



Jon Stone

‘Not to be loose or hump-shunted’

Every bed is an airfield, a salt marsh, a coastal strip.

In the earth beneath the bed, temples are flooded, libraries transformed, opera houses compacted. Water works its pink veins through pillars and dressing rooms.

Meanwhile, the air and the light in the room are in contract, and spill their blueprints over every edge and wounded garment.

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