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Inconsolable

a film (extract)

Bibliographical note:

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The sense of something or other, purring. A hand moves slowly, as if as if, but then again, the tense and blackened eyes, like putting it, whatever, you, together again, as if the rain will never stop, as if you'll walk in. Fern fronds in a glass vase, on the table, under the

light, sticks on the window sill. A mist in the distance. And it's nothing, for a moment, nothing, in my hand, the circle closing closing, one word would be enough, crawling, cherished, one stone like another, round stones, skin then, the wave of a hand in the summer from a car on the way to the ocean and the sand and the

lapping, the warming of the body, the body moving, folding, who is this, who is wondering, who is saying no no, but I'm going, I'm going, to write. Do I want, do I want, anything. The low ceiling, the light light as light. Sometimes no time to go over the scenes. The light light. Brushing, a trap, a trap, snug up against the brown earth, it is easy, the clean loving kill.

I am turning my head, toward the rendezvous, little nose against my

hand, wet and black, little sighs, sleeping sleeping. Measure my arrival, surprise, but quietly, love, in the flesh, small moves ... one day, and the next,

drops of water on a face, the calm of stepping off the ledge. The ravishing fall, scattered, the bride on the steps. Undoing the black box, gravitating. A cup of

tea, sure. Barely exposed. A short walk, an umbrella. Neither this nor that, an utterly private act against your shoulder. The composition, taking into account good conduct, resolutions, and scars, in the night,

is metal. About this plan, much known. A round missive, here, blood rising to the surface, quick while it lasts, bring pen. I am opening a door, touching a hand. Can't notice life, or yes yes, or furs. Things can go too far, strange shifting kindness, noise outside, something extra, something air-born. The shape is *life-like*, as like-*life* as a current, precise, drained, and dripping. What use is that. No flame, solid or not, will lick the eyes of that man, as is wished. The silvery blossom dying brown, the sensation of coming once only, to the window hopeful. She

stumbles, she's in the film, for example. Well, thick rose tongue. More or less. You can hear the tone, over a table, everything contained, easily, as you intend, and confined. Go ahead, toe the line. Oh be here, in the fibre, muttering. Seascape, green water, and I know this is true. Green distant water, in my ear. Someone leans toward

the twilight. They can't work hour after hour, losing day after day inside the heat of ever and ever, with no questions, no, not even to console in that touching voice, and they are busy till the bell rings. The bell, of dark irises staring up lips parted, pearl

skin, the ceremony lasts. The tips of the fingernails, the mouth. The police have already been. A low doorway, and a small white room. It is upsetting, this hollow space. I am outside, anyway, you are outside. A ring around the moon,

in the day sky too. The old life finished, again. Again, the experiment, whatever named elsewhere, say footsteps, or the breath of the lover, his red eyes, even, anyway, the gesture never seen before, is a film, of voices, and breaks. Behind me, a long cold

corridor, lit by a yellow glow, black and white floor, doors shut for warmth. Another house I've never

been, shudder shudder. Something in the wind. And I go with a man, unknown, as the backwash, nothing else. Should I look up, take account of the woman by the window before the red curtains, and constantly, worlds of you. Cut by almonds, by tenderness. No rose, no rose, no rose. Necklace, ring, and the wish for a soft black scarf. And kid gloves. A very slow pan. I am suspicious. I am swallowing. A red coat hangs over a chair, as left, everything before me, years old and small, covered in dust. The wide brass jar brought by the friend, gone now to an island, intact, almost. The trees waiting to be talked to, forests of them, softly

murmuring softly murmuring. The figure of a woman on the horizon. Talking to herself. To die for love, to eat another meal, to smell cabbage. To smell carpet, burnt walls – where do you come from. So many people, and one comes along, with nose and mouth and ears and hair. Someone lasts a long time. You are out of sight, coming and going, wavering. Have I worried you, who desires to be heard, who is an adult. I've been taken in, a

voice to read the text to, in the dark. You can't put this together, this drops parting partly. The pleasure, in the dark, of the moving voice, as it goes on and on, and there will be music till the begin begins again, a timely speck, a river. As you said,

start in one corner, end in the other. Suddenly, a tiny ray, her heart beating fast. This that she thinks is me, before the crowd, has turned her head on the pillow. There is a man. His lips slightly open. Two bodies on the

bed, she hesitates. This surface, this whispering, in the late afternoon, and more, a shadow crosses a pier, like a ship. She sees a girl descend and the man rises, into the sky, a large moth. Too too fragile. He is gone into the blue into the blue. There is no massacre, a subdued note, a solemn single note played over and over. A delicious fuzziness, a lake, the J and the K and the H, all the letters spreading out, the neck most sensitive, most sinuous, time to go, through the window into the dry grass snapping underfoot. Oh, it's like a dance, out in the country. Someone dancing,

soaking wet, dancing. Down the lanes, and you are drawn in, wined and dined, like salt. Outside cats in the garden. It's a fine way to be, and then from the end of the earth, you. Crying crying, choking. A likely story. I go to dress. But it never works. It is morning,

the slow and sticky breath, trickling. I am living in the city, tonight, a lifetime, the whole trouble, I dedicate nothing.

The position of the sun. His glance, someone special, I am watching.

Everyone makes something, time after time, someone else, too. No-one's bothered by it. Beside the point. Rocked to the very bottom, a large glass. Good, good, going well. You abandon the morning the evening the day at a moment's notice. And the little cat bounces round the room, paper ball in her mouth. She's a drawing on the floor, snuffling. Movement all through her limbs, and grey. Nipped in the bud. I saw him at a distance, no avoiding him, with the world raining, him, expanded, parallel. A sort of

loophole, his rouged cheeks, his raised eyelids. One has to guard against the past. The curtain is pushed behind the bamboo blind, and the winter day is there amongst the birds and the red bricks. The cherries on the curtain will fade. Shoes lined-up beneath. More and more summer, making scenes. This delay then, this is what someone

finds, who works, strictly, as fortune, as menace. This delay, mild devotion for you. Like saying, come inside, please. Please. Window jammed. Shouting. Window jammed, oven ready for biscuits. Shouting, whining wind on the floor and the ceiling. It is late, the cat licks its paw. Are you asleep, must I sleep. Cold

creeps up, sits heavy on shoulders. Hands over my eyes, eager to turn on light. As cosy as light can be, a long rope, from a height. What joy. But a flower, for example an iris, as already filmed, the ear hears that that that slush of the blood, and then dry hard and cracked. Don't go astray, especially, you are not that that that. One never forgets the feel of the body in water, the smooth skin in still cool pool. A door squeaks, a few footsteps, someone walking on the tips of their toes. Glimpses of this and that that that, the assembly of someone. I point in the street, and collide, walking out. You, there, and the shadows shifting, a door, and the glow of a head, swimming between your legs. This play against the wall, the hot breeze, thumping time after time, thumping in the night, a full gossamer moon. And the rest, and you. Meantime. You have died. And someone is on the chair in the cafe, as seen so often, and this someone looks back, astonished, then fades, and wonders aloud, being left alone, who speaks. Who is that voice. You then, at that moment, across the world. There it is, the forever, yes and no, fact, no adjustment made, someone is the wounded wound. You always call toward the house. You are painted over, dusk. With the sunlight on the white page. The sky shocking brown. Outside, of course, the shrubs rustle. Usually there are sparrows, finches, magpies, and especially night-birds. The memory of rocks. What gift would you give me. Down through my eyes come yours, beyond the low radio. So tame, that day, and now this day. You will know spite, and the bliss of the smoking car, yes yes, and you walk out the gate, and turn to slide the bolt, and watch the flakes of rust spiral to the weeds, and ride to the river and the buildings, year by year, and pass the high-trimmed hedges. And and all the while I am pretty. Could someone be ... or be bothered ... and the rest. Am I finished, yet, tight as a bud, running racing, and then again there is a plane, and benches, and bags. Enclosed, sighing, breath gone, nothing left, momentarily. Ah well, you are here at last. Enough for one day, a tall tree, a rhythmic swinging of the arms, and the sea red. I tell you. I gave you notice, and you accepted, you told me that. I accept the fine patience. Your papers in order, and still you say yes. I never finish the long sentence. The wind blowing the rain across the sky. The city yellow and mauve. Beautiful from up here with the lights of the planes piercing the dense fog. Now the rain is heavy on the roof. Someone wants to sleep and sleep. Now it has almost stopped. The great quiet. All that can be, forever, tied by a thin cotton thread. Black coffee. Sap in its black alphabet form, on the page, is lust ... the single sultry pore, the tear-duct, the elbow, the knee. Yes. A blade (of grass), this of all things, green green green as green as this

crisp season. A song somewhere, the song bursting, and the woman reciting, slowly, to finish the job. Becoming lucid and sharp, and stabbing herself, lips crushing, revengeful, as well, and now it is ... three-thirty, saying sweet saying, slightly, hardly,

touch me just, blow on me, say what comes. A load, an action, eyelashes, for instance. The author and the poise of a glass bead. This is true. I am inside the dreadful rain, and you have been

howled on. Who knows what it's called, what it is. This is Thursday in a week in a year and your body will be laid wide open, inconsolable, on the quilt, tender willing. And me standing by the door looking (inconsolable), not lost like before, oh what beautiful gazing,

the soft chest and back, the neck, you are more than, and especially, you, complicit. Dependent on that, constantly you say you are to me to everyone. I am prepared for the next two or three days. And I am waiting for the warp of the case, and it never comes. Another fine fine lingering time is had in my glorious day. Is that applause ... no, fancy that small burn that I have shown you, temper, (it) is that that that simple, but it is late and who will take my hand and lead me on, little snake, huh. At this table this resistance is precise, to even consider considering someone who is my image is the cream on my lips the rings on my fingers the sand under my nails. A lake. An eagle, upon the ground, the rain the big round drops, my coat on the couch, it would be too dramatic (filmic) to draw ...