

## WORLD WALK – Janow Podlaski Poland

In the flow of time, untitled time in the centre of this Polish town somewhere near the Byelorussian border at the Park Krajobrazowy-Wtodawa. In this timeflow ephemeral and immaterial as ephemeral is. It's 3-dimensional and all these renderings of thought phrases material phrases syllables of experience cosmos. An old lady is sitting on a bench and a kid on a bicycle goes by. Janow Podlaski and a faded orange umbrella with table and chairs stands out by the upturned ladies' plastic legs in the fashion store as if they were dancing cancan with the Gods Dot Dot Dot... along in between and over the geometries of brick sidewalk the ants walk and as I am walking, comma, a car is starting while some invisible personage is hammering a piece of wood – Dash - a fallen cigarette beside a tall fir tree starting to move now as the swallows fly by and far off the clouds are forming – Dash - I find a child's silver heart a decorative party play item now lost in the grass and a huge church from some Baroque time past reminds me my map of time is crumpled. Dot. and like a traveller out in a transit corridor all these visual signs are objects in a flow that is these words I walk into and over and through and the geometries of our syntax builds its rhythms and patterns while I look like I am looking as part of a landscape in post-Industrial matrices and digital diachronic dislocations but the space is physical and some signs are handwritten and stapled to a tree by the park the huge church has stones that are boulders quite large at its corners and all the rest is finely modelled and civilized as if we forgot geological time for a moment quite like memes and smiling memory swallows its unconscious hopes though the fears are here 1944 in a monument but never does any justice to it all those confused signals shuddering untruths that led it all to happen again and again a young girl with nice arms is stretching backwards for all to see and her legs extend forward ... Dot Dot Dot ... an older woman watches the younger woman and stands holding a post and I think of the still older woman with her scarf who simply stares into space smiling that smile wise and somewhat whimsical laughing at time maybe or shouldering some uncertainty long after the wind has passed through this park and the leaves of these trees have spoken in phrases that catch you and cause birds to fly the light is so beautiful too and now moving down the hill yet another leaf falls like an afterthought or the last fragment of a mirror or a dream state some women are going to church in the heat and they wear white tops I am observing watching witnessing this Targowica Uwaga Malpkakiki 1918 and a 40 sign with a circle by the side of the road and this road leans one way then the next as if it has run out of beer for the night half a walnut shell surrounded by pine cones and sounds of birds whizzing around touch each ear differently and like a sonic boom the sun comes out after hiding a while clouds are lit up like some stage set in real time Cyprowy Polsat a dish that links people to the Cyberworld has been appended like a bug to a building or like a war wound bandage steel and painted white and the church bell rings it is just a recording and a monument appears now with its modest red lamps and an old

cement star from other times at this same place 1944 war time the ghosts are in the fields and a tree has died down by the river Bug hit by the wind corrugated metal wraps a building in this synthetic walk through and into time over the traces of a built world if only the stones could speak there are flowers covering a monument the date is 1979 and we are a little further along and in ALL TIME this is A BIT OF IT plastic wraps a cinder block house so grey grey grey and a pile of wood reminds us all that winter is down this road every year each year in an age of global warming you can see the shadows of a fence, then of orchids and then of shrubs and plants and another shadow a walking person this time near a plastic stork and a dog is barking next to a pile of blue plastic bags that shine with colour in the sunlight descending this street and a few red roses grow while men somewhere else are all standing taking a break on scaffolding RELAX for a MOMENT in TIME this far off place is here you can see a soccer field with rusted goals the day after POLAND lost the match to PORTUGAL Chrupiace na codzien and I do not know why but thinking of a railway painting NIKIFOR by this micro-scaled Coca Cola stand empty of people. Walking into this second infinitesimally bound by the unwinding of time and like a clock with no hands eternal light binds all the pieces together. The cement hexagons on the ground make a platform for cars by an inflated swimming pool for mosquitos and kids there is a mushroom and a willow tree a man with a scythe is cutting the grass another is sharpening his blade far off the corn is low in the fields a black pug dog with a curled tail walks down a dusty road Where is our home? Is nature home? BIM BOM. Dot . The electricity wires turn at 45 degrees down by an empty house with no windows not connected to anything ... A semblance of a house once a home... Dot Dot Dot ... Stary Pawtow you can see an old covered up well and stairs that lead nowhere but to the sky now the number 68 is hand painted. The Virgin Mary is surrounded by flowers the date is 1918 and she is encased in a white pillar that stands here the glass is clean now and you can hear tractor sounds a diesel pulling hay bales the fields are appearing like patches of time out of town now yellow green colours patches so tiny the flowers also in time these thoughts my ideas expanding like clouds or the petals of a flower in surrounding space a full view vision and there are tire tracks in the sand an asphalt road on old glacial rocks cracked like the back of a crocodile on the sides are red flowers purple yellow a piece of old foam covered in oil an erratic from the age of oil now the wind is blowing now rising wind BacexMetal a sign next to two roadside crosses and a bevy of plastic flowers all painted the wood that makes the structure and a field then a field then a field going up the hill a field a field a field going down the hill in this world untraceable intractable indelibly ever changing as process supplants process a synesthetic nature theatre expanding and collapsing according to the light amid the plants and words backwards or forward time passes and sometimes time is soft in this summer heat ... Dot Dot Dot ...

- John K. Grande, 2016