

onestar press matt copson transcend and die



TRANSCEND AND DIE

MATT COPSON







THERE ARE ONLY TWO THINGS TO FEAR-DEATH AND SELF-SATISFACTION THE FORMER I AM NOT YET GUILTY OF WHILST THE LATTER IS A DAILY STRUGGLE





I'D LIKE TO WRITE A LOVE SONG BUT I CAN'T SING AND I CAN'T LOVE SOME DAYS I FEEL LIKE MAKING THE WORLD A BETTER PLACE BUT THEN I GET BORED





YET I AM A CONTENT MAN BECAUSE MY HANDIWORK HAS BEEN AFFIRMED AND ACCREDITED BY MY OWN MOTHER



STILL I CRAVE ACKNOWLEDGEMENT
FROM INSTITUTIONS MORE RESOLUTE THAN GOVERNMENTS
FROM BEINGS WITH NO BODIES
AND -SIGH- EVEN THE EVERYMAN





WHEN I FINISH THIS MASTERWORK

I SHALL ENGRAVE MY INITIALS AT THE BASE

AS A REMINDER TO POSTERITY

OF MY PURE HERITAGE



BEFORE I WAS A BIRD

I TOO WAS ROCK

CARVED INTO MIRACULOUS FORM

THROUGH CENTURIES OF MINIMALIST REFINEMENT



I FOUND WINGS WITHIN THE IMMOVABILITY OF RUBBLE I FOUND FEATHERS WITHIN THE BOREDOM OF SECUMENT I FOUND FLIGHT WITHIN THE SLAVERY OF MOLECULES I FOUND INSPIRATION IN THE FORTITUDE OF MY BEAK



WITH EVERY PECK OF MY DIAMOND-BLADED BILL

I SLICED UP THE EYES OF THE UNCULTURED

SERVED THEM UP KAISEKI

AND QUICK TALKED MY WAY OUT OF INVESTIGATION





IT WAS A ROUGH UPBRINGING
BEING THE SON OF A SINGLE MOTHER EARTH
AND AN ELEMENTAL FATHER BEATING MEINTO SHAPE
YET A HAPPY CHILDHOOD IS A CURSE



I WAS ALWAYS THE WEAKEST HUNK AT TRAINING CAMP BUT I LEARNED THAT THIS WORLD REWARDS TENACITY WHEN I WAS ANNOUNCED AS THE FACE OF EUROPE'S LARGEST BRAND OF HOTEL SHAMPOO



AND A BEAUTY LIKE MINE DESERVES SIMPLE THINGS: TO LOVE AND BE LOVED TO TRANSCEND AND DIE





I'D BEEN SCROLLING THROUGH THE PAGES
OF DEAD TEEN AGERS
HOPING TO FIND INSPIRATION IN THE COMMENTS BOX
BUT NOTHING PREPARED ME FOR YOUR PROFILE



I WANTED SOCIETAL UNDERSTANDING OF MY SUBVERSIOWS BUT I HAD GONE SOFT AS MY PECKER GREW HARDER



I WAS SMITTEN, LUSTFUL AFFECTIONATE, DESKILLED FINITE, MANIPULATABLE AND UNFOCUSED



I CALLED YOU MY HERO

BUT THE ONLY HEROIC ACT YOU EVER PERFORMED

WAS TO SHAKE ME OUT OF ROMANTICISM

AND SHOW ME THE PATH TO TRUE ARTISTRY



I ASKED MYSELF THE QUESTION
WHAT DOES THE WORLD NEED?
AND THE ONLY ANSWER I COULD FIND
WAS DEPARTURE



ONE DAY YOU'LL UNDERSTAND





I DON'T CARE ABOUT BEING A GOOD PERSON
ONLY KEEPING UP THE FACADE
I DON'T CARE ABOUT MORALITY
ONLY COMMITMENT TO ARTIFICIALITY



A LIFETIME IS A PHASE
YOU WERE JUST MY BLUE PERIOD
I SHALL PECK AWAY
UNTIL I FIND MY ROSE





I'VE REALIGNED MY MORALS AND SET A TARGET ON YOU YOU MAKE ME FEEL COOL, PRETENTIOUS AND MANLY YOU'RE NOT LIKE ALL THE OTHER GIRLS ALL THE OTHER GIRLS



I WANT TO MERGE INTO YOU

I WANT OUR SKIN TO BE INDISTINGUISHABLE

I WANT TO SEDUCE YOUR ORGANS

I WANT TO MODEL MYSELF IN YOUR OWN IMAGE



I WANT TO MOTHER YOU LIKE AN INBRED CHILD
I WANT TO COVER YOUR BODY IN THIRD-DEGREE FLESH WOUNDS
I WANT TO PIERCE EVERY INCH OF YOUR BODY
SO THAT IT LOOKS LIKE THE AFTERMATH OF A REBELLIOUS TEENAGE PERIOD



I SHALL REFINE THE DIRT OF THE WORLD

TO GLEAMING QUARTZ

I SHALL CHISEL THIS MEANINGLESS FORM

INTO THE PLAYMATE OF THE CENTURY



WHEN I FINISH MY SIGNATURE
I SHALL ENGRAVE YOUR NAME ALONGSIDE
AS A REMINDER TO POSTERITY
OF MY SELFLESS GRATITUDE FOR YOUR LOVE





A BEAUTY LIKE THIS

DESERVES SIMPLE THINGS:

TO BE MOULDED IN THE ARMS OF ITS MOTHER

AND CRADLED IN THE ARMS OF ITS LOVER

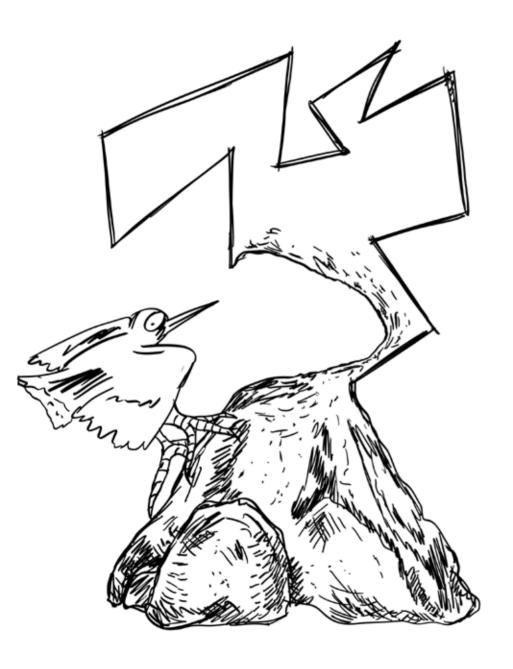


THERE ARE DIFFERENT SHADES OF LOVE

COMPETING FOR THE HEADLINE GIG

BUT THE ONLY ONE THAT DESERVES AN AUDIENCE

IS THE ONE ON THE PLINTH





I SHALL CALL YOU UNTITLED
THERE IS NO DATE, THERE IS NO TIME
THERE IS NO MEDIUM, THERE IS NO MESSAGE
YOU ARE MY WIFE

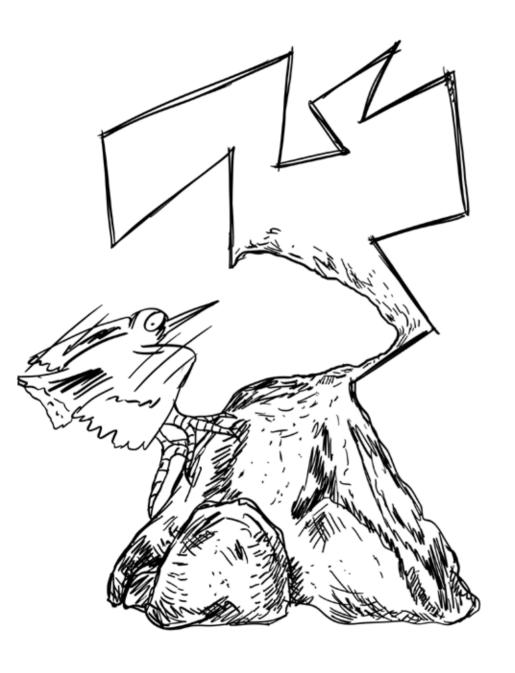






















Transcend and Die Matt Copson

First edition limited to 250 numbered copies. In addition to this book a limited edition multiple by the artist is available from onestar press. Printed and bound in France © 2017 Matt Copson & onestar press

onestar press 49, rue Albert 75013 Paris France info@onestarpress.com www.onestarpress.com

Thanks to High Art, Maurizio Cattelan, Felicita and Caroline Polachek