

GLOBALIST - girl - gang

So here I am,
Providing the soundtrack to my internal landscape,
Or more accurately,
The soundtrack to that form of institutionalised cultural capital

Myers Briggs Types

Myers Park Nights

Myers, comma, Rosie, top jockey, in an induced coma after
tumble

My, My, My... Issey Miyake top finally arrived in the mail
Via DHL

I wore it the last time I was here,
Because if I am to be a walking citation
I find it most convenient not disturb the natural flow of signs

Camouflaging right into the milieu of pastel pleats please at the
plaza//

Don't get it twisted, that was not a dig, you look nice

If I didn't like it I'd hang out somewhere else...

Globalist-Girl-Gang,
nomadic-networked-nelly

The Sisterhood of the travelling Tabi, though that's over now, its
been over, for a few years

We like to think of ourselves as connoisseurs of art's
subculture

Cheque Please!

But none of that matters. Lets circle back shall we - to the efforts
of the cultural sector!

window dressing.

picture hanging.

Upon white walls,

The purest of the pure, the surest of the sure,

Where we believe we are doing good.

Aren't we doing good? This has to be good.

I distill the uniqueness of my voice into a pure parfum, an eau
de toilette which I daub upon the décolletage -

Chanel no. 5, notes of petroleum...

Maybe She's Born With It

She's definitely born with it

We buy into the uniqueness of *my* singular voice, of its ... ability
to... reinvigorate revolutionary spirits. Disturb the flow of
advertising which permeates my porous skin. Because it is...
unique. And unique means diverse and diverse means
democratic.

And democratic deserves Kudos!

But fingerprints eventually rot, and snowflakes speedily melt
My snowflake soul - my feathery, crystalline, fragile individual
and idealistic pentagon is short-lived, its journey from the
heavens endowed with a saviour complex... meets its inevitable
fate

Melted and shovelled into unthinking masses upon the
pavement

But I must believe that I am saving the singular,
Performing the Heimlich manoeuvre on a pure soul
Til it hacks up that matted ball of hair that is capital
Rescuing a naive embryo from drowning in a sulfuric sea of
cheats
Preserving, Conserving, Maintaining a missing person
Salvaging her innocent idealism from the tendrils of profit,
attention driven, damnation

But I am not, and you are not, and *we* certainly never existed

My favourite flower is the daffodil,
My least favourite is the rose
The tyrannical form of communicative ideality
Centuries of cultural heritage founded upon the mindless
idolatry of that blood-red-petal
While the black roots,
Underneath,
Are routinely excused for the sake of every lyric,
Sonnet,
And Serenade,
written in the name of beauty, clarity and significance

There is much to be said about the I,
Not my organ of sight,
Not that myopic, near-sighted orifice
That sunken watery orb,
Goopy luminescent oval - I am not talking about that,

I am talking about the subject, my I, that which poetry seeks
That which I have to believe in
That which semicapitalism trades
That which consumerism preys upon
That which language devours

Let us resuscitate that particular life form,
Straighten the spine of she who is hunched over the computer

taken up, wretched open, spread on the screen, smoothed with the back of your knife
and sometimes made to crack.

Transmuted into her work,
making sure she can be heard “cracking” in its spine

Reorient her attention away from Breaking News

The latest crypto-currency investment data

Activism

Celebrity Gossip

Food Photography

Toward a far more threatening generation of rock stars

Us who orient around the pedagogy of the gallery

XOXO,

Millie Dow