

front gallery

Cherry Hell-Rides her Chariot, 2022
Oil on canvas and linen, artist frame
82h x 95w x 1d in

Bath Time at World's End, 2022
Oil and acrylic on linen, artist frame
97 1/4h x 49w x 1d in

Flower Fresh at Springs Edge, 2022
Oil on linen, artist frame
103 1/2h x 54w x 1d in

back gallery

Chicken Skin Sphinx (Self Portrait with Mom), 2019
Oil on canvas, artist frame
44 3/4h x 35w x 1d in

La Gimblette's Pets, 2022
Oil on canvas, artist frame
40 1/4h x 59w x 1d in

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Commissioned Poetry
Morgan Ritter

RAINEN KNECHT

TOTAL CATASTROPHE LIVING

November 19-December 17, 2022

Rainen Knecht was born in 1982 and lives in Portland, OR. The artist received a BFA from the San Francisco Art Institute in San Francisco, California in 2006. Solo exhibitions of Knecht's work include: R U my mother? at Fourteen30 Contemporary in Portland, Oregon (2021); Attitude Problem at CAPITAL in San Francisco, California (2018); and Daydream of Darkness, a two-person exhibition with Nicola L at SITUATIONS in New York City (2018). Group exhibitions that have shown Knecht's work include: Milk of the Poppy at CAPITAL in San Francisco, California; Geranium at Stems Gallery in Brussels, Belgium; Hecate at Various Small Fires in Los Angeles, California; Chimera at Fisher Parrish in Brooklyn, New York; Turn back! Turn back! at Shulamit Nazarian in Los Angeles, California; and Run with the Wolves at The Pit in Los Angeles, California. In 2021, Knecht was awarded The Hallie Ford Fellowship.

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sCrEaM To mACh tHe bOdY
ThE BoDY iN AnD DoWn
lAbOr cHuGgInG On
tHe lOuDeSt cAr i aM

MoRtAr, MiDdLe sTuFf tHrU GyPsUm
WaTeR PiPeS AnD MaIl bOxEs
BoUnCiNg oFF oF ShInY CaRs, MoToCrOsS
HoUsEs tHiNkInG OrGaSm oR PsYcHoSiS

sCrEaM To mACh tHe bOdY
tHe bOdY In aNd dOwN
sCrEaM To mEeT My cIrClE
mY CiRcLeS CiRcLeS CiRcLe

A cOvEn oF WiVeS
CaPaBLE AnD AsSuRiNg
RoTaTe
lIkE A PeAcH InTo aN OpEn hAnD
oNLY To hIdE AgAiN

A FlOcK Of bAtS WhIpS ArOuNd cUrVeS In a cAvE DaRkLy dEnSe
sCaLe sHiFtInG ExIsTeNcE ShE OcCuPiEs a mAsS WiTh aTtEnTiOn bEyOnD
ArChItEcTuRaL cOmPrEhEnSiOn

PeAcH DrOpS
CrAck HeR FaCe oPeN WiTh a wRiGgLy cRy
SqUaRe mOuTh bElLoWs a lItTlE VeLcRo fRy bElChInG As iF FrOm a dOll

PuNch Me wItH EnErGy pUnCh mE WiTh eNeRgY PuNch My tInY MoSh pIt dÉcOllEtaGe
cLaWeD SwAmP WaTeR GuRu

A PeRsOn hAnGs dOwN FrOm mY NeCk aNd i cAn hApPiLy mAnAgE

Against this puzzle is a pile driver
A fly on a screen
bug on a window
mucous thing
in between

A finger baby inchworm
apple amplified in the dark
with eyes rolling back, how she's pleased!

My eyes open again
and she's in my face
The only definition that ever existed is the glint
Stars out in blue, all-time cumulus zoo

A metamorphic wet face
Selfie with nuance blowing any which way
No erasure. Only layers. Anarchy girl.
No tracking. Only changes. Butter gamer.
The only definition that ever existed was the glint

Ripe of ages
Phone apple rings
I take a bite spit the bite out and say WHO IS IT

The puzzle didn't need to conclude firmly
tied up in hopefulness
The puzzle is a riddle with no resolve

Figurehead
She's a wall-mounted
leader with power
and she's a happy captive cow and resource

Scrolling amazon I hear an internal voice say where am I
Scrubbing backwards to find something,
I feel my face from the inside:

*I am a scarecrow
I ward off trespassers
ragged
I'm a sensual breezeway
clenching zip ties in my fists
Anarchy and worms and alligators in an unmanned
garden
Cats are the town criers
and career pagans show up
forcibly compressed like stone*