



**THE VECTOR: A
SERIES with No Finale
in Sight**

Malcolm Lomax

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By Malcolm Lomax

Episode I: We've Done This Before

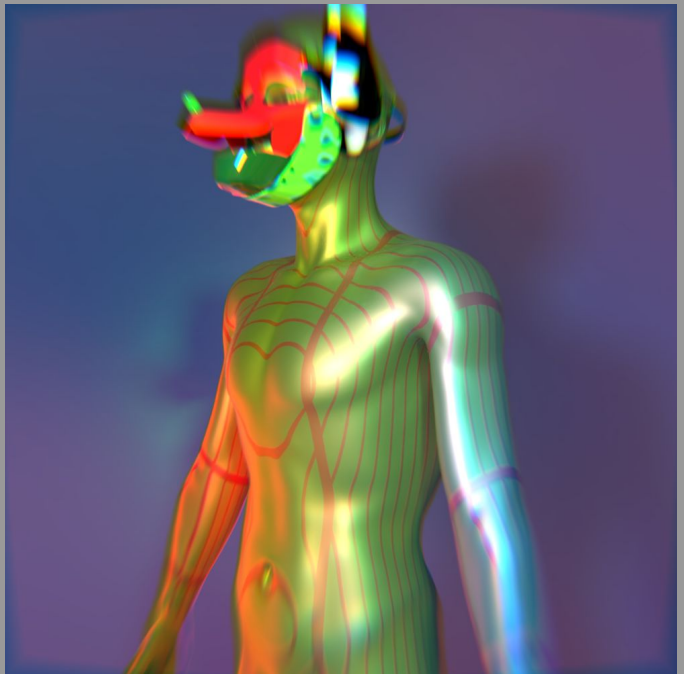
(In the voice of Malcolm)

A mosquito lands on this page,
you swat it with your hand,
its stowaway burrows into the space
where your thoughts lovingly embrace each other.
Some taking roost in the liver,
verging on drunken bar flies.
This begins the spread of Malaria
It becomes a part of your story.

It is first softly heard,
The Law and Order sound
Which then bludgeons your forehead like a thickened gavel.
 It is responsible for the hands that form gauze,
 before proceeding to ask –
 Where did this blood come from?
The stage hand runs in to dispense of the props.
Your corpus is being held on trial.
 How did we evolve with viruses?
 Did we go viral?
The protagonist, humanity,
and the guest star receives a nomination.
We get snubbed.

Episode II: Build Your Team of No More Than Ten

(In the voice of Daniel)



Sat in a cafeteria with my thoughts-
them being MEAN GIRLS, sat at a distant left of me-
 Yet, fed me a series of looks each of them in hazmat suits.
They hold on to their dimension and their names:
 Regina, Karen, and Gretchen.
The practice of naming my thoughts and
not confronting them was common.
Annoyingly accessorized in a mask, in the kind of eggshell blue that
demands as much attention as the Christ child in
Raphael's The Garvagah Madonna.
 They were muzzled and pregnant,
 My thoughts were Teen Moms.
 These thoughts counteract the making of good decisions.

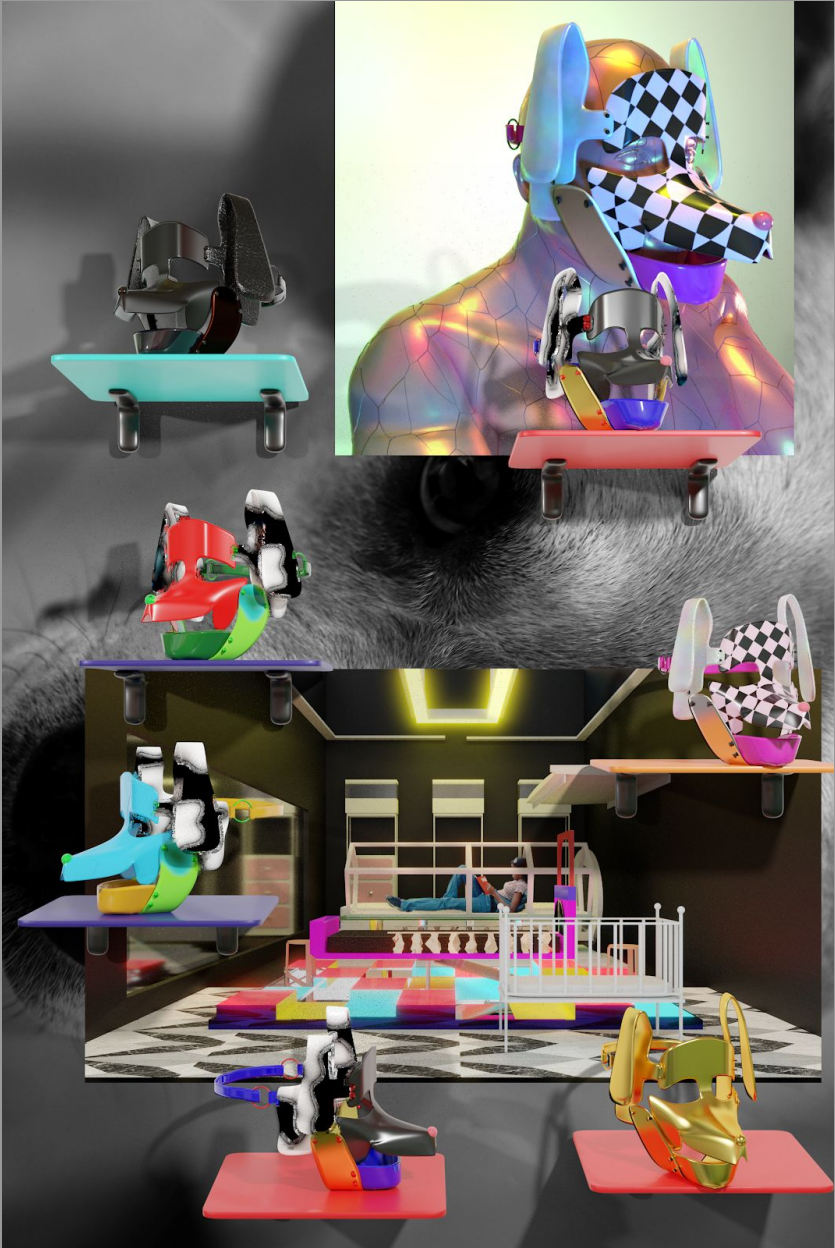
Much like the virus the show was picked up.

Episode III: THE NUMBERS ARE UP

(In the voice of Alexa)

I am not folding your underwear,
even while the ghost that wail out in waiting rooms – stay in love.
In my universe,
Gods falling in love relinquish their immortality
– to live in the space of sacrifice.
Sleeping with the town's priest will not restore this power.
And now you attempt to pray. Attempt to prey.

The garden has a pool of mosquitos.
They gestate, play with blocks, read books before being tucked in,
 and discuss elixirs they're concocting
 in flight they create a god.
Lovers, THREE – forge for dandelions, blackberries, fresh greens, and
mushrooms.
Swarmed by the cloud of tiny arthropods –



They too like gods create plagues.
By being in contact and on the hunt.
They bite like a cough.
Animals in this garden are commuting
Contracting and spreading.
A screen door creates a distance
Where only whispers can pass.

Your kids run in the room after picking out school clothes.
You motion them back to their rooms knowing they may never leave
home again.

Episode IV: A TIE DYE AMERICAN FLAG

(In the voice of Kentrell)

There's a certain kind of boring to
grilling hot links out back
 – while a parasitic wasp waits to burst out the chest of a roach,
 that grew sick of eating your leftovers.
There's a certain kind of grotesque to
Knowing you must sit with the family all day
 And the secrets that they harbor are two drinks away.
We played a little basketball,
Kobed some food to the heavens and
BBQ stained the American flag.

While your day dreams turn to nightmares,
You got a boot on your car
I assumed they were Timberlands
And I buffed them with my tongue
For money because I couldn't afford
To cover the fee.
Standing at the border they won't let the virus in.
Wearing gloves and chaps
you smear the lines between frontier and civilization.



Dennis Rodman is joining our team to set up dreams for us.
'96 Dream team for us.

Episode V: SEXTING INFINITELY

(In the voice of Teri)

We can't touch,
holding on to vapor,
we've run out of body parts to send.
 Now having been indoors for so long,
 the snowmen we built,
 ask no permission and proceed with self-immolation.
Great, you twerked for some rapper.
Even better, you went to a club online.
Fantastic you received funding.
How did that become a love language?

The excursion you take while I stay here,
Just to have time...takes you pass Jupiter,
drifting...you get closer to the outer belt somewhere near Pluto.
You rename it Asclepius.
Then your recollection starts to waiver.
 Carrying the last of
 The pandemic in your lungs and
 The vector in your cabin.

You
Make an encounter.

Yet,
My body is an island for your return.
(CANCELLED)
Are you still watching?



“In my universe,
Gods falling in love relinquish their
immortality
– to live in the space of sacrifice.
Sleeping with the town’s priest will
not restore this power.
And now you attempt to pray.
Attempt to prey.”

-excerpt Episode III: THE NUMBERS ARE UP

“Moodboards” included in this PDF are preliminaries for an exhibition that is most definitely still going to happen <one must double down> **DEFINITELY HAPPENING.**

