

SEGUE

... and the coincidences, fast, one after the other – so fast they seemed to collapse together – and funny in a perverse way, (I should have laughed but couldn't) that sense of not knowing clearly what something means but recognising the certainty of its truth anyway like these imperfectly remembered lines I happened upon just after my father died... "our father's face becomes the mask of our own death / like a scar of life we carry..." – or something like that – and funny too – well, not really funny, more the opposite – a silent segue of foreboding – that, not long before my father died I should make an exhibition on the subject of death and say, when asked, that in so doing I had encountered my own future non-being when, all the while, as if asleep at the wheel, I was accelerating faster than I could have imagined towards that very same profoundly absent state...

Peter Kennedy
1999 - 2002
© Peter Kennedy

