

*Singalong*

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16.03 - 23.04.2023

You are instructed not to ask what it is.

You might say, "Tell me about this."

That would be allowed.

And there are clues: what's biggest in the frame, how many fingers.

For some reason the sky won't touch the ground.

That's fine—no need to worry over details like that.

Worry over your own self, skin and hair, this mass that won't conform or be obscured.

Have your edges ever felt so distended?

In childhood you were—like any of us—geometric, book of unlined paper, no marks.

Adults wore their experience like scotch tape dragged across the carpet.

They picked up lint and flecks, mysterious bumps.

Things you felt you oughtn't be able to see.

*Experienced* equated with *obscene*.

How a folded paper can never be not-folded.

How the mouth's assembly line uproots the teeth you can't repot.

You can't go back, but you must go.

Some days you feel like a raw hunk of meat, set with wire and electrified—some unseen hand pushes a button, makes you twitch.

Some days a piano squashes you cartoon-flat.

You spit keys.

Cannot blow out your candles.

Some days are deep-sea dives, gathering specimens to understand.

To understand what?

The answer.

In your mind, you build construction sites.

You drive one of the frightening machines.

Here, you can lift impossible weights.

Break down and discard.

Nothing too much.

Back to skin, this looped image: lip curl of yuck, ugly sneer.

(A face for lint, loosed teeth, an errant pube.)

Why would somebody so often hand you this?

This wordless alphabet of disgust?

With a child's pride, as though passing a craft into your hands:

*I made this. I made it for you.*

– *Sarah Lyn Rogers*