Picpoetry is the process of combining iphoneography and instant text writing. It is a practice initiated by picpoet, an iphoneographer, writer and performer. Picpoems are immediately uploaded on picpoet’s account on Instagram and also fed into picpoet’s website picpoet.net. The text draws from the visual of the photograph but also attempts to capture the multisensorial atmosphere of the particular time and space in which the photos are taken. The text must be written quickly while immersed in the specific space, and remain unedited, in an imitation of automatic writing, but with the atmospheric imprint on it.

The Florence Picpoems is a series commissioned by Ric Mohr and Nadir Hosen, the organisers of the International Symposium on Technologies of Law and Religion: Representation, Objects and Agency that took place in the Prato Centre of Monash University in Prato, Tuscany, on
the 13-15 June 2016. Part of the symposium was a guided visit to the *Monastero di San Marco* in Florence. Picpoet was asked to create a series of picpoems drawing from the visit to the city of Florence in general, and the visit to the monastery in particular.

The picpoems reflect on such issues as law and justice, legal spatiality and temporality, agency, digitalisation and AI in relation to the law, objects and materiality, bodies and movement, and so on. The connection between the textual and the visual is tight and parallel, yet not descriptive. This allows questions on the relevance of the law in terms of affective, embodied and spatialised movements to emerge both pictorially and textually, and ultimately left unanswered.
every morning she would sweep. she'd start from inside the villa, then the little balcony, and then little by little, she would sweep the roofs around her, and the antennas, and the palazzi, and the birds and clouds, even the big court hall at the end of the horizon, till all the city would be swept away, and before her a vast white sheet would flap in the wind. now I can set my own way, she thought. now I can move in any way I want.

we are striations, craving for smoothness.
chop me up. there are others coming this way. same others. same skin same breath same world, assemblages of oneness, jelly singularities of wholeness. a whiff of a summer breeze lifting that drape you placed in front of our being - this is all it takes for the wave of the other law to blind us.

we are awake, slumberous eyes of an anthropocenic chain.
a force of invitation. you are now in, parasite and host at the same time, pulling my entrails and commanding my desires. this is not an ethical hotel where we serve faces on platters and otherness as first dish. this is the beast of all our fears, settling a conflict without judge, following the violence between our bodies. theatre and presence, residual technologies of self.

we have grown up, beyond little numerical moralities, and we are afraid.