

(^^^) issue # 26 // BRUISE MAP //

2012 — 2017

Flesh as Material



(^^^) ISSUE #26 // BRUISE MAP // documents flesh as interactive, finite material. As a collection, BRUISE MAP archives notable bruises on one body over the course of five years (2012-2017). The combined digital map results in an investigatory catalog that illustrates the necessary wear of active tissue and studies the bruise as an artifact. Featuring selections from BRUISE MAP, Sharkbite 26 presents the bruise as a threshold between flesh and the built environments, as well as, in repair, an indication of body as infrastructure. Each bruise is evidence of existence, as well as confirmation of an impermanent duration.

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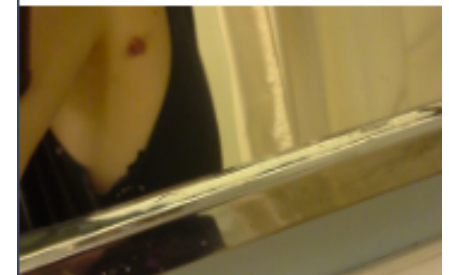
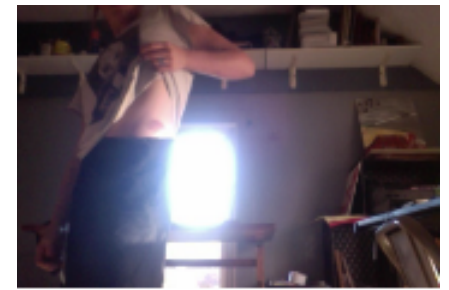
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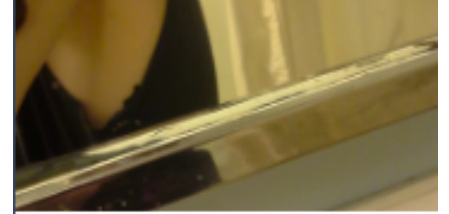


- 1/left knee – impact unknown
- 2/front left hip – unknown
- 3/side right hip – unknown
- 4/popsicle with lip skin
- 5/front left hip – unknown
- 6/left upper back – unknown





7/left hip - dirt slide
8/right pinkie - meat slicer
9/left palm - unknown
10/third knuckle - unknown
11/lip - popsicle rip



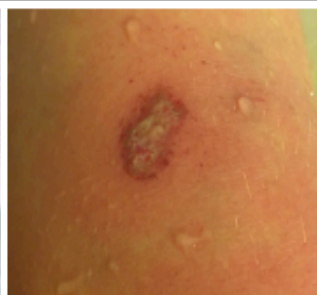


12/knee - unknown
13/left thigh - unknown
14/thigh - unknown
15/legs - unknown
16/right thigh - unknown



- 17/left leg – unknown
- 18/left hip – unknown
- 19/right shin – unknown
- 20/knee – unknown
- 21/shin – unknown
- 22/shin – unknown
- 23/pelvis – unknown
- 24/right hand – nail in pit
- 25/legs – unknown
- 26/thigh – unknown
- 27/knee – unknown
- 28/legs – unknown





love letter to the bruise as time portal
Jen Liu

I had a vision of my body as some kind of summer fruit the other day. My limbs look like maps, discolored to trace the movement of warmth across time. You visit me that way, little bruise — the way dreams do — a vacuum of tenderness; when I'm malnourished; when I kneel in the tub to give head; meeting me just beyond each euphoric fall.

You said something about damage, how the moment of blunt force impact is where the entrance to the portal opens and the healing of you, little bruise, is where the exit is sealed. On either end, you wave to me from the present moment, as though standing on a jetty that suggests a before and after while itself remaining very still.

There is no trauma that isn't now, though one feels its pull in obvious directions. The same goes, you said, of healing.

You possess the wisdom to let people watch themselves heal to completion. I wonder if you are what so many of us mean to say when we say *scar*.

Your transmission came in colors — red to purple to yellow to gone, uttering *the future is only now, later*. My difficulty lies in recognizing the past as present, too. The past is a self-deprecating creature, often attempting, in its napoleonic reach, to inhabit the ego autonomously, to take one's entire timeline by the wheel and hold it hostage. It is maddened by the fact that it will only ever be a passenger and never the conductor.

If only my future were as aggressive, perhaps I could join you where you reside, in that soft cradle of space that is peeled open between the two. You called it *the sensory experience*. A moment extracted, bred in captivity by its backward- and forward-staring parents: anxiety and hope.

Your presence requested that I make peace with the fact of having a sunrise for a spirit and a sunset for a psyche. Left with the infinite landscapes that that friction creates, I see the only destination for me is whichever one that forces me to take Yes for an answer, that terrifying word Yes. No doubt there is a universe out there in which I've pocketed every Yes, yet I walk this timeline largely constructed upon my rejoicing over missed opportunities.

When even now begins to feel so long ago, one must consider letting the warring velocities shift in favor of love — which, of course, always points straight ahead.

May each heaving breath balloon into a night that calls for exceptions to be made. May each self-imposed experiment serve as a pledge not to sit in Heaven's dollhouse.

The body knows what the mind contemplates. You can come and go as you please, little bruise; and when you vanish without a trace I'll thank you for bestowing my body with another Yes that my mind might learn to echo.

29/left knee — unknown
30/knees — unknown
31/knees — unknown
32/knee — unknown
33/left upper arm — dirt slide
34/rite upper arm — dirt slide
35/left forearm — dirt slide
36/rite upper arm — dirt slide
37/leg — unknown
38/thigh — unknown





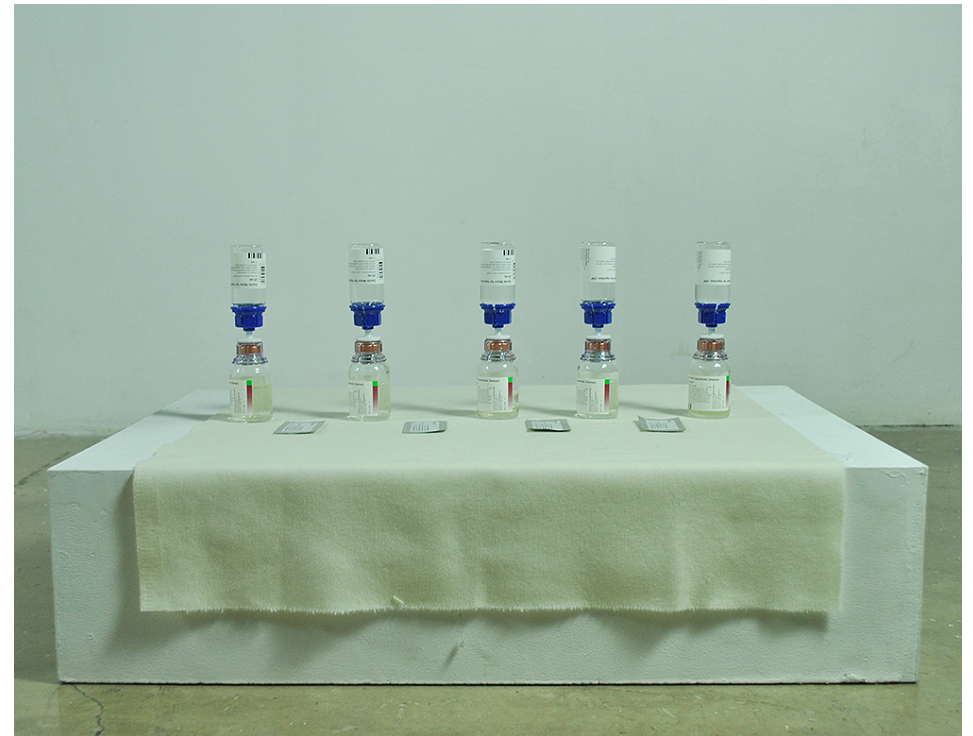
- 39/right knee - tree
- 40/right knee - tree
- 41/thigh - unknown
- 42/left calf - unknown
- 43/thigh - unknown
- 44/leg - unknown
- 45/left leg - unknown
- 46/left arm - unknown
- 47/shin - unknown
- 48/back of rite knee - unknown
- 49/left toe - glass
- 50/back - unknown
- 51/left leg - unknown





52/right hip - tree
53/left thigh - unknown
54/right calf - unknown
55/left thigh - unknown





Factor XIII, Rhonda Khalifeh, package contents on medical-grade wool. 2016.

Contributors

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In the poetics of space:

(i give) Spatial serenade
(i take) Spatial soliloquy
(where is my) Diary of space
Encounters with (space)
Metal scrapes metal (caress)
Concrete rises (and falls in gentle folds)
Speed / air (constant)

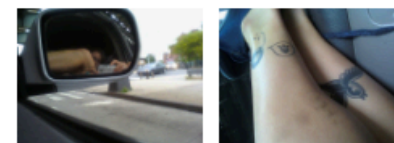
Is fainting a window for spiritual possession

I faint to skin myself and become the space of the city

the bent metal squeezes rusty water from its engorged pus filled lids i
squeeze my eye the curve of that light blinks at me and squeezes its own
filling from interior to exterior.

I stand on the J train and watch a grandmother work the feathers of a small
green parrot. Time makes your hands mechanical, each feather is adjusted
in the containment of a restless body.

Nostalgia exists for something that was never there, never - experienced,
haunting, fantastical. Layered experiences overlap our virtual and physical
present haunting those unsure where to place our memory and how to
interpret our data.



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