

FrameWork 9/26

Margot Fabre on Eunice Luk

1

Gathered bird-people
In the park on a warm day
Baby-clown-like practice
I try to be not in my head,
To pick up a branch genuinely
Giving it a shot,
Catching a wing or a beak
I try to stumble even though birds don't stumble
I try to be without my head, to let my hand do what it wants
It doesn't work
Trying to be a bird or the water only reminds me of my human-ness

2

One way to survive extinction is to hide,
Alarm bells in the form of warm water
So quiet
Rising water, so quiet too
Sixty meters later and we are long gone
Until then, mussels choke on road salt
More than they can filter
I walk down the path
Not catching no mussels no warnings
Enjoying a warm September my phone is off
In plain sight, one can hide too

3

Fossils at my feet, everywhere, brittle rocks
Flake open, etched surfaces
To be with the river one must go on their knees
On my knees
I ruffle through the stones
Where they meet the edge
The lake floor is slippery
I walk little cliffs steps
Spill my way in to depths
Into the dying world, with the dying fish
I am not sure there is a good way to preserve a fossil
this rock would make a good soap holder,
I almost bring it home but it's not mine to take

4

The river's afterlife:
A set of characters, summoned
A decor: windshield glass, candy wrapper
Open caskets: who wants to be who,
Speak for yourself: "My presence slows you down"
"The wrapper suits my skin, my outsides"
"What do I see, I see rust"
"Is this a celebration, what do we celebrate?"
"Shell of a shell, confusing me with its skeleton"
Why pair and why adorn when we can toss and tumble
Attentiveness, faux-fur coated and tucked
Asking every single one for permission
Not a collection, hand-research

5

On the main floor, stretched thin on the wall
The closer I look the more I... Am I still looking for a mussel?
Googly-eyed. Dampness in a distant sound,
The concrete cracks under my butt
From where I sit there is no way to tell what direction the river is

6

Downstream, far from sight
I plop into place
Here to stay or be plucked
There is no hiding from the water getting warm,
When living at the bottom of the river

7

I see nests everywhere
The cup holding ice and noodles
The air filter gathering
Warm coats of dust
A cane is a branch
A gum is a tooth's nest
Shells are nests too
How careful how caring
Crack under the big human foot
Pretending to be bird
Let live and bookmark a dozen ideas
Lilac is a human-made colour
All the fish is hot
Dogs are too