

Undulations



as Rhythm

Collaboration 2

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Undulations as Rhythm

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Gazebo Gravy Press

Devon, UK

Phantom Flight



Flapper. In the *International Photographers' Book of Sudden Phantoms* this is listed as a 'humdinger taking flight'. The graveyard will spook whatever thinks it is only a guest. Tail feathers arced just as neatly as this hedge's flattop trim. A ghost of having flown is like a thought never spoken. Gulled to its grey tone. When it sounded like applause, those passing put hands together in prayer, eyes closed for fear and ignorance. Coleridge's albatross has moved inshore for safer poetry.

What We Don't Understand but See



Imagine a spoken protocol for not understanding. *I don't / I didn't*: as if the grammar of mystique can make any difference. How an afternoon sun will create meaning. Introspection's illusion may be that one distortion of knowing denied to the inanimate. When walls bounce back surer reflections than glass. Found, therefore it exists. A magic three of *look, see, think* - though art pulled from this hat cannot speak. Context *is* generally everything; trusting its source another. That there are no wrong answers is definitely a lie. The song of a bird is aural and misses this focus.

Perspective

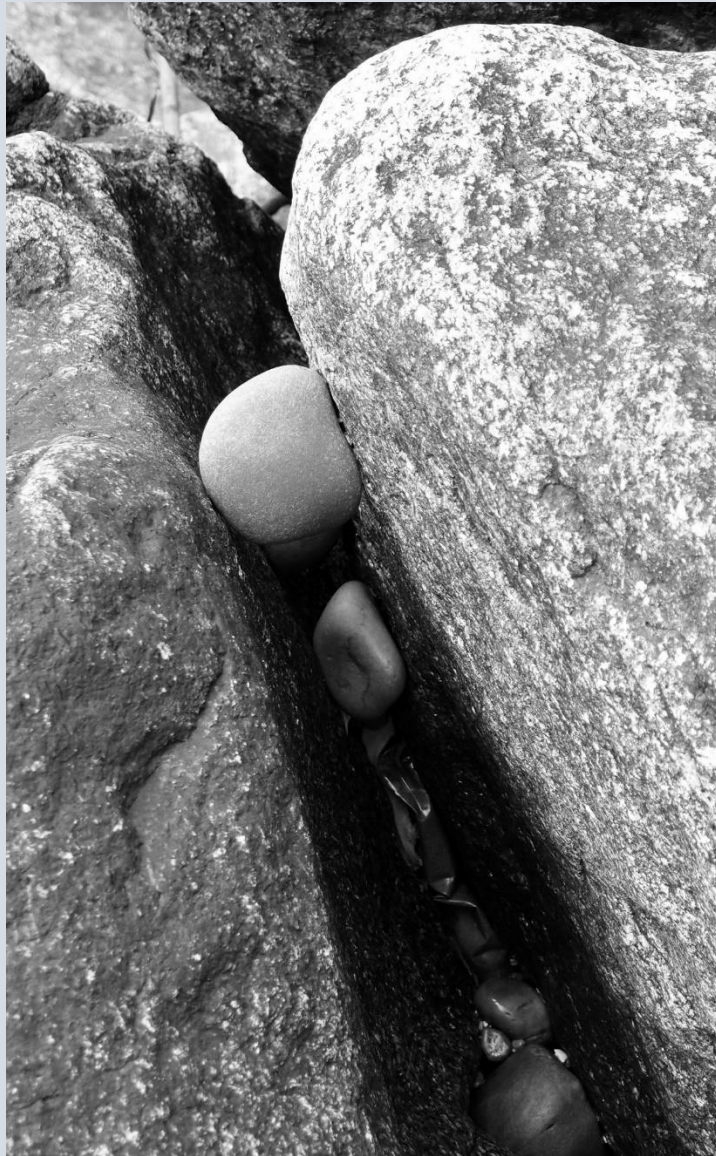


Forget perspective, this is a partisan sun feeding the fit and tall, urging more and more and more. Fool to be wise. Continuous spectrum of bifurcation. It is no more than how we frame argument when electing those who will destroy us all. The art of picturing is as literal as it gets. It could be a holiday scene simply shot in black and white / it could be. A way of regarding and judgement. Executed in dark pigment; light as background. This look through. Objectivity is always subject to fakery. What this is not / is right or wrong. Perspectivism – now there's a viewpoint.

Rock



David and Goliath. That one about a rock and then an extrapolation on the same thing. Even the pebbles resist. In ruminations on the endurance and stillness of time, this embodies more than what it holds. And if you turn on its side these are nestling.



A depository of beginnings held open by a pinch. In and out and in and out and in and out and in and out. Shaped before the grip. A give and take of tides. Or perhaps so many years ago a trapped foot was freed from here, prised. Betwixt.



Resistance is no longer futile but artistic. And here the adage takes on more of a physical accuracy. The tide not taken. A semiosis of cracks over weathering and time, exalted in the fissure. *This is ourselves under pressure / under pressure / pressure.*

Naked



Monstrous nudes, unashamed of their bizarre body parts flaunted in a natural state of lounge. What we know is that what we find is all in the head as prior creativity. Fat and bulbous seals sculptured to sand dunes. Orgy without ants. This day's barefoot stroll interrupted by the gentle surprise of oversteps. Viral reformation of beach genetics. Dogs chasing sticks might pause to consider the usual geometry of fetch and return. The Art of Brown. Undulations are a rhythm in waves. How the alien's craft left its landing imprint when travellers departed to disproportionately bloat and die.

Stone's Shadow



Shadow elaboration. Next time that hustler outside a Denny's in San Francisco bets you ten dollars he can make a stone bigger than itself without touching. Power no more than a silhouette. Of a solid smile. Solstices and monsters are read from them. It is a wordless play on the mythology of belief, as if magicians and heavens of heavy rock have such long-term plans. Alter ego. An overview of an overview is not necessarily tautologous. Standing within its love may be hoping more of light and an object's disposition. Back to perspective, we have no idea if it is only a pebble casting this doubt.

Persistence of Water



Those in flooded homes know. Even capitalism cannot stop it, and lack of care in the creep of a dark, snaking stream is a contributory. Without mining, an aquifer is hardly representing restraint. But this beautiful demonstration of shapes and shades as it bursts through. Hydrological hearsay has no remit in the questioning of the Watergods' intent. Microplastics have entered the chain to test a resilience of nature over production. When thrust through as a stallion, this is its liquid gallop. Having just mowed the sodden lawn it began to rain. Super-Earths have this too. As in Carver's story where they brace themselves up against the door, hopelessly.

Workings



We don't always get to see the believable workings of creation. Those *undulations as rhythm*, from here: it was iambic pentameter. Rib and ripple. Being held between pairs of key words is the suggestive shore beneath ebb and flow. Sunlight and froth. Nature can and will deal in symmetry but there are times when pattern is a redefining of the template. From rounded tops to ridges, water's optics trick and style depending on what we see. It is sun and shade too. Stone is reduced to pebble and this to sand and then we are in microscopies of possible imagination. If you were to say one is not connected to the other, there is a place for literalists to go and write diatribes read by zealots.



Last Leaf



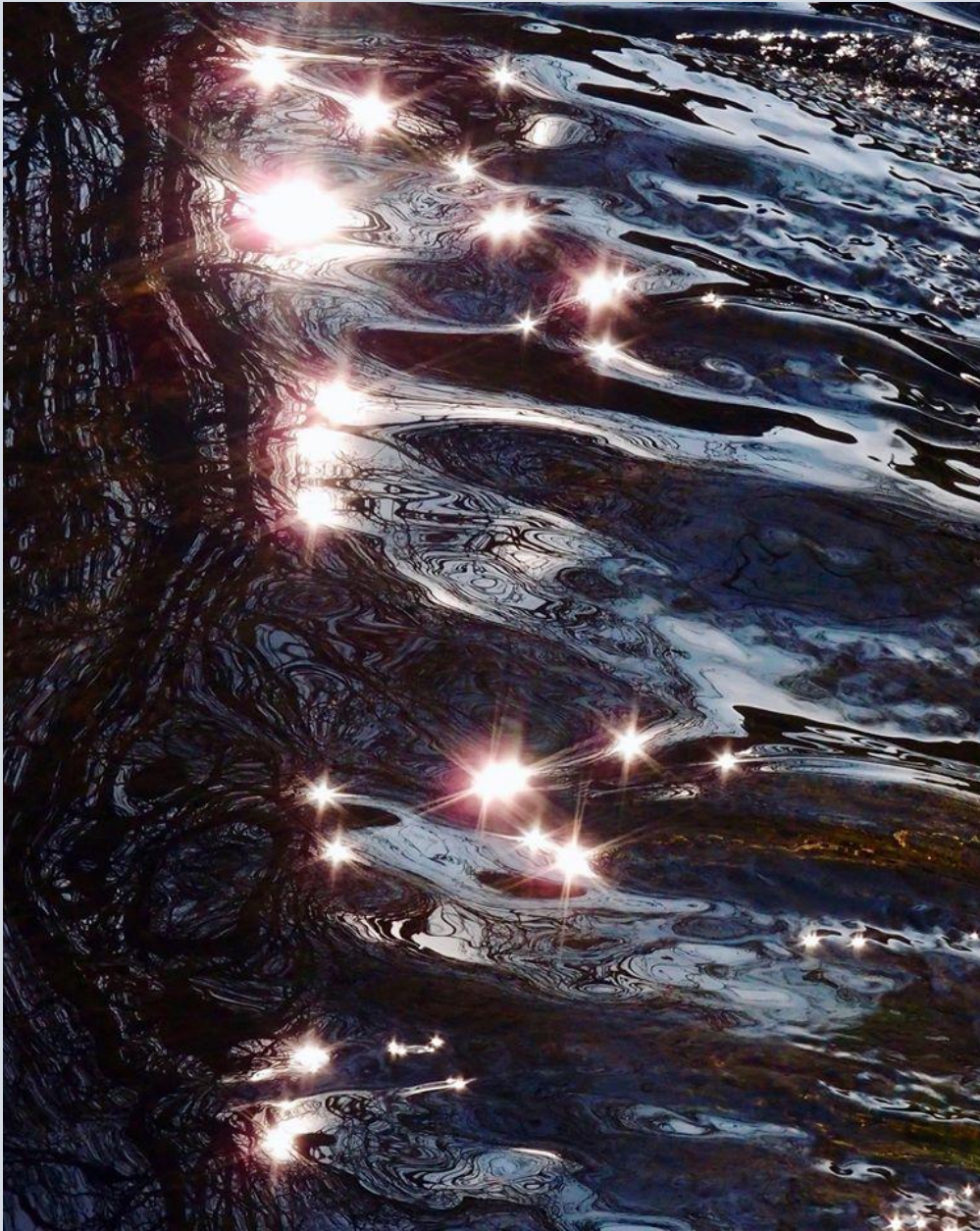
Imagine the post-apocalypse when all that survives is alliteration. As epidemics go, ours hangs on and on, and Oh for a happy ending to this viral vine. If a Hypothesis Tool, we too clutch in hope more than empiricism. The *dead hang* is a first in progression for better things to come, though one fall clearly ends it all. If you want beauty in the autumnal suggestiveness, there is colour still adhered in the imagination. In a word cloud for 'hanging on', the straight negatives fight with the *ologies* and *isms* for ascension.

Foliose Lichens



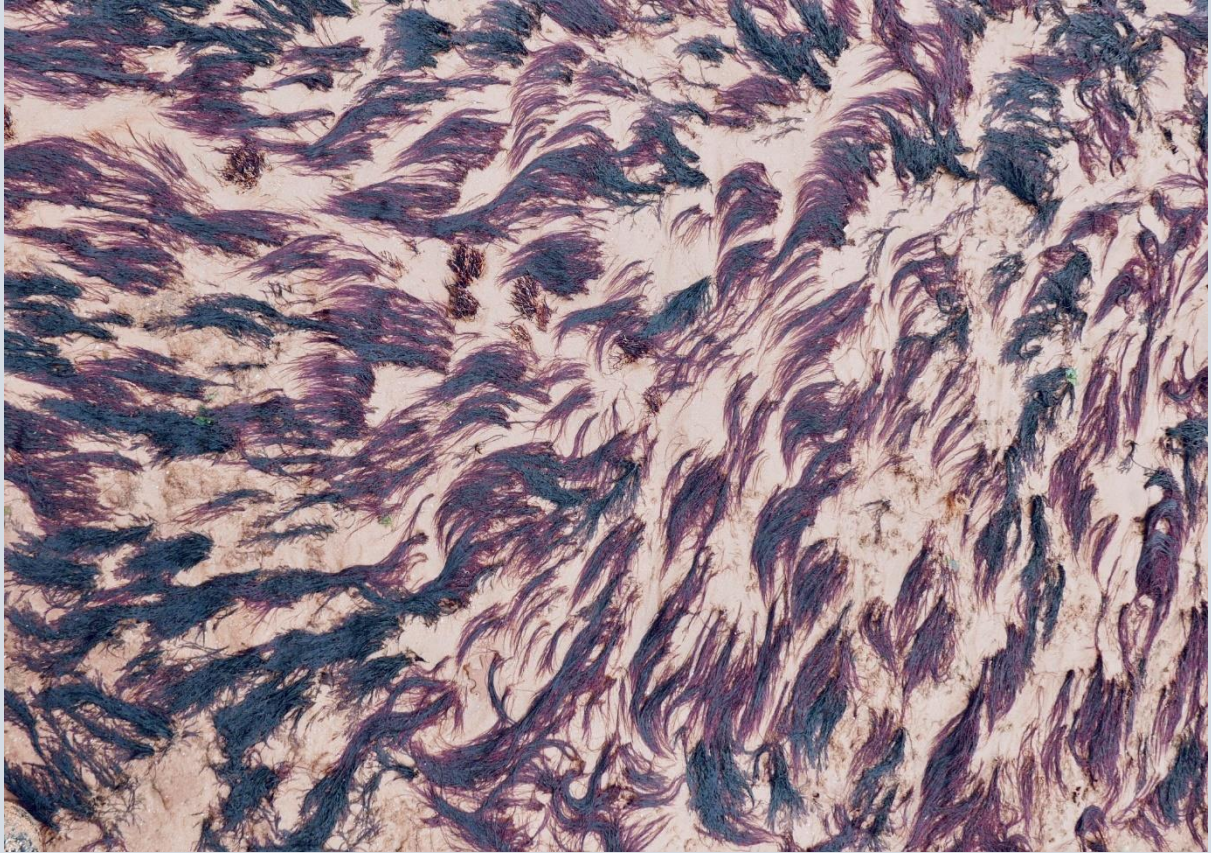
In their internal partnerships like one jigsaw piece to another. Slow to grow / long to live / this is the line. In one more symbiotic relationship, how our virus reduces the pollutants to help them thrive. The main body part is a *thallus* and I heard someone influential giggle like a child. Borgs. But there is the true sexual in its complexity of being, in this fecund and ruderal range of possibilities. A meta-morph, as Captain Picard once fancied. Convolution of the top side. Salad in another life. The senescence of the species perhaps segues with the empathy of our times, or at least those knowing loss and knowing responsibility.

When Stars Visited their Reflections



To fuse the ignited into water. Space cruisers flashing their lights and sirens. Be cautious estimating the ballet of stars, as if dancing could be counted as fact. Unsilvered into pure glow. Secondary and tertiary mirrors cannot locate this in a fluidity of the terrestrial. Beardsley swirls in a black ink of ripples. This visitation of drones from our collective thinking. As trees melt they have become the roots of their own reflection. I have seen walls move like this. Oil. A projective test for our times: to find beauty in the disease of its darkness.

Dumontia Contorta



This is the low seaweed of a tide's reveal, the swim and swirl under what waves are there to wash over them. The calligraphy of swish. *Dumont's Tubular Weed* on a prog rock album. Brushed out to purples from the dark ink of their origins. They go in and out and in and out and in and out and in and out. Coastlines over time have become existential. In a period of austerity and then disease, we can harvest our rose noodles for sustenance and beauty. Tresses. Notated over sand, it is a musical score of its sound played across the sweep of this eolian sea. Bore tides bear a danger that belies their implied soporific intent. *Littoral zone* or *nearshore*, like a choice between real and poetry.

When Trees Sketch Themselves



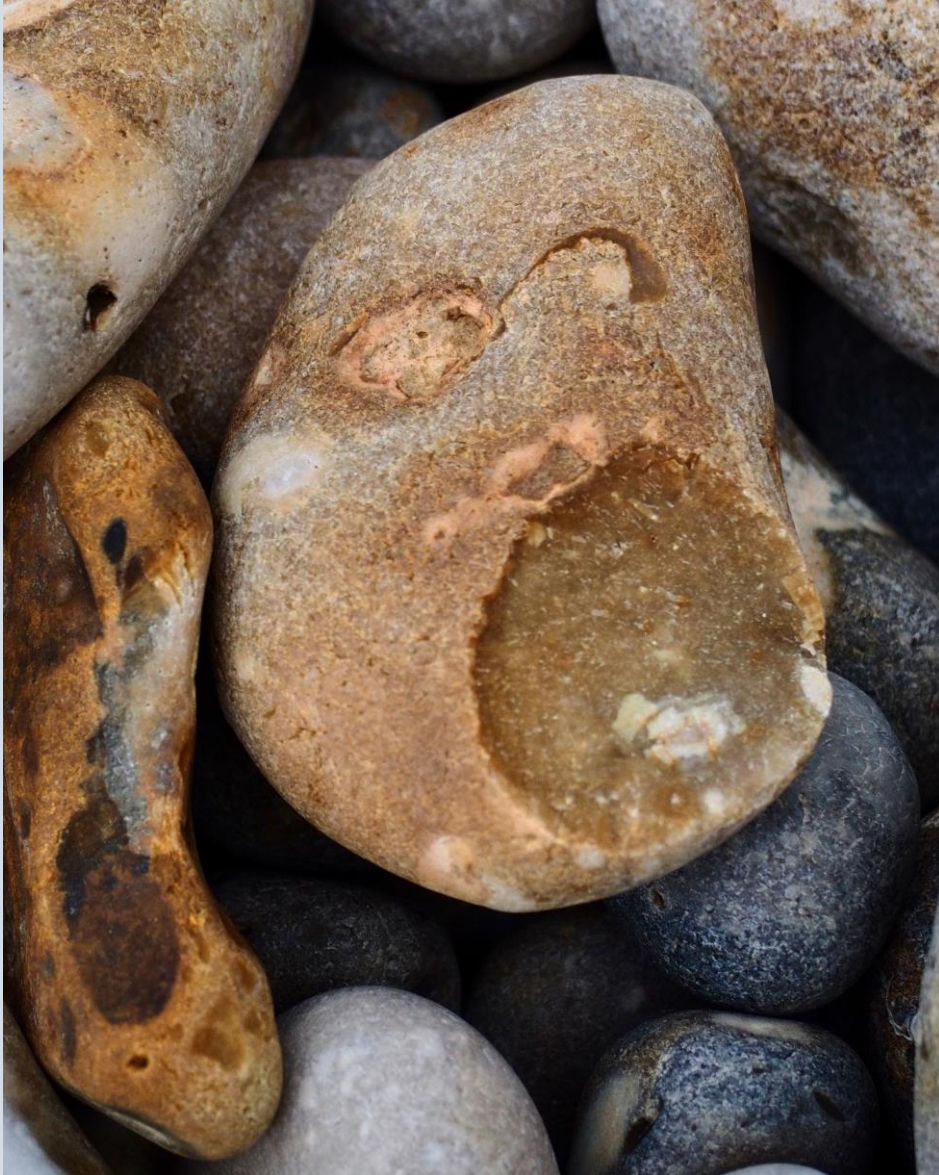
Not naïve, and it is a muse from within. Negative areas that reveal because and beyond. In these, reflecting on the self will inevitably leave impressions. Dark tone / light tone / the basics when unrolled. As therapy, this head start is fortuity in black and white. In their Tree Tests, only that one on the other side felt a need to write an accompanying essay. When beginning to fade in such faint outlines. Why would any one of them want more than the praise of *pretty*? Because there are no roots to be seen, permanence is measured in the fluidity of a passing stream.

Not a Fred Astaire in Sight



Such perfection in the science of a dance. If drops continue to fall, there will remain the concentric without colour. I hear John Martyn singing *Patterns in the Rain*. Metallic. Trust me: in geometry, the *Möbius transformation* is poetry in its words when read in the round. As prerequisites go, different radii is a must. The more you read, the more mathematical calculations you encounter – but *aqueous* says it all. In a storm, energy has no time to run out to vanish. I hear Neil Young singing *Round and Round*. Platinum.

The Scream



As long as it is piercing, it is. Hearts made of stone cannot feel, but can we hear these? How the indefinite article can turn it into something hilarious. Der Schrei der Natur is facing extinction, according to the moment. Amygdala hijack. Scholars and psychologists and, one presumes, meteorologists have decoded the place and prompt of *the* creation, but here it is a singular beachcomber looking out for the pain *of* creation. An acoustic DNA even Derrida cannot deconstruct if surprisingly bitten on the ass. A PhD in Scream Science is no longer required to ride The Ghost Train. When one shriek squashes another's.

Whitewash



There are those who whitewash history, but you cannot alter signs of sand on a beach. Waves spread, and this too can have its insidious purpose. Reflections endure when the tide comes as resistance. Calcimine / kalsomine / calsomine: nuance is still about being the same. When we used an electric sander on the cottage walls, dust was history in its storm clouds. Additives of glass and glue start their dark origins in a cauldron. Free vapour permeability can be a bugger to maintain where people will later walk their dogs. How it is the cliff's side that dominates, until it falls. This smear campaign.