

Broken Water Clock: An Installation

Walking towards a wide open walking

the water enters crevices, a new skin for floating hours

tired tired never tired

something entirely different is possible

A constancy of scents I smell you in

A paleolithic ocean leaks from the ceiling I am another body

The drops unpackage their wreckage

duration (the place between)

the sensation is not of something blue but of something passing

The moment we have build is almost gone

we are young (there is no arc on the horizon)

arrogance or impatience I will butterfly

every moment collecting every moment releasing

a science of water is a destiny for flowers

Before long I will be you

The view of things once they are gone

no outcomes or resolutions (the war continues)

an untitled program bill for our ceremony

a series of circles making a highway

(I look around)

corrosion chalk-white, my hands water stained

what was possible moves slowly out of reach

i am ready to leave where I am living

yes no no no no no no yes no yes (30%)

we have written nothing of our travels

I begin to see the arc

beneath an eyelash lifted from your cheek a clock

we exchange invisible things

your animal presence remains

Broken Water Clock: First installed inside a room on a ship docked at Pier 23 in Chelsea, NYC as part of a 100-artist event. Two large buckets coated in Aluminum foil on the outside and inscribed with a "two voice" poem (Broken Water Clock, [click to read](#)) on the inside. One side/ voice of the poem was written inside of each bucket. The top bucket had a small hole drilled in its bottom temporarily plugged with a nail. This bucket was filled with water and suspended above the second bucket. When the nail was removed, the top bucket slowly dripped water into the second, the written lines serving as the poetry time marker. A small ladder enabled views into the upper bucket. When the pressure in the top bucket was too low to force water through the small hole, time stopped.