

Over 2019-2020. Anna Jalanski

It will be  
Over come  
Over passed,  
Over grown,  
She's passed over  
Over where  
When it's over  
It is not over  
It will be over  
You'll be over too  
Over to you,  
Over  
Copy, over

Your outline is recovered within a dream  
I have memorised your movements  
A face you had before you grew sick  
A face that still knows me,  
Well,  
You have been seen in the over.  
Copy over,

Where can I get some antennas? How will I reach you?  
My antenna my machine will speak in a new alphabet  
Numbers transformed into tallies  
I'll catch your frequency by counting  
And we'll talk the way we do, over  
Over believe  
Over count  
Over measure  
Over turn  
Over see  
Over cast.

The fire alarm rung over the radio It hit me  
The preparation  
The saying  
Acting Goodbye  
A force that burns quietly away Life  
Passes through  
Passes over.

Over where  
Over when  
Over time  
Over bear  
Over said  
Over bite  
Over cry  
Over sigh  
Over hang  
Over lap  
Over weight  
Over act

Throw, over  
The hook.  
The hook is my spine  
The hook is my hug to comfort myself

I heard you yesterday  
From way over the fence, it echoed inside my brain  
Your house bricks taught me  
How to see and build connecting structures  
Shape loves to have conversations with Action

I describe it as a shadow  
But it's too close  
Too far in  
The hook moves with my movements  
The hook adapts and changes with me  
The hook has been here a long time

As a child and will die with me  
The hook is my inside outline  
Leads me to new places and past  
The hook can't hide neither Anna  
Behind an image, 4 letters, a feeling or a jumper  
I heard you yesterday  
Distant as a sky  
And as close as bathwater  
Why do sparkles, sparkle together?  
Over light doesn't sound right, Sun? Electricity?

Your voice came from the sunroom  
When you appear it is always acknowledged that you are dead  
And we continue in conversation  
The T.V speaks loud in my home  
Let glomesh slap the connecting square, the black rectangle that hovers  
Fill in the overs, press carrying hold under  
Let glomesh recover my sight  
Allow it to amplify my voice as it rests it charges the something  
That makes me remember re-visit, re-live, harness the courage to re-imagine  
Which lifts the something to the surface  
I need to walk out of here knowing I have weight and lightness  
To balance  
Through this flattened this stillness this slow  
That covers  
Air  
Breath  
I carry, I position, I stay here for a little while to be able to let go  
The freshness of her death is going  
This noise in me  
Is learning  
To fall

Over board  
Over load  
Over full

Over all  
Over solve  
Over call  
Over compensate  
Over clouded  
Over careful  
Over caution  
Over tired  
I cry when I hear a siren  
I cry when I remember you're gone  
I still refuse to believe in that song  
Over mourn  
Is it ever over?

An alarm marks a point  
Stained deep in my ear  
It was retrieved  
By a memory that doesn't leave  
Your sparkle hasn't left  
And I don't need to call it pain  
Rather a sharp ray  
Of the many types that glimmer through me  
You teach me to be ready in forever  
Comfort in holding  
Comfort in losing  
Press deep into the warm surface  
Into your rectangular dirt  
I find fallen receptors  
My confident belly can lift the ground  
By a love that pulses  
That muscular place of mine  
Can stretch to walls, to roads  
To T.V's and to skies  
You heard me yesterday  
Visit me and we'll say goodnight  
And spend the morning together



I get up before eleven eleven  
Mourning the morning you left

Over.

Steady.

Anchor,

Record,

Listen,

Over,  
Copy over,  
Glowing are my receptors  
Cold glomesh soothes my skin  
I wear sparkles as mesh  
A type of armour  
A carrier that can touch the over  
Mourning is the act of breaking and coming together  
Again I felt her smile  
It landed  
I'm happy that I can feel  
When you're in the over.  
Copy,  
Over.

















Materials used:

Ground Bricks (previous work)

2 translucent candles sticks snapped in 10 sections

Basket Ball Catcher, Glow in the dark

Gold Glomesh fabric