

JOHN MATTHEW HEARD

Flash Card

February 7 – April 25, 2020

Wednesday to Friday 1-7pm, Saturday 11am-4pm, and by appointment

when in peril

No additional text for print.

So read the primordial saturations. Through and through, like the baleen of the whale's jaw : sieves, shudder-lit, tendering, it filters the krill from the mass, the invisible proteins, the microcosm from the chasm, the thing from the wanton, yes it wrings the sea through the verdant sea.

Ever since childhood you have known. The artist has this obligation to desire, the way color requires vowels. The way the phone has its own diabolical tastebuds. The way the bones of snowy owls are found in the Abyssal Plain. We have this obligation to follow its helpless migration, its incandescent howl. To put foot to soil, silt to bed.

Dolphins of words leap from the crevices. They candle and hiss, arcing in you. There is only one Ocean. It is not metaphorical for those who live it.

My friend who was born on her parents fishing boat in Alaska, a twin, tells me this.

The hummingbird drifts from land for fragrance is not always rooted to cause.

Sleep is a moat full of hungry ghosts, around the red crumb of winter.

Seeing is a sinking ship. Watering to obscure that shape.

What happens to places water once needed ?

Time gets used for a lot of things ...

Our house in the desert belongs to geckos now. They are the hue of having eaten spiders in silence on cactus pads. Warm blue, cold orange, beak-pierced, cunning. Jack has been there.

When in peril, geckos lose their tails on purpose, leaving them behind for the hunter, a phantom body loose in the dune, one could use to make this work.

Devin Alexander

John Matthew Heard (*1987, New York, NY) lives and works in Berlin, Germany

2018 Städelschule Graduation Award

2015 Maumaus Independent Study Program, Lisbon

2010 BFA CalArts

Devin Alexander (*1986, Sonoran Desert) is a poet who lives in Alaska