

hello everyone! i think you and i all know one another by now, but just because it's too fun not to say it into a microphone, my name's jkatie b funk! during this semester's work, i dove back into a personal history of mine, but "dove" is really not the best descriptor. i timidly poked and prodded, got stuck, really really stuck, consulted the gods and goddesses of personal narrative under the direction and guidance of mentors, and tried my hardest not to drive straight into trite town. i have only now recently come to realize the power that lies in the relationship between fiction/non-fiction, and that science and facts can meld with art and emotions seamlessly. that being said, i want to bring your attention to the screen. i'm going to ask that while i take you down this rabbit hole, you focus your attention solely ahead of you and what you see, while you listen to the words i have chosen to pair with the images. this is only part of a story that is far from completion, with the evidence and words having many more debates ahead of them. i present to you, "forensic/poetic".

“ecdysis” – the process of shedding old skin or
casing of the outer cuticle

do you s’pose the insect or animal experiencing
the molting of itself
can feel it as it’s happening?
i can consider it a pain-laced
process of ripping and rupturing,
or perhaps more of a
poetic gesture of transformation
like a sigh of relief audible
only to you.

summer blues are
meant for the first few weeks or last,
not the very intersection
where middle stands it’s ground.
but the timeline of this story is
far from conventional,
and hardly a clean break from the
then and now it likes to
lurk within.

“exuviae” – the skin or exoskeleton
that remains

[CLICK]

“return to sender” – 1. a common phrase used
when undeliverable mail is to be sent
back to the indicated return address.
2. A 1962 Elvis Presley song,
the same year my father was born.

this regenerated creature
soon discovered something was faltering
in this newly formed epidermis
it felt all at once heavy and lacking,
dull, lucidly numb.
there’s a funny thing that happens
when you try to achieve perfection:
all the solid formations in the garden start
to roll down hill behind you,
the most pathetic avalanche
in a doldrums’ town that’s
not really all that middle
and by far not enough west.

it is only now that i’ve realized
every single story someone tries to tell
is automatically alien to everyone else
it’s my job as the artist to
communicate it to you
leave enough of a light on
and ample breathing room
to let you inside the cocoon
of all my facts and fiction

[CLICK]

“golden birthday” - a special, once-in-a-lifetime event
that occurs when you turn the age similar
to your birthdate. also referred to as a grand birthday,
star birthday, lucky birthday, or champagne birthday.

the date is august 25th, 2014
and our darling is now 25 to match
[CLICK]
but even with a mask
all orange and sparkle
trimmed in gold
with lipstick pinker
than raw meat
i know a fake smile when i see one

that toothy faux gleam continued
and continued
bone against bone
grating away in an effort to look
[CLICK]
oh so happy for the newlywed couple
they'd chosen labor day weekend for the
big big celebration
a newfound talking doctor advising right before
to “try not to drink” and
“notice how you feel”
i noticed the feeling of metal
jutting up all around me
but not quite high enough
to waste the jump

[CLICK]

biogeochemical cycle – in earth science,
a substance turnover or cycling
by which a chemical substance
moves through both the biotic (biosphere)
and abiotic (lithosphere, atmosphere, and hydrosphere)
components of earth.

the thick shell of
dull, numb doubt
finally lifted way
right along the soggy lakeshore
that second november morning
she feared if she declared
it aloud
it would come rushing back
unforgiving and thicker yet
with vengeance
her mind was made up
but the passing wind knew
she was right to be afraid

and now our story shifts
and boy does it shift [CLICK]

[SINGING]

*“there is, a house, in new orleans
they call the rising sun
and it’s been the ruin
of many a poor boy
and god, i know, i’m one”*

“yesterday’s food and spirits”
they’ll feed you alright...

i know for fact that
i cannot be the only soul in the room
who comes across certain photographs
that knock the wind right out
instantly forming plaque hard dread
that sits heavydead and
just above the ribcage

you’re almost embarrassed
to be seen looking at them
but you’re the only one looking
and a photograph can’t look back
can it?

[CLICK]

she worked here almost half a decade
and the last few years
held this vantage point
she could stir the cure
for whatever ailed you
sipping on some herself *here* more
times than *there*
insisting it was only to make sure
the party venom was just right

hmm...what’s a party without a little cake?

[CLICK]

do you s'pose the insect or animal experiencing
the molting of itself
has to forgive itself too?
forgive the wrongs of these two folks here,
a conniving cunt and her letch of a husband
she whirled in their web almost half a decade
and all those years she tried
as hard as she could to please and thank you
and cover up their falsehoods

[CLICK]

and lie through her teeth

[CLICK]

and take all the egg to face

[CLICK]

and hide the evidence

[CLICK]

and stroke the ego

[CLICK]

and make up stories

[CLICK]

and "understand me! *under-stand me,*
this is my image! this is my image and reputation you're the face of!"
all of this masking and acting
till suddenly [CLICK] thrust up as a pillar
of the very foundation in a house-turned-restaurant
assembled of 19th century splinters and secrets

[TURN TO LOOK AT IMAGE ON SCREEN]:

hmm...pretty sure that was the last moment
caught on camera of her
in any kind of balance
sometimes mania appears a joyful bastard

[CLICK]

well well well,
no surprise at all, our protagonist finds herself
on friday the 13th no doubt
it's valentine's day weekend
and liquor has *only just today* been delivered
we're far beyond the 11th hour now
and you know she'll stuff this place
like a roasted pig, hellbent on
money, and image, and pride
and all things good and catholic
so good luck darlin'
and good luck dear
it's more than apparent
and by far too clear
this our final forensic poetry

[CLICK]

the rest of the night will run on
the fuel of burnt roses
and the white hot lightening
coursing relentlessly through your veins
you somehow make it through the
most electrifyingly pendulant
and razor sharp night of your life
from laughing and cackling
to suddenly doubled over so
the wet evidence physically falls
straight to the ground
saving face right outside
on the snow covered patio
where waiting inside is a place
packed full of people
and all their spirit

do you s'pose the insect or animal experiencing
the molting of itself
can see it as it's happening?
I submit into evidence
photo 2onefour20-15

[CLICK]

all at once a poetic gesture of transformation
pain-laced
with all that ripping and rupturing
still to come
like a guttural noise
audible only to you.

this is the last image
taken that night
proof to herself
you're done,
you're gone
checkmate, mutherfucker
you're damn right
a photograph can look back

[RETURN LIGHTS TO MID]