

Temples of Doom

Temples of doom.

Temples of looming guards with hard stares and uncomfortable chairs.

Temples of neck straining, explaining
eye squinting and eyes glinting

Temples of tip toeing, nips showing
clip clopping and mouths dropping.

Temples of greasy finger marks and lingering old farts
wheezing on glass and sneezing on passers by.

That's why I always pack anti bac.

The number one temple of Harrison Ford's whip whipping air and stripping bare treasures,
hidden in darkness, face a dirty mess, broad chest and all round hot dad-ness.

Indiana Jones is the only reason I go to museums.

To be an archaeologist, deciphering myths
and ticking off lists of precious objects.

The films enticed me to explore more
(Except for the crystal skull, which was ridiculous and dull)

I love that you can go and not feel like a loner.

I once got a boner from a Titian.

No magician could conjure up such awe
nor such confusion.

I always feel most shame in a gallery, you see

I skip the exhibition at the end, so i can grab a tea and brownie with a friend.

I only ever go to do a number two.

Museum loos have shorter queues.

I pretend to put money in the donation box.

I judge the visitors wearing crocs.

I stand in front of the text and pretend I'm reading

which is misleading because really I'm thinking about what I'll be drinking at the bar, a
G&T or an ice cold Stella.

When I see couples at the Lates on dates, I think

"where did they find these men?" and download tinder again.

I've never done anything interesting apart from looking at stuff.

It was pretty tough getting rid of the smell of skunk from the education room and
that feeling of complete doom when I found a baggie on the ground.

Museums can be racist - let's face it.

They are too stuffy, too cold, too loud, too proud, too quiet, too expensive, too echoey, too
guilt trippy,

with squeaky floors and doors that I am not sure how to open -
push, pull or heave - sometimes I give up and leave.

I hate old people in museums
I hate tourists
I hate kids
I hate parents with kids
I hate 3 year old Jimmy who's mum and dad hope he will appreciate Rothko
I hate Rothko
I hate postcards

I LOVE postcards, but entirely disregard the fridge magnets, they are naff.
I like a good caf and I also like to faff in a museum bookshop.
They are as important as the gallery, easily.
I am always searching for authors from the African diaspora, for a brown face on the inside cover.

My mother told me visiting museums would make me cleverer, however
whether that is true or not is hard to say, since I did drop out of my MA.

Penises and poo - that's all that visitors doodle when you ask them to draw what they saw.
And phwoar, aren't there are lot of peachy bums.

It's free childcare for bored mums!

Someone actually stole a potty from our pram
and my son got caught trying to stick ham onto a Cezanne.

It's a quiet place for my baby to sleep, and to keep the kids entertained with games.
I trained my three children to shout FAT BABY at cherubims
and on a whim, I touched the art.

Kissed a sculpture.

Pretended to text and took an illegal picture.

Sometimes museums are weird and disturbing.
It was quite unnerving viewing children's faces patched in places with willies and bum
holes.

Lord knows that video of vomiting made me gag
and I needed a fag after that museum in Russia.
The one full of pickled people with deformities, pickled animals and pickled babies,
pickled babies everywhere.

I didn't much care for that monkey faced bat, sat rat-like stuffed and puffed up in a jar,
innocent from afar. So very creepy and gross up close.

I'm scared of the dinosaurs, particularly when they roar. I know I am technically a grown
man, but even they can be scared of the dark
and I never enjoyed Jurassic park.

I've photographed people secretly to make it look like they are being eaten by art,
and started to follow people around, soundlessly to freak them out.
I tickled my sister to make her shout, and we got told off for mucking about.

I want to be like the woman with her hands behind her back, looking so wise.
I bet her visits are always civilised.

I love reading the signs because people will think I'm smart about the art, but I could just
read it online, and save time, check it on Wikipedia then I wouldn't have to leave my sofa
either.

I get arsey with people who know too much or too little, or the wankers who don't thank us.
I secretly enjoy awkward eye contact and collecting great pub quiz facts on stolen cultural
artefacts.

I love the smell as well, like old books and cooked porridge, or maybe that is the smell of
knowledge?

I don't really get it?

Meh.

These temples of doom.

The temples of booming voices that cut across the hushed tones and rushed groans of when
can we go home?

These temples of dusty window ledges and pruned hedges.

Beautiful ceilings and feelings of woh, there's a lot that I don't know.

The sanctuaries when it's raining and your back is complaining and you just need a good sit
down.

The cool things they've found from under the ground.

The temples of secrets that we have not yet
unearthed so it is worth a repeat visit, isn't it?
Because we could all make our mark
like raiders of the lost ark.