

Bourne
toWrite...
creative writing
workshops

In Love with the World

by Gill Hilton

An unexpected afternoon in the Tate Modern.
In the Turbine Hall. A place to learn.
A turbine is evidently very huge.
If you've half a mind to go, do.

I sense, not the walls, but the space within.
It is filled with air being worked by a crowd of aerial machines.
Xenojellies and planulae.
That's the artist's brain at work, free.

Each xenojelly is an eyeball, a jellyfish, a preposterous microbe.
It collects miniscule flutters in the current of its world.
Eats them and digests them and chooses what to do with them. Respond or not.
It's a program with no plot.

I choose to go with it.
To let the them in
And find
My playful self.

And one of these jellybabies loves me!

It passes overhead
And stays.
'Hello,' I whisper
And wave.

I seem to have caused a disturbance:
Atoms I cannot hear, airwaves I cannot see.
But my xenojelly can, and chooses:
Its baby propellers keep it watching over me.

Over me!

It rises and lowers
While its tentacles waft like sea-petals.
And then it flowers
In a twirling dance.

And when I walk out into the fresh sunshine
I am different.
Empty space, I have discovered, is something that it always full.
And I am a bit more in love with the world.

Anicka Yi: *In Love with the World*
https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=cz_MT2Q8JtM