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Josefine Reisch
Stampede

gaspard monge was a men's *chaussure*
poignant, spit-shined, his head resting at the heel of things
algebraic visions danced revolutionary in the light of his silver buckle
shattering the traction of decades underfoot
on his brow loose tendrils fashioned after napoleon (although he was uptight)

at dusk four corners of a secret converge
an X weighted by an egyptian coin
what does it mean to image this fortress these fleets this feud?
with radar with GPS with night vision with drones
with silly puddy but maybe that's a stretch
with

his was called *géométrie descriptive*:

plotted and planar projections
all sides of an object splayed (some god's vision)
true and multiple views of a thing foretells-itself-in-the-round
to press through this flatness, to be thrown into theater
military leverage trembles across this latent image

a new fortification erected by sure thumbs
with the exactitude of a pentagon clicks in place
the oncoming stampede rattles the skinny tin of his eyes
watching the hordes crash into oblique angles then fall like silk
the *chaussure* pleased, pivots on that gossip

up-turned collars shape this house of pop desire

text by Alison Yip