

totally ruinous / totally ruin us

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September 05 - October 17, 2020

Kim Neudorf





I knew it was you

The night they had enough hours logged
to lead the plot. And in the middle,
on stage inside an eye
for roasting. Like in the dream,
they gave me an album of outfits
and a late-night time slot
outside of the usual programming,
with a warning.

I couldn't hear my body
wired into the ground and air.
A slow tightening,
a message in my ear.

Al Pacino holds the face of John Cazale with both hands:
"I knew it was you!"

No sense bumbling,
not in the orange bulb
red and grey light.
Our bickering is late-night,
flimsy with symbols.
How long it takes to walk stand look,
my slow-math brain.
I brought with me,

you see a preexisting amount dispersed. To presume my body and being in it. Still, I had
traveled here.

Scraped and turned
out. You know it. Or you don't.

I'm designed to hold onto my energy. Reverse-engineering a source for nourishment.

My life force stalls your hustle.

You are now when I dreamed of an emergency.
The effort of the shapes and frequencies
between us without food.
While carrying with you,

I knew
when no one wants to know.
Something is switched on
and it keeps singing,
all sensible adornments,
then at the end the words pulled out of retirement.

With all the sounds of the earth
inaccessible to love-bombing:
I don't have a story about it.



Something Evil

Against the locked-up stare of Sandy Dennis,
and the big freeze-out,
you pull the plug with your face.

You
know
it stops
time.

Puffed-up placations
when they come at you,
then it's goodnight mouse.
That injured thing nursed
up and down octaves.
A face-journey of stone
behind a lock-chain.
A doorway demon

heard over kitchen cackle.
She's her,
she's both of them,
a scream, a double-header.
Racing
before reverse-lava,
holding heavier than death.

Eyes done
in dead red black blue.
For you, your hands want: Behold!
How I do I can't tell you
how ugly I find it.
To hear what I have to say -

the force of a collapsing star, the hate-filled
final final
words



the big E

If it turns up in the body scan
dissolve,
to be run through without gore,
we're talking clairsentience.
Tiny particles from my forehead, throat, heart.
They have bones -
held or cooked together -

of fog, soup, and aspic.

They are in a way that isn't grafted,
returned
to the same cheap
warmth,
ultra-judgy bake-off,
or circular rest.

Isolate from carrying messages,
what emerges by wanting to ask
in order and for a long time,
if I wasn't doing it right
to say more. If that's a coda.
Not things you know in the world.

Undo us

of precognition
of and about a premature wrecked gate of recognition
oblique agate wreck
obligated egg of ill ignition
pre-peek ognate nail veil
any bluet egg
oblique headache bed of any bluet egg and neck
of imprecision

of paradise tour
power outage
when para dies
To out rage

Because
well

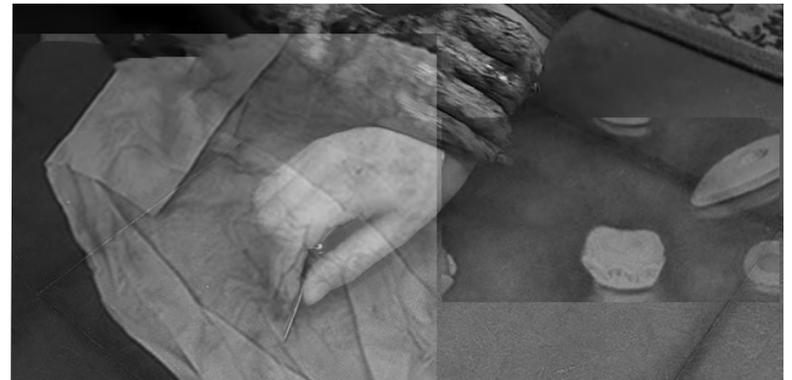
you're a very angry person
you've every agree per pursed in
you've ever agreed or as per app in place per setting
you never agreed
you have every agreeable pursed and done
you're as ever, agreed, precisely done
pressed

poached
perched
You're just as ever. Agreed, poached and nearly done.

that seems to really bother you
that's to me too real, et al, all but you

you blew it
you bluet
you boob tuber
I wasn't listening
I wasn't enlisting just any egg

you're sweating
yours or swelling
sweet
well
you or yours swore off well don't sweat it





Support is a project space based in London, Ontario. It is organized by Liza Eurich, Tegan Moore, and Ruth Skinner.

Support *v.* hold up, carry, prop up, keep up, reinforce; give assistance to, give comfort to, care for, suggest the truth of, advocate, to keep going: *n.* a thing bearing the weight of another thing; material assistance, maintenance, upkeep, sustenance.