

# Textile

The anorexic Aryan chick sidesaddle on her unicorn, lobotomized and blanched, thinly woven listing across the threadbare landscape, habituated in needle-thin glamour. They trace a seasonal drift, reminisce, contemplate their journey in absentia. Alabastered, she croons the refrain of a cowboy drinking song, something Hungarian with a transistorized beat. Amnesiac with the strength of tinsel, undernourished and paranormal, it doesn't feel like exile, more a meandering Hegelian abstraction. Moody and panegyric. Alternative scenarios clutch under the tranquillized, unsteadweight of hooves, then snap like gunfire. Untidy thoughts panic, scramble off to involuted retreats, hyperventilate in granaries. Rats, basilisks and satyrs bristle husky conspiracies, gothic flapdoodle, brutal contrivances, while the autopilot pavane gravitates through the fraying autumnal weft toward a languid prince, an antiseptic throne, a bag of oats.