

Megan Rooney

*Piggy Piggy*

29. 4. – 4. 6. 2016

We were in a hot tub surrounded by clowns and plastic wine glasses. Feeling young up and down. Pure thinking and social stimulates. Roots. Herbs. Sepia. Temple with flowers. Without colour. Shapeless paradise. Bouquet of roses in a lavender thong. It goes without saying that it was zen again. The opposite of too hot. Athos mucking about in the rubber plants. Private life. In the bath with your mobile. Adding you to the last session. Sunset on your face. On the beach with your pants off. Kissing with your pants off. Renting out your room at home. More or less a right now. The art of travel had us pacing the place like dogs in heat. Sixteen hours of hearts beating, publishing a quickly spreading double fantasy. We divided our horizons, at dinner remembering to cross our legs under our clothes. Hypnotic copy of a figure at rest – looking at vertical lines in the palms of fluffy hands. A natural journey to work – but not today. In the loving care of a virgin with gold teeth. Spiritually glittered. Death was a place to die but because things are never ending we drew on desire and protected our body parts. Wordlines for the sake of pleasure. Past the big scale of rooms and such. A machine with no goal but this. Beyond language and class something with a wider view. No difficulty as subject. No neighbours. No joy. A man's desire. Animals on the bed. No decisions on Saturdays – every day of the week. Mostly madness. Names gradually becoming signs. She's speaking with a Parisian accent and saying fuck. Life in the garden with cigarettes. Strangers and a quick spreading gesture to express the pleasure. Value in the final and best painting, progress on a respective history. Alone with your thoughts. Standing with a stroller and a baby. Food, bread, salt. And a nurse. Snatched. Taunt under the blanket – truth was gone, falling asleep in a long habit of hellos without tired. Practical moving on the lips of twins waiting for an interesting wind to pass through so we can win the good taste and remember this happy memory.

Eat your domestic staircase who nods past the obvious jerk waving speeches and good lies. Big blooms smelling ripe after days of silence. Encouraged by the linger of the charming pompous still drawing flowers. Abandoned at the burial. Caring for a son's ritual. Ding dong in the mirror. Vigilant deity on a mat in a bathrobe with polka dots. Calling for sun. A hot meal served with a cloth napkin. Home and advanced in this local tense moment. No lamp in the hut. A long fingernail to point at life rules. Flagging up the mountain. Smelling the odour of change. Dogs on the street. Tender as fake water continues to fall in ponds for foreign exiles. Planes fly tonight. Now fantasy – now scenario. Money you. In the liar, bowing on the knee to pass. Threat of power. Inner simple. Priceless on the same side of the coin. Won't translate smoothly. She comes to you in conversation, social for the rest of your life. Somber god with an unfortunate smile. Eventless. Happening to strangers. Nostalgic for the dinner of our lives. Enthusiastic in cream. Declining the replica, our host changes her assumptions and puts on a different dress. Flowing in silk flowers bought for someone else. This should be an exciting day for you. I'll make you a star. It's \$7.50 a night and you have to sing a lot. The bird was back. Hoping to go unnoticed. Intellectually wandering away to some enclave. Mass habits will keep us squeezing through the downstairs garage window. Monastic abandonment. First living. Living French in a taxi. Putting your life in order before going on holiday to stretch out in a tunic or something woven. Sitting in

the wrong chair and insulting her soul. Yes but no. Who but when. Not now, but soon. It flowed out like milk and tits and the way your face feels after a good night out.

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