

## Poems by Hobart Hughes

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*Hole Hole Within the Whole* by Hobart Hughes

### Consciousness

How I make me

You think and I am  
But for once I'm doing the talking

I'm you  
Literally  
but you don't get it  
It's like the future is remembered and the past is to be discovered  
It's flowing in an unfamiliar direction  
So you keep yourself, wrongly, to your thoughts

Your me  
And doubt the whole idea  
But despite yourself  
You dig the hell out of me and that makes for a kind of heaven sometimes  
But because you think you're not me you struggle

I can't imagine  
things  
without you  
you can't think  
things  
without me  
If we weren't made for each other  
We'd be beside myself

But sometimes  
it's a core current  
like a cartoon Mexican mouse  
are my thoughts animating life.  
Is that moving drawing alive?  
This only happens when we forget  
who is why

## After leaving the sea

After leaving the sea  
I tried to remember  
What it was like when I was afloat  
But I could no longer imagine that  
I'd ever been so buoyant

I sank inside.

Without the water surrounding me  
It's impossibly hard to float  
to feel elated and hydrated  
to be like a boat  
Has never been overrated

So in my mind,  
my mind would not  
imagine me adrift  
Surly we should be able  
to carry such a fabled  
ability wherever we go.

I try again  
concentrating this time.  
On the times I'd swum with ease  
Such a natural when wet  
Such a wag when he's splashed  
No longer dry and crusty  
Did you know  
It's a fact  
In me  
98% is water  
Another fact  
in fact  
is that  
liquid water is hard to find  
in solar system  
it's the Goldilocks spot  
so rare in galactic terms  
really light years between drinks my friends  
In Lawrence Of Arabia Anthony Quin Yelled  
"I am a river to my people"  
Playful Otters smashing  
shellfish to death  
on their tummies with rocks  
in the sea  
Killer whales with dead seals  
Tidal waves  
And typhoons  
the water keeps coming at me  
it comes and it pains  
with a particular sound  
like a gurgling in the drains  
heard by those about to drown

and so I sink inside

Mentally  
I wring myself out  
And try again  
Knowing the water is denser than I  
I should float.  
but for reasons unknown  
I am,  
denser than rocks  
denser than iron  
and obviously Jacques Cousteau.

I see a cork  
It feels good  
to look at cork You know  
when it's heavy in you being  
seeing a cork is so freeing  
Let's face it  
These feelings are free

Feelings are like cork,  
You just have to feel them  
They bob and dive and float until  
they just drift away

Feelings are different to emotions  
Emotions are so full of story  
wow or glory  
they fill and flood us  
like  
a hero lost at sea

I return to the shoreline  
and wait for the tide  
to come in and swamp the land  
the emotion I felt  
at my failure to float  
is now just a little damp  
I feel it like  
it's just a little  
tightness in my chest

it's just a feeling  
I'm feeling discreetly  
and then without trying it dissolves completely

A crab looks at me and wonders  
Am I up for eating it.  
It doesn't move so neither do I.  
If I move it will assume  
I'm hungry and run away.  
If I stay still I disappear  
Like I was never there

In mock guru voice I hear myself say

I have become the floating and the crab has become my thinking.

## In These Moments

At the moment I'm writing,  
Presently I'll be considering my future.  
Currently I'm engaged in doubtful speculation.  
Right now I'm fine  
I'll just nod in case you feel awkward  
Just now you and I seem to be connected,  
but it's a short poem.

But then  
I'm walking down a street and trip  
a car screeches to a stop over me,  
I'm all right but as I look up  
into the guts of the machine  
at all those connecting systems.  
Power steering, breaks, and cooling,  
they seem to echo something  
about myself that's essentially  
right there at this moment.  
I stare into the mechanical beast and absorb this bond without understanding anything  
However if I stay here  
I will be crushed by wheels or the differential  
so  
I grab hold of the engine struts  
and  
pull myself up into a  
a small cavity in the engine bay,  
I'm seared and chocked by heat and fumes,  
And afraid that I've stained my cloths  
I might get caught between some belt and pulley  
However I have somewhere for the moment.  
And I'm surprised to say it but I'm feeling good

Presently I'm involved in a number of ideas,  
but you'd really call them issues.  
At this time there seems to be little more to say.  
Right now I can tell you that whole deal with the car  
was not meant to say anything about you and  
what you're like to spend time with.  
If I spend time I'm not going look for change.  
But I know any moment now  
some moment may offer itself  
in some extraordinary way.  
And I will be lost again.

But then I look at my surroundings and  
it's clearly like a movie  
or I'm making a movie about someone in an engine compartment.

Without warning the bonnet opens  
I'm standing up and getting out  
Then handed long lead  
with a complex plug on the end.  
There's a socket in the car that's obviously made for it.  
I even wonder  
is there is a sexual metaphor in this imagery  
But without a thrill I plug it in to the connection

my eyes follow the cable  
to a large and complex diagnostic machine  
on it's screen is a diagram of the car's systems.  
Some sections of the vehicle are flashing red.  
There is a box on the screen that says Fix Problem,  
assuming it's a touch screen  
I press on the text box  
but as my hands are greasy the screen is now blotched.

The car roars into life,  
revving so loudly that I'm scared something will come loose.  
I look at the screen  
but I can't see through the black smudges  
the rag I use only smears more grease over the screen.

Suddenly everything goes quiet  
I look at the screen  
I notice that there are peel away screen protectors.  
I peel the top layer aside and the screen reveals the problem  
is fixed  
all the systems are green again I very relieved  
then I remember it's a movie it's only a movie and that nothing  
is fixed but something was defiantly wrong.

Currently I'm concentrating on what I'm doing.  
For now I'll just let it slide  
Presently I'll be occupied.  
Is this moment one to cherish?  
Perhaps not if I have to ask.  
Concurrently I'm winning and loosing  
For now that will suffice, how about you?

## **From The Air**

I remove myself from me  
and look down on it all.

From the air it's apparent,  
I'm a dot.

I can see what I should do  
if I were somewhere here  
I'd do the things  
I would tell others to do

I'd see myself as they do  
from a place way above me

I'd say  
you need to see yourself with different eyes  
eyes not full of stomach gas,  
eyes without memories invested a looking  
eyes that were not adjusted to history  
eyes that had no trouble letting go  
eyes that seem light and feel colour  
See your own bent vision and not be afraid.

To be and not to be so close to being.  
To be the observer  
To see space as moments  
To be the spatula and the egg  
frying in slow motion  
over seventy five odd years of cooking  
I'd lift myself  
by my own spatula bootlaces  
pull myself out of myself  
up and pop out backwards in the sky  
and look at myself from the air.

Way way up in the air.

I'd look down  
and be both a hole in the sky  
and the dot far below  
there wouldn't be any difference  
they'd be the same.

## Dark Matter

Arriving at the door  
rather than crashing through the roof  
Superman knocked with a fingernail.  
“I’ve had a little accident would you mind  
if I freshened up in your bath a room”  
For a big man he had little confidence  
And he could sense  
the girl was shrinking him down to size  
“Well sort of”  
She let him hang there before continuing  
“accident?”  
Smelling his uncertainty  
then continued with a hiss of air  
I’m in the middle of.....”  
she said stopping the words but continuing the body gesture  
as if it was obvious why she was being evasive.  
He heard himself say  
“don’t..... have to,.... disturb you”  
the polite circumlocution  
he had in mind  
came out like he was avoiding a bad thought

“What?”  
she said  
even his eyelashes were self-conscious.

said she  
so  
so airlessly that he felt short of breath just hearing it.  
“what sort of accident”.  
“Bathroom”, was all he could muster  
How could eye be flat yet her were  
he tried to smile  
but it came out wrong  
like a crumples cross section of foil wrapper  
She gave in  
“Eleventh door on the right not counting  
the wardrobes or utility rooms”

Instead of asking  
he walked  
and

immediately embraced that familiar feeling of unspecific dread.

Eleven doors later he could not remember exactly what she had said  
he opened a door and found a stationary closet.  
Next door was a broom closet.  
and the next one  
he found a long brightly lit corridor.  
He did the math and it couldn’t be counted so he walked along  
his heels clicking into the echoes  
of the previous heel click  
layer on layer  
till

the rhythm of clicks  
seemed to create kind of muzak track  
every bone in his back  
every foot click clicked a vein, every cell was struck  
by the energy locked away in every single moment  
and he felt that thick cord of surging energy inside  
the dumb joy of being and simply knowing it  
and thus struck he stopped and noticed that  
there was  
a gentle curve in the passage  
this made him look closely at the wall beside him  
it was embossed with the words  
Rest Room.  
He was confused with relief  
then silently slid this door aside and stepped  
into a white borderless  
room.

In the middle of the space was a small black cube, held in place by the otherness of itself it was an incredibly dense and  
frightening.  
He yelled at the cube  
“I would not call this a restful room”  
But the sounds were absorbed into the cube  
and he was afraid now as he watched his energy get sucked away away away  
till he remembered,  
he remembered something  
that was like a current of being coming back out of the nothingness of the dark matter.

He said and heard himself saying “nothing is really the matter”

## Hole in The Sky

A guy appears from nowhere  
Says I got a solution for you.  
He says  
You have too much inside,  
You're full of stuff you'll never deal with  
You're gonna have to unload.  
That's right  
Hole in the sky  
Yes it works  
Put it there  
and you will never  
feel your fictions like cakes of soap on your feet.

And don't worry about the price  
It's higher purpose purchase  
You pay your way  
Your concerns are gone  
It'll be great  
it won't seem to be a thing  
a seemingly seamless change to the big nothing

The side effects?  
Well there's the weight gain to your eyes  
No they don't get bigger,  
But they get very dense,  
They get heavy and slow  
Like you're peering at something  
And they you just forgot  
you'll never look back from behind

Oh and there's the smell  
Like the box  
in which your mother used to keep her jewelry  
Like the smell of your first kiss but musty  
Like wet cement and scalp  
Like anything you'd remember if you'd only knew.

You want it back? It's there  
Of course nothing stands still  
you accrue interest  
On your stuff  
Yeah sometimes it pretty ugly  
You can get caught holding your own carcass  
But no worries  
once your hole in the sky is open  
you can always dump whatever  
again and again and again  
it becomes natural  
natural like not accepting love  
and believe me you won't regret forgetting a thing.

Of course, and then he pauses very concerned  
you can only fit one item in each hole.  
So you'll need a series of holes

I'm scared very scared  
But the one thing I have learnt is that being scared is the only  
thing you can't do.  
I look at him and he looks different and a hole appears in his  
face and in an instance he is swallowed by it.  
I'm not scared as the hole appears in me  
I know it's energy pure and simple