

What else happened at that moment?
The weight that lifts the world the moment it sits.
It's not another remove. It is as close as it gets.
With precision and provenance, certainties rift towards absolution.

[studio view of live fruit with plastic bag in front of blank canvas by Adam Cruces]

Need it, it needs
Crave it, it craves
Devour it, it devours
Taste it, it tastes
Move it, it moves
Core it, it cores
Peel it, it peels
Chop it, it chops
Zest it, it zests
Slice it, it slices
Soften it, it softens
Pluck it, it plucks
Cut it, it cuts
Seed it, it seeds
Juice it, it juices
Savor it, it savors

[studio view of half-eaten live fruit in front of blank canvas by Adam Cruces]

Elsewhere, in 1841, Giuseppe Giacoletti wrote a few verses in *L'ottica, esposta in terza rima* to transmit the news of Daguerre's photographic arrival in 1839.

Time. Fruit. Flies.

The weight of the fruit lifts the world the moment it sits on the balance.
Things that still give us joy.

- Jo-ey Tang