

The
everywhere
anywhere
1

It's about Number—how it is everywhere anywhere, how it is anything everything. It's about that night Owen numbered my future, made me his radical-pair, his silvereve fascination. It's about transmigration. It starts on a road but ends in a bath, somehow.

It's about a concrete underpass and the torque of a small engine. Owen speaks electromagnetic vibration his voice so clear I don't remember a thing he said.

Owen is my gunkMother.
I'm his baby.
By the end I always feel dead.

A crack opens in the membrane anticipation drains my cortex of blood—sends my skull buzzing. A cold edge, the sign reunited with flesh—pain kisses me swiftly. The plastic sheet of the gurney.

Owen's rice-paper lips against my cornea. Latex fingers: a sharp wedge pushing his presence in. Owen lives inside me radiating keynote geometry. I watch through my eyelids street light comets career overhead a trail of algebraic formulas sing with the flat thrum of tires on the rough road outside.

Owen's heptagonal voice spreads cavities in my mind flesh holes in my sky ridge. Owen is the voice inside a dark iris lips kiss my right eye from inside.

I drink his resonant word sounds. Liquid sand suspended air intake.
A tongue turns in my mouth, speaks me like the voice of the dead
soldiers he pulled from the river. Like the voice of the red man he
painted each line a vital interruption in the veneer.

I scrutinise the integrity of my composition.

A pause in the road thrumming. A turning into an elsewhere in the
everywhere anywhere. The sound of water slapping against. The scent
of chemicals and ground iron. The swing of metal doors hinging
open, hinging closed. The body's movement through uncertain space.

Owen's breath breathing in the corner eating shadows all around me
with fingertips pulling at my throat. He seems very real now.

His hands small birds lifted to my eye sea weed green glass green
weed sea throat see see see vermilion. Bird sounds vibrate under
my tongue with in my nerves feathers smelling of compost and old
blood.

A hole in my sky ridge opens my right eye—Owen has woven a fresh
skin sack to carry us anywhere everywhere underthick airwater my
bones grow moss.

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2

It's about a bath in an old factory beside a marina on the outskirts of the everywhere anywhere. It's about the right eye and a radical-pair reunion. Electromagnetic flight paths of migration.

It's about Number—how it's a resonant skin that warp wraps the everything anything.

It's about that night Owen grabs me from the street corner drags me into the ambulance and drives me hanging his head out of the window vibrating a storm into the distance.

It's about that night Owen says 'It's time'

and all the Numbers in that.

His hair stands on end and mine too as I lie in the back strapped to a gurney. The ambulance has a police scanner tuned to the frequency of the police talking about looking for an ambulance so I think maybe this time someone will find me—but nobody ever does.

Owen's small like a small boy but strong like a big man. He's like the boy I saw that time behind the Cobb & Co. mail stop. There was this rotten piano beautifully out of tune round the back being played by a woman with a violin spine.

I walked away from all that down to a little pathetic stream and there was this boy there. I asked him what he was doing and he said he was dragging dead soldiers out of the river. He was sweating and kind of staggering under their weight. There was no body but him down there.

Owen is like that and that other boy in my art class, the one that painted the picture of the huge wave and the tiny surfer and a shadow beneath it all. He said the tiny surfer was him. I said, 'Is the shadow a whale?' He said he didn't know what the shadow was but his cold sores did.

The next week he painted another picture, all in red. It had a man in it looking through a telescope and he left a big empty circle in the sky and said, 'Next week I'll fill that in so you know what he's been watching.'

Owen is like that boy, too. Powerful and jittery like an electric storm coming in over a marina on the outskirts of the everywhere anywhere making waves in the everything anything.

After we have driven we come to the factory and the factory is a lot like the factory I visited once with the performance collective Plimsoll Line. We were going to use it in a show about Owen but then we didn't, because we didn't do the show because we couldn't get any money to do it. Owen puts me in a porcelain bathtub and I keep the bathtub company and he says:

'We are only lifted briefly from sequence into breath. A disturbance in the infinite resonance.' He repeats this over and over and won't shut up so I can't sleep.

Wind currents blast waves in earth's magnetic fields. The sea has risen. Owen's brought in the tide and with it a whale from out deep, circling in the marina singing bass obliteration.

Owen looks out the window. 'I've got this whale now but I don't know what to do with it.' Owen always has problems with motivation. That's because he is really just a kid down by the river collecting bodies and a painter covering canvases in red—Owen has never made any sense but I just can't seem to give up on him. Fourteen years now—we're like some kind of radical-pair, oscillating. We're like migratory birds guided by the magnetoreceptors in our right eyes.

The day is clouded with rain. Street lamps stay on. Their hum accompanies the everything anything, a harmony crying the whale circling in the storm singing the sharp edge of vibration. The meagre resistance of skin. In side out side claw at one another. Owen's a map on my retina visionary surface of the mind. I am a break in a smooth arc of porcelain. I breathe lightly. The earth a giant magnet guiding us home.

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3

It's about that night the whale sung the slow song of wind down. It's about how we are all woken only briefly from Number into breath. A minor disturbance in the vibration of the anything everything. A Number removed momentarily from sequence. It's about your keynote, your resonant frequency vibrating the bones of you into flight.

'I've called the birds.'

His voice. A beacon. A regular pulse in earth's spherical harmonics.

I think briefly of Number. There is only wOne Owen, but really there have always been two. Form bleeds through itself. I crawl over the porcelain rim amidst gravity. The whale finds my resonant frequency its hum the steady vibration of the metal walkway an extension of the building I wade through shades of atoms into night.

The sky is blistered by stars. I feel the melody of the spheres as they spin in space aware of minute fluctuations in tone. He holds the creature in his arms. The twitch of its talons. The spasm of its beak. Its frenetic dissolving heart. 'I am not a kid anymore.'

'I know, Owen.'

He places the bird's right eye over my right iris. The world's metallic frame deviates, photons morph symmetric patterns fluctuate in a magnetosensitive reorientation—a radical-pair reunion. Resonant sonic boom vibrates my keynote into waves of ultraviolet light: 370 to 565 nanometers in length. The world gets bright green, then the shade of nicotine on his fingers clicking in my face.

He's standing over me. Not a kid anymore—24 perhaps? Looks like he's made of wire and cigarette burns. Flexing the kind of muscle that comes from missing meals. He leans back on the pushie he's motorised with an old lawn mower engine. We watch others hooning across the parkland beside the falling down back fences of falling down houses.

They circle around and fly through the concrete underpass beside the storm water drain. An alco slips on a submerged shopping trolley trying to drag something onto the cement shore. He ends up awkwardly perched on the frame, a small stream laden with chip wrappers flowing around his shins. He used to sit up on the hill under the trees watching kids play in the carpark till the cops moved him on.

As the bikes pass their unmuffled engines vibrate my ear drums. They hang a finger at Owen and he laugh-yells, 'In your dreams—still not as fast as mine,' and then more softly, 'Gotta get the torque just right.' I think about Number. 'Owen, it's all ...' 'Don't you fucken even.'

There's not a mystical bone in his body that hasn't been broken. He hates all this radical-pair reunion shit. Hates that I keep obsessing about the kid he never was.

'Anyway, I'm off.' His mates have stopped beside the bottlo to wait for him. Late afternoon light refracts off millions of tiny shards of broken glass on patchy asphalt. Silvereyes pick at fallen chips and spring rolls looking at each one with sideways heads. The boys flick bottle caps at them, they rise momentarily then settle again.

‘You got a tenner?’ I check my wallet and hand him a twenty. He stuffs it in his pocket and lifts his leg over the bike. ‘You know it wasn’t even a whale anyway, right?’ He starts his engine and yells the rest through a cloud of greyblue smoke. ‘It was a shark and when those bastards come for you there ain’t no singing.’ He releases the brakes and takes off.

In the concrete underpass the alco is waving me over. I ignore him and walk up to a road. There’s a bus shelter with Troy 4 Stacey 4 Ever burnt into the perspex with a lighter. The last bus out leaves at 5.15 pm and I’ve missed it.

In the distance, on the outskirts of the everywhere anywhere I can see the factory and walk towards it. Hopefully the ambulance is still there—it was last time.