

**GRAFF**

ENTRANCE GRAPHIC

**TERS**

**1**

INDUSTRIALISATION

27 28 29 30 31 32

**2**

THE PORTRAIT

8 10 12 14 18 20 22 23

11 13 15 16 19 21 24 25 26

FRAMED

Shout it off the hill  
 And make it count  
 Look into the  
 South tonight or  
 Hold the windows  
 In your right hand  
 Look into the lens  
 We call it a lens  
 Stand still. Eye open  
 If you please. Open  
 Look ahead. You see  
 A representation  
 Head still ringing  
 From the deafening  
 Of all your work  
 We will frame you  
 Do you comprehend?

**3**

BEGINNINGS

1 4 7

2 3 5 6

LENTOLD STORIES, UNSUNG SONGS

What is that noise doing?  
 What is he taking?  
 He is taking my story  
 He is taking my song  
 They seem to be missing

These people would stare  
 Into your eyes if they could  
 Straighten your staring eyes  
 But their faces are blank  
 They seem to be missing

Backwards through history  
 To where you can't find them  
 They had names but they are  
 Buried in the sky. They had dreams  
 But they are buried in pieces

What is he taking?  
 He is taking our photograph  
 Our photos being taken  
 Our photos being taken

**3.5**

33 34 35 36 37

**3**

A UNIT OF SCALE

38 41 44 46 47

39 40 42 43 45 48

HOW SMALL, HOW VERY FAR AWAY

You could be a tall man  
 At the end of a long sentence  
 They told me I had to stand very still  
 You could be a long man  
 At the edge of a clean white shirt  
 They said they chose me because I was thin  
 You could be a flower  
 Held up to the light the depth of the forest  
 Because the picture wasn't really of me  
 They said not to worry about how I looked  
 You could be a star  
 They gave us some stars  
 Of the winners of the day  
 Can I move yet? My arms ache

4

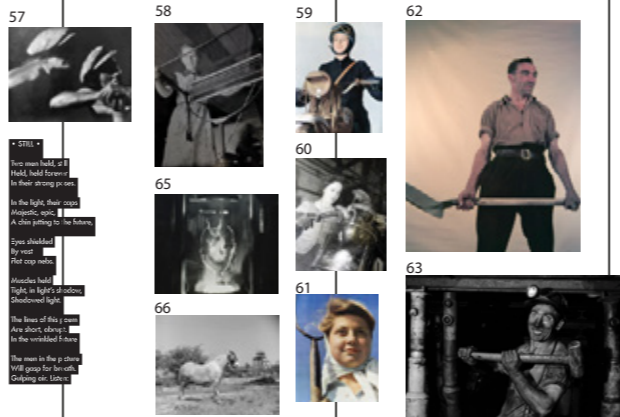
SELF REPRESENTATION



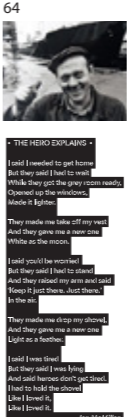
GRAND  
A vintage phone of how it really is  
A ring up of a black line  
To show the cheap clothing underneath  
I see all we could afford  
The steady gaze of the brand new camera  
Unblinking of the only you ever will  
Paying attention to the long ground  
It was all we could afford  
Up in hoodies and old hoodies  
Attention detail of the back of the shirt  
A copy of life so casually hidden  
It was all we could afford

4

THE HEROIC



STILL  
For men hold  
Hold, hold forward  
In their wrong given  
In the light, their eyes  
Holding on  
A chin poking to the future  
Eyes shielded  
By mail  
For cap rules  
Machines hold  
Tight in light's shadow  
Checked light  
The best of this year  
Are short along  
In the vented fibers  
The man in the p. shirt  
Will go for work  
Cracking air, light



THE HERO EXPLAINS  
I said I never let go home  
But they said I had to wait  
While they got the program underway  
I showed up the machine  
And it's right  
They made me take off my vest  
And they gave me a new one  
While as the motion  
I said you'd be smart  
But they said I had to stand  
And they asked my arm and said  
Keep it just there. Just there  
In the  
They made me stop my phone  
And they gave me a new one  
Light as a feather  
I said I never let  
But they said I had to wait  
And said he's don't get back  
I said I never let  
I said I never let  
I said I never let

5

THE WORKFORCE



5



A GROUP OF GROUP FORKBEAT QUESTIONS  
Who is his preferred family of half stranger?  
What sport do those exhausted teamster play?  
Who will these dolls at the corner of the program?  
Where has his raggedy army marched from?  
Who would them to stand as still, as still  
Why do they stare in, without looking at all?  
Who has carried these figures from skin and bone?  
When will they be allowed to come home?  
Who is his chosen from a far place, forgotten world?  
How do they know we are staying or them from the future?  
Who will remember their names and tell their stories?

6 PANORAMIC

WIDE AND DEEP

The new has been spotted  
Over the old, spreading  
Across the fields, mountains  
A history's melting pot  
The old is reborn  
From the new  
Always try to look  
How golden the future  
But today and tomorrow  
Scrap from every A moment  
All from always, light  
Sweaty and the sweat  
That's what's done  
You get from near and  
Will be better  
The photos, still,  
Eternally, better forever

6

THE INDUSTRIAL LANDSCAPE



6



A LIGHT BREEZE CARRIES THE  
STINK INTO MY BACKYARD  
Sudaspice, Chrysomelids  
Phospho, Brachymeria  
Scaphisoma, Brachymeria  
A light breeze  
Windspice, Mochlopora  
Mochlopora, Brachymeria  
Chloro, Brachymeria  
Carnet the sun  
For spore, Chrysomelids  
Mochlopora, Brachymeria  
Blow down the Brachymeria  
In my back yard  
Phospho, Brachymeria  
Mochlopora, Brachymeria  
For spore by the Brachymeria  
And here is its spore

6.5

