



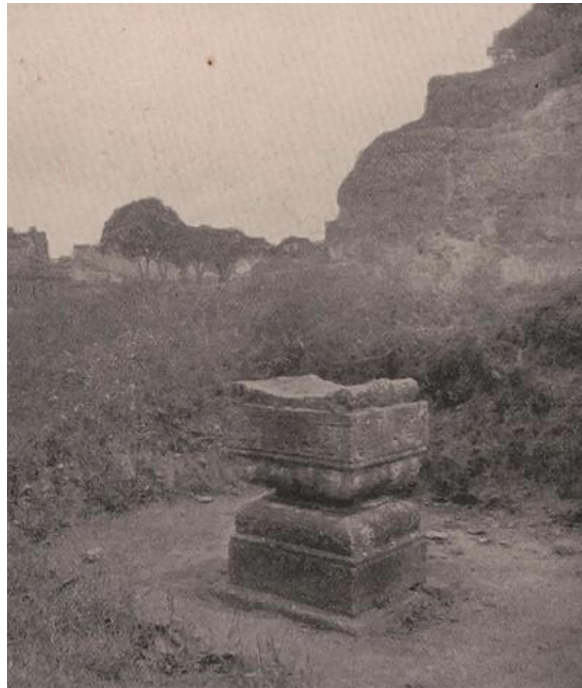
Alex Patrick Dyck & Romain Vicari

TO AN UNKNOWN GOD

Espace Maurice

July 22nd - August 12th, 2023

This text is available in the gallery in the format of a prayer card with accompanying archival photograph of an ancient altar to a God unknown.



THE ALTAR POEM

My ALTAR is a garden. And like most gardens, my garden is made of holes.
When noon comes around I hold a firm hand on the vines.
People are seen photographing thermometers, however many degrees above average
–It's just that time of the year. So they keep saying it'll never be the same.

Roots burrow like rabbits. No two leaves are alike.
Do not worry, come Fall we will have forgotten.

The morning glory
The suckling calf
The dying
The pearlescent drops
At the brow, above the lip

THE SACRIFICE.

Fires are lit to start anew
The cruelty isn't lost on us
After all, for each hole a stone,
For each stone a blessing.

When all are departed,
Who do you think the vines 'll pray to?
Who will save them from withering?

How does the song go -
Won't you roll me easy
With no apprehension no tension
Walk in, talk in paradise
Sweet Pair 'a dice.

Exhibition Text by Marie Ségolène