

Now It's Dark

Aline schwibbe



EIGEN + ART Lab
24 January - 1 March 2025

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Burial rites for seahorse

That I rode in like a horse girl, darkening with velvet questions
in the shadows, lay in the after-shock of image
under and over waves exposed to the heartbeat click,
knock, known of an inverted room filled with seahorse sounds. In its
ruins, remains. In ruin, the memory of another room appears
within this one, a ghost developing like a scratch in the stocking of the visual
field, like a wet photograph
alchemizing light into black stars,
that fall into the picture, unshrouded as the dead
disintegrating in directionless pools of water, made to dance
as dancers now
tangling the phantasm of the physical. Layered, scent
after scent
is sound, particles vibrating in the notched keyholes of a cavity
designed to recognize these songs. If horse girl smells of horse, that is vibration, a
memory earlier than the developed brain. The memory of sound, smell, and water
that seems to waver in us and wave to its reflection, negotiates its position
in collaboration with light, the visual field caught
in the net of, in the moment of coalescence, presence, being as it becomes and
the 1, 2 of a choreography, clicking into, is. From static heartbeat to
presence, whose sporadic listening's a frequency to knock into, receive.
If you are
listening to this, if this collides with the sensorial logic of particles
darkening in the alchemical expectation, if
a seahorse will curl its tail around your fingers
before it clicks its camera tongue to warn of danger, these are
my velvet questions, darkening on a wall.

Zoe Darsee









