

VASILIKI SIFOSTRATOUDAKI

## ROCKS IN STOCK

26.03 - 23.04.2016

### The Violet Purple Thread

I stand and look at the window. My reflection merges with the items of the vitrine. We become one. The glass is between us, by the penetration of the reflection of the city and the people on the glass it becomes the carrier rather than the barrier between us. Silence; on the edge of the glass as much in a silhouette of the dot. We all read by gazing, hearing the smells and tasting the textures. On the green side of the glass the sound enters. Noise, which later becomes words. The pavement is equally uneven as the floor of the miniature world in which we all found our place in. Steady, in a position we move. We talk with our eyes, hear the smell and feel the sound with our eardrum. Like the soldier I am gazing at the moment, he is a statue by now, carrying a gun, wearing a hat, he is fully equipped. He is taking a step like the young Kleobis and Biton but they were naked. The quarter of the sun is under the building, when I arrived it was almost a meter above it.

Vasiliki Sifostratoudaki

JOEY RAMONE

### The Plum Tree

Do you remember the plum tree? Red orbs, small and pert, darkening under the sun to a rich baroque purple before dropping into the long grass where we would either find them with our digits or squish them between our toes, screaming as it happened because also it might not be a plum but something else roving through the grass with the same carelessness as we were. Breaking apart the purple skin to open up the golden insides to the fading summer light. The sun reflected in our palms, in our palms. Eat the sun! The sun has a pip! Spit it out! It will grow more suns! Eat as many suns as you can fit in your mouth. Three? I'm doing four! See the juice from the sun rolling down my chin. The sun can't be contained. It's trickling out. Trickling and spilling, and then barfing. Vomiting in the dry grass. Bent over in the sunset. The golden light on your back, the sun pouring out of your mouth in wretches, spittle and coughs. Your eyes welling up, not in sadness, but the effort. Laughing and puking. Vomiting up the sun. Many suns. They speak where you cannot. They have too much to say and rush up to the tongue, which they think will help them. And in the golden light, you puking out the suns, bent over, your face stroking the grass you are a goddess among the trees, a goddess of excess in the orchard puking out her guts, turned into a song with each contraction.

Sriwhana Spong

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