



lo-fi dreams

a prose poem

Kofi Boamah

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“She remembered, as one recalls a particularly beautiful dream, a time passed on open slopes flooded with golden sunlight.”

— Isabelle Eberhardt, *The Oblivion Seekers*

— *Based on real-life events.*

...sunshine filled rooms, seeping into the scent: warm fruit, shadows casting onto mahogany table... the taste of watermelon on lips... time obliterated by the romance of thoughts...

K. sat at the edge of the sofa observing: the rhythm of thoughts into actions, the poetry of ways... the creases in crevices... drizzling watermelon juice festering on lips, onto naked breasts, thighs...

...the birds sung through the windows:
catapulting into the air neat circles oscillating
around the smoke billowing out of Pica's mouth
now, against the windows, against the curtains,
against door knobs leading to a balcony...

a feverish pursuit towards the past, settling into the future, or perhaps living somewhere between, whilst knowing the present is the place to reside: the ocean of the moment that seizes arms from beside chests ready to flaunt its manna. Instead K. is stood in corridors dreaming of the moment: B sitting on tin foil... dangling naked breasts against the air... catching a glimpse of teeth...

stirred by the night she moved towards the door whilst K. slept, simmering into the night like stray cats... moving about the darkness enraptured with desires... stopping after a short walk on Queensbridge road. Waiting and staring into the eyes of drivers passing by, like a witch-hunt, perhaps exuding the melancholic wound plastered with hot-pink knickers, a man appears out of the night—the man, she decides to call Julia, ogles at her and comments on that which sits in his wallet...

love consumes like hunger, for K. — waking up in a stupor to find his “joy” someplace else, spread eagled in a room just off Kingsland Road... staring out the window at a woman walking towards Dalston screaming: Go on Julia...! To a perplexed man that knows little of the sanctity of the body... remnants of ancestors, figures of eternity...

casting shadows against the light, a silhouette of bare flesh: calcium, skin, pulp.

the light from a street lamp-post shines onto the dark street, where K. is stood moving his skull side to side, and then side to side... Arranging his thoughts into recognizable sentiments amounts to K. moving back to his flat slowly... with a subtle drizzle now falling...

watching as a mango-yellow car passes, and the rain falls on a windswept plastic bag that swallows the air and then breathes it: the residue of panic reduced to melancholy that has set like warm ice-cream, or burnt out red candles ceasing to illuminate a darkness... this relentless pursuit towards and then against, and then towards... what exactly, thought K. crossing the road feeling the wetness fingering his head.

overlooking the canal, I am now a plum amongst decaying melons... Watching as a couple sit under night's black curtain with droplets scattering on their heads, hands, bodies, lips caressing each other's like open knife wounds... knotted wires...

"Julia" moves towards the window after sifting and handing over currency... the bulbed light quite dimly lit against a backdrop of off-white bed sheets hanging to one side of the curtained window... as if summoning a feeling that is wanted to feel, "Julia" comments on the night with words that amount to futility for Pica: small words that add nothing... the ulterior motives cascading onto the surface of the canvas: reds and blues, more teeth...

semblances of melancholy move about like
blood around bones and skin... arteries...

faces sitting in the darkness against a backdrop
of noises, random shouts, cars... perhaps a
Mexican Man laughing at a late-night T.V.
movie or something perhaps more sinister: the
dark glisten's beauty is its cover... a blanket...

as if catapulting into a new being Pica sees skulls... rats forming into cats... cats into rats against drain pipes outside off-licences answering small prayers: condoms bought in the thick of it, then the passing comments by a woman on the streets, the colours of a once beautiful red car... now broken down at the side of the road...

making jokes to cover the sadness of a situation...

it's not really the grandiose things that keep life interesting... the speculations of happenings elsewhere, a bright yellow car in the darkness, the shine of a lamppost against a solitary sitting figure, the plum lips of strangers, the monotony of the sun illustrating its beauty at the same time... though a desire for the unexpected eclipse of mood feeds into nights and has patterns arise as if language written on apricot coloured walls...

K. misses Pica by a few minutes, like cross hairs in a sniper rifles aim gone astray... waiting on the corner to shoot up again a few minutes after the last hit... K feels the pressure seeping through his veins... Pica notices dark patches around her eyes from playing back memories a few minutes previous of staring into the naked mirror: where she sees someone else that seems like a person she once knew... a touch to the chest...

“Julia” is sifting through old CD’s, the edge of the bed still a little wet... the window is slightly ajar: a little rain is hitting the window sill against the ruffled porno mag with a smiling naked blonde woman wide open on the sticky cover. The radiator only half works: emitting heat from the right side only, as the fabric of balled up red knickers heats up in between wall and radiator... the former tenants, of which letters still arrive for: *Dear Lucia, It’s Manuel, please write me back, it’s been so long. I think about your supple breasts, your green eyes and I miss you...* “Julia” reads them like newspaper cuttings, living through the details of Manuel in Barcelona... the previous night he sat up thinking about the word Paella: sounding out the word and repeating it for a time, in between sips of Stella.

lights on stairs switched on, and then off... K. touches the sofa's cushions, before staring at Pica's flip flops on the floor, the green offset a feeling of discomfort as K. walked towards the kitchen to watch a girl walking fast through the streets darkened with rain, as a man stands at the edge of the street corner smoking a cigarette: thoughts dismantled by their slowness, though still slightly pacing—casual encounters with realism.

I imagine it to be an altar, where naked breasts beat like guns against the fabric of moisture navigating the close air: the smell of mango juice interspersed with the vibrations of sound: beautiful heavy drums...

“Julia” after looking in between the bed and the wall finds a few notes of hard currency which awakens a lust or perhaps a way to fulfil it. The television in the corner making noises and bestowing this quiet fragment of the world new thoughts, perhaps even dreams that amount to “Julia” pulling on an old pair of jeans, a t-shirt and a coat before exiting... on the street the rain falls on to his head full of thoughts on fucking. A feeling, a distant thought remembered, re-emerged, perhaps Lucia, he sniggers... stray kittens in between doorways, at the edges of puddles, stepped in by men with loosely fitted jeans, boxers hung over

belts, syringe holes in arms, heads full of schemes... thoughts cluster in chaotic arrangements: *will all of life be like this, can I score drugs this late, is the T.V still on?*

incapable of thinking of anything else K. tries to sleep.

oily remnants of slick wetness pronounced themselves as worlds: each droplet a different universe with the complexion of space's contemplation, if that is at all possible? Sombre movements distil the moment now, silhouettes moving to sounds of heavy drums: booum ba dap booum ba dap... signals of life contrasted with nothingness, unopened eyes within skulls swaying side to side under the rain... like a hallucinatory glaze Madonna appearing out the darkness... soft blows to the heart imposed by paralysis.

Pica hikes up her skirt and wonders whether to call “Melanie”. The perpetuation is reducible to exotic forays into the strange, a land governed by nocturnal beings that reside inside, which fluctuate like dance... or a candle lit dinner between ghosts as if sat on empty trains.

K.'s eyes flicker in the darkness, the sound of the heavy drums: boom ba dap boom ba dap... he fails to hear the door go, where Pica enters with wet knickers, and pockets full of B, old tin foil, lighters. She moves about the living room like the wind, setting up her altar: praying for relief. Her mobile vibrating the name "Melanie": a late-night whisper into desire, the next-door neighbours' stairs creak...

"Julia" is stood where Pica was, missing each other for time's irony: waiting awhile in the light drizzle, fixated... the scene shot from afar is forlorn in totality: the obsolete vicissitudes of the City's characters in the score of murmurs, automobiles, foxes, cats...

like a reflection of mumbling, surrounding ears with both unrecognisable and recognisable sounds, K. is filled with thoughts, or perhaps dreams? chastising him like a reflection of mumbling, surrounding ears with both unrecognisable and recognisable sounds, K. is filled with thoughts, or perhaps dreams? chastising him into a new world that enters through osmosis: faint monologues of poetry: searching words for another lighter turning into existential angst that K. dreams of as fire: the light burns and reflects into eyes... a new world that enters through osmosis: faint monologues of poetry: searching words for another lighter turning into existential angst that K. dreams of as fire: the light burns and reflects into eyes...

Pica enters the dark bedroom, without a light, and moves about the room like a pretty dancer, her figure shaping and reshaping the light into the room from the un-curtained window, where she is then distracted by “Helen”, who is walking the street, dragging his body through pavements with small puddles, as she thinks about all these strange kisses and how meaningless things seem... on the window sill is Hervé Guibert’s *Paradise*, his face staring into the abyss just like hers.

the creaking floor anoints K.'s awakening, slowly disappearing are thoughts on fire, which was being danced around by a group of *Tahitian* looking girls, perhaps Gauguin's girls seeping into thoughts via the painting that sits on the living room wall: *Where Do We Come From? What Are We? Where Are We Going?*

“Julia” purchases two Stella’s, and soon lies on the storied bed: cum at the edge of toes twisting, the pillow case as yellow as the bulb’s light, on the mattress lays Lucia’s pubic hairs, which were often cut before entertaining: our dramatic stories wrapped in a case of nothing, though beneath lies escapisms, simple adventures, deaths, these little deaths: beer spilt on floor as if touching the thorns of roses, disappointment after a person misses a date like Jesus didn’t miss his appointment to arrive like a thief in the night years ago, many nights full of tears drizzling onto the pillow case... clean offered microwaved foods fallen on the edges of the duvet...

“Helen” arrives to “Abdul’s” Hackney flat, cockroaches on walls, a few Eastern Europeans loitering about, gear in pockets: the camaraderie of addiction... a seat next to who he only knows as “Stona” causes “Helen” to feel paranoid: the noise in his head jaggedy, though “Stona” smiles “Helen” starts to mumble and soon raises his voice into a small inferno, all those in attendance merely recognise as background noise to their lives... “Stona” calms “Helen” by handing over a bottle of Teacher’s, swigging it down the couch is indented again, and “Stona” is now touching “Helen’s” knee... thigh... dick... the vertebrae showing, bent over Abdul’s sodium-orange duvet, a small remnant of heaven is released from her mouth: ...you don’t have to pay...

how to communicate love? contexts change, these fabrics loosely doused in words... violences? shared addictions? loneliness?

sympathy for the living...

like death itself, the completism summons an orgasm up against the headboard, neck wrapped around hands, bent vertebrae peaking through skin, mouth pleading in an Eastern European language “Helen” doesn’t recognise: evoking an exoticness that ghosts into the adjacent living room, where an atmosphere of salvation is wrapped up in the material—the collected poems of the intangible, their allegories, mean very little here: love is a favour...

“Julia” feels around in the phosphorescence emitting only from the T.V for roll-ups... though the Bengali girl living next door has arrived back from someplace, he can hear her talking with a deep voiced man, that seems inclined to make comments about the pitifulness of the situation, calling it “death-like”, the peeling wall paper seemed to shudder against the sounds: her voicing words of comfort, perhaps an island in our minds, a strange prelude to what “Julia” imagined as a transaction... maybe this is love, or how it truly works: momentary distractions from the abyss... retrospectively these minutes, hours, seconds exist like dust or just another dark night...

like Molyneux's problem, the light seems too bright, the darkness of "Julia's" hostel bedsit just right, stood against the window watching birds flying across sheets of black, the saccharine tendencies of true feelings...

cum dripping off back, "Stona" announces methods to retrieve drugs as "Helen" pulls on blue jeans, a blue t-shirt, a blueness... Guibert still staring into his abyss...



the poetic nature of death pronounces itself as fallen leaves, nocturnal thoughts, off-date salad, and even cum wiped off onto sodium-orange duvets before wonderings of actions meanings... the thick crescendo of thoughts manifests into words amounting to..: when will I see you again? and then silences constipated with conversations, of course: this woman's dialect, eyes that could seize a bank... a reckless pursuit or a decision? narratives already seemingly written...

dawn arrives as “Julia” smokes at the window, with sounds still emanating from the room next door... flaws let the light in... Pica arrives to the door, opened in a confused furrow, “Julia” has dismounted from the window sill into a small heaven wearing the same hot pink knickers, asking if there was any more money in the wallet? toying with Lucia’s ex-mattress... K. sat like a recurring dream in a world that is seemingly asymmetrical but really sitting cattycorner, his joy bent over a chair for an agreed thirty quid, but really she was summoned by the allure of what can only be called the *orgasm of distraction*, or perhaps it’s the kisses Pica dislikes, the clichéd format of love...

soon the dealer arrives a few minutes away from the Mosque, Pica walks faster towards the car where the dealer is violently angry, and soon there is blueness between them: a chasm only cooled by old feminist tropes... the raw ingredients...

seizing the goods, K. would expect her to appear in the coming light, but Pica enjoyed “Julia’s” flippant nature...the rhythm of seduction... after entering an office and eating a packet of crisps which are then blowing in the wind, Pica walked past the Mosque...

"Stona" is at the edge of the sofa like a precipice or a vignette of a portrait, as the front door goes, entering someone that is not "Helen", angst quickly grows as Abdul sits next to her and starts to feel her ass as if a ripe fruit, talking about "rent", a sorrowful frown summons for moments that resemble those spent in Catalonia with a man she called "Fruit"... the image fades as the darkness into light, a new day...

Pica walks around naked, at ease, “Julia’s” left arm and hand up against the headrest, Pica taking a hit of B on the table, the picture an arbitrary paranoid thought for K., who instead then envisages Pica’s fulfilment perhaps at The Professor’s flat... though K. resists the temptation to check: for the last conversation sufficed to induce a feeling within him... there are voices of children in the atmosphere, articulating bittersweetness...

through the kitchen window, at exactly the same time as usual, K. watched a man wearing a gold robe enter his balcony, yawn and stretch... for K. there seemed something bitter-sweet about this happening, that regardless of the weather or world happenings went on at this same time—K. enjoyed the reach towards the sky this morning and the goldness of the robe... though it also forms a feeling of claustrophobia...

one day and night orchestrating our episodes...

K. starts to loosely think about a former girlfriend, her name alludes him momentarily, and then he remembers Yulia's voice, her mumbling, her distant transmission... like an old baroque painting... you feel cold stares of nostalgia hit your neck like a thick liquid... but then it soothes your mind whilst seeing to your ablutions: bare breasts, casual secrets that only strangers can express, lies twisted into feint disclosures of...

lo-fi dreams...

the eternal return...

