## Blank and bouyant parts

An asterisk (\*); from Late Latin asteriscus, from Ancient Greek ἀστερίσκος, asteriskos, "little star") is a typographical symbol or glyph. It is so called because it resembles a conventional image of a star. In English, an asterisk is usually five-pointed in sans-serif typefaces, six-pointed in serif typefaces, and six- or eight-pointed when handwritten.

It can be used as censorship. It is also used on the Internet to correct one's spelling.

The asterisk is derived from the need of the printers of family trees in feudal times for a symbol to indicate date of birth. The original shape was seven-armed, each arm like a teardrop shooting from the center. The asterisk is used to call out a footnote, especially when there is only one on the page.

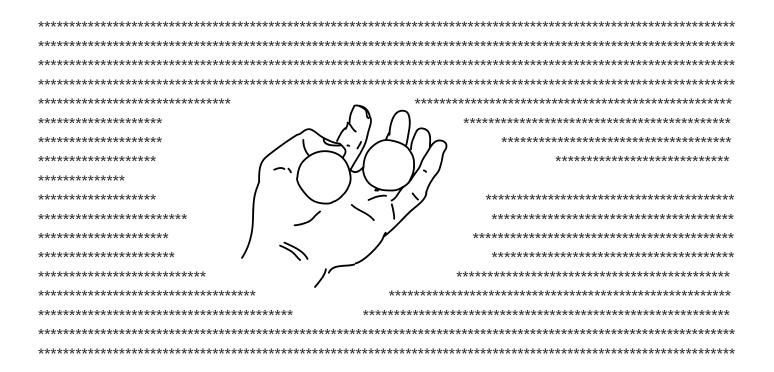
Less commonly, multiple asterisks are used to denote different footnotes on a page (i.e., \*, \*\*, \*\*\*).

Typically, an asterisk is positioned after a word or phrase and preceding its accompanying footnote. In marketing and advertising, asterisks or other symbols are used to refer readers discreetly to terms or conditions for a certain statement, the "small print".

https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Asterisk

"I would give my entire output of words, past, present and to come in exchange for easier access to the world, for permission to state 'I hurt' or 'I hate' or 'I want'. Or indeed, 'Look at me'. And I do not go back on this. For once a thing is known it can never be unknown. It can only be forgotten. And writing is the enemy of forgetfulness, of thoughtlessness. For the writer there is no oblivion. Only endless memory."

*'Look At Me'* Anita Brookner



Once these pines have left my hands it'll feel better, as slowly but surely they pierce the skin. All read from the palm, lines criss and cross.

Seen as a crystal ball, I put some faith in the process of drawing new images, new symbols from the deck. Compatibility charts all over the place, will this run with these settings?

Or does another tightly sealed layer of cellophane wrap need to be pulled back, please let there be refrain.

Cast out: globular digits clamped to cold polished glass.

You see it's kinda like the sharp and the spiny, that really is the point, bottom feeder dredging depths down here looping.

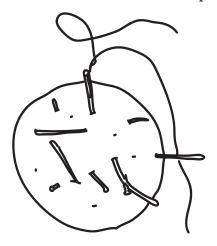
Gears turning, often frozen in snapshot never cool rather expelling heat.

Keep moving.

Tear me apart, tear me apart, it'll happen sooner or later most likely through my own dissection.

Peering through holes at all times, the need for new value.

## Keep moving.



If only someone knew the delicacy within, I keep expecting to be scooped to brush past all needles as I pin more into my flabby flesh.

Pushed and dripping freely prickles that have punctured.

Leave it behind, whole flabby pin cushion hold out with my soft nascent shell and forget all spines.

How that might crunch though wheels? How that might shake and shudder? How might I be crushed under this weight?

Hold out with my soft nascent shell.

Cupping to my mouth this thirst is trapping salt water surrounds us. Recognize me, do take note\*, please do take note\*, Echo's curse was cast upon a rock pool for sure.

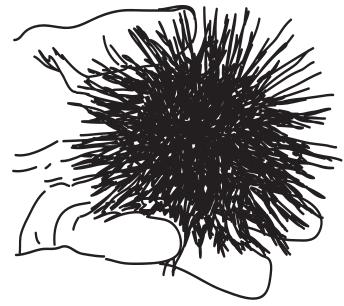
Watch your step we're here clinging on the rocks blood well read self sharpening teeth.

And the needle of the meter indicates new strokes bristling against worth, barbing the self trying so doggone hard to avoid these matters, but the crank keeps turning

Chin upon head a pallette of soft bruises, smeared in gel.

Such long shadows for a dimly lit room as eclipse movement allows an enclasp.

Encapsulate this moment a brief elongation a blush with you do take note\*.



I've been thinking for some time now how they cling to the rocks below me.

A cliche would be to compare them to sirens, but these little stars do not sing, rather they act as dark hard punctuation, do not tread on me, be wary of your step.

Sea, awash with urchins planted on the page take note and hold the break. Cut this ream and maybe be weary of where your fingers land not your feet.

It's odd to think of all the eyes in these inky depths.

Ever feel like you have been left out? A trending occurrence when you have your eye plugged to the hole in the fence.

How the gears and cogs grind slacked with grease amassed from the repeated rotations. Second guessed by these movements eyes and fingers melding,

freshly formed spicules eject,

continuously reforming from older thoughts and wistful glimpses.

I think the Urchins begin to seem more appealing they should entwine with the gear points, pointed quills sequencing a breakdown in glyphs.



Crushed and cracking slowing down.

Devour the soft entrails lapse your tongue around the wet gloop.

Degraded gossip swirls couldn't help me with my mind yet there is still some small heart in there somewhere, these sultry spindled words are really imbued with love.

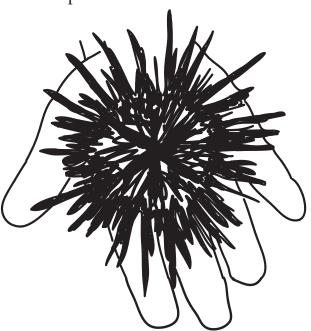
Another note, yet one more annotation rolling around from mouth to mouth. Ceasing these spirals only leads to bobbing with the current, do not swim rather float.

I hold on to this utterance being sweet, though it seems often when consumed tender thoughts invert to sharp points.

Long period of time, the sting will dissolve in the body or will be expelled from the flesh.

Level with the surface so it just washes over.

I am very soft right now slipping into the rapids please take note\*.



Mark this with a little star, note that there is something missing from here always in abeyance.

Take note\*.

Entering dark recesses repeatedly little stars mark this half wrought deck. Pointing gestures impossible to seize as individual, constantly yeilding place to other things.

*************************************
*************************************
*************************************
*************************************
*************************************
*************************************
************************************
*************************************
**********************************

***************************************
************************************
************************************
************************************
************************************
************************************
************
***************************************
******
***********
*******
*******

To throw a spanner in the works (third-person singular simple present throws a spanner in the works, present participle throwing a spanner in the works, simple past threw a spanner in the works, past participle thrown a spanner in the works)

(idiomatic, Britain) To introduce a problem, dilemma or obstacle, something unexpected or troublesome.

Halfway through the production of Macbeth, the director found that the stage was smaller than he had expected. This really threw a spanner in the works.

https://en.wiktionary.org/wiki/throw—a—spanner—in—the—works

heart altogether

I can shine back shall be to me shall be to me heart altogether

I can shine back

Sappho Variation, Veronica Forrest-Thomson

05/02/2018

Text by George Yarker

www.georgeyarker.com

A project by It's Kind of Hard to Explain

 $\underline{www.itskindof.com} \mid \underline{www.isthisitisthisit.com}$