

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

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

Pilot Press  
London

## 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 pronate, splayed in white rib and oversized hoodies—we are seedy agents who are bad catholics on a mission they don't believe in blissy 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.

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