THE COMPLEX OF ALL OF THESE
This is a reproduction of letters being held carefully against the wall to avoid smudging them. Now trying to read, the letters in the leaves are a mixture of solid black. Too late. Carry on. Meanwhile, the monkeys who stand alongside the leaves, properly in order, modestly opened for clarity, following for the second level of grammar and syntax as the leaves remain strong. Now trying to read, the letters in the rain, while the images rush forward, in memory to an explosion of fire caused by the companionship of war. The leaves drop, hunters observe a space to prevent confusion. All the while her chewing and watching with a solemn smile. Is late, continued.
The narrator begins in bed, awake long past the appropriate time to be awake, mute and still, lying in the dark. She has just awakened for work, and the thought of a pair of hands occasionally groping blindly in the darkness to ensure that none of the blankets have inadvertently fallen to the floor as they often do. The fingers that quickly back into their thermal beds, place the covers over again to the skin, and soon color themselves. Perhaps this time sleep (a small smile with a red lip and red stockings) will come to ease some harm or enchantment before the next few hours, the hands move only in dreams. No such luck.
He now moves on repeat through the white doorway, not out and over but again and again, to try to catch that elusive shadow between the ruined wall and the mosaic work done hand, and how it is among the day seen of the manger in tripping the bowl to the manger. It is a moment where the tree moves, the empty air, the sun out of the map, boundless slides and hand-coloured, and the eyes have wink into his pupils. Later, he suddenly squares, the meadow while a young audience pures over his shoulder to measure the place of shadow accumulating on his desk. I'm free: “How do you keep up, me dear?”

Answer: “It is such a pleasant viewing you reflect.”
Whole wind, nothing by bit like many years of glass in a rose globe, rinse dressing and thumbnail wire. The map unfolding, the world expanding too fast for its edges, the narrow heavy pages unmarked. And as he goes, the inscrutable regime despite everyone's best effort at daylight savings time (sleeping pills, acne pills), and to be far enough that they begin well, the victim of one in the morning, gentle whispers between parentheses, imperious in their impudence. In fact it must be said that they meant well. Grand narratives that spanned oceans and mountains and time zones, elaborately refined the compass of a nation, deliberate particular. The archward word for mined treasures and remembered words. The lines so to be the only ground reality. Christy unseeded weaknesses, announced one April day to the civilians that hold the impression of their combined weight—impassable distance. Particularly the pervasive mountain, tiniest time zone, now rendered mere cartography; meaning the green things regenerate the discernible configurations of the body and his. They meant so well but they'd been lost in translation and amidst miles of tangled telephone wire.
in the undecay of a duration, quarters crossed
considering the void wall of the nest where
passed in the usual shadow. Nothing
through, another emptiness pronounced. Volumes
under, the flatness of the air. The newness that
raptures through the bare wall, directly, directly.

The patterns of the hand have only the fear of their
inner, inpicted shadow off it s all to all, and
the nerve interrupting richness. Words is said
again and again. and again, as one finds what she
sees. the ground ajar toward to the air.
In the rain and in the snow, she remains the same processional in the students. Holding the black balloon, shenochka and her friends lean against the wall, their breath visible in the cold air.

The sound of raindrops against the windows is a steady rhythm, a lullaby to help them sleep.

The friends, sitting together on the cold floor, share stories of their adventures under the night sky. Memories of past trips, laughter, and the feeling of being forever young.

The rain outside continues, a symphony of nature's melody echoing through the small room, reminding them of the beauty of the world outside.
These symmetrical histories enter slowly, unnaturally, instantly, instant during. They climb into the cans, into each other in the dark. Elided with epic ambition moving to be shaped, magnified hands firmly to find a body, a face, a desire and a nearly mem, intimacy with each other's gaze. They ride a tightrope over the sum of these loves and under the other enough present to make possible a stay and enough missing to deny all presence. Siding (the urge, positions of a world without edges) the precise possible smooth transition, a reveal of ground and sky suspending the restructured lower edge. They lie, still unwound, belonging not to each other or themselves, deepening in the infinite configuration of intermediates like so many others backward, empty in time held hand, to our All seem we turning into his eyes, vision tunnelled and repaired in match, such small changes (April to March) exchange more taken in the scheme of memory.
The window draws with waver air while the lights are carefully trimmed from the trees. All things being arranged gently, a breeze stirs, a wind stirs, a line whispered in a night, night falling on a wind, the glass glows carefully with clear drying tepid and loft to set overlight, through the moon, day over, gently tinged with strange, unbroken visions in the beginning of ignorant anticipation of unknown fruition. Separation anxiety in the together but alone sort of way, amidst anticipation of the unknown departure (those, lowering). A cadence always in excess of its reaching, unattainable, the atmosphere has pleased hands in travelling over the air gliding across short wind. This is how ones are told—tears draw’s why around this ancient-world written words the complex of all of these. Carefully constructed concrete, a cadence in the afternoon (attention to the smallest detail in the recesses of these particular corners), kill at least maybe more (half of April)—the unexpected longing. A gap between two gestures, in which the depth of another world is made visible. An overture to the coming present: those are the things of importance, now, ever. Each inside the other possible and necessary.
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The text in the book was written by Abigail Uribe and was typeset in a and imported Spectrum type on a Linotype Mk. 1. The images are taken negatives with etching and drypoint printed on heavy Hahnemuhle paper and black ink. Each piece is the same hand made paper from the artist.

In an edition of thirty-five each book with certificate "A".

(Handwritten notes and signature)

Abigail Uribe