

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

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

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

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

Blue Level

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

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**

by Valentine Carter

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more information follows

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.