

## *Love Song to A Place*

### *One*

The studio is cold over Winter, fingerless gloves are in vogue  
Short days, cold fingertips, long nights  
Three layers of clothes which don't quite retain heat

Scrap metal, steel on steel, a bolt which won't open or shut  
The last outpost within a sea of gentrification + the  
peripheral threat of rising rent

Tyre tracks, rusty nails, concrete and frozen puddles  
The daily ritual of aligning a palisade gate,  
click of a Yale lock in the dark

Blue square, blue door  
Digging, clearing, building, yearning.  
Rain on corrugated plastic. A chipboard cloister, labyrinth  
assemblies of accrued junk piled up in the corridors, waiting

Residual stacks  
Fire doors, church organs, darkroom lights  
Moving, rearranging and reconfiguring  
Rusting scales and a bare tree stump, half blackened

Cutting, stacking, balancing  
Solitary contemplation punctuated by cigarettes and  
Yorkshire tea that's been left too long  
Chipped veneer and mismatched chairs  
Time passing in a disintegrating still life  
Shipping containers, Desolation Angels and a stained copy of  
Walden no one's read.

Tenuous dreams, fragile plans and unreliable lighters.

A capsized boat on CLS, three life jackets, four thirty  
somethings washed up on a bench  
A sunny afternoon on a street corner  
Somewhere else, a long time ago.

### *Two*

The solstice  
A scythe and a storm that doesn't have a name  
A pilgrimage of sorts, scratching an itch, chasing an idea  
Pockets of time for eternal youth, neither here or there but  
now  
At the end of the year, but not yet.

Drawing in  
Blaydon Morrisons the day after the longest night cotton  
wool, Vaseline and almonds, a deluge of shoppers  
All seeping cloud, driving rain and a fledgling gale

Follow the trace of a path  
Transcendence is straight up and time is vertical, measured by  
boulders + yesterday's tabs  
Three heavy packs and a wet dog in boots

Playing at mountaineering,  
daisy chained together, black rope lead, grey faced  
A death mask seen from above  
I think I thought you might die

Up and up  
Past a rowing couple and a future break up, furious whispers  
travel  
If you speak too loud it catches the wind  
Horizontal rain, a river to cross and a half-submerged tractor  
wheel  
A plateau, stone mirage, The Holy Mountain

### *Three*

Two Scousers, a cup of tea, a warm stove and a picture of the  
hut pinned to itself the inner wall  
Four brass pins and a grainy photocopy  
Austerity and broken chairs / shelter and salvation.

Whitewashed stone, the residue of everyone who's ever been  
here traced onto the back of a black t shirt  
and a guestbook from the 70s  
Ripped corner off a box of firelighters and spare food on the  
mantle

Flayed waterproofs dripping from the ceiling  
Hypothermia, vulnerability and tenderness in sleeping bag  
vestments  
A stove and an offering

Tinned mackerel and rice in a bag, condensation and melting  
nylon.  
Time passes in burning logs and candle flame  
There is nowhere to go but here  
Cigarette smoke, a song about death, Ashes in the hearth and  
a rattling window.

Three bodies and a dog, one wooden platform in a gale  
A deflated sleeping mat on an altar, laughing in the dark  
Closeness, warmth and a sleepless night  
Watching the snow at 6am

### *Four*

White hills, grey skies  
Desolate beauty at the top of everything  
The way down is not the way up and the snow has settled  
Still air  
A procession down to reality  
A land rover, a flat battery and some borrowed jump leads

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This text was written by Cody Sowerby on the occasion of *Brief  
Candle, Splendid Torch*, and was commissioned by Slugtown.