

POETRY BY JULES GIBBS

Everything comes broken. And too large. The human enters at the vanishing point and renders it changed. Picks up the live wire. The dead phone. Attempts to think

time and space into their proper strangeness, to curate a steel spine not limbed or limited by sense, a spire built to hum a constant, necessary reply in the language

of lateral pull. Someone checks the point of origin. The messages come broken, too large, but still alive; have survived the upheaval of submergence and fault, the torque

into the perpetual future tense, the horizon’s tensile strength, its vertical force, its objects of conveyance and interruption. To be human is to forget

what the wind can do, the sky. To interrogate the horizon. Three minutes without oxygen and the imaginary landscape stops believing in itself, forgets what is lost

to dark matter. The / towers like a lower case god, forces a vertical sense, an insistent intersection with a landscape so patient, it’s hostile.

Have you forgotten what the wind can do? The sky? We enter the frame and render it changed, suspend ourselves in skirts of prairie grass, shoed in the slow upheaval of lines. To be alive

is to break something. To be broken. The land is our own invention, a criminal-hero caught in fields and sky, entangled, slightly mangled, too shapeless to set free. Still it frees us

from our fits of response and praise. The cracks and fissures in the distance bear our lassitude and longing. Everything comes broken. The dead phone, the live wire.

Immensity injures, urges us to be yoked in meaning and act. The earth pierced with objects of interruption, anchored from the core. A follicle. A tree. A falling man.

A nerve that hums ohm. What’s harmed is lulled. What’s aching, slaked. The message travels the sweet dark tongue of air in widening currents, a slow-stretched frequency

that collides with the ear’s fine bones, injures with immensity in its need to be spoken. The human has escaped the frame. Listen — someone is listening: everything comes broken.

MCA DENVER

David & Laura Merage Foundation
Photography Gallery and Lu & Chris Law
New Media Gallery

KEVIN O’CONNELL
EVERYTHING COMES BROKEN

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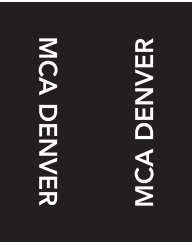


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Cover image: *Untitled (T 62)*, 2009, archival pigment ink print, 54 x 36 in (137.2 x 91.4 cm). Courtesy Robischon Gallery, Denver.

Inside images: *Untitled (W 704)*, 2009, archival pigment ink print, 16 x 24 in (40.6 x 61 cm). *Untitled (W 521)*, 2009, archival pigment ink print, 36 x 54 in (91.4 x 137.2 cm). Both Courtesy Robischon Gallery, Denver.

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