

M87* (2019)

“Radio wavelengths come with a lot of advantages. Just like how radio frequencies will go through walls, they pierce through galactic dust. We would never be able to see into the center of our galaxy in visible wavelengths because there’s too much stuff in between.”

– Dr. Katie Bouman, quoted in MIT News, 2016

Medusa, new grey backpack, takes a journey
– new graphite pencil – of spring (taste
that wild garlic mmmm) to Magdalene Odundo
whose pots sketch open shape history nah sketch history
as open nah describing sketchiness of history shapes openness
in reception nah artspeak nah but here the exhibition hovers
on the edge of singing, nb the dancers' knife-
rings, the fluted unloosed throats of vessels, so
many throats and echobellies, bronze bowls to be rung or
drummed, rims calling out for wetted
fingers. Sign (hand strikethrough) says do
not
touch.

Wants to. Wants. O.

Dirty fingers turn at rough paper making circles
circling circles eyes seeing down the mouths
she’s too short to peer, darkdrunk. Tiresias, tall as,
could see down through but they’re
not here. Hebden Bridge brush with / brush off. Hurts
heart, coilbuilt (T braiding yr
snakes quiescent in their hands) smooth-walled. Feels
fingers climbing tippytoe to see into. No. Too much stuff
stuffed in between. Reflective glass (do not
flash do not) and the pedestal hipheight nah this is
shortness shortarse can’t see into. But the brushsound
of touch at paper this curve underthumb *could I couldn’t
do that could I?* Glass droplets supersized
and pendant, ready to strike all that
chiming. Delicate ting shattering at pitch, small
cracks or the big Big Bang. Oh oh, black hole concerto
swallowing its composition into its own self, choral
openings disappearing into that other inner folded
down infinity (unsung but not
unsung exactly; always singing in[to]
its own absenting). All that black black
– carbonised and burnished – and M thinks
of the picture fleeting across Twitter, ringed
in fire, the algorithm
turning light pulses to legibility and people

who (quick flick of a finger across glass
screen) throw as stone "that's cheating," that Dr. with her
stacks of hard drives she lied to them & the pots call
to Medusa with their proudtilted mouths o oooo yes
we lie, we swallow fire hide it in our bellies,
surface it as heat maps of the birth
of the universe, surrondant sonograms of all that
is embryonic, we are math you can't handle, we self-compact
like the Hepworth's concrete, realised
from want to blueprint to
hanging t/here in gravity, diagram that
begins in think feel in fingers in
yeah algorithm [origin: Muḥammad ibn Mūsā al-Khwārizmī's
Compendious Book
on Calculation by Completion and Balancing, which is what
is happening here here curve-arsed pot on this plinth] is
a way of, is a crafting, we we are are not not image
but idea realised (one of a thousand thousand ways), we are
data expressed for concentrated comprehension, not kettle
or kente cloth per se (although: also their
fractals) but (and) theory of mind, cosmology (Kemetic)
flat Cycladic face not portrait but quantum
calculations given form form form 0 all around
her the world endlessly beginning in each
thought that shapes the clay:

"The rims

of my pots take hours to get right and
perfect. The extreme edge is the first contact
the viewer has with my work"

(Odundo [WhatsApped towards T]
on the wall).

Hour / glass (perfect) these pots hold
time hold hands hold
hold boldness the swan necked ones Mangbetu
influenced sway and dance in vivid
stillness the ones with the double rings occur
to resonant with Minoan bird girls the unknown
goddess under dusty glass museum workers on strike
that hot week in Athens when Athena turned
away from (heartcoiled) and into into marble amid that
(biting)
whiteness glimpsed a figure with hooped arms looped hair
beaked saying
come here come hear the dancer of everything
it's all so so all the openings cry out
of inside blue glazes double rims (take into) their
confidence the burnish on them oof but cannot not handle it