

Concept, Process, Output

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Part One: The Concept

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If you look at a word long enough it starts to go away. It is like it leaks out its meaning
And then its meaning sits there sadly on the kitchen floor. A sticky puddle. And you're gesturing to me
like 'are you going to clean that up? Or do I have to'.

It is not really a question.

I have a morbid curiosity to what it will grow into

If it just sits there - the meaning that is,

Let it mutate and grow legs and walk around the house.

And I will housetrain it and feed it treats and it will call me master.

I was talking about something -oh, looking at words and writing words

It ruins your brain (*see part two*)

When we fight, I chalk down the worst things we said for future artistic reference

And then I print it.

And when we sit together sadly at a cold table nursing a pint

Smoking a cigarette, our family inside, still warm

I show you a poem on my phone (*part three*)

And maybe you'll understand.

And I lose my own memories once I write about them

They become clouded by whatever magnifying glass I've held up to them

I can only think of Malahide beach in terms of its dunes and its sandcastles And the picture we must
have made moving among it

The memories are third person - does that make sense

I write it

And you paint it

And we sit there

Sculptors surrounded by evidence of our productivity.

And maybe it is wrong for us to make our relationship into symbols

But it is a way we can communicate.

Part Two: The Process

PRODUCTIVITY

The sculptor is surrounded by evidence of her 'productivity'
cigarette butts, sunset wakes
an empty bank account and emotional sensitivity

And maybe there is no one around to attest to her divinity
but she sits down and she Bleeds out her own paints
The sculptor is surrounded by evidence of her productivity

And it might not be the most glamorous activity
Leaves her with an open wound and the shakes
An empty bank account and emotional sensitivity

Sure, even she wonders about the feasibility
Of stuffing her organs into everything she makes
The sculptor is surrounded by evidence of her productivity

But who are you to ask about her viability
To inquire about the her headaches, her fishcakes, her forsake
her empty bank account and her emotional sensitivity

She is her own responsibility
And she might give, but you all take
The sculptor is surrounded by evidence of her 'productivity'
An empty bank account and emotional sensitivity

Part Three: The Output

MY BROTHER HEALING ME

1. Malahide beach
The sand dunes are always growing and shrinking and in them
That tall grass
2. You are the seashells
And the smoothed rocks to skim
And the hand crafted sand castles
And harsh pushes in the sea
I am always, too, the little sister.
3. I have already seen the painting
When you stick your head into my room
And tell me that your dad is in the painting
We are all going to see
4. You say : You didn't want me to be upset
I didn't want you to feel alone.
You say: I didn't want you to see the painting before
Your leaving cert
5. You thought I'd never forgive you
If I lost points
6. You take me mini golfing
On a Tenerife beach
And you notice I have lost a charm
From my croc
You do two laps up and down the pier to come back
With a sequined lightning bolt
7. Someone I don't really like or trust
Writes a review of your show that is so dense
I do not recognise you
I read that before I see it
Where I cry in the Kevin Kavanagh Gallery.
8. I am at the immortalised Malahide beach
You are far away
But I collect sea shells out of habit.
They are windows for your castle.