

wood

A tree's trunk, maimed in a factory. Turned into an item to fill a space. Inanimate quadruped howls silently its amputation. The woods! Distant memories of verticality and rootedness. Stillness whispering witness accounts. Longitude depth. Instead here, a thicket of blabber under cruel neon light. Wind exhaled by a monster suspended on the wall, to cool sizzling egos. "These creatures are odd." Observing surreptitiously this grim scene, at times taking the weight of an overweight non-tree on his lap. Left with a coat round his shoulders or loaded with piles of bags. When non-trees return from gargantuan cubes filled with items which can be taken away with notes. Made of his fellow trees. Notes contingent on the non-tree's enslavement. On an autumn evening they reckoned he's clapped out, no longer aesthetic or functional. They put him out: it's been five weeks. The sky weeps, he sips its tears. Severed from his once secluded, green home. A chair in the garden.

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Audio & Video:

<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=y9-5KOJBa7k>

Score & Instructions:

<https://www.adammirza.com/wp-content/uploads/2020/07/Wood-7-3-20-Title-Instructions-and-Score.pdf>