until my body says *sleep*

I've begun to wonder if her name was really Kokyo. She could have been renamed, before she even reached the age of caring. Merged with another. With an image in someone else's mind. She might have been Junko. Rubi. Mae-san. Kokyo though, is the name printed in books. It is the name that will be remembered. The name not remembered.

Shhhhe. She the young woman. She the crane. The scribe. The not geisha, named as geisha. The releaser of stories. She, riding a stuffed crazed-eye crane through the night. She, that crazed-eye crane, with black tipped wings slowly flap flapping. Her slow sound reaching the inner ear like the rustle of a party dress. Swishing, swaying, moving through the night, with her feet off the ground.

She lifts her gaze from the page, but can barely see. Steady rain has brought haze even to darkness. So she listens. Listens and waits.

She waits two generations. Three generations. She waits, for what feels like more than a hundred years. Much more.

She. Kokyo. She. Junko. She. Into and out of the night.

until my body says *sleep*

(Kokyo)

spoken

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She. Kokyo. She. Junko. She. Into and out of the night.

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I Baco to wonder if her name was really Cold Tale. She could have been renamed, before she even reached the age of caring. Merged with another. With an image and someone else's mind. She might have been June. We be. Mesa. Tokyo though, is the name printed in books. It is the name that will be remembered. The name not remembered.

She being. She the young woman. She the crane. The scrap. The not be shunned, named as Asia. The release of stories. She, writing this stuff to crazed eye crane through the night. She, that crazed eye crane, with black taped wings slowly flap flap being. Her slow sound reaching the inner year like the soul of a party dress. Wishing, swaying, moving through the night, with feet off the ground.

She lifts days from the page, but can barely see. Steady rain has brought an easy into darkness. So she listens. This since it waits.

She wakes two generations. Three generations. She waits, for what feels like more than 100 years. Much more.

She. Coke tale. She. To go. She. Into the end of love the night.

I've begun to wonder if her name was really Kokyo. She could have been renamed, before she even reached the age of caring. Merged with another. With an image in someone else's mind. She might have been Junko. Rubi. Mae-san. Kokyo though, is the name printed in books. It is the name that will be remembered. The name not remembered.

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She waits two generations. Three generations. She waits, for what feels like more than a hundred years. Much more.

She. Kokyo. She. Junko. She. Into and out of the night.

This bookwork began in a sense, many years ago when a photocopied image of an old photograph from Japan made its way into my hands. All that I have been able to find out about this image is that it was taken sometime in the Meiji Era, that the photographer is anonymous, the name of the woman in the image is Kokyo, and that apparently she was a geisha.

Earlier this year I began working with the voice recognition software 'iListen' and wrote the text that makes up the body of this bookwork. The spoken text is what I initially wrote and the heard text is what the software heard me say.

There are many friends and colleagues who have offered their support over the years, and who have been an inspiration, and to all of them, my deep thanks. I want to especially thank James Brown for his ongoing love, feedback, and support and for being the one who initially brought Kokyo and I together. Thanks also to all the artists and writers who were a part of the 'Babel, Babble, Rabble: On Language and Art' residency at The Banff Centre and to the other artists working here at WSW.

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until my body says *sleep* (Kokyo)

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