

# A LITANY OF THE UNSPOKEN

By Winona Wee

*A Litany of the Unspoken* comprises of 6 poems crafted by the artist's lover, who assumes the role of an intimate observer of his practice and the underlying themes. Within the inherent nature of silence, often reserved for confidants, she presents her interpretations. These responses delve into the vacuum birthed by the absence of sound, exploring the interplay between the physical and immaterial as structures impressed upon. Furthermore, the poems delve into the diverse interpretations and perceptions of mediums, serving as metaphors for the intricate dynamics existing between the observer and the observed.

YAVUZ GALLERY

## i. SILENCE

the absence of sound  
denotes the presence of its potential

(i could cut you here, but i will not.)

a void is a blackhole  
is a sink  
is a portal  
brimming with realities yet to be explored.

to perceive emptiness  
is therefore to indulge in its paradox:  
is stillness not infinite,  
if it is unfettered by audible expression?

silence is a chasm, begging to be filled.

step closer to the edge:  
lift one foot off the ground.  
listen to the vibrations of the ether.

abandon the written word  
and, for once – forget reason.

the best narratives are oft told  
with a single glance,  
or a flickering light.

For silence demands a witness.  
and it is finally time.

**ii. PAINT : LIGHT :: LIGHT : PAINT\***

*\*using the proportionality symbol,  
which indicates that the ratio of "paint to light"  
is equal to the ratio of "light to paint"*

i was not made in your likeness.  
yet still we share the same blood.

two places at once  
two mediums entranced  
in circular symbiosis  
reflecting visions of the other

in constant oscillation  
our thoughts transfused  
as you imbue my invocations

a meet-cute between shadow and light

i chase you through parallel dreams,  
and you hold me through my frenzied screams

we grow and collide  
we fight and sometimes i bite.

today, i will yield  
but tomorrow, you must cede.

dynamically fluid,  
with no beginning  
and no end

bound by kismet  
to find each other again.

### iii. A TEMPLATE FOR MISCOMMUNICATION

what are our words, but a little rebellion against death?  
every word spoken, a symbol of life  
a human assertion of our existence  
that clambers for clarity amidst an ageless, shrieking universe.

language then, is merely assigned meanings to patterns of distinguishable breath.  
our voice, a signature of the living.  
and silence, a mark of regret.

the indelible void that you have left  
echoes deeper than any words i could have ever penned.

i keep you in my prayers while i  
resist the white noise of this maddening world.  
i will not submit. i must press on.

i have started  
rationing  
my  
words  
in a bid to trick death.

when i hold my breath,  
i imagine the veil that separates your world from mine is lifted.

in my head, you are building  
castles in the sky while you await  
my crossing of the Styx.

the space between shadow and breath.  
that is where I will find you next.

#### iv. FREEFORM

an idea is always more than its frame,  
and i was not made to be caged.

the purest of thoughts are limitless:  
they traverse beyond borders,  
and panels,  
and pages,  
and canvas;

they live on even as mortals wither.

i am free from age,  
and i was made to devour.

i expand and  
touch everything i see;  
in my presence, all else shrinks.

i permeate every structure,  
i envelope edges & corners.

i swallow and illuminate...  
yet, still i shift my shape to fit your space.

for you, i reel myself in.

in your presence, i cower  
for the shadow i cast will always be yours.

dreams should never be shackled by the realities of men  
yet what can a thought be, if never spoken?

## v. BLUE LIGHT

what shade do you turn when no one's in the room?  
for me, my desires are the deepest blue.

a secret longing, unfurled while no one's watching  
this tender bed of blue nestled under layers of darkness and bright.

the hue that not only underscores but highlights,  
one that raptures yet enraptures attention;

nature's most unnatural hue  
absolved of its temperamental moods:  
free from the burden of growth,  
a deathless god without decay

for colour is merely a visual impression of energy  
& blue, the tone that informs this dynamic frenzy.

my azure sun,  
how i melt in your palm  
at the paradoxical delight of  
the coolest hues somehow evoking  
the highest frequency.

so again, i call out in love  
for a shade oft misunderstood

bathed in blue,  
I tune out white noise and static.  
i take midnight in.  
i surrender control.

simply put:  
being blue, is being true.

## vi. THE ARTIST IS THEIR MEDIUM

where words have faltered,  
my resolve will not.

i dreamt of you once,  
silent and blue  
stripped barren of the songs  
they had wrung out of you.

they had drowned in their spirits  
basked brilliantly in your light  
like moths who'd flutter to the next glimmer  
to forget the emptiness of night

i stood witness to their violence  
now so flagrantly masked as indifference;  
past exaltations unmasked as empty lies  
which of the faithful shall remain when the music dies?

you see,  
to be the People's Oracle was to be:  
blessed with favour and cursed with visions  
and sometimes  
blessed with visions and cursed with favour

they told you to "speak not of the transgressions made unto your flesh,  
but only of what more you could offer up to them."

well, i'd let the whole congregation burn  
before allowing them to  
swallow your sun.  
the gods might be watching, but i will free their  
chosen one.