

at which point

“If I ask you to connect point A to point B and [...] you draw a circle,
do you think of history as a living commotion, a sprawling mess [...]?”

— Lola Olufemi, *Experiments in Imagining Otherwise*

unfinished panopticon. the minute hand abandoning the circle. yawning horizons of concrete. new, studded
with goosebumps. layer after layer, an upward staccato unable to forget the white fingers

that made them. time is a loyal sculptor. above, the same sky. never the same clouds, visitors for the first & last
time. a police siren. a cigarette burns its finger-length life. left in this court, a name

turns foreign in its own mouth. your right ear catches a summer sigh. another season. another year. time returns
loyal as history. time unable to let go— touch— unmake— begin— unabandon— erase— time

knows clay has memory too. like flesh. like these concrete borders ossifying, gilded with silent shutters. rising
reformed & circular as the hour hand moving. a scream. do you think it is delight or fear

or grievance against these unblinking eyes? do you know where you stand? there is a point here where your
voice reverberates most. see the hands converging: another revolution. panopticon unfinished.