

4 fantasies.

1

She used a stick to draw a line in the dirt.

It looped round to meet itself tail to tongue and the line became a frame.

The dirt inside the frame began popping with significance. It couldn't cope with the pressure; one moment it was common ground, part of continuous space, and the next it was enclosed, as if the frame and its newfound contents bore some relation to meaning.

The dirt worried about what people would think. Would they take one look at its demarcations and think fuck, that shape is so full of itself, what does it think it is ?

Charlotte Edey
Stillwater

robert's

9 July - 27 August 2022

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2

Earlier she'd found a note that read:
*Dear F, you'll love the sea. She's a girl too.
Both of you are gloomy and reticent.*

The author was anonymous, but she'd found notes like this before. The last one had taught her the word *vesicle* —

*a thin-walled sac filled with a fluid,
usually clear and small.*

It was something to do with the blisters she couldn't stop popping. Each one contained a sinewy pearl that, over time, hardened into a proclivity.

Anyway, the note turned out to be wrong about the sea. When she got there, the sea gagged on F's reflection, but gave her some words for her trouble

enzyme storage; buoyancy control.

F was miffed but dispassionate;
these were words she could use, after all.

i L'Homme et La Mer, Charles Baudelaire, 1857

3

In the afternoon, F burnt her whims
onto her wrists.

The procedure was painful, but one
she undertook regularly to remind
herself of the obsolescence of fate.

And in its place she maintained
consequence as the ornament of entropy.

4

Another note flapped over to F in the breeze.
It read

*A reflection reinforces its other like
a structure built into the wind.*

She discarded the note. She was busy
working on colour theory, conducting
experiments to test the effect of gravity
on different shades of pink.

Garnet was the lightest, frothing into
form like candyfloss, while mulberry fluted
worm-shaped vaults in the sky.

She was on the brink of discovering
an elemental crease where frost collided
with brimstone and humidity.

But by now it was night, and time for
girls to go to work (to *work* work).

She gathered her things. The moon
ascended like a disc of confectionary.

Text by Daisy Lafarge