

Jaxon Demme
Chaos in Bloom
May 15- June 27, 2026

Camera pans to the garden
I want it back she said

I've travelled so far to just begin
where I had dug the marker

It goes like this
She motioned a circle with her baby hands.

These numbers just aren't adding up!

How did I land on a flower that leans
far beyond the breaking point?

We're in The liminal space
Solving problems upside down
I tried my best to keep you alive

My hearts **expanding** she said
To only find my remains deep
beneath the punishing bored
My heads **expanding** she said
To only find my heart deep beneath
the soil

We're in bloom

To each their own she said
Hungry for a **bee**
Im Not the leaves I am the **tree**
But It **Stings** on the bite

They couldn't stop the bleeding

I get eaten by a rose
it's the center of my world
What a worry
I'm in my 11th hour

Through such great heights
I pick a thought from the apple tree

The thought becomes the driver
Just Do it she said

One last succell, one more taste of
the old truth
it's where I die

Where I return

Where the chaos turns to bloom

It's as though there is a timer to
when I'm supposed to **defeat that**
thought.

She gasped for air
Smacked
My world snapped like a rubber
band

The clock stopped ticking
It is here she could feel the
whispers of the butterflies chirps
Secrets glitter
Shh
I can hear you

Uncurl the rope
SLURP
I surrender I surrender I surrender.
Let me remember
what it feels like to inspect the grass in the sun
to watch a bee grab a flower.
To take a deep breath while looking at a body of
water.
To dream and to want to be outside

She sighed
Just Take it **all** back

I'm finding my own joy.

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Jaxon Demme's works read as richly decorated tableaux vivants: densely built scenes in which figure, object, animal, ornament, and atmosphere appear to exist in a state of continuous transformation and transmutation. Her approach to image-making recalls scrapbooking, assemblage, and theatrical construction, bringing together a hodgepodge of materials including fake hair, eyelashes, candy, epoxy resin, plastic tubing, zippers, and beach balls. These elements coalesce into a perfect order of chaos, producing works that are at once riotously excessive and strangely precise in their whimsical demeanor.

The girls and hybrid forms that inhabit Demme's world seem to belong to their own internal system. They recur, mutate, and echo across the exhibition, as though each work is engaged in a direct call and response with one another. Materials are not simply applied to the surface, but are in effect recycled, disguised, activated and transformed. In this process, Demme approaches femininity with wit, folly, exuberance, and distortion.

Throughout *Chaos in Bloom*, the animal world coexists with the human world. Bodies stretch, bloom, molt, and merge into their surroundings. Optic and haptic sensations are heightened, as each surface invites both looking and imagined touch. Demme's works are therefore less paintings in the traditional sense than hybrid tactile environments. Each scene is richly invoked with narrative life, unfolding as something to be decoded like a storybook. Rather than settling into a single reading, the works invite the viewer to move through a language of subliminal codes, recurring numbers, and symbolic motifs.

Maybe not include:(Among these motifs, the clock appears throughout the exhibition as both a formal device and a reminder of cyclical time. It suggests recurrence, development, ritual, and the passing through of stages. Across the works, there is a deep sense of inhaling and exhaling, as though the paintings, and the figures within them, are falling into a circadian rhythm. Time pulses, loops, and returns.)