

Mask Cloth

'i map my station.' written many multiple times over over over in grey, everywhichway in rectangular frame, overlap of action-intention. so as to underscore how many of me, molecule of mask cloth, is needed, is: used and not used, given/not given, weaved from undue perishing.

in the centre, a mask is drawn with white hem. centre of blue-purple grays made out of pixels, from such soulbody-altering events for a community as: pandemic funeral for a cheyenne river sioux tribe elder, as navajo nation volunteers prepping donations for delivery.

mask made out of self-protection rich nations, themselves made of hoarding and law-bending, -creating, procure for selves. an image of people in one such nation masked, afforded what borders commit to certain territories, x out of others. mask made out of subcontinent's mass migrations home when the air is a threat.

mask made of an FFP2 respirator mask on a person—a mask such as those purchased by the UK from ayanda capital. 252.5 million pounds' worth of insufficiently safe equipment makes my station. the person who approached the UK government about this deal in the first place sits on both government trade and ayanda boards. what a station they have purchased, garlanded by others' throats.

mask made of gloved hands holding a mask, of pixels from isaac levido's photograph, and of pixels from a diagram of tory 'chumocracy' in which he is embroiled. isaac levido OBE. chum to some. churner of massacre into capital. blood curdling.

i map my station; just behind the mask are knives. multiple, upright, resembling balinese flags by temples. knives that could cut down prayers.

the perimeter of deeper blues and purples rings my station. the perimeter consists of other pixels, other images from human lives written of above: corrupt masterminds, grieving native americans, hopeful and endangered indians, masks on those with the good fortune of having them. purple-blue lines connecting all.

i wear a mask, i, molecule of mask. and where there are no masks, then i die on the cloth or cannot breathe and am multiplied and i map, i map my station. there is nothing so-called hidden.