



issue one
kmrowe



The doorway to dreams
lies ajar, a sinuous road
passes through.

Henri Lefebvre

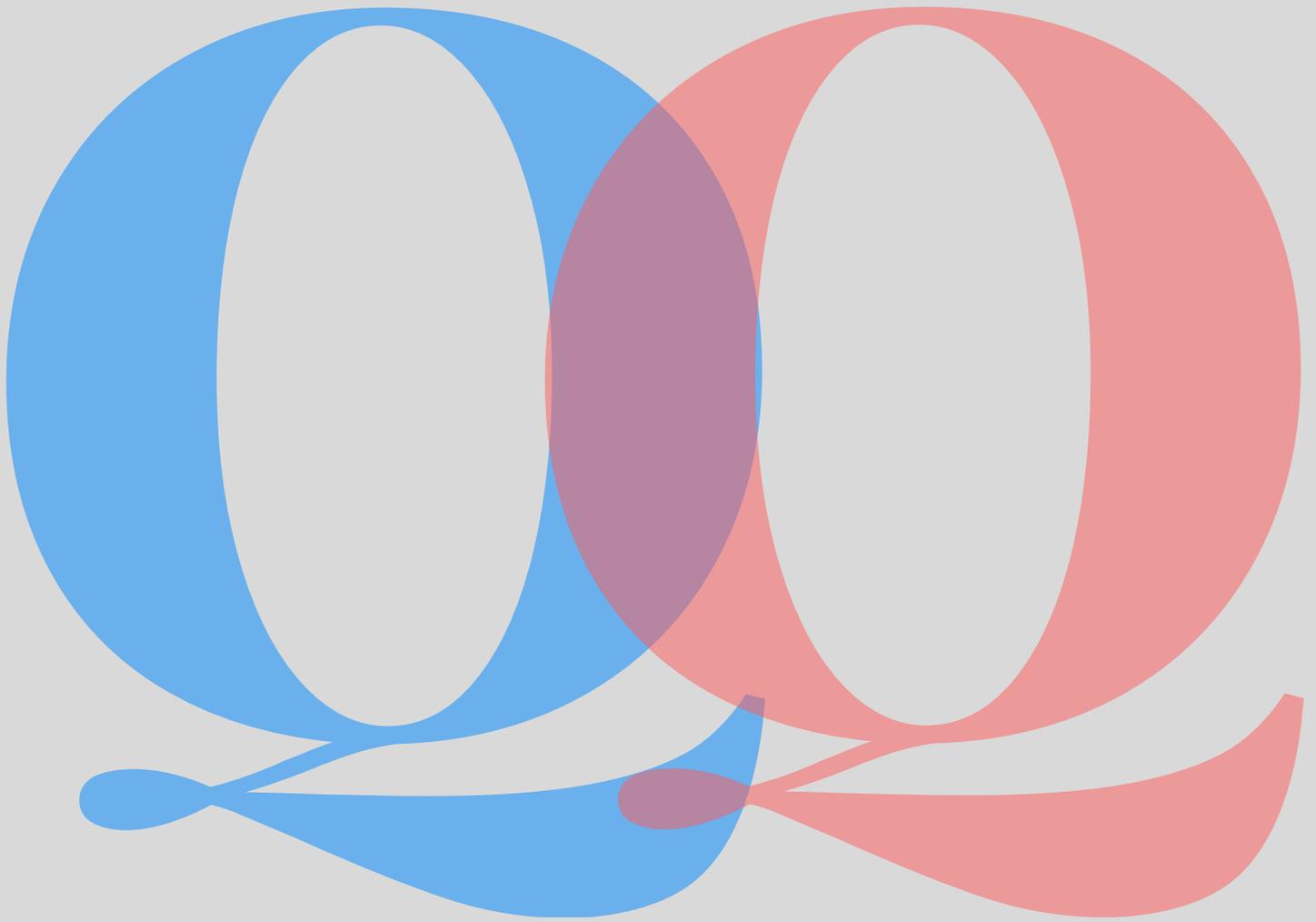
a quivering
hush of white

flower petals
scatter across

the pavement

the door opens
letting the world

into our quiet
cozy home



‘Night is also a sun’ and
the absence of myth is
also a myth: the coldest,
the purest, the only true
myth.

Georger Bataille

from here
i can't quite

hear the sun
and as it burns

and bores a hole
through the thick

white clouds
i imagine a

long hiss

How splendid to be enjoying piano
music that came dancing up to me
from a magical distance, I found:
the music seemed to possess a
certain buoyant languor.

Robert Walser

an unrequited
appreciation

of a lonely tree
in a city square

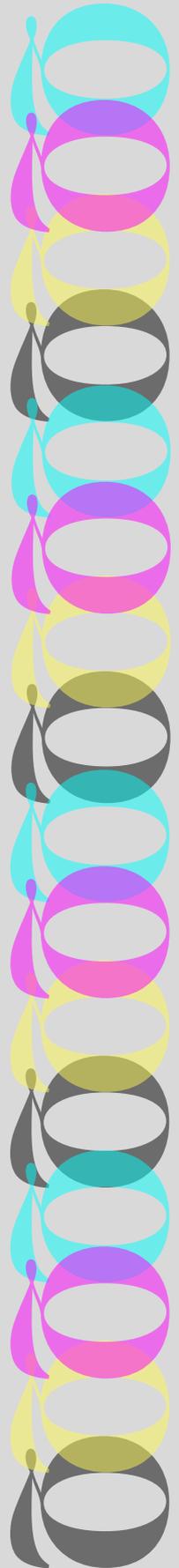
somewhere where

lost in the sounds
of traffic and chatter

her leaves dance
to their own music

mostly unheard
except for by

those who carefully
listen



grey matters and daydreams too



We don't think enough about staircases. Nothing was more beautiful in old houses than the staircase. Nothing is uglier, colder, more hostile, meaner, in today's apartment buildings. We should learn to live more on staircases. But how?

Georges Perec

Qo
Qo

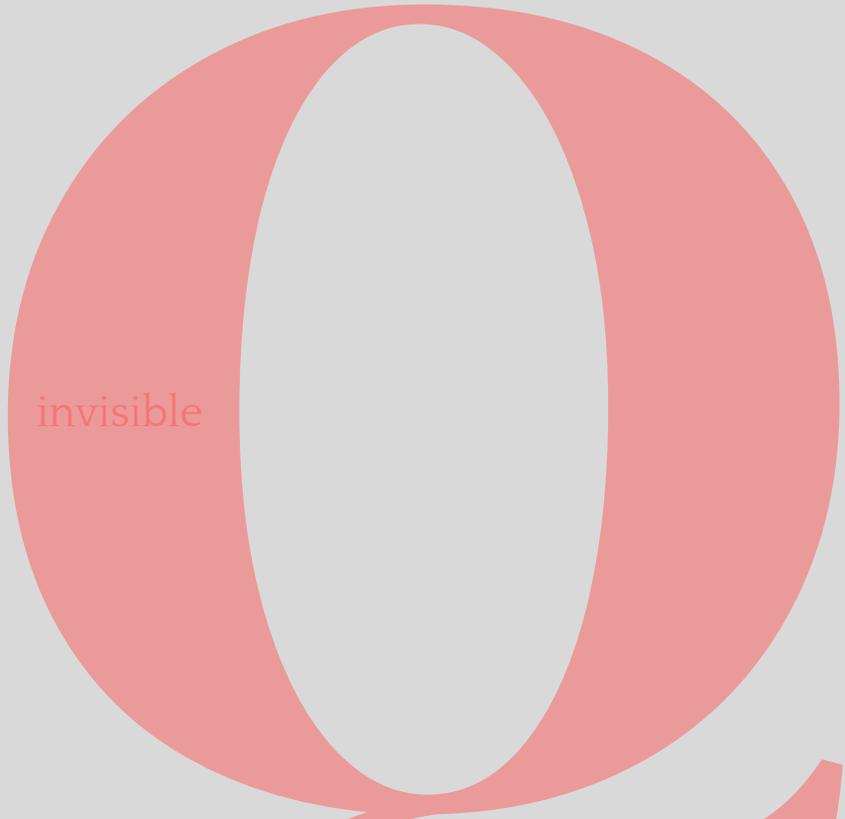
So we walked down the
road—nothing
happened.
Tennessee Williams

so we walked
down the road—

everything happened

the shale crunched
beneath our feet

a history of erosion
by fashionable footwear



invisible

Like vanishing dew, a passing apparition
or the sudden flash of lightning - already
gone - thus should one regard one's self.

Ikkyu



hands

A solitary house doesn't simply exist. It needs time around it, people, histories, "turning points," things like marriage or the death of that fly, death, banal death—the death of one and the many at the same time; planetary, proletarian death. The kind that comes with war, those mountains of wars on Earth.

Marguerite Duras

her parents arguing
in the kitchen
wooden bench

on a swinging
a child sits

warming the veranda
beams of light
dance between
exquisite quarks



} Question your
teaspoons.

Georges Perec

bland details
except for those

who care
to notice

light is
drawn

through the
kitchen window

as through a
sieve

it pours through
somehow cleaner

her hand
on mine

under the table

everything slow
with perfumed tea

tenderness
and sadness

spices in the larder
cold knife in the butter

quintessential spaces
for expressing love

invisible city press

2017