

# ALEKSANDER HARDASHNAKOV

A TREE KILLER LIVES HERE.  
Bits of branch and leaf. Carved  
into the sidewalk out front.  
Death radiating from the place I'd  
hidden it.

He took the hatchet and walked  
me deeper into the forest until  
we came across a fallen tree.

He had spotted me from a  
distance... "Hey! Stop that!"  
How could I have missed it for so  
long?

I'd been in a new house for six  
months when I noticed it. I don't  
know if I was angry or sad. I  
wanted to feel detached or I

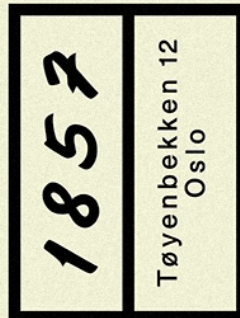
really was detached. I filled clear  
glass bottles with the remnants.  
I filled the bottles with water and  
screwed the caps tight. I gave  
the bottles as gifts. I knew I had  
started something. I had to finish.  
I looked at the spot I'd been  
chopping. I looked back over my  
shoulder. I stood there and read

it over and over again. I tossed  
it to the corner. I've been living  
with it ever since.  
I wanted to carve myself a hole  
salibout from its bark. I was. My  
eyes followed the trunk all the  
way to its crown. Reminding me  
I was no-good. So I cut it down

and chopped it into small pieces.  
Sun shining through the leaves.

The stump, dried brittle roots  
clinging to a clump of soil. There  
the remains would die and rot.  
Unconsciously I dragged  
it to my parents' bedroom  
propped it up a small cinder block

fluorescent-lit room. Wrapped in  
a black garbage bag.



## A HOLE IN THE LIFE

11/03 – 17/04 2016

PREVIEW

# Friday 11/03, 19:00