

Chris Fernald is an interdisciplinary artist currently living in Atlanta, Georgia. He received his BFA from the Rhode Island School of Design in 2013. His interest in the poetics of the post-human condition underlies his explorations of the popular music industry, new age cultures, and networked experience. Recent exhibitions include group shows in New York and Mexico City. You can contact him at [fernald.chris@gmail.com](mailto:fernald.chris@gmail.com).

Cindy Ji Hye Kim received her BFA from Rhode Island School of Design in 2013 and her MFA from Yale School of Art in 2016. She has recently exhibited at Abrons Art Center (New York, NY), Rose Gallery (Brooklyn, NY), and Yale University Art Gallery (New Haven, CT). She has participated in residency programs at Vermont Studio Center and Ox-Bow School of Art, and will be an artist in residence at The Banff Centre this summer. Kim currently lives and works in Brooklyn, New York.

WIND MONUMENT

Chris Fernald

scene xi.

the scene loses focus  
as we turn out the light  
we fuck  
as strangers do,  
our past  
evaporates as the  
camera latches to  
our bodies  
i think:  
I have the documents  
but where are my limbs  
soft-edged panic feathers  
on the periphery  
of my being.  
rubbing skin on skin  
brings out the  
colors that hide along the edges  
machines draft  
our sex into  
sequence,  
break  
some chemical bond  
like a pill in water  
dissolve the scaffolding of  
the image  
we constructed  
looking through the lens  
we are not in love  
it exits in the middle of the night  
the camera follows it to the door.

scene xii.

months later  
you return late one night  
let yourself in the bedroom  
quietly fold your body  
into bed  
i awake and ask:  
what did you see on the  
other side of the lens tonight?  
you touch my nose  
turn away  
you'd seen the line

scene xiii.

the next morning  
your things  
and you  
are gone  
save a few  
parking tickets,  
a coat you never wore

at night  
your figure  
animates  
the inside of my eyelids  
solves the riddle  
tells me something  
each morning washes away

i  
watch the tape  
and find you there  
spectral other  
blinking away a tear  
telecasting a smile  
across the room  
through the lens  
to me  
still life,  
still, life.

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scene ix.

spins the thread  
threads the loom  
attaches the lens  
weaving jet cloth  
orders the dark matter

the familiar life recedes  
behind a veil of glass  
a few strands of technicolor threads  
shimmering behind the double woven surface

you go out more  
i don't rush home from the studio

you  
appear to me  
like a smudged out photo, a  
hollowed-out space.  
my affection  
materializes  
only in the unblemished light of morning  
before clouded over  
by the day's indecision and doubt.

windows point to both an opening  
and the closed spaces around it:  
the no places that don't want you  
when you've pushed too far

scene x.

camera lingers on the window  
before meandering to us  
the room is dark and intimate  
we're seated on our bed in  
close-up  
applying face masks  
spreading the white clay  
across one another's faces  
i laugh as you touch  
the cool dirt to my face,  
laugh at how you angle your head as if  
avoiding a sneeze  
inspect my face, your canvas,  
shroud  
it's a laugh  
feeling its way through the dark  
i watch your face disappear  
beneath the mask  
contours smoothed to a pearly white  
we watch youtube clips  
the masks harden  
remove oil from our faces.  
i dance around the thought  
this is the end.

scene ii.

particles circulate seeking  
form  
like flies seeking  
a place to land.

choppy sea:  
an image  
asserts itself  
beneath the waves  
primary impulse  
bringing light to image

feel your touch in the static  
attempts at definition  
animate the void

doubt made manifest  
anti-presence:  
lil production, lil ghost  
sweet unknowing  
you're a bat of lashes  
a thought away from form

am i yours yet?  
i almost have you  
i fish for your figure  
it's something like touch  
brushing spirits in the empty space

we turn off the camera  
we turn in the mirror  
reach for one another  
back in skins again.

scene iii.

you and me on the other side of the lens  
me, and you in the lens  
you, and me in the lens  
putting the kettle on  
running the bath  
unscrewing the smoke detector  
i extend the tripod leg  
you adjust the light  
i play the roles of  
springtime  
burn  
dependence  
baddest behavior  
you play  
architect  
magic  
reparations and  
everything is bright.  
we take turns  
inventing the other  
posing n'  
finding the angles  
producing the living project  
view finder:  
a myth of fact  
for times of crisis.

the trips:  
a feeling like the first time.

moments tie together  
space folds into squares  
the past on monitors  
all around us  
put the kettle on  
run the bath  
water transmuting itself -  
the soundtrack  
to spirits dividing  
eyeing one another  
from different screens.  
we sprinting to  
a different horizon  
spied in the projector's light  
the ghosts dance  
around the room  
and with them, we  
the living  
living in their light  
filmed into being  
proven to exist

scene iv.

snake transmitter  
you kneel before the  
camera as i sleep  
pick up your hands, bring them into focus  
let the soft part circle around you.  
you're pretty looking, looking pretty  
pretty task, you offer it freely,  
luxuriate in the spinning -  
extrusion of your spirit  
flesh into film  
you  
watch yourself multiply in the frame  
take a shot:  
"Fair creation  
running time  
into circles"

scene v.

in the morning  
i find us  
caught between -  
you are looking at the paper  
i ask  
where were you last night?  
you tell me to check the tape, wonder  
did I think we were a painting or a sculpture.  
i thought maybe neither  
more of an architectural detail -  
maybe a painted surface, with some  
shadow  
across the paint  
you smile,  
lost in something  
outside the window  
your eyes on the glass  
you get up to leave  
>check the tape

scene vi.

old seaman's lament:

proof of loving  
proof of sad  
proof of hiding  
proof of bad  
proof of reaching  
proof of mad  
proof of honey  
proof of had  
who gives  
who gives?

scene vii.

rain again  
pan: camera  
spirit of disorder  
gnashing our teeth  
spinning around three times  
our shadows frame the shot.  
men aren't content to be documents  
human to want boundaries  
man's game to violate them

scene viii.

autoplay the tape -  
bring in the witness.  
your figure falters  
on the screen  
i watch you disappear  
into flesh of static  
i surveil my thoughts  
avoid conceiving of you  
making you heavy with  
consideration and doubts.  
is this love's labor  
throwing thought at you  
invisible other  
until you appear  
i reach for the camera  
hold my eyes and conscience  
in my hands

watch you through the lens  
you falling back  
retreating into slipping shadows  
your laughter bounces behind you  
in diminishing returns  
it's a dagger to the heart  
but where is the hand that holds it?  
i look again  
not too closely