

ö älskling
j. s. davis

1

wash your hands often. watch your seedless something-or-another dissipate. catch her throaty laugh. there was no means to remedy the fact that your gaunt profile blocked memories of someone very much like me but not me at all (“*i used to be different now i'm the same*”) who was *at this moment* accused of being a shitty writer, who was *at this very moment* misunderstood by a baby-maker, cajoled into acts that numb the tongue. *cough or sneeze into the bend of your arm.* while you were away, there was planning, connecting flights arranged, reducing evidence, a twisted cord—and then, of course, how you managed that white lie for daddy. *if you are ill, stay home.* 123 quiet-&-ear to door to preening posture, a caustic outburst: *how is someone like you going to make it in this world?* but not me at all. trains were involved. i left dishes in the sink.

2

social studies, less populated geographies, what i know that i don't know. what i know that isn't rooted in flaccid monsters. learning at a disagreeable age. *tjena tjena.* stubborn, annoyed with slowness peppered. GROW UP. i'm growing up. yes, i am. **no, you're not.** yes. i am. cooking from scratch. holding my tongue. smiling through concern. being someone else's keeper. investigating fidelity. not being chosen but choosing. avoiding phones but not withdrawn—not the same. *hur är läget nu?* i spend 10+ hours a week commuting, which is below average. i shouldn't feel robbed. i read small books that i wish i had written while someone dutiful pushes me along. cold water doesn't move. i say what i don't mean; my speech is troubled. that doesn't mean that i'll stop mid-sentence. *vilken vacker utsikt.* i loved 'em all, but i won't pretend to like you. but i do.

3

whether or not you like my tone. in two years & six months, i will be swedish. i am american, but there is no one american here. i agree to meet you in a black city. we discuss how to adjust, how to not adjust, waiting, the silence. i am not interested in trading in my country for a new one. i create something akin to nutrients found in a cloud berry. witness through careful filters, hear one at a time but only once, touch if the feeling is mutual. others may join my country—an aggressive child or patient dog. i am not ready to present you with my country. until then, i: become a scout, pick fruit, build highways with roundabouts, learn how to sail, concoct renderings, mend, shake hands with the insincere, let us pass on the street, invest in meaning, yield warmth, sweep dust into gales, erase bloody prints, polish on my hands & knees until i see the deserving. what else is there?

4

Jerome Sans Neville Wakefield Lauri Firstenberg Julie Ault TODAY Pia Kristoffersson Carlos Basualdo Sarit Shapira it is hard to enjoy my fika Dave Beech Mark Hutchinson Irene Calderoni Anshuman Das Gupta Grant Watson Clémentine Deliss Miwon Kwon Eva Diaz Claire Doherty Okwui Enwezor Måns Wrangé Austin Young Gilbert Vicario Nicolas Bourriaud TOMORROW Liam i might not be able to afford one Gillick Jens Hoffmann Robert Nickas Hans Ulrich Obrist Sarah Pierce Mark Allen Timothy Persons Simon Sheikh Mary Anne Staniszewski Andrew Wilson Rosa Martinez Mick Wilson Daniel Birnbaum Eve Fowler Love Jönsson Aram Moshayedi David Burns