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

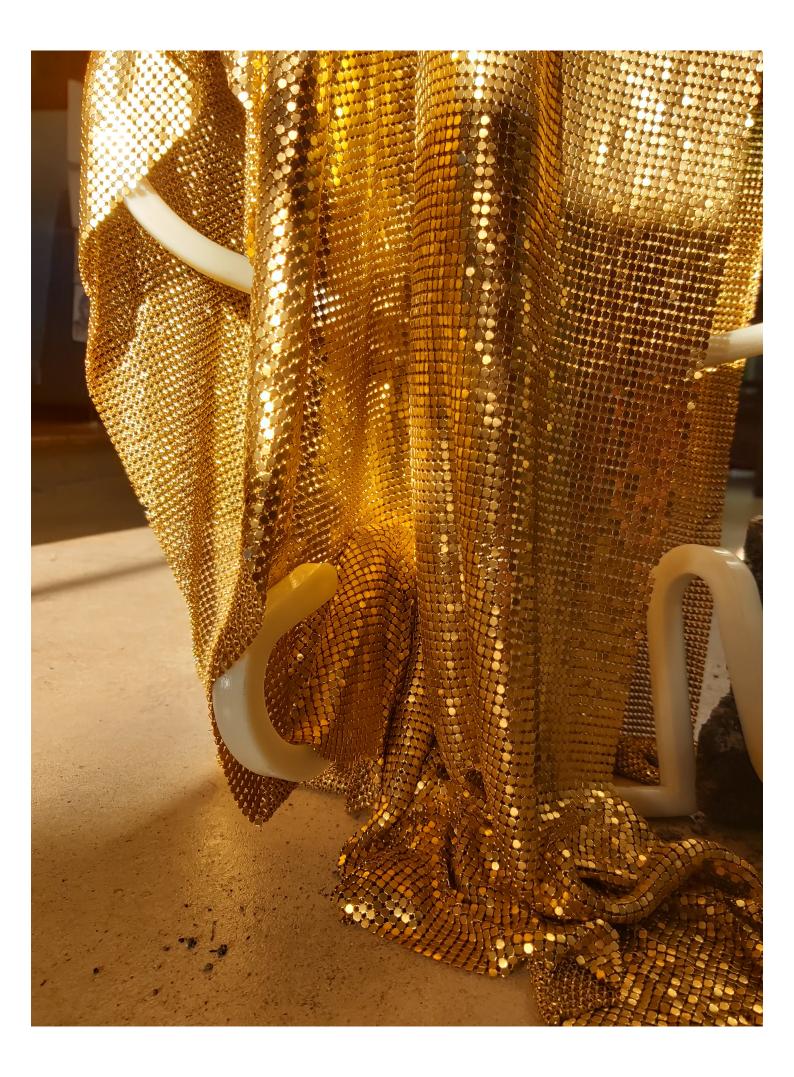
To T.V's and to skies

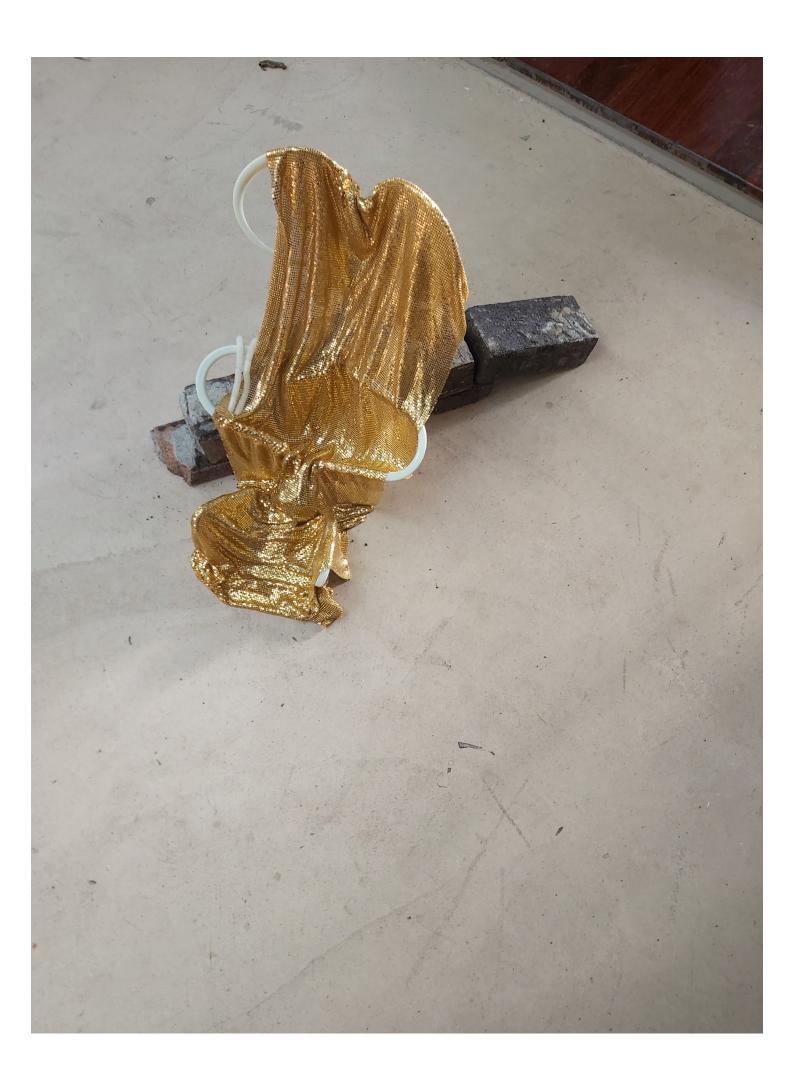
You heard me yesterday

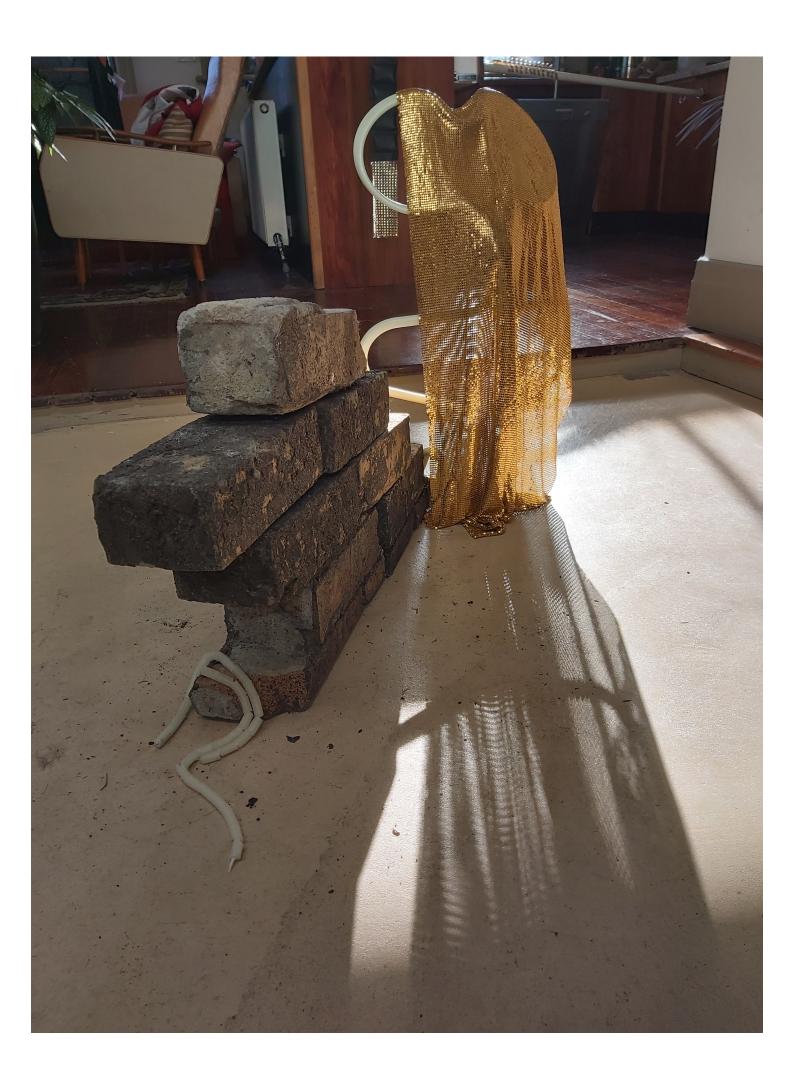
Visit me and we'll say goodnight

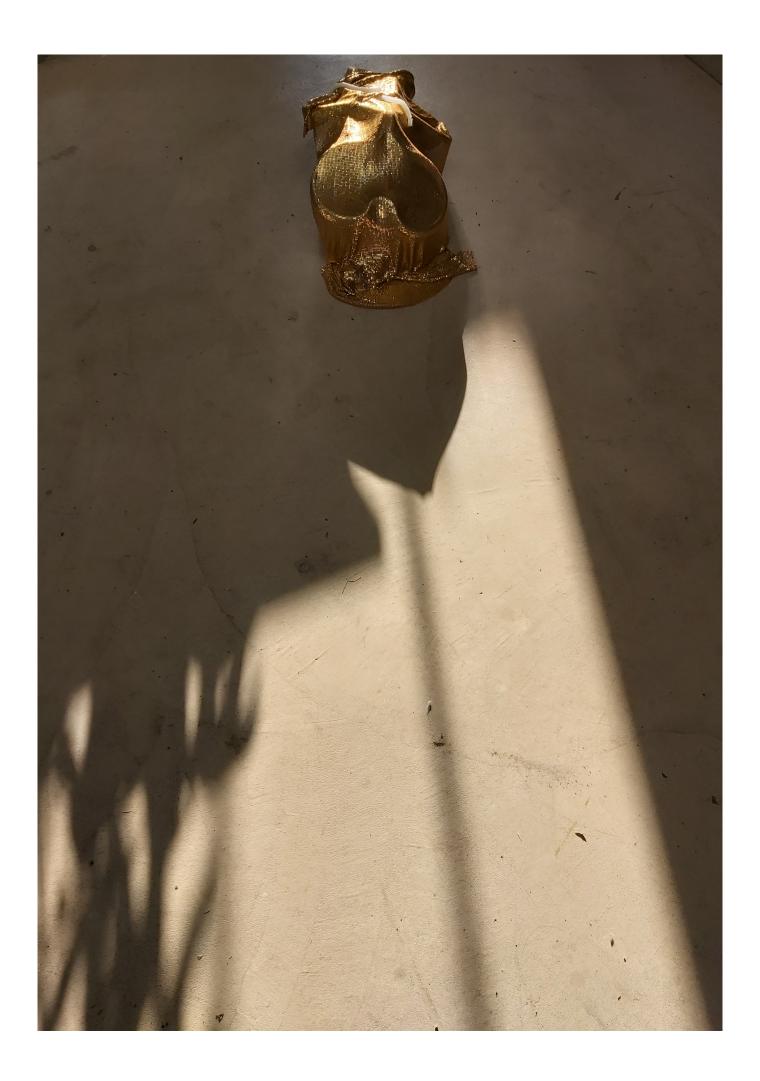
And spend the morning together

I get up before eleven eleven Mourning the morning you left
Over.
Steady.
,
Anchor,
Record,
Record,
Listen,
Listory
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.
Сору,
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