

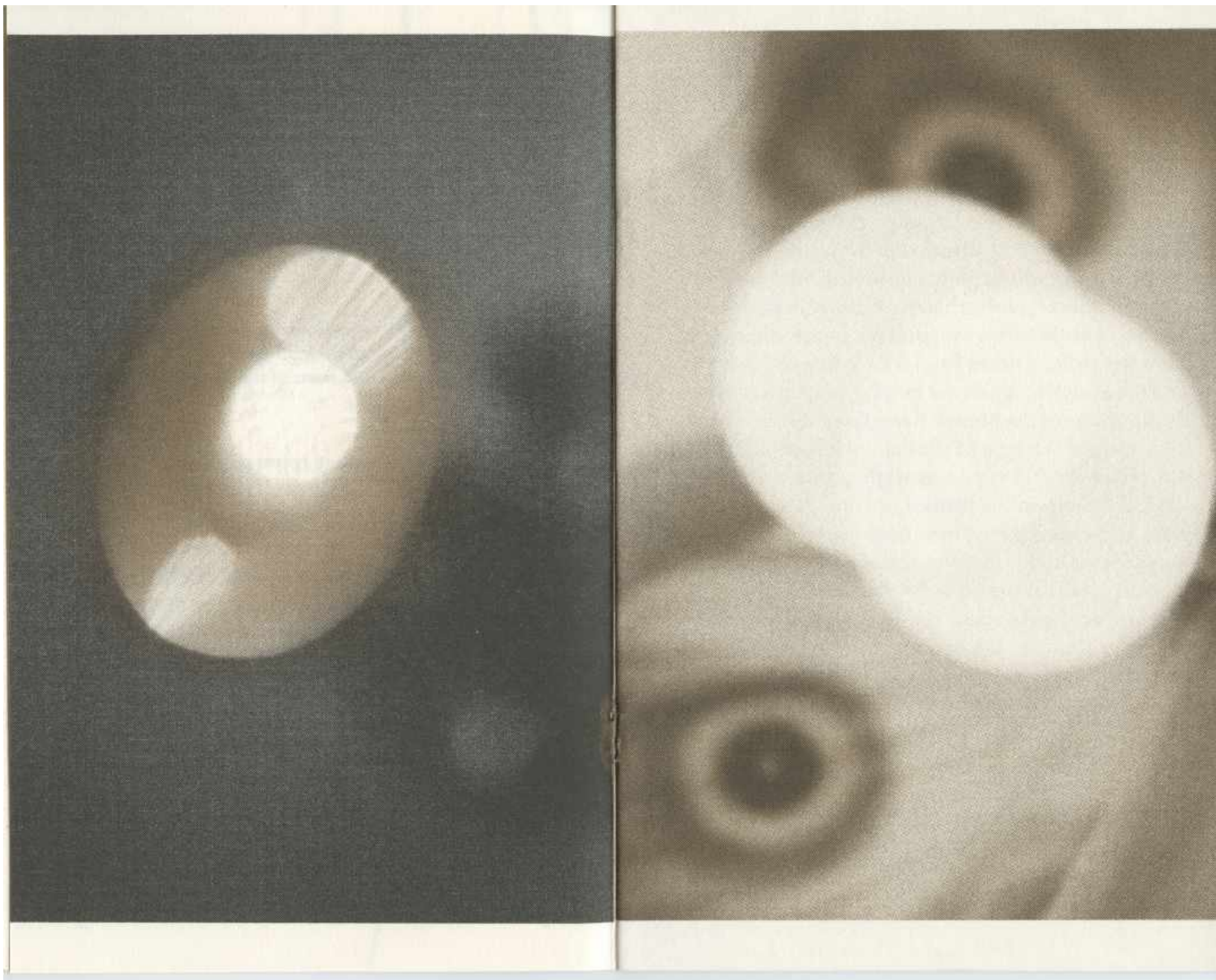
Lightbringer, Lightborne

"It gave to everything its exact measure of colour; to the sandhills their innumerable glitter, to the wild grasses their glancing green; or it fell upon the arid waste of the desert..."

- Virginia Woolf, *The Waves*

Light brings gradients that approach gold.

He wakes to it, this day-razing blankness that sets coronas of diamond in the back pockets of his eyes; sea into sea into sea of this burning wash of white, for he let his curtain up at night to take in the Northern Lights over the prairies, and had forgotten to draw them down. He rubs his eyes and the white frays into spectra, crisscrosses of knit colour tripping humming wires through his brain-jaw-spine sockets. Stuck hips splay, neck turns away from window, groan rises from chest to mouth; this is how he takes stock of the day to come. Not long ago, he was sent down, for the victimless sin of *loving too much*, to that sunless place where not tenderness but lust passed for touch. But he pleaded to be let free, to prove how now—after so long and unpassable a time—he had finally learned to love *right*.



Light begs to be known apart from the knowledge it offers.

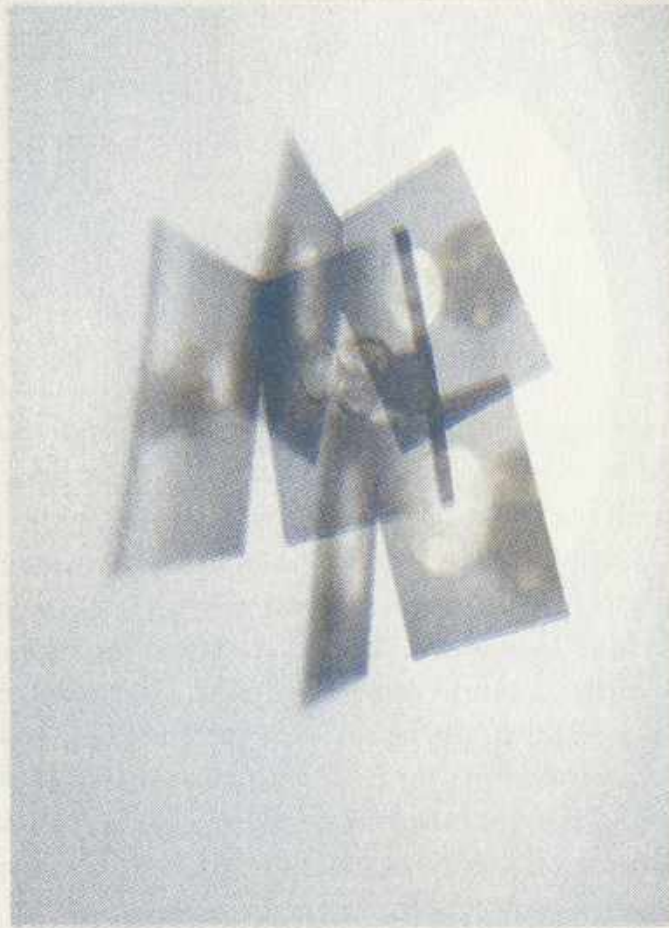
He walks half-distracted through the garden (as all gardens demand half-distraction for you to truly see them), parting wilt & bloom both with all the aloofness he could muster; raising his wrist slowly in the thickened air he offers the garden a countermotion to the water spilling down from fern & flower. He is like a match struck to ignite the holiday hearth, as alive to the fireworks of the home's stark, faint beacon-light as the collapsed starlight of the domestic sphere. Among the splendour of the specimens: the rose a shell of what it symbolizes; jasmine curdled into bundles; a pitcher plant idly awaiting its nutriment. He moves through the garden with his glasshouse body catching heat's remains curled at the rib and torso. Late February sleet falls in spat chunks across the greenery; instinctively he makes a fist, catches himself in this instinct, and overcompensates an open palm.





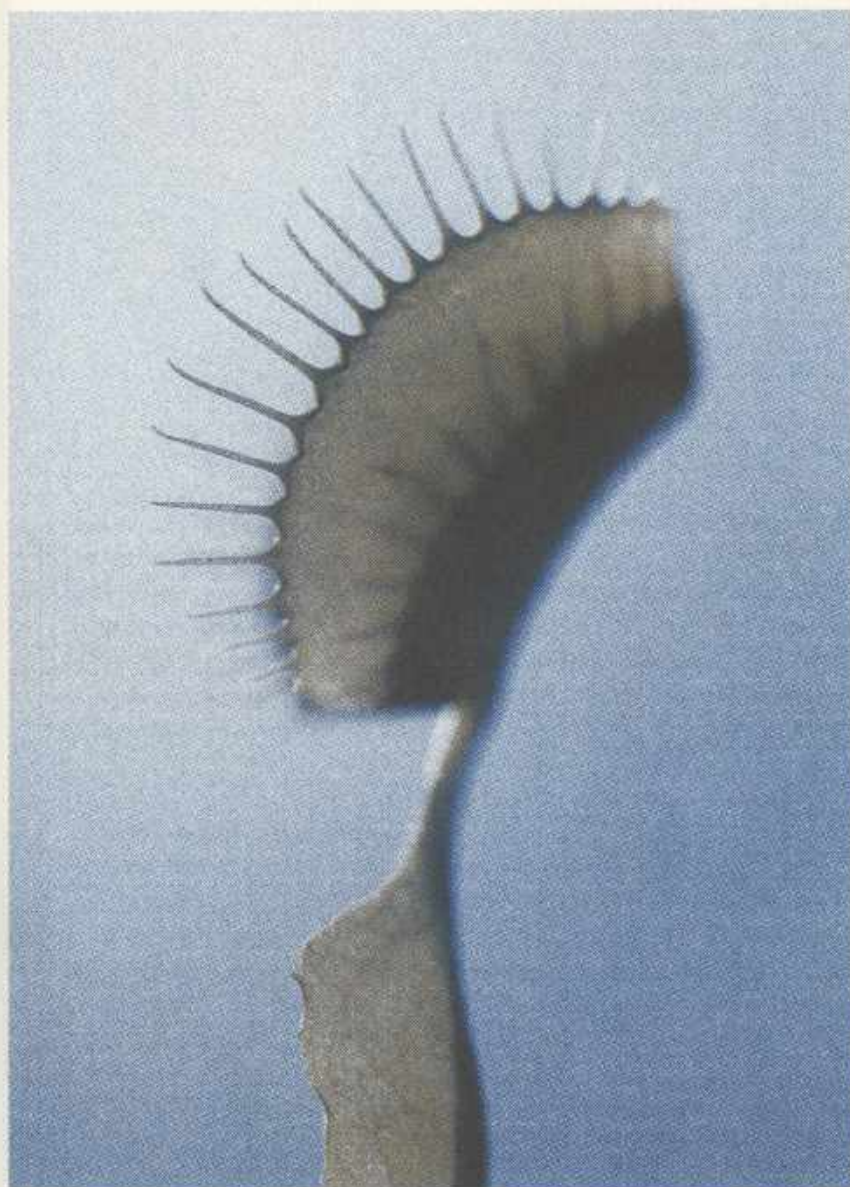
Light brings us to the near shore of non-attachment.

He is strikingly alive upon the surface of water, dances a draped wind on top of it, subs Jesus' full soles upon the lake with the delicacy of toes' tips, turns in tightening gales, props the door to the crux of his mind wide open ... balletic fingerlings trace sunrise rings wild toeloop sluices bind the curve of conch nor lesser incandescence left in birdshit candlewax entrail loop-de-loop frenzy 浮力 buoyancy in the brisk brisk bleeding heat naked as the day is longing for coral aflame in borealis to shiver and toss in doting mimicry and his body a fist of balled-up motel erotics to make marks in wakebreaking diaphanous trails like the energy of one squeezed thru a tube and into the wide-ope oceanic until the light alone is hung there, a ward against fear, another word for salvation: *skin upon skin in nothing but light.*



Light bends self-reflection together with projection.

He makes his body congruent with his own intention, heaves his shoulder forward and slops low his back; while from the far celestial shore white chimes sound, and gull cries slam against the white-painted bedroom. He bends beneath himself, assuming moebius & ouroboros, milk in the knee and some slowly-growing thunder at the sinew; he carves his face below the space between his thighs where sex flowers out like a question; in raiments of poise & balance he lets droop what needed looseness. The most difficult thing to do is to soften oneself out of tension and into awareness without lapsing into relaxation, to hold the body at once as perfect middle and hardest edge. He will come into his own power, not leaning against but only lightly touching the stone countertop, touching up the intimation of gravity with the lightness of grace: as much bearing the world as being borne.



Vide Foto 000

Fan Wu is the spitting image of Icarus bedecked in kid gloves. What gives him meaning in life right now: intertwining a practice of life with a practice of writing; learning how to cook; and separating desire from necessity. He hosts critical reading and creative writing workshops at Toronto art centres including Art Metropole and Mercer Union. You can find his writing online at Koffler Digital, baest journal, Aisle 4, and MICE Magazine. Please contact him for business or confession at fanwu4u@gmail.com.

Steven Beckly is a Chinese artist and photographer based in Toronto. Recent and upcoming solo exhibitions include *The heart can't wait* at Daniel Faria Gallery, Toronto (2020); and *Love S.O.S.* at Centre3, Hamilton (2019). Beckly's work has been featured in exhibitions at the Remai Modern, Saskatoon (2019); The Museum of Fine Arts, Houston (2019); and the Musée d'art contemporain de Montréal (2017). He is represented by Daniel Faria Gallery, Toronto.

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