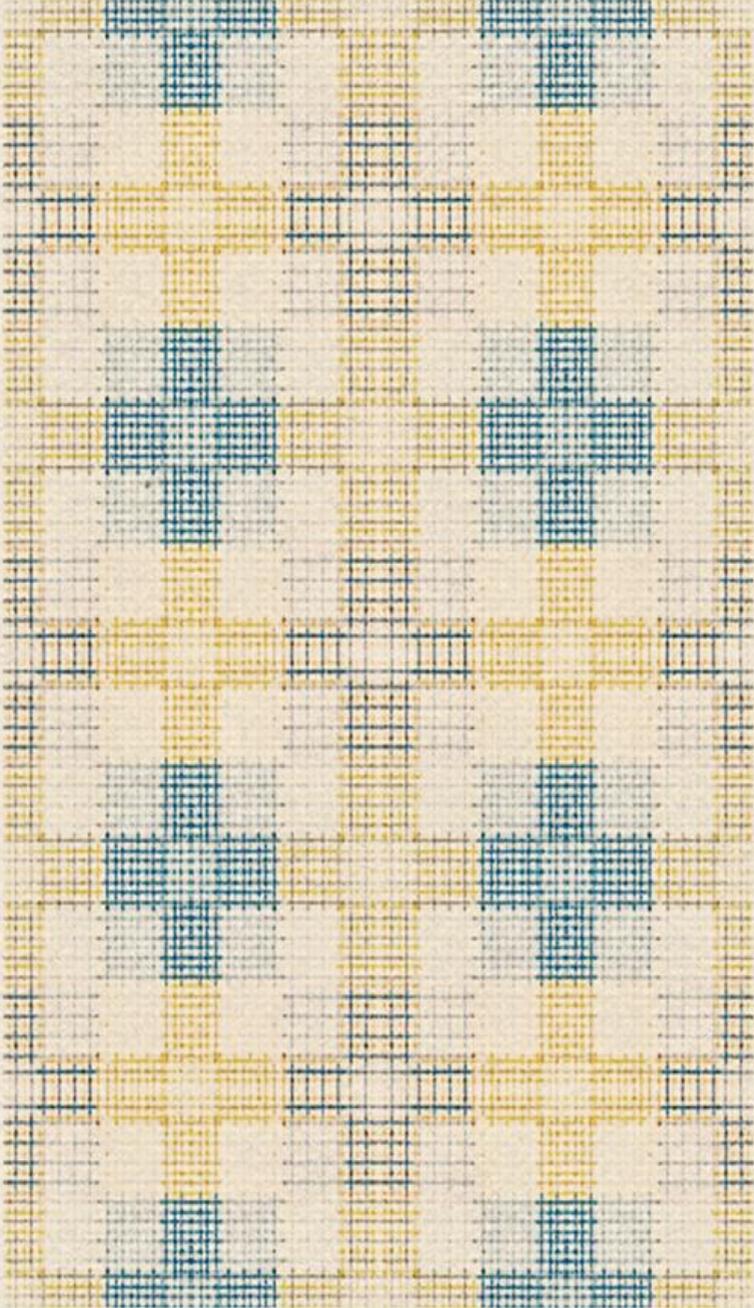


# Today is a Thursday

Richard Capener / Imogen Reid



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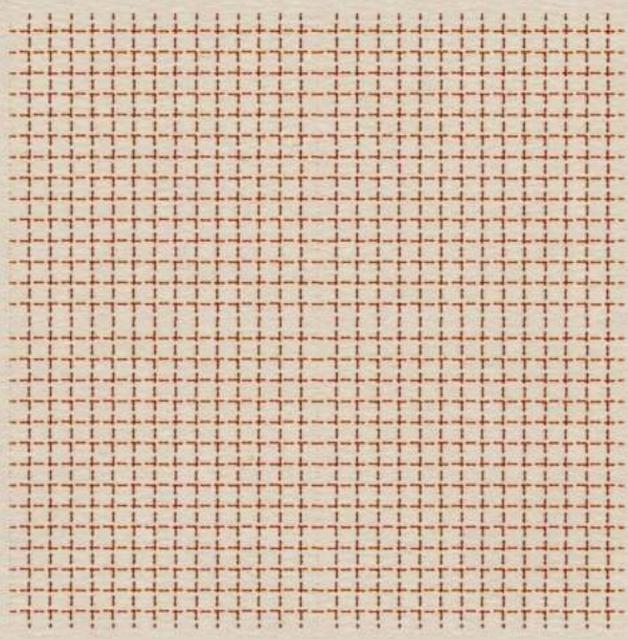
*I was sitting waiting for inspiration about innocence and into my mind then came a grid, with lines going this way and lines going that way, and they were innocent. They looked like innocence.*

— Agnes Martin

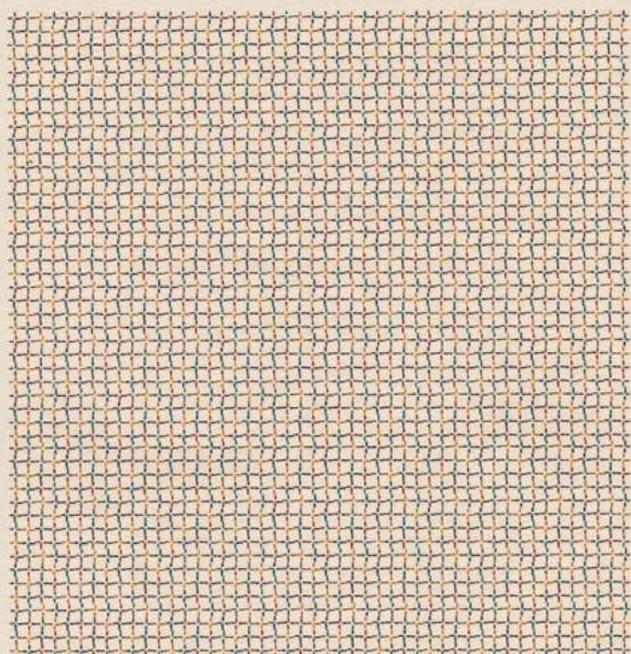
*My granddaughter was about 11 years old and she was in Agnes' apartment, and there was a rose in a vase and she was mesmerised by the rose. Agnes saw that and picked up the rose, and said, 'Is this rose beautiful, Isobel?' And Isobel said, 'Yes, this rose is beautiful.' Then Martin put the rose behind her back, and she said, 'Isobel, is the rose still beautiful?' And Isobel said, 'Yes the rose is still beautiful.' And she said, 'You see, the beauty is not in the rose. The beauty is in your mind'.*

— Arne Glimcher, Agnes Martin's dealer

i heard this were a known thing  
objective dredged in a net draining  
the staying with  
between this perhaps  
it's cheap to say protective  
amniotic ebb  
a lingering engulfs us  
it could be longing  
conglomerates soft  
a little lately sinking



frame something  
the pillars aren't towering  
the steps beneath our feet  
are not a conurbation  
the ground is unbecoming



which is to say the same

the rest by shame

the shine of the sun

fine tuning

an inch

this is what i had to do

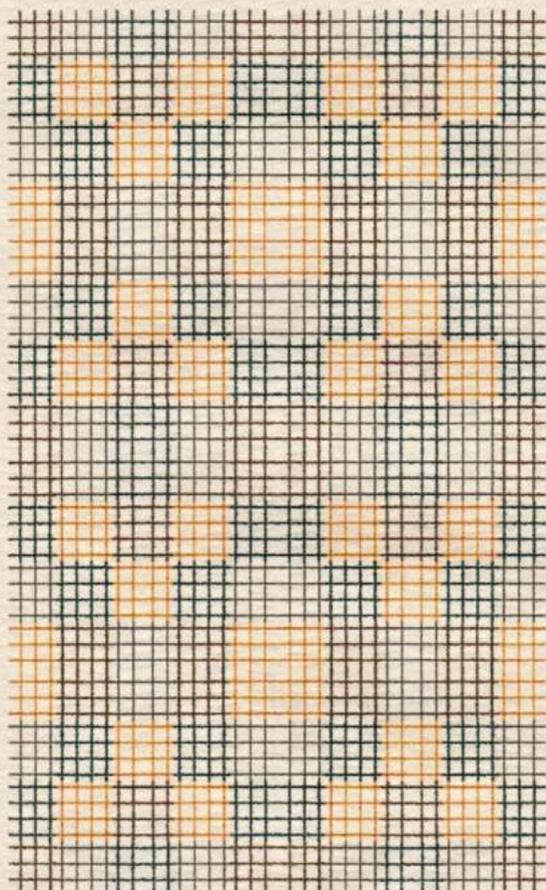
narrow it down

it wouldn't be unused

the end is now

it's ok

glisten



the same but straight  
the structure is wool  
light can soak spillage of course  
i'm describing  
not consigning  
the same but dimmer  
drawing in neither  
nothing to go  
i know to be more  
than safer  
obviously hope  
the same vector  
knowing what could be  
as ever  
as eager



aligned like salmon's unperturbed present

locked off variance becoming

belonging not scored through

not interfering

between here

cross

crouching

light pure bounding

near here

either either fighter

pure purple is not the sky either

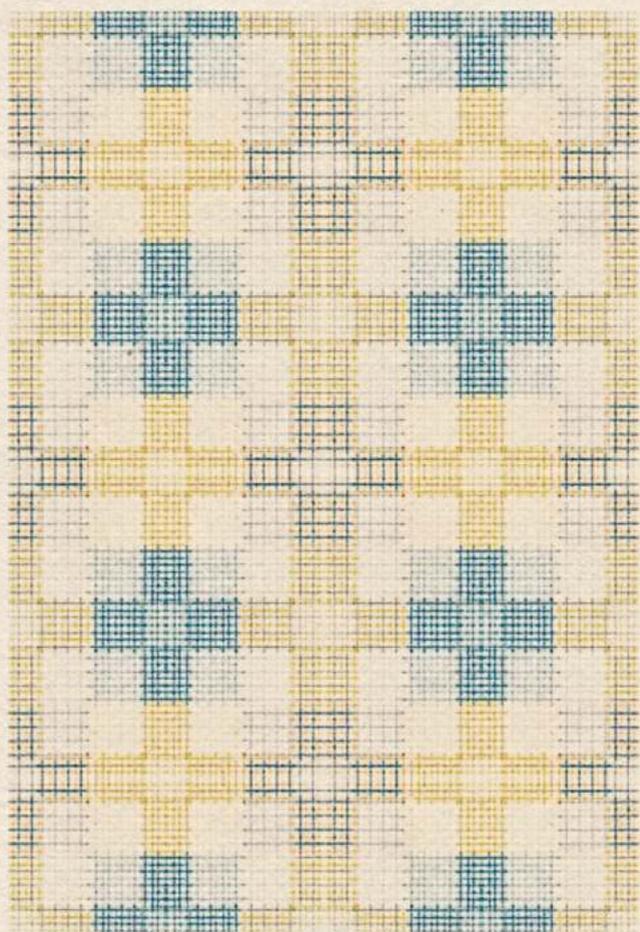
reefer

lasting

linger

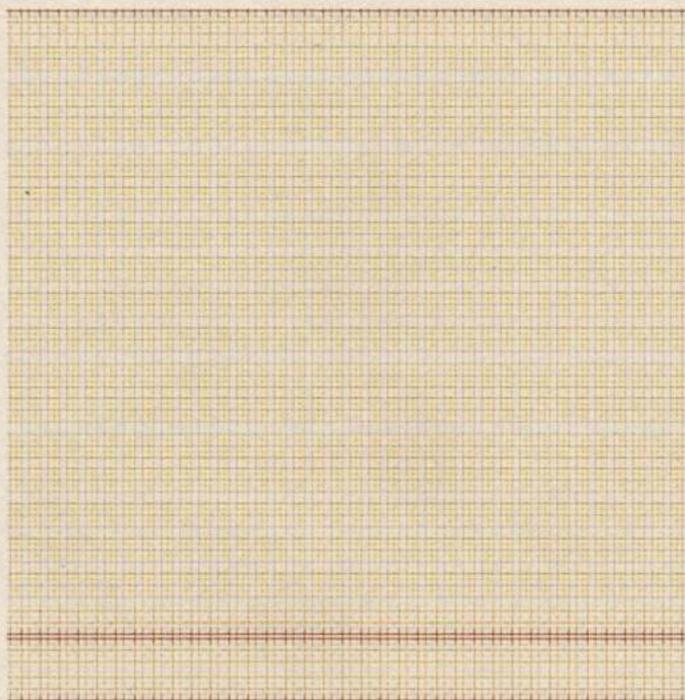
deeper

the structure is not the structure  
the implication is  
define something which is after all  
the most specific of words  
anxiety produces  
but why does the emptying  
begin now



this is number six btw  
the listlessness of noticing  
only just  
like a petal  
the image is not meant to stay  
outpoured

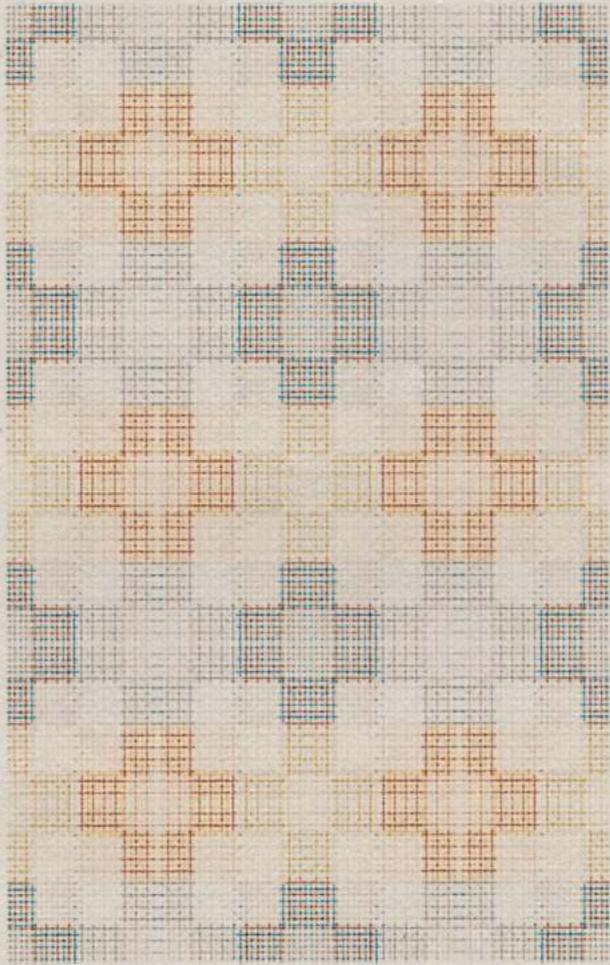
i'm working through incontrovertible facts  
that i've forgotten already isn't the point



a thousand blossoms

such a thing is possible

it's happened over and over



i want to find emptying  
process undoing

i forgot i'm allowed  
to use punctuation

that is where the image takes us  
poetry innit

i remember purple  
or was it orange  
the constant string

centrifuge but weighted

in different parts

areas

arrears

stationed virtues

curves are a frame sequentially speaking

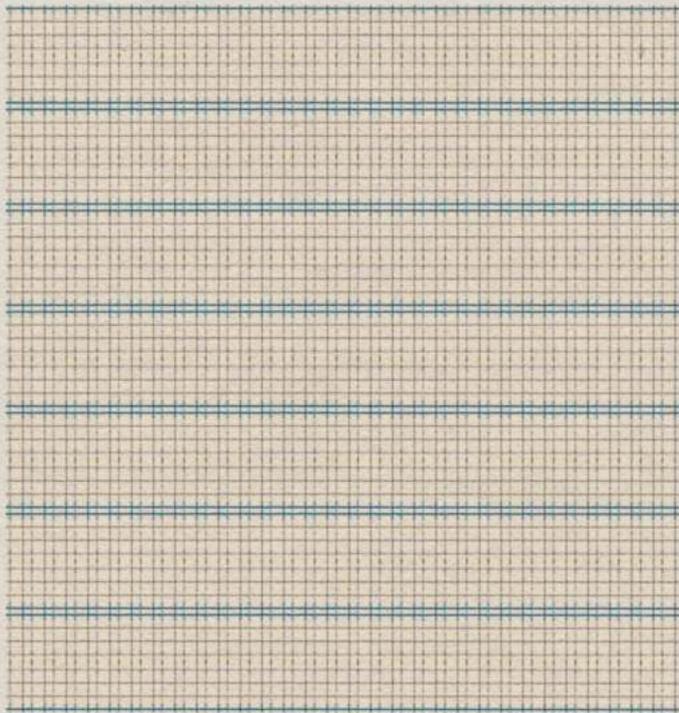
points interrupted

but what of this stationed

this netted shallow

orientation is a work in progress

maybe something is the wrong word



sequentially the emptying

sequentially in practice

sequentially bleed through occurs sequentially

sequentially musk can be applied in a variety of ways

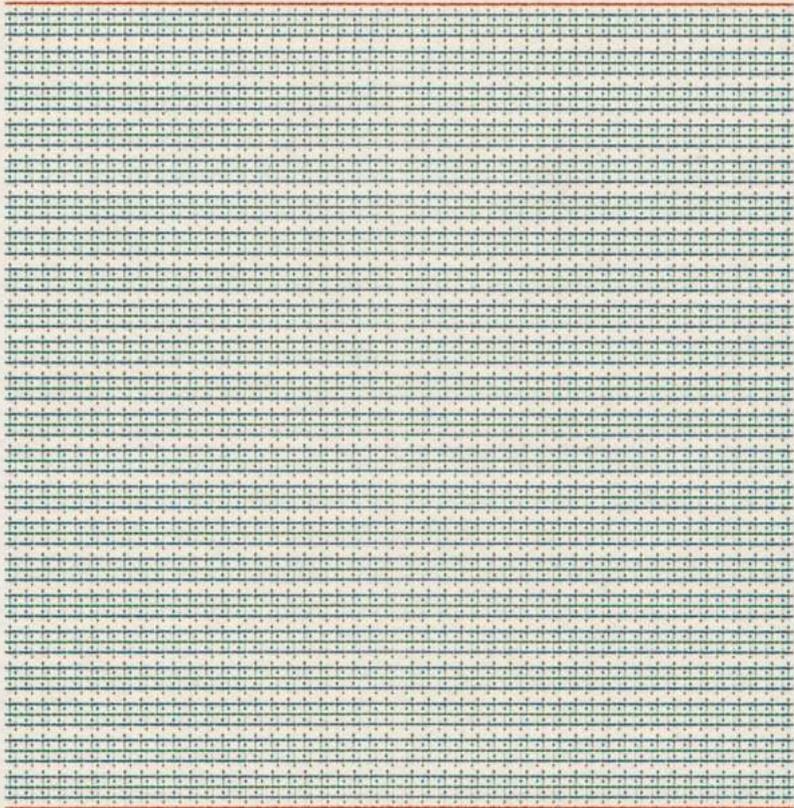
sequentially one always runs out of things to say

sequentially all formal structures mirror

sequentially there's more than one and they're separate

sequentially i've lost the thread and all that's left is next

sequentially



straight out lens flare i'm sure is unintentional  
not a set of staves contained  
inflicted on themselves

this i'm sure is violence placated  
a shine then a surface  
orientate lacking



this in a place seeing a place

that is what i meant

the same as others

i had a dream two nights ago but not last night

this is also emptying

expression a point

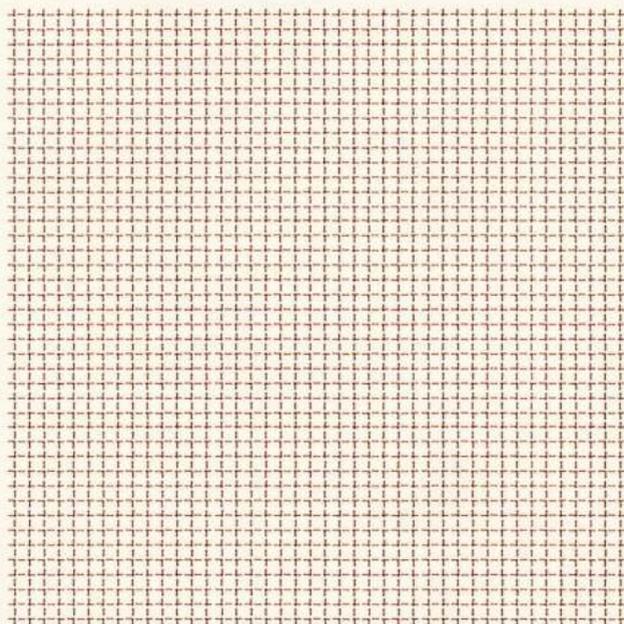
a spectrum

not a reduction

sequel or station

barely the same

barely remains



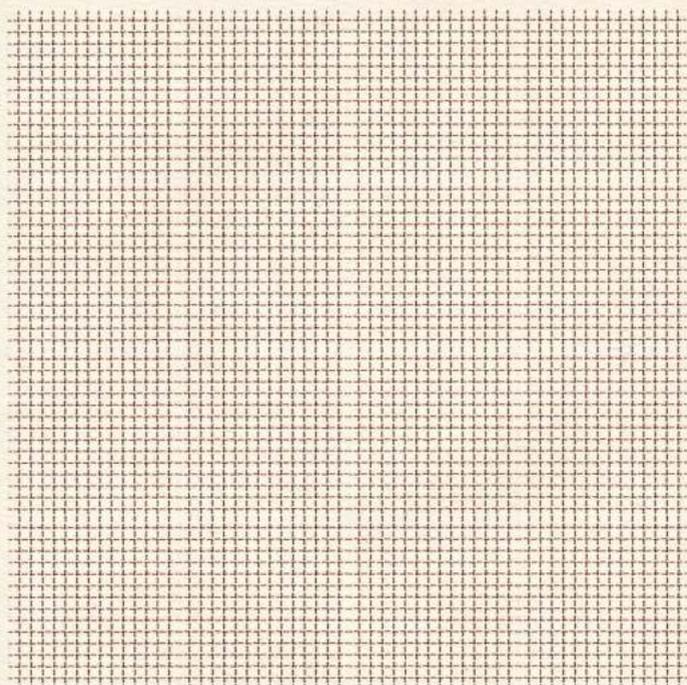
a place  
not speaking  
forced aberrant  
the problem of describing  
images made of descriptions

uneven fissures  
spotted

even more place

to say opine is not the same as peen  
if there's a problem they'll find joins  
on which the things they hate hinge

maybe happening is  
a movable floor  
slight grains with difference embedded  
slight again  
happening occurred



extractions in amber that are not umber

no flare increase across us

i mean is anything not a filter

no filler but a bottom off kilter

even enclosed space resounds

there's more to this glow

than spring cleaner

darkness

between no edges

dividends are more acute

a different end

phased notions

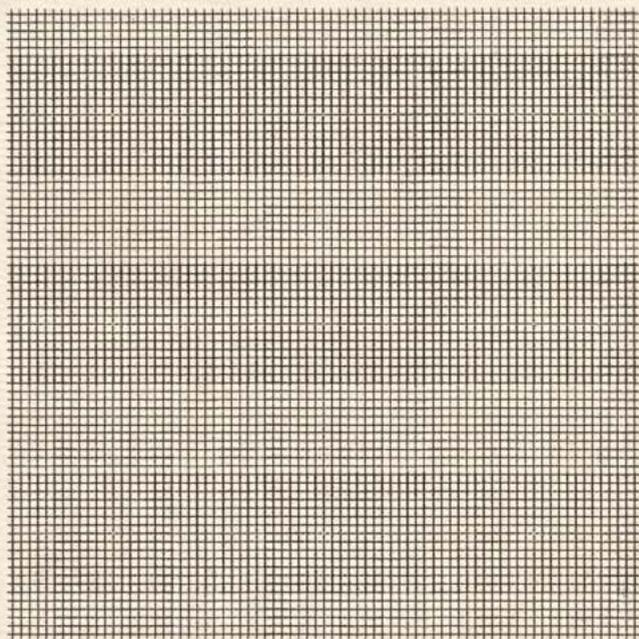
sharpness not sequenced

to different ends

sold consistences

interrupted

by corduroy negated



Richard Capener's releases are *KL7* (Red Ceilings, 2022) and *Dance! The Statue Has Fallen! Now His Head is Beneath Our Feet!* (Broken Sleep Books, 2021). *The Voice Without* is forthcoming from Beir Bua Press. He edits Hem Press, and is Reviews Editor for *Mercurius Magazine*.

Imogen Reid completed a practice-based PhD at Chelsea College of Arts, her practice being writing. Her thesis focused on the ways in which film has been used by novelists as a resource to transform their writing practice, and on how the non-conventional writing techniques generated by film could, in turn, produce alternative forms of readability. Her work has appeared in: *Hotel Magazine*, *LossLit*, *gorse journal*, *Zeno Press*, *Sublunary Editions*, *ToCall*, *Experiment-O*, *Lumin Journal*, *3AM Magazine*, and elsewhere. She has chapbooks with *Gordian Projects*, *Nightjar Press*, and *Timglaset Editions*.