

A commentary on Mitra Tabrizian's sequence of photographs *Beyond the Limits*

The parking lot's the space
Of exile. Traces of each
Transaction live in the computer.
Did some body fall?
What's needed is your contribution,
But no use for interpretation.
Don't hang around. The company's
Here. Straight, bright, clear.

Experience may restrict
The value of your offer. Waste
Of time to play at changing
What's already there.
Seeing your knowledge inappropriate,
Best head for the exit.
The young who come striding
In are the ones who'll win.

Communicate all the time.
Conceive it, plan it, sell
It. The idea is yours. That's
How you keep moving on.
Make eye contact. Hold the glass
Firmly, without pretentiousness.
Be there for your partner,
Seem to be there for the team.

You see, the computer does
Have a heart – there's the human
Heart, the animal heart, and
The heart of the machine.
They are all ready and set
For trading. Only the market
Knows which is better adapted
To go on, to survive. It's up to you.

Hooray for the privatized
Police! Economies

Of scale through the unitary
Model cop. But assessment
Of risk is still an issue.
The customer seems confused.
Guess he was headed to
Pay or perhaps run away.

This is a serious dad.
He went for the model too.
Look at his lovely sons.
One smiles, the other's thoughtful.
Each shows how effective the template
Can be when its project is well set.
Let's hope he remembered to programme a
New model of himself too.

At last, back to nature. But what's
With the sheep? If his work is so pressing
The gent's brought it with him, the lady
Can't take her eyes off the man.
This is domestic life in exile,
Uncertain as a nervy scrawl,
A signature which shows that we
Claim to be real but are not the same.

The quiddity of domestic space.
Everyone is relaxed and happy.
The flowers gleam above bright plane
Surfaces. Survival is
A luxury, but we don't need
It. Make sure you're supplied
With a prescription, then be a
Secure object, relax into the future.

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