
Requiem to window sealant

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Signs without faith, without affect or history . . . [a] system that is totally complicit in its own absorption, such that signs no longer make sense (Baudrillard 120; 77)

Pre-caulking, resin, pine pitch, bitumen, wax, lime mortar, linseed oil, chalk, and blood and egg, were used to fill the cracks.

Caulking fresh out of the tube has an aesthetic of dirty cream filling. It is meant to mend the spaces where sun, rain, dust, and wind get into the house.

For many it has a dolorous haptics, a dirge of sensory detonation. To feel life turn, enfolding plastispheric carnality.

Petroleum distillates clattered into my lung archives, edgy in the inhale tow. Plastic registers. Intimacy of substances. The fugitive sensitizers of smog and sweat.

It is never just about apartment renovations. Collective access and meteorological showdowns. It took three weeks to emerge from the sedimentation of fume incitants. The irony: that drying glue is said to “let cure.”

Source: the lack which spurs the round turn of breath.

Source: atmospheric-silicone, ripening.

Toxon is Greek for bow. The arrow? Sensitive senses condense into a different bowline.

Work Cited

Baudrillard, Jean. *Seduction*. 1979. Translated by Brian Singer, St. Martin's, 1990.

This image shows the atmospheric meteorology of my friend's silhouette. Rafts of sediment floating down the Don River are superimposed onto their darkened outline with the intention of conveying the impression of many different chemicals moving throughout the air.

