# Living Colour

A pecha-kucha for Lee Krasner

#### Shattered Color

more like something about the happen than something actually happening like how it must have been when the universe was about to explode into being like the fabric of time inhaling before vomiting out an entire galaxy all over the darkness of the void

### Icarus

alexa knows when the world will end & says it's when the sun swells into a red giant in several billion years' time but she also floats the possibility that a future technology could go wrong which sound to me like a threat like alexageddon is only ever an next-day delivery away

#### Water No. 2

frogs dressed as twigs or leaves sit so still you cannot see them & even though you look with your best eyes even switching off your ears you can only see a few sticks or scraps of green floating on the water & just as you are about to give up one twitches & appears

# Untitled, 1946

underneath the pylon the humming is somehow quieter as if this place is sacrosanct like tombs in egypt their construction a mystery & now an unseen energy quick-snaps a turquoise whip along the cables & now a crow pauses to shout a bright red caw

#### Three into Two

we're all dying one second at a time she says as if she is a guru & i nod but secretly think she is ridiculous & has no idea what death is as it is not a slow creeping but the flat of a shovel hard in a soft face smiling despite it all

### Through the Blue

time has slowed now so each raindrop hard at the window sounds like someone stamping the date in the front of a library book & several minutes have now taken days to crawl by & these small hour cares put their fingers to their lips & frown

#### Milkweed

the atmosphere at luncheon is as thick as the gravy congealing in the sunday best jug but is suddenly & viciously punctured by a judgemental forefinger as rigid as the back of the emergency chairs that he wrestled free from the depths of the garage before we arrived

### Forest No. 2

the fawn is too young to know to run but her mother understands my accidental interruption for the hard life lesson it might be & zigzags into the trees feet flashing prayers like breadcrumbs for her spindly facsimile who just gazes at me frank & unperturbed

# Night Light

i want a picture taken at the very start of the universe that looks how everything looks when you stare up into the night sky in a snowstorm & wonder at how deep-blue-black it is in the countryside compared to the dull-grey-orange in the city you know longer love

### Portrait in Green

the human eye seeks the human form in everything in the curtains in your bedroom when you were a child the foam on your latte or the stars & often that face is the face of jesus christ one of the beatles or shakespeare and they are all straight white men except jesus but shhh

#### Assault on the Solar Plexus

like the fur of a marmalade tiger burnt umber by age watching as an antelope drinks from the stream & seems to be oblivious but all the while each individual hair on each individual vertebra is like an antenna picking up every single alarm sounding in the air

### Abstract No. 2

how about if we go up to the top of a hill not far from here & wait until the middle of the night then roll all the way down so fast that when we stagger to our feet & look up into the stars they are all dancing even though or perhaps because they are already dead

#### Desert Moon

they are plotting now in the kitchen over the boiling kettle spoons hovering over the instant coffee jar besides the white sugar cubes stolen from the canteen at the factory & this means sometimes pocket fluff floats in your hot drink like a cruel taunt lurking in small talk

## Untitled, 1947

day-dull moth are suddenly night-bright as their frantic ballet fizzes against walls & lampshades with a robust commitment lacking in butterflies who although often beautiful are made of sherbet & bits of old cotton that used to fix buttons to a raincoat

# Composition

what are we trying to convince ourselves of? I am not much for mantras not much for the endless repetition of a chain of words that don't go anywhere just hang like garlic bulbs around the neck of a cartoon cat wearing a stripy jumper, a beret & a thin moustache

### Blue Level

i see the shapes of their moving bodies dance in the patterned glass panels in the closed door & although i can not hear what they are saying the tone is the one that people use then they are whispering while waiting for poirot to point out the killer and the killer is me

### The Eye is the First Circle

the cold of a desert at night is clean & crisp like fresh lettuce bright leaves torn into salad & when darkness falls it lands soft as the tiger padding on the neck of that antelope no longer thirsty for water but now in need of a simple breath of warm afternoon air

#### Another Storm

i am human (so far as a know) so no one looks at me and goes burger possibly pie moussaka maybe or look! a meat cylinder wrapped in a kind of artificial skin with neat knots tied in each end which suggest that it used to be part of a long string oddly reminiscent of intestines

# Shellflower

the old tiger is ready to leap into the sky & let its claws drag cloudy nebula into neat lines as if that will somehow order the heavens & that influence will make sense of all the lives this teaming planet struggles to hold safe until the red giant comes

### Polar Stampede

& suddenly all the elements of the day as I have remembered it begin to plummet from the floor to the ceiling bolt-upwards as if all the gravity & the world are nothing more than one end of an hour glass that someone has turned over while boiling an egg

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A pecha kucha is a style of presentation originating in Japan. The presenter shows 20 slides which they display for 20 seconds each. It was invented by two architects to encourage people to be more organised and succinct.

Pecha kucha means the sound of the conversation in Japanese.

As a poetic form it has been employed most famously by Terence Hayes. This form although organised, it is not necessarily succinct.

Lee Krasner (1908 - 1984) was an American abstract painter. Her importance as an artist, like that of many women, was underestimated throughout her career. Six months after she died, she became only the second female artist to have a retrospective at the notoriously ovary-dodging MoMA in New York.

In the summer of 2019 the Barbican Gallery in London held a retrospective of her work. This poem sequence was written shortly afterwards in response to 20 of my favourite works.

The colours used in these slides were digitally colour picked from images of the paintings they reference.