Chiara Giorgetti

Chiara Giorgetti is a professor of print media at the Academy of Fine Arts of Brera, Milan. Her artwork ranges across a wide variety of media, revolving around the subjects of communication, time and memory, and human powerlessness in a technology-dominated environment. Since the 80's she has participated in international exhibitions, lectures, workshops, and has collaborated with numerous magazines and websites. From 2001 to 2011 she managed Printshow.it, a webzine that connected the Italian printmaking scene with the practice of contemporary art. Since 2012 she has curated the da>verso project with Margherita Labbe and the poet Italo Testa.

http://chiaragiorgetti.wordpress.com

Martha Ronk

Martha Ronk is the author of ten books of poetry, most recently Transfer of Qualities, long-listed for the National Book Award, and Vertigo, a National Poetry Series selection, referring to the work of W.G. Sebald. She has received a PEN USA award, a NEA award and residencies at both MacDowell and Djerassi artist colonies. Her forthcoming book of poems on photographs will be published by Omnidawn in 2016. Her work had been included in many national literary magazines and anthologies, most notably the anthology American Hybrid. Her artwork ranges across a wide variety of media, revolving around the subjects of communication, time and memory, and human powerlessness in a technology-dominated environment. Since the 80's she has participated in international exhibitions, lectures, workshops, and has collaborated with numerous magazines and websites. From 2001 to 2011 she managed Printshow.it, a webzine that connected the Italian printmaking scene with the practice of contemporary art. Since 2012 she has curated the da>verso project with Margherita Labbe and the poet Italo Testa.

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What did it matter where you lay once you were dead? In a dirty swamp or in a noble tower on top of a high hill? You were dead. You were sleeping the big sleep. You were not bothered by things like that.

The Big Sleep

Harlowe gets up and walks around the orchids and maps his brow,
his underpants are damp.

Chandler inserts obvious metaphors, they unseat the source.

A few locks of dry white hair clump to his scalp, like wild flowers
fighting for life on a bare rock.

Having nothing to do with the case.

Faces erased into objects wearing creased trousers and pencil skirts.
You can’t think in a poem or case like that.

If orchids have the flashy skin of old men what can you do,
but fill in the blanks or take the bottle of eyes out of your back pocket.
I can see it as if in a photograph, arranged to droop or take on a sheen
as if it’d been around awhile. Arranged the operative word.