

RESPONSES
TO *UNTITLED*
(EYE WITH
COMET)
(c. 1985) BY
PAUL THEK

**Responses to *Untitled* (eye with
comet) (c.1985) by Paul Thek**

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bye to your corpse

There is always something to be learnt
from meeting a corpse, is breathing. I-

orient myself at the foot of a
page - the page on its back.

The start is a sun picked fly away
hair - I kill the heart how it tells me.

1911- Watches Halley's comet pass by earth
on May 18th.

1931- Paints Self Portrait with Plucked Eye
(the subjects right).

1938 - Loses eye during a bar fight in Paris
(the subjects left).

When I think of execution, I think of the pain—
the discipline— of doing those things and how
easy it is to remain literal, symmetrical,
-his ear- to -his chest, yes.

But there is nothing easy about this.

How a private heart beats-
Pry-vat-ly. And hearing yours; a sound of brushed
metal sliding against itself as we revolute
through degrees of clarity, convey image, make
apparent, make sense of -*Pukes*. Our reason is
reproduced.

Where is the mind when not in words?

In your studio, (Incense burning here) everything is
partial, in progress - so the shadows redress
themselves casually every hour or so. A furniture
of cats moves the conversation around, but never
forwards; the politics stay uneaten. *Idea for a-*

That picture of you by the sea, I mean, arms - I'm
saying we could have been matter or a plant.

A vulture circles a ruin to indicate that meaning
propels itself- it allows these places teach -
glides

It moves a highlight in the big impacted
eye of an oracular kid. Close, open. Now, having
understood, action, gesture, rotation, elbow, wrist
(vein), hand (half-eaten), fingertips for flames.

The past develops blood vessels
and we grow diseases in our blood,
but illness is a childhood, we advance prone,
splayed in white rib and oversized hoodies-we are
seedy agents who are bad catholics on a mission
they don't believe in bliss in our arms, slow
blinking like cum-drunk cats to the white sky
while armoured white horses rear up and whinny
in the distance, clip disappear in the furnace
of memory.

1986- Watches

1987- Paints

1988- I'm saying we could have been matter or a
plant and not have had a heart to kill.

Hugo Hagger

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