

GOLDEN PABULUM MAITIU MAC CARTHAIGH

What if we nourished the soil together?

Would you share the fluid with me if I asked?

How long could you last?

How would you feel when my stream collided with yours? And would the image of the swirling runoff excite you?

Are you enjoying the warm glow of the glass in your hand?

Nourishment is the act of feeding and sustaining to aid growth, health, and good condition. While renourishment is technically not a word. Can you nourish something which you have drained and destroyed? Can you nourish soil if you only understand it as site of nourishment for yourself? Something to harvest and plunder? Something beyond being pleased and cared for?

Recently I have taken to pissing in cups, diluting it to a certain ratio with water and then using it to renourish foraged soil. Even if I do not have much to expel, I take time to hold a cup underneath me, softly release and then let the warmth in my hands rushing to fertilize. It is like feeding a lover who has taken to the bed. Nourishing them with a restorative concoction or elixir.

Pissing directly on the earth will only stimulate the self, so you must dilute it. Use it sparingly. Use it on dried soil after heavy rain. The soil craves dilution, fermentation, and care. But please nourish delicately.

THE SPRING CLEANER AND THE RABBIT MAUREEN MARCK

Penicillium roqueforti, secondhand stoneware, transparent and white glaze, agar agar, plant based yoghurt

We are still here, waiting in the shared kitchen. Alone in the beginning but gradually no longer. We are everybody's and nobody's, reigned slowly by a new skin. Once a clean surface, now envious of indifference. An unwelcome guest commits to being, the soft one doing.

“Here are described the macroscopic aspects of the flesh and the blood of the eucharistic miracle which happened in Lanciano back in the seventh century. Historical research has been carried out from which it has been certain that the flesh is formed by a mesodermal tissue recognizable as myocardium. The various kinds of research performed on the blood especially thin-layer chromatography, pointed out that the substance was real blood. The human nature of the ancient blood and flesh of Lanciano has been proved immunologically through the reaction of zonal precipitation by Uhlenhuth. The blood group research on the fluids of elution of the ancient flesh and blood has turned out to be the same in the two tissues (group AB). The electrophoretic picture of the serum proteins of the ancient blood has presented aspects coincidental with ones prodded by fresh serum. Remarkable reductions can be appreciated in the ancient blood as far as sodium, potassium, chlorides, inorganic total phosphorus and, magnesium are concerned whereas calcium has increased.”

{} ALEKSANDRA KOMSTA

Each year {} emerge from the air; wood, paper and sweet liquids.

They wake up from the daydream, and for a little moment become visible, which for a human it usually means material, or observable with at least one of our senses.

For a couple of hours I celebrate a presence of this wonderful crud; a crave for becoming glued-back to everything that was gone in the apoptosis apocalypse.

Fingers and void between fingers.

Eyeballs adhering to the rest of ocular pulp.

Matrix for an imprinted wrinkles and lines.

Each year {} become visible, looking for their missing part that from which they have been detached, and that what have detached from {}.

Programmed detachments that made me and make me a stranger to myself.

Organic evacuation.

In the moment of birth, and then countless times.

{} owns any name, word, and sound that inhabit what no longer belongs to our bodies.

On this magical evening, leave a message to the snippet of your body.

A note, a wish, or anything you feel.