

THREADS

Pull open the curtain, fall yourself in - how is this space so black? the displacement of light from spot-lit ivory laptops makes stepping-stones on the floor, irregular and rectangular and you have to wonder if these are intentional, part of the show or an inadvertent bonus, a perfect piece of art snuck in through the fire exit while the real work was being assembled the butcher shop quartet, arrangement of hallowed artefacts, dual screen film corner, torture chamber

does anyone even remember that pervasive nuclear threat, wake up screaming from a dream of iodine tablets and hiding under tables with white sheets in the windows to reflect the blast back at a falling sky? *when the wind blows* never happened but there's time, 13,000 nukes on our green and blue surface, 13,000 that we know of they have to go somewhere, then good news comes on the 22nd of January 2021 and it blooms like good news should

and lasts as long as it takes an ash cloud to fall, what good are rules

when nuclear powers ignore them? red buttons will always be more fun to play with than boring old treaties, so why still imagine that war is about anything, when it's always the same war and nothing ever changes - except the toys, the technology – spinning through wastelands in cars that cost more than houses, not able to hear as they explode

radioactive weapons into our oceans, or islands

or on what they like to call

uninhabited

indigenous land

2000 nuclear bombs

since Hiroshima and Nagasaki

but we don't crouch under kitchen tables

maybe because now we know

there's no point in hiding

curtains won't protect us

and a table is useless

in the face of Armageddon

maybe now we know there is only this blackness

and the occasional path made of light that's managed to escape it