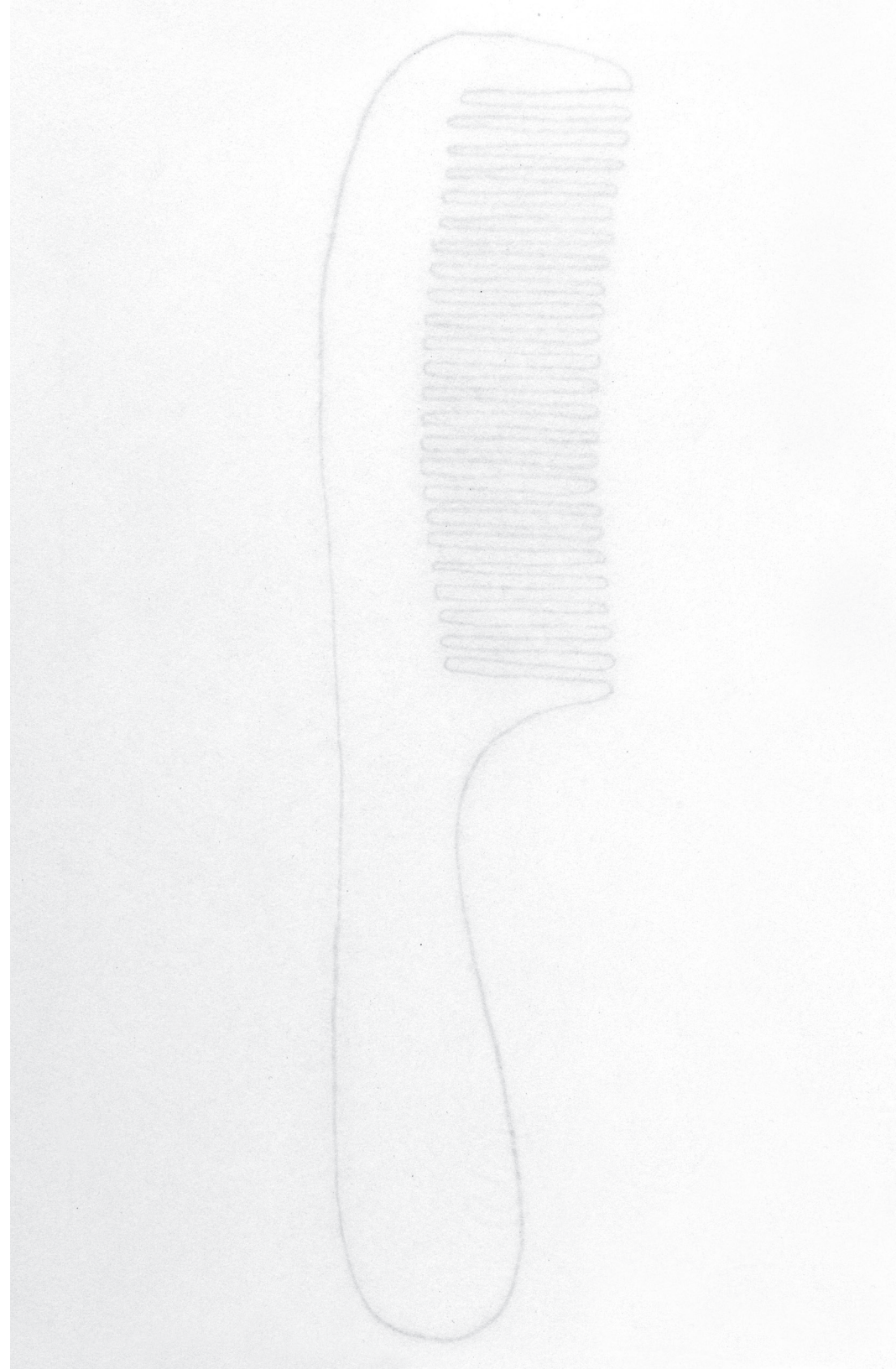
Shadows and light enable and disable Flora

*Master, it's this infatuation. It makes your
tastes unconscious.*

*Master it's this obsession to learn more about
me. I'm just an image you saw.*

A tilt and jolt to the left. Fabricating movement.

You were the beginning of a discontent. An
idea that kept growing slowly after "I began
taking long walks into the forest". An idea
stuck to the back of my head.



“Never sacrifice the object of study to enhance some verbal turn discovered on the subject, nor piece together any such discoveries in a poem nor in a photograph.

Always go back to the object itself, to its raw quality, its difference: particularly its difference from what I’ve (just then) written about it”

On behalf of these raw objects a story is told, a person enacted. A crucial plot turn into murder. Life into sacrilege, sacrilege into life and a gesture lived infinitely repeated.

“Never leave off the poetic form” “it must be used at some point. It produces a play of mirrors that can reveal persistently obscure aspects of the object. The reciprocal clash of words are the means for studying the object in depth”.

“Objects and poems are irreconcilable. The point is knowing whether you wish to make a poem”, or an image, “or to comprehend an object (in the hope that the mind wins out, comes up with something new on the subject) I choose poetic droning:” Flora.



“I am living amongst the brushery (brush, comb and hair) ... an aromatic redheaded giantess... And music, vibrant to the rafters, of myriad insects, millions of animal sparkles (effervescence)...?”

I am winding down as I read this excerpt of stolen lines.

“Am I living, an insect, in the brush or fragrant comb. A giantess...”

“...A forest whose topknots shed.”

“If leaves are feathers, pine needles are more like bristles.” Alive until they fall off the tree. Manes shed over muddied ground. Each day I shatter my voice against the morning air. A cold damp chaos meets my silence. A cup brings me back into warmth.

“A nightgown of shadow splashed with a sunlight obliquely woven of sleepless atoms.”

“Sunlight in the pinewoods ...”

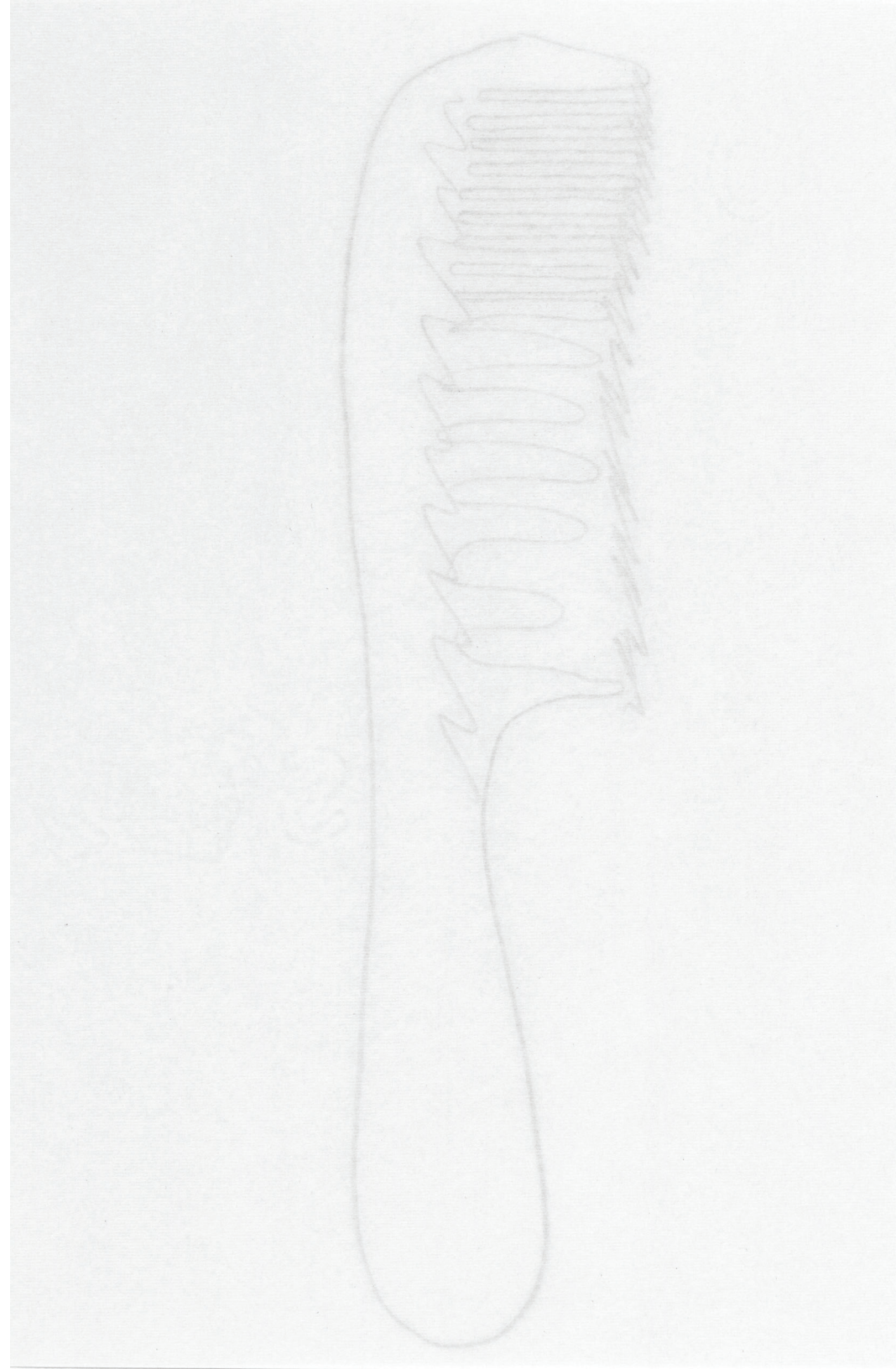
“A birth of the human world, of the simplest things, their accession by the spirit of women, the acquisition of corresponding qualities— a new world in which women and things together will enjoy harmonious relations: that is my poetic and political goal.”

This might still strike you as somewhat hazy, but it’s coached in “the special concerns of portrait making —the memorialization of contemporary life, the conferral of dignity on the individual, and the evocation of bodily and psychological presence—the visual culture of a revolutionary era”.

“A freemason and a cellist in the court of Louis XVI in Versailles, Gilles-Louis Chrétien was also an engineer. He developed a teaching system based on audio-visual methods comparable to those used to instruct children today. A crazy inventor, Chrétien had perfected a kind of photographic apparatus.”

“The physionotrace was a simple instrument used to produce portraits of a perfect likeness.”

It came to be used widely during the French Revolution to portray a semblance of women and children and of dead revolutionary leaders whose bodies were propped up and traced. Their miniature portraits used to identify and count bodies of the dead. Portraiture as “a reimagining of selfhood where three domains—the aesthetic, the economic, and the subjective—intertwined...”



Later, in a different era, in a different continent, came the gold rush. The device long gone and forgotten: images of land surveyed and photographed in the Americas along with the gaze of Spiritualists, set on a spectral potential in images: ashes, smoke, fleeting subjects.

The world upside down turned into flesh.

Over exposed windows, lights blazing on a negative like fire over ice. Lights blazing on a negative. An image telling itself it has burned a million times.

Cheap vainglory trapped in this forever solitude. I wanted to notice her in a necklace of pearls, in fake petals and on a straightened apron. In the scent of oils burned, in shoes and in “pears combing sense”.

**Flora Muybridge
is beaconsed in
a buttonhole of
ruffled dust.**

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Visitor comments on the website: Nature's Herb Forum: <https://www.tapatalk.com/groups/herbsmxf/frankincense-has-psychoactive-properties-t4084809.html> Most recent date accessed: 13/03/2018

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