

LISA
ROBERTSON'S
MAGENTA
SOUL
WHIP

Wooden Houses

A work called wooden houses begins

It explores different degrees of fear.

And it is curious that you did not choose a secular image

Augustine's own task was equally impossible.

And we said a boat would come and take you to Venice

And you are a law of language.

And my mouth took part

And we fed you morphine mixed with honey.

And you are a rare modern painting in the grand salon

And you are a wall of earth.

And you are an ideological calm

And you are flung out to search.

And you are framed only by the perspectival rigours of masonry

And you are not a neutral instrument.

And you are pornographic

And you are the imagination of society as a tree.

And you are the kneeling woman who expresses some alarm
The woman looks somewhat apprehensively at the viewer.

And you are the pronoun of love, scorn, accusation, glamour
Everything you know about the animal pertains to the riot of love.

And you are Torontos of cold trees
Where erupts the morning's catalogue.

And you did not die outside of love
And you do not judge.

And you roll down scabbling at its glaze
The man on the right runs away terrified.

And you see how an animal dies
Giving a first drop of voluptuousness.

And you seem to pour rosewater
Leaning on trees for rest.

And you speak in leaves
To flirt and fight and appease.

And you turn into a her not knowing what's happening
The woman in your midst may be kneeling or seated or may
simply be drawn out of scale.

And you are the last wooden house
The carved frame includes the heads of dogs.

And you will not die
But chance is always a little ahead.

And your failure is my tongue
The dramatic effect is heightened by the bright red ground
showing through the top layers.

And your heart broke off into this great desire to see
Into the tall grass.

And your plump arms emerge from the gold and rose-pink
folds of your tunics
As in the ancient literary genres.

Because it is a known fact
The wounded fall towards the point.

Because of mute desire
You are the teak pavilion.

Because you wanted to be flattered
You are portrayed as the sea goddess Thetis with two of her
five sons.

Chance is always a little ahead
But not under circumstances of its own choosing.

Emptying your apartment during the season of apricots
This wasn't true.

Genial then light
I tell mine complaint.

I tell mine complaint
I tell mine complaint.

I took part in the savage transaction
It burns to come back to you.

It is pure surface
It pushes straight towards the author of its hurt.

It was 3:04 a.m.
Like you invented summer in a text I discovered in your
drawer in the summer of 1998.

Or a woman whose complete being seems to sing sex
One man shows his companion.

Sometimes the most ample designations are so stifling you
can only go further inside
Supposing a designation to have an interior.

The fabric is knotted to reveal your figure
The folds suggest the roundness of a young girl.

The tissue is syllables and dreams in a distant colony
The parts of life are not happening in tandem.

Then it is summer
This material is reconciled to chance, which is spacious.

To make livid a philosophy
We helped you leave breath.

Whether love comes as a young boy with girlish limbs
You are behind and between Christ and the adulteress,
witnessing.

You are buckled into my truth
A young woman looks openly out of the picture.

You are the claustrophobia of the image
At its peak a couple stare at the lightning-filled sky.

You are the exhausting pace of boredom versus the use of
the body
You are the next cabin also.

The figures represent the four ages of man
You call this passivity.

You left the books that had surrounded you and me holding
your body
Accompanied by the city.

You lie there wounded
You see the precision of the distant city through the round
arches of the bridge.

You see the women's thick hair bound with coloured ribbons,
their complicated sandals and the sprigs of olive
You slip your cock into the actress's vagina.

You thrum and click
You took part in the savage transaction of negation.

You are wooden houses transformed into apartments and
restaurants
Your breath thrummed the wooden house.

Your failures are no longer sacred.

Draft of a Voice-Over for Split-Screen Video Loop

'A young woman looks openly out of the picture.'

'A young woman looks openly out of the picture.'

'Her experience of scale is always paradoxical.'

'As for the unconscious, she is breathing in its Latin.'

'Philosophy comes from her having difficulty.'

'Her experience of scale is always paradoxical.'

'When girls were flowers this wasn't true.'

'Her pronoun is sedition unrecognized as such.'

'The women is itself not a content.'

*'Her voice turns towards weakness and shame and it pours down
her face.'*

'When it comes to flowers, she is parody.'

'How does she represent herself as thinking?'

‘So what if she is thick and stupid behind her life. It is not private.’

‘It can’t be regulated.’

‘No, it is a survival, a learning-to-live.’

‘Knowledge is truth until it’s ordinary.’

‘To super-add girls speaking to humans is not a pleasure.’

‘No, it is a survival, a learning-to-live.’

‘Probably whatever the feminine might mean has to do with the intellectual relationship to change.’

‘None of the forms feel big enough.’

‘She imprecisely uses freedom.’

‘Part of her wanted nothing.’

‘She will be the pronoun of her analysis.’

‘Philosophy comes from her having difficulty.’

‘When women are exiled it seems normal.’

'Probably whatever the feminine might mean has to do with the intellectual relationship to change.'

'She thinks she undoes her femininity to give herself pleasure.'

'She brings this vocabulary into her mouth to sex it.'

'The information of her fear is her most serious and fragile part.'

'She doesn't have much time to understand her mortality.'

'Her voice turns towards weakness and shame and it pours down her face.'

'She exploited a splitting at the level of process.'

'Her pronoun is sedition unrecognized as such.'

'She feels free to set out in any discourse.'

'She doesn't have much time to understand her mortality.'

'She hasn't been human.'

'She wants to tell about it but not necessarily in language.'

'She imprecisely uses freedom.'

'She says space is doubt.'

'She recycled the discarded part.'

'She exploited a splitting at the level of process.'

'She says space is doubt.'

'Part of her wanted nothing.'

'She smooths her hair.'

'She recycled the discarded part.'

'She spirals wildly away.'

'She writes against herself.'

'She taught herself to make distinctions.'

'She writes against those who know how to read.'

'She thinks she undoes her femininity to give herself pleasure.'

'As for the unconscious, she is breathing in its Latin.'

'She wants to tell about it but not necessarily in language.'

'None of the forms feel big enough.'

'She will be the pronoun of her analysis.'

'She smoothes her hair.'

'She writes against herself.'

'She spirals wildly away.'

'She writes against those who know how to read.'

'She feels free to set out in any discourse.'

'So what if she is thick and stupid behind her life. It is not private.'

'She brings this vocabulary into her mouth to sex it.'

'The information of her fear is her most serious and fragile part.'

'Thus she arrives at the idea of the mistake.'

'The masterpiece of her mouth feels natural.'

'The masterpiece of her mouth feels natural.'

'The women is itself not a content.'

'What the political will be to her cannot yet be quantified.'

'This is a concept.'

'She hasn't been human.'

'Thus she arrives at the idea of the mistake.'

'This is a concept.'

'To super-add girls speaking to humans is not a pleasure.'

'It can't be regulated.'

'What the political will be to her cannot yet be quantified.'

'Knowledge is ordinary.'

'When women are exiled it seems normal.'