

Proposed is a photographic misconduct, taking its cue from the hipstamatic souvenirs of an erratic infatuation. It is about making a ghost image – the *that-has-never-seen* moment of a chance encounter. A lingering loss, an exquisite pain. Made within discursive abracadabra, it welcomes everything that the virtual, impersonal, and institutional makes light of.

Staring into the sun, I close my eyes facing the oblivion of vision. In anticipation of a discoloured and disfigured red hyphen, I enjoy a pair of turquoise blue aberrations. Astigmatic and tattooed with hope; one is a wreck of blackbluenights, the other is a mess of flashing lights. in-and-out-of sync, adjacent but not touching, their spatiotemporal proximity plagues the photogenic present. An equidistant gap of two latent beloveds, *Untitled (make-believe sailors)*, is a prickly wound.

This is not a photograph. Neither just an image scribbled, nor a just image scripted. Only imaged, imagined. It is a variously receiving surface; denatured, reanimated, translated, and given away.

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