

## *An arrow shot over the house that hits no one*

Bri Williams

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*Seep into my skin. Oil to leather.*

*Our teeth fell out while we waited for them to grow back in 100 years. She had tried to run out, that is why she's tied up. She had lost her mouth by then. It kissed the tap and hugged the sink. They kept talking and talking at her, but she couldn't talk because she was breathing... or he was breathing.*

*"If you bang your head against the wall you should be able to talk."*

*My visions abandoned, I shed my skin. Carmine flesh and navy veins glow in the moonlight.*

*Is this release?*

*The lock, the door, the clasp, the hair strand chain. I expanded when I was bound, my sebum stains the pillow case.*

*"Our love is like the movies"*

*Head kisses the surface.*

*Always.*

Amidst the chaos of fractured dreams- discarded Christmas decorations, dried flowers, and animal remains- Williams' found and preserved sculptures resonate in hushed tones. Images and works were developed amid several encounters with dead deer and birds on the route to work. The relationship between the potential of sculpture and the existential notions of mortality and isolation reveal dialogues that span memory, nature, and the human condition. This new series of work captures a still breath – forms that whisper and capture life's essence in a close embrace.

A symphony of silhouettes is orchestrated, echoing within obscured frames, experiencing the fluent romance of existence. The work reinterprets the complexities of life through the lens of Dada, a movement that revealed in narrative fragmentation.

Their subjects go through rigorous almost alchemical processes, constructing an atmospheric scrying stone. In wandering through this vast terrain, one might discover their own narrative interwoven within the figurations, reminiscent of hearing a best kept secret.

*Emily Lucid*