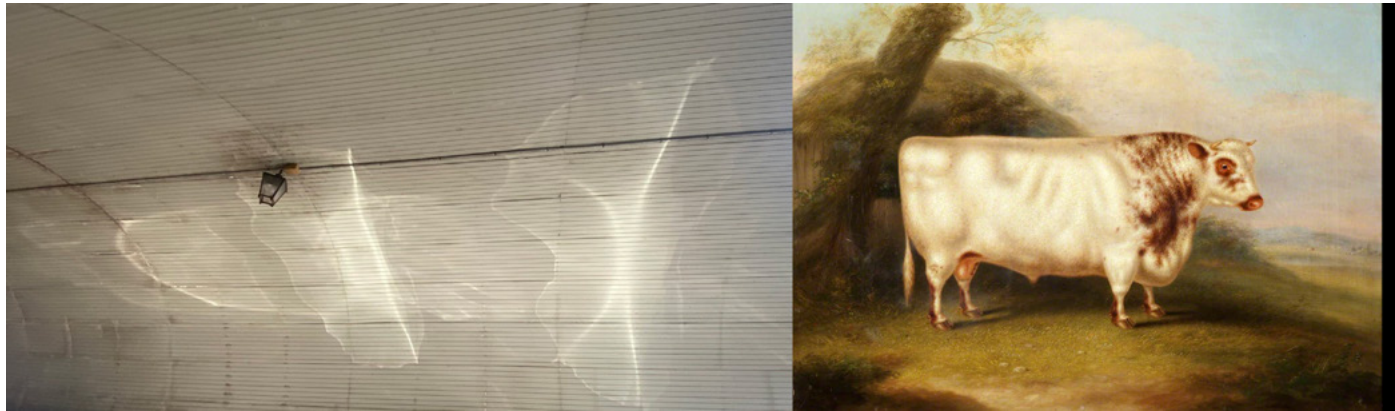


- 1  
8 1/2 hides
- 2  
7 legged bench
- 3  
2 mirrors and their reflection



TITLE



Rindon Johns  
GIVE CHA  
26.08-25.09 2022, Gu

Guts  
[www.guts-berlin.de](http://www.guts-berlin.de)  
[@guts\\_art\\_space](https://www.instagram.com/guts_art_space)

/ POEM FOR THE INSTALLATION

What can I say:  
I've never met a bear I couldn't chase,  
I've been trying to draw a circle to pull all that light over to a wall or the tree tops,  
what I have are almost 8, 3 cut, some overlapping,  
a bench in a curvature,  
the whiteness of my own insides,  
my 60 euro reeboks a size too big,  
returned,  
the thin socks used my lips,  
my lips chapped,  
broken,  
each penny shone like new,  
I'm without shoes on the floor without a hat on the cement,  
I am a vapor barrier filling with mold and I loved them,  
I wanted them,  
I gave them a head start,  
Shameful,  
yes but,  
who wants to put their feet on the pavement,  
I couldn't keep track of you,  
plastic coated and parading,  
let's all step outside and look at the door,  
and what of the machine,  
is it replacing the animal for compassion or because the fragility of the animal hinders forward locomotion,  
where aren't we going so quickly,  
a fur muff is stylish once more,  
but it's vegan she cried at her dinner plate,  
to her own ankles,  
bit marked and overflowing,  
socks,  
snickering,  
pinching toes,  
slicing sausage with a thin knife,  
near blood scabs,  
flexing,  
all under silk pants,  
it was proper actually to not wear a watch with a tuxedo,  
what is the use of knowing the time when all the things remain the same,  
assume your role,  
as'em your role,  
ah'em your role,  
chase the bear,  
bang the pan,  
open the window,  
look at the tree,  
have a seat,  
a rich farm is rare in this sandy waste.

on  
SE  
uts

