

from 21 Artist Statements for Jim Hodges

—on *the way between places*, charcoal and saliva on paper, 2009

[1]

Here it is. It is my cave drawing. I vex the paper
with ash and spit, banish color to inscribe
the ghostliest demarcations. I cut this cubist fence

to violate, see? Above its addled crenellations,
the landscape's pure Guo Xi. I made two doors
that give into the mountain, because the journey *through*

is also part of it. Notice how the closest surface
shadows those behind. Behind all surfaces,
the mat board and the frame, an emptiness

performing both as source and destination:
first gaze, then pattern, then obliteration.

[14]

No one is outside the field, but divisions are created
and enforced. On the way between places, there's always
some abstraction, even if it's thin as conservation glass.

The only way I wish to go is through: departure
as a destination. Walking out on less and less
inhuman ground, I less and less stay quit of human sign:

a track boot-smoothed among ferns and purslane,
a rag of plastic snapping on a branch, the shine
of two-stroke oil in standing snowmelt. Terror

would be better, the augury of hush accompanied
by wind-hiss overhead, and later, unstarred darkness.

Note: Each section begins with a quote from a Jim Hodges interview or artist statement.