

THE MAVERICK F VARIATIONS

This Is How We Echo

It's more than a perception, if anything it's a rift, torn open by the actions of all who have occupied spaces before us. A leper squatted here, mute with the impediment of stigma, no longer seen as any parts human but all parts disease; a king lay there, drunk with the pleasures of a thousand concubines, tormented by those of his court who lust for thrones; here's the place a suicide had her final deep blue pulse of thought: the earth was touched by each one, time and space covered them equally with touch, memorised their delicious bodies and filled itself with the intentions of their spirit.

Don't say you haven't felt the pull, on some lonely, rambling walk upon a trail, or some anxious rush down a dark sidestreet, or entering an unfamiliar building - the presence of the things that came before - you walked through a centuries old murder scene on Sunset Boulevard; you slept upon a birthplace in a hotel in the 17th arrondissement; in Marrakesh you stepped upon the hallowed spot that a broken-hearted lover spilled tears of a grief born to secrecy. Here was a battle; there was a man stung to death by bumblebees; a pregnant milkmaid was stripped from horseback by a flash-flooding river on the exact spot where you rested on the bank. The force of past events that have inhabited the spaces we enter can fling us to the ground like we're dead branches in the path of a hurricane, can dislodge us from the delicate distractions of our lives with their power and terror and grace 🎩.