

Blank and bouyant parts

An asterisk (*); from Late Latin asteriscus, from Ancient Greek ἀστερίσκος, asteriskos, “little star”) is a typographical symbol or glyph. It is so called because it resembles a conventional image of a star. In English, an asterisk is usually five-pointed in sans-serif typefaces, six-pointed in serif typefaces, and six- or eight-pointed when handwritten.

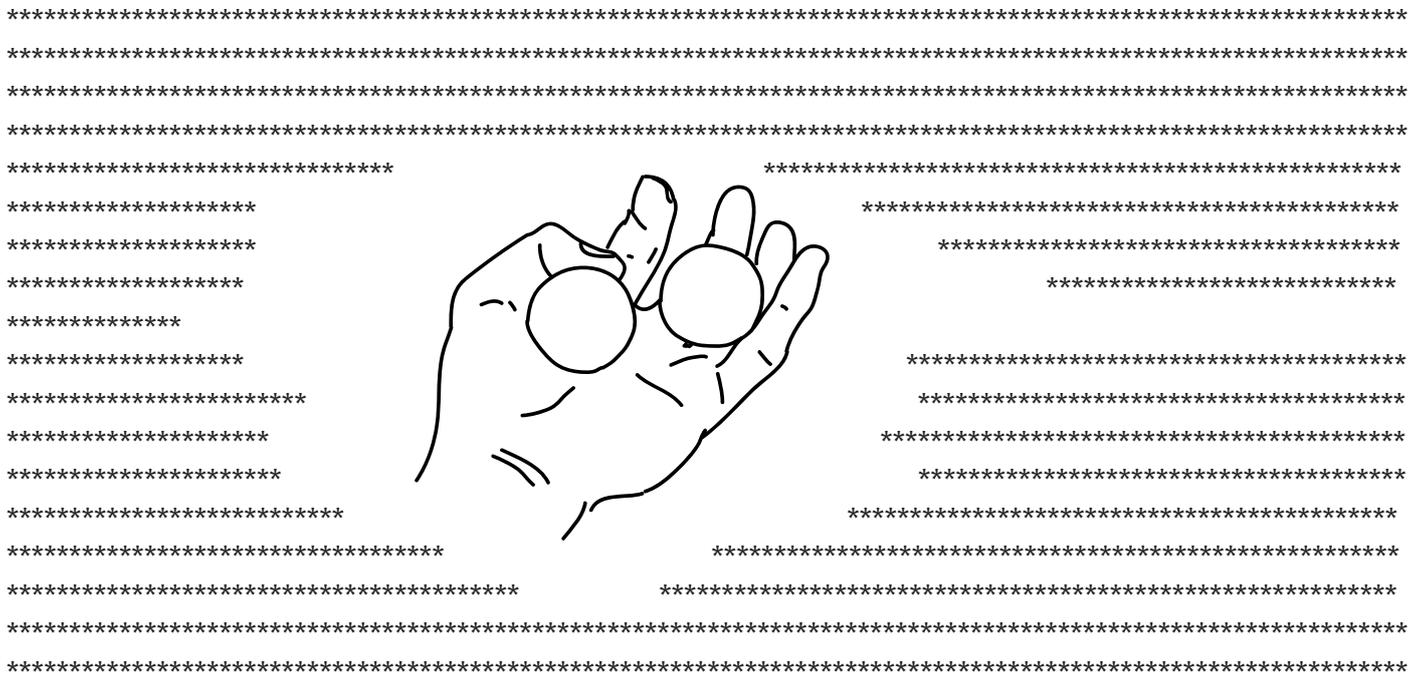
It can be used as censorship. It is also used on the Internet to correct one’s spelling.

The asterisk is derived from the need of the printers of family trees in feudal times for a symbol to indicate date of birth. The original shape was seven-armed, each arm like a teardrop shooting from the center. The asterisk is used to call out a footnote, especially when there is only one on the page. Less commonly, multiple asterisks are used to denote different footnotes on a page (i.e., *, **, ***). Typically, an asterisk is positioned after a word or phrase and preceding its accompanying footnote. In marketing and advertising, asterisks or other symbols are used to refer readers discreetly to terms or conditions for a certain statement, the “small print”.

<https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Asterisk>

“I would give my entire output of words, past, present and to come in exchange for easier access to the world, for permission to state ‘I hurt’ or ‘I hate’ or ‘I want’. Or indeed, ‘Look at me’. And I do not go back on this. For once a thing is known it can never be unknown. It can only be forgotten. And writing is the enemy of forgetfulness, of thoughtlessness. For the writer there is no oblivion. Only endless memory.”

‘Look At Me’ Anita Brookner



Once these pines have left my hands it’ll feel better, as slowly but surely they pierce the skin.
All read from the palm, lines criss and cross.

Seen as a crystal ball, I put some faith in the process of drawing new images, new symbols from the deck. Compatibility charts all over the place, will this run with these settings?

Or does another tightly sealed layer of cellophane wrap need to be pulled back, please let there be refrain.

Cast out;
globular digits clamped to cold polished glass.

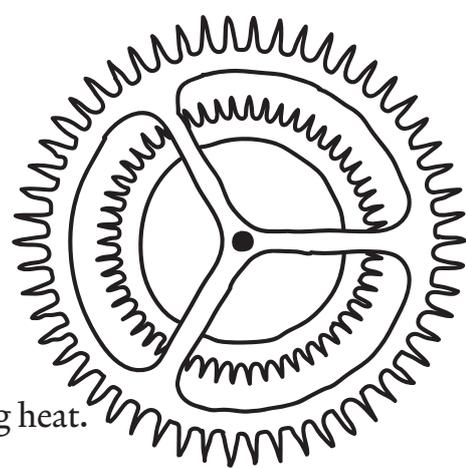
You see it's kinda like the sharp and the spiny,
that really is the point,
bottom feeder dredging depths
down here looping.

Gears turning, often frozen in snapshot never cool rather expelling heat.

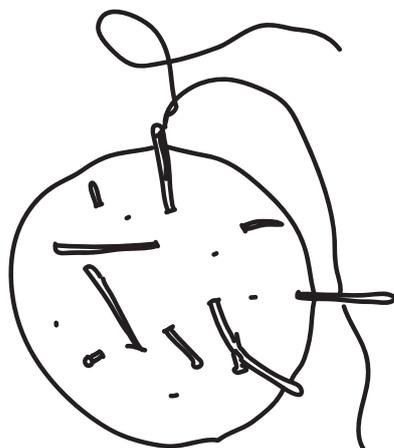
Keep moving.

Tear me apart, tear me apart,
it'll happen sooner or later most likely through my own dissection.

Peering through holes at all times,
the need for new value.



Keep moving.



If only someone knew the delicacy within,
I keep expecting to be scooped
to brush past all needles
as I pin more into my flabby flesh.

Pushed and dripping freely prickles that have punctured.

Leave it behind, whole flabby pin cushion
hold out with my soft nascent shell
and forget all spines.

How that might crunch though wheels?
How that might shake and shudder?
How might I be crushed under this weight?

Hold out with my soft nascent shell.

Cupping to my mouth
this thirst is trapping
salt water surrounds us.
Recognize me, do take note*, please do take note*,
Echo's curse was cast upon a rock pool for sure.

Watch your step we're here clinging on the rocks
blood well read
self sharpening teeth.

And the needle of the meter indicates new strokes
bristling against worth, barbing the self
trying so doggone hard to avoid these matters,
but the crank keeps turning

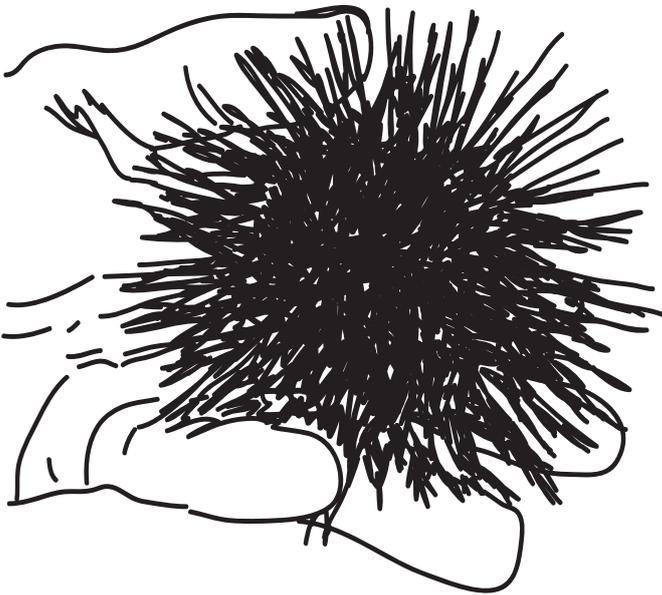
Cragfast.

Chin upon head
a palette of soft bruises, smeared in gel.

Such long shadows for a dimly lit room
as eclipse movement allows an enclasp.

Encapsulate this moment a brief elongation
a blush with you
do take note*.

* * * * *



I've been thinking for some time now how they cling
to the rocks below me.

A cliché would be to compare them to sirens, but these
little stars do not sing, rather they act as dark hard
punctuation, do not tread on me, be wary of your step.

Sea, awash with urchins
planted on the page take note and hold the break.
Cut this ream and maybe be wary of where your
fingers land not your feet.

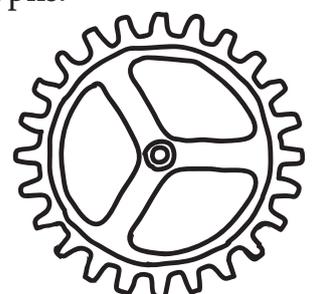
It's odd to think of all the eyes in these inky depths.

Ever feel like you have been left out?
A trending occurrence when you have your eye
plugged to the hole in the fence.

How the gears and cogs grind slacked with grease
amassed from the repeated rotations.
Second guessed by these movements eyes and fingers
melding,
freshly formed spicules eject,

continuously reforming from older thoughts and
wistful glimpses.

I think the Urchins begin to seem more appealing
they should entwine with the gear points, pointed
quills sequencing a breakdown in glyphs.



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