

To be able to position a point of origin means we can fix an identity, or condition, onto form. That the ways the form can exist is always in relationship to another, not itself. A plane of existence lies flat on the floor and their legs up straight against the wall. An axis reflected on itself, that is shown together, does not distinguish one plane from the next, but insists on the correspondence of information to the other. between them, it is one body of its own, made from itself.

When we try perfume the dark, bitter aromas of coffee beans sit inside small glass jars. They say to offset perfumes potency we must sniff an opposite to be able to neutralise it. Others contest that the skin is the best, not an opposite but a constant. The familiar scent eliminates confusion, invited back into ourselves. The perfume you buy in some ways becomes familiar but never as familiar as your own body. A cloud is familiar to the glass panes on a sky scraper, as the glass is familiar to the worker who sits at their desk close to it. Inside and outside somewhere at the same time.

When we know difference, we believe we knew something before, at an origin. An origin is a belief in change. Clearing your throat as you prepare to talk for the first time that day. Inscriptions of dreams written on the inside of the neck. Phantasm like phlegm. The first words like a break in fantasy *start a machine moving that weighs so many more times than the amount she does.*

The scribe of Zephyrus is silver with a pearlescent end. Pushing and indenting the world like its paper. Creating routes for the breeze to follow along, fated words on the wrong lines collide. The mirror on first contact with the ground splits into four shards, then bounces and becomes a million stars on the pavement, like a crushed eggshell in soil, or mixed into charcoal to make a black pigment, or cracked open from the birth of a pigeon with white wings and grey body. A red moon now slowly forms around me.

In our ability to track time, timeline, we should not follow it along its slim existence but consider it as a layered horizontal construction. A harp with a million strings makes no noise yet it still believes in music. Misconstrued notation, filled with too many lines, becomes noise or is it a projection of the harp's fullness? Like silence? The gaps where life may exist removed, something rejecting, ejecting? Expression? Porous on a scale of disbelief, I sit for the performance of soft vibrating metallurgy.

The logic of any kind of urgency. Urge. To be pushed towards something. That the liquid between things (molten, hidden) shifts underneath and can be separated, reconnected and transformed. *It gives one such a curious feeling.* Holding all things together, including the things you don't know, or haven't seen. A TV screen of static, moving concisely nowhere. The feeling of limitless options, the snowflake never repeats a pattern. Make out the image of darkness.

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What Colour is a Mirror
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