

From a letter for Jenny

silly

pattern

managed

aspects

coerced

makeup

like

inviolable

conversations

of

reference

material

for

foibles

I

I

I

I

I

I

frozen

yellow

death

press

Evan Harris

my

online

beating
two

teenage

feel

what

flat

throat
rules

myself

numb

my

himself

hunting

head

checking
daytime

edginess

ex-

compound

slowly

peeling

but

someone
herself

I

sprint

strangers
red
sensitivities

candid
friendship

lead me to my death

continue

this

wound
abated

shivering

it's

change

Evan Harris is a writer living in London. He is nearing the end of his PhD, documenting people's stories of mental health problems. The text is from a letter he wrote to Jenny when she naively invited him to her birthday drinks.

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