



your days are
numbered

NEIL BEEDIE

Location: Level 1, 158 Edinburgh Rd, Marrickville NSW 2204

Opening hours: 12- 5pm, Fri & Sat & by appointment

Contact: e: info@laila.sydney, ig: [@laila_sydney](https://www.instagram.com/laila_sydney)

Inside Outside - By Sarah Jessica Carpark.

Part I. Your days are numbered...

You number your days.

Counting, recounting.

There is something so impossible about being complete,
something so irreconcilable about how empty you seem.

An echo chamber where desire bounces endlessly back at you.

Gyrating between two poles—desperate and undone.

Never whole. Never content.

Clawing at the edges of the map,

for a fault in the matrix,

desperate for proof it doesn't extend infinitely.

It almost almost turns me on—

The way your head screams

Into the retreating sea of silence. Infinitum.

A thousand gnashing jaws devouring sand and medication;

A million tiny sperm babies flushed down the toilet,

Like juvenile thrill-seekers in a water park.

I wonder whether they even attempted to swim up my ass post railing.

A mother's love. A father's infidelity.

A mother's codependency, a father's quiet stoicism.

A broken family breaking brokenness with a shard of openness.

Fractured DNA. Poorly programmed double helixes.
Bloodlines of broken promises etched onto fragile coils.
I bet the robots will do it better when they come—
When they destroy everything.
When they fix everything.
When they destroy it all again.

Hard times make good men, good men make me hard,
I fuck hard men till they are soft and weak,
weak men make it hard for me to feel anything.

A bottom's bottom.
A top's top.
Rope to tie rope.
Shoes for your shoes.
My cousin's cousin. My dealer's dealer.

Clouds, bloated with meaning,
Spell out "A.D.H.D" like child soldiers lining up for a war that no one shares on socials.

No one cranes their neck.
No one reads the sky.

It's all prescribed—the doctors the new scribes.
Sealing the Monday-to-Friday time loop.
Neutralising the unthink.
Mopping up the sweaty, desperate clambering of the sensitive—
The ones who threaten everything.
So sweetly. So pathetically.

Silence is the teacher.
The space between the poles,
The breath before the scream.

How terrified you are, little bitch.
So full of yourself.
So empty of self.

A million more days until you are free—
Only to realise:
I'm sick of spoon-feeding you.
Shall I just hold your hand?

Part II. - Thunder Imperfect Mind

*I am beginning. I was sent forth from the power,
the power born of powerlessness,
Lips pursed on the tip of a word—
A word only heard by those empty enough to become full.*

Oh, you reelers, reel me.
You TikTokers, consume me.
Digitally replicate and produce me.
This is the end times—and the beginning times.

I am the young liberal and the OnlyFans princess.
I am the full force of pre-cum, I am post-climax oblivion.
I am my mother's trauma and my mother's traumatiser.

I am the mindful and the medicated.
I am an Amazon worker. I am Jeff Bezos.
I am the crisis actor Zelensky,
as I am the calloused hands of Russia's young men.

I am the haters who love only hating.
The celebrity and the fan.
The performer performing performance.
I feed on your power, fed up with the power of power.

I am the influencer, and I am influenced.
The followed and the following.
I am the filler-injected face.
I am the unfiltereable truth, the worn and weary crone.

I am the sharp razor's edge, the blunt bureaucracy.
I am the law. I am the lore.
The colonising colonised,
The *Song Lines* and the fibre optic deep-sea cables.
I am structured data, I am unstructurable chaos.

The planet dies so I may slive, slive my best life;
I die so the planet may keep sliving.

I am Lindsay Lohan accosting the refugee child—
And the child, staring back into the bloated madness of a half-woman.

I am fluoride and the flowing mountain spring.
The conspiracy and the hegemony.
The collapser of the collapsing.
The builder building.

I am bound and boundless.
The incarcerated as I am he who holds the key.
I am the depth, relative to the shallows—
The shallowness of depth itself.

I am the mad and the ones who deem them mad.
Keepers of sense—sense me.
You, sensors of the keep—keep me.

The countdown begins.

I am searching for spirit, spirit searching for I.
I am disembodied spirit, spiritually bypassing.
Better than becomes less than becomes better than.
I am that which is searched for and never found,
And that which you found never searching.
I am,
Am I?

Is it inside, outside?
Is it outside, inside?

I am the end. The loop begins again.
I am the chain—and the breaking link.



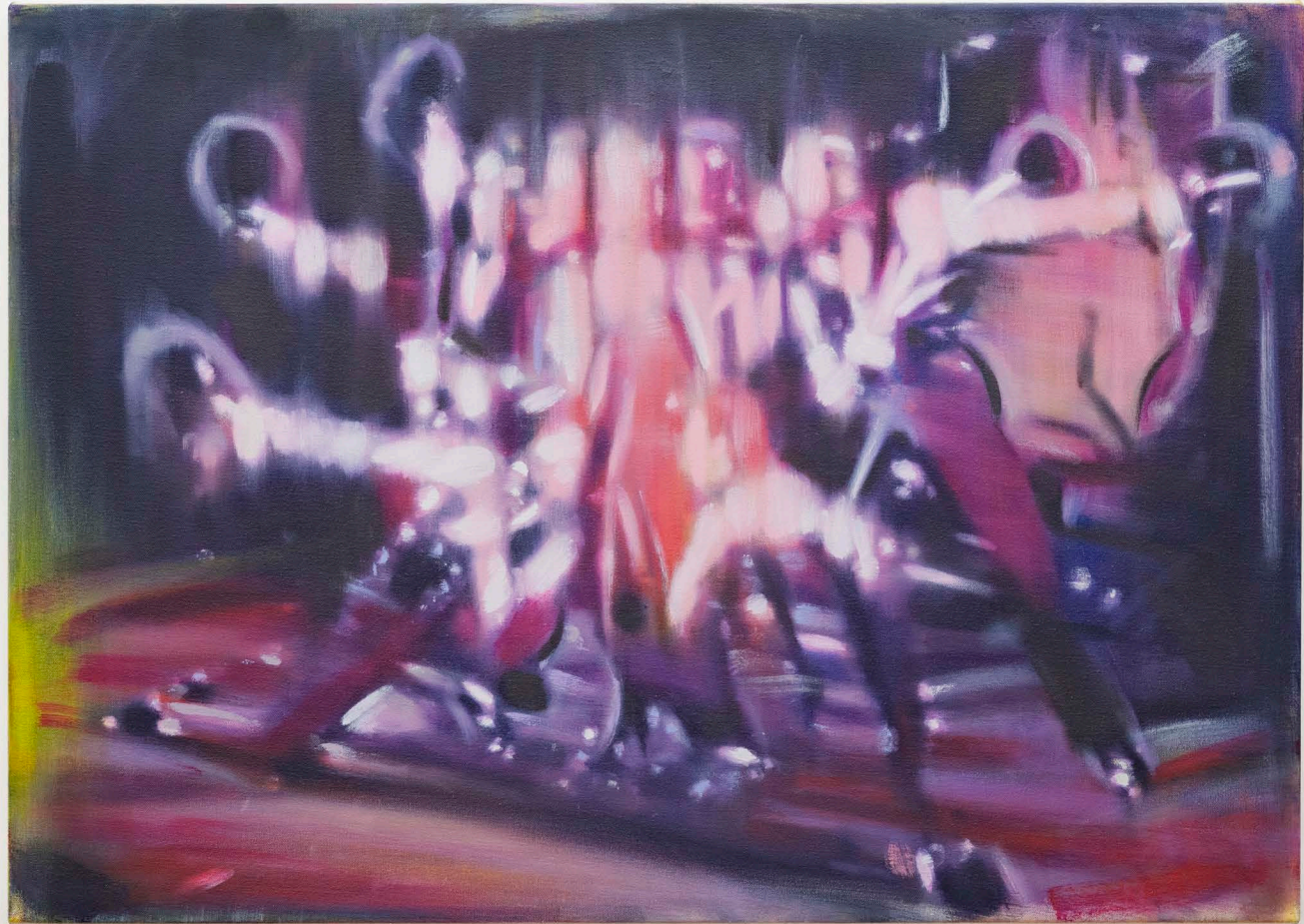
NEIL BEEDIE
(B. 1991)

LILA.

garlands, 2025.

Oil on canvas

61 x 87 cm









confidants, 2025.

Oil on canvas

41 x 51 cm





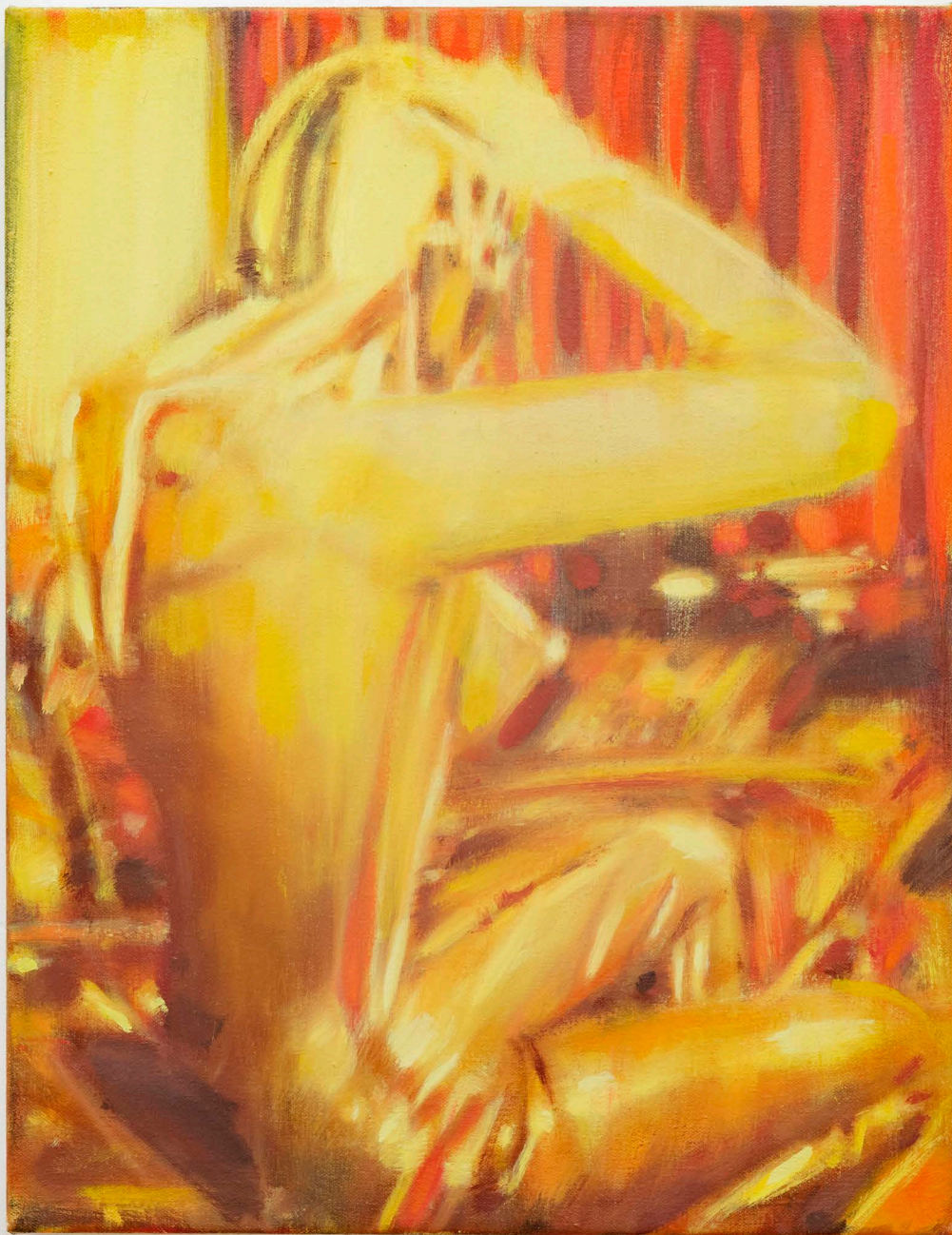
field day, 2025.

Oil on canvas

30.5 x 20.5 cm







comb over, 2025.

Oil on canvas

46 x 36 cm





i can't sleep, 2025.

Oil on canvas

25.5 x 21 cm

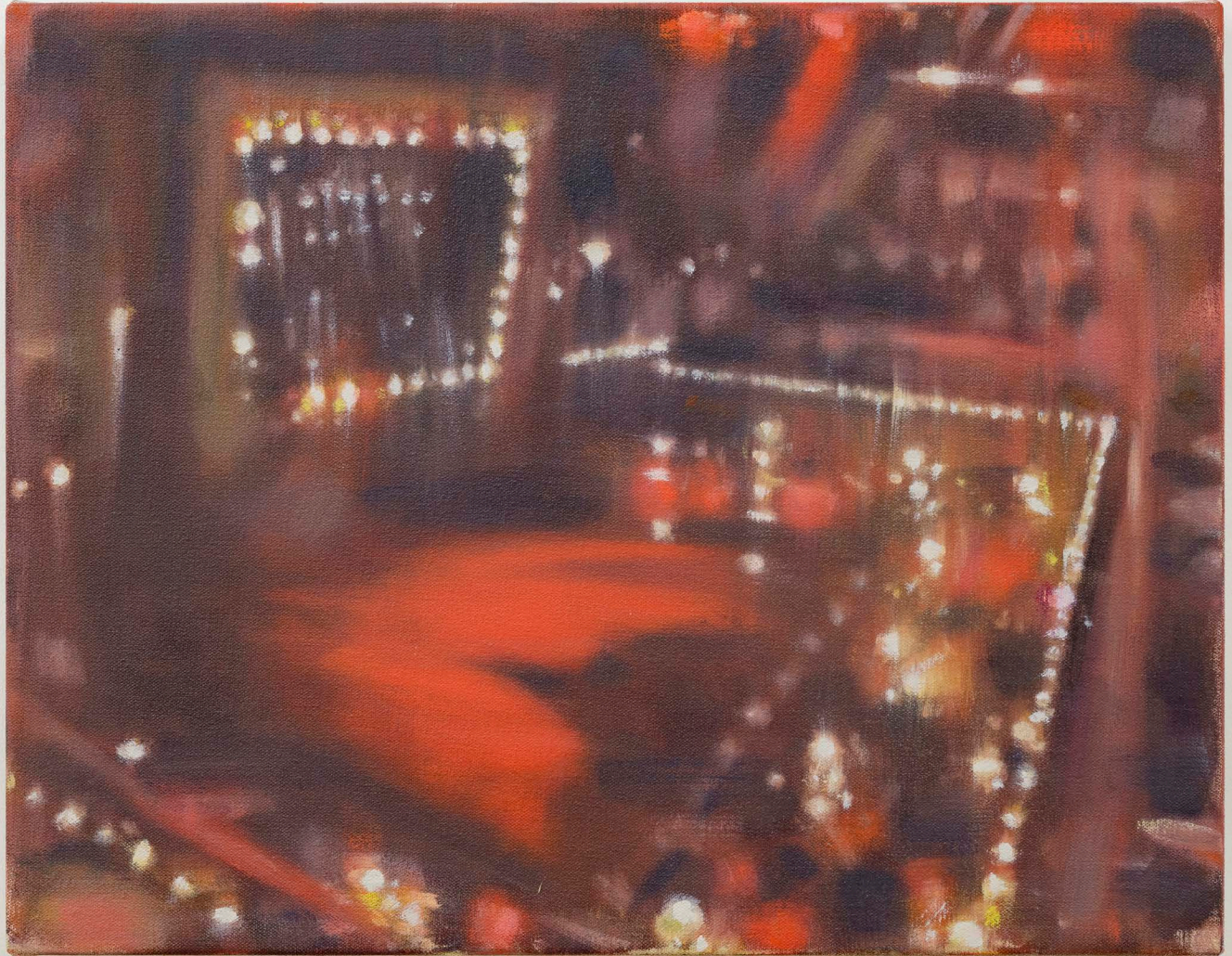




homebody (strip), 2025.

Oil on canvas

97 x 56.5 cm



hey dais, 2025.

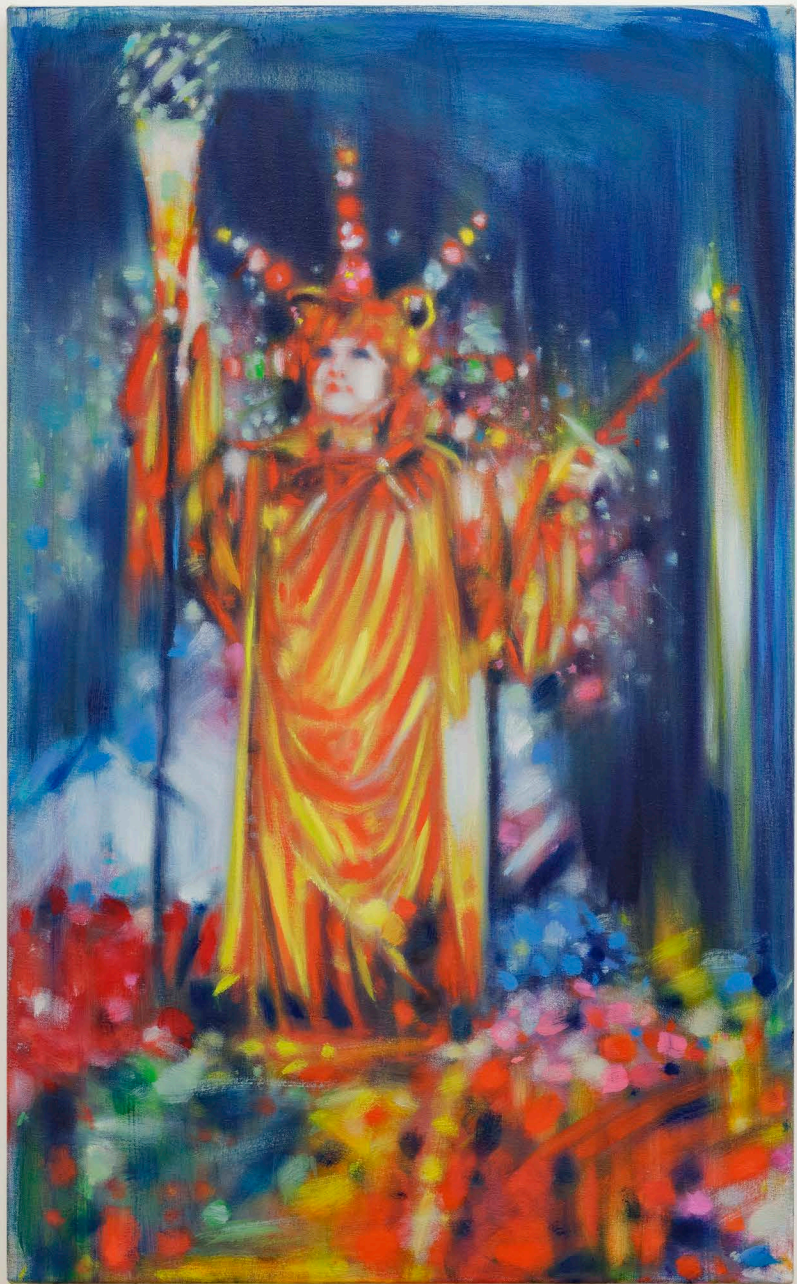
Oil on canvas

36 x 46 cm





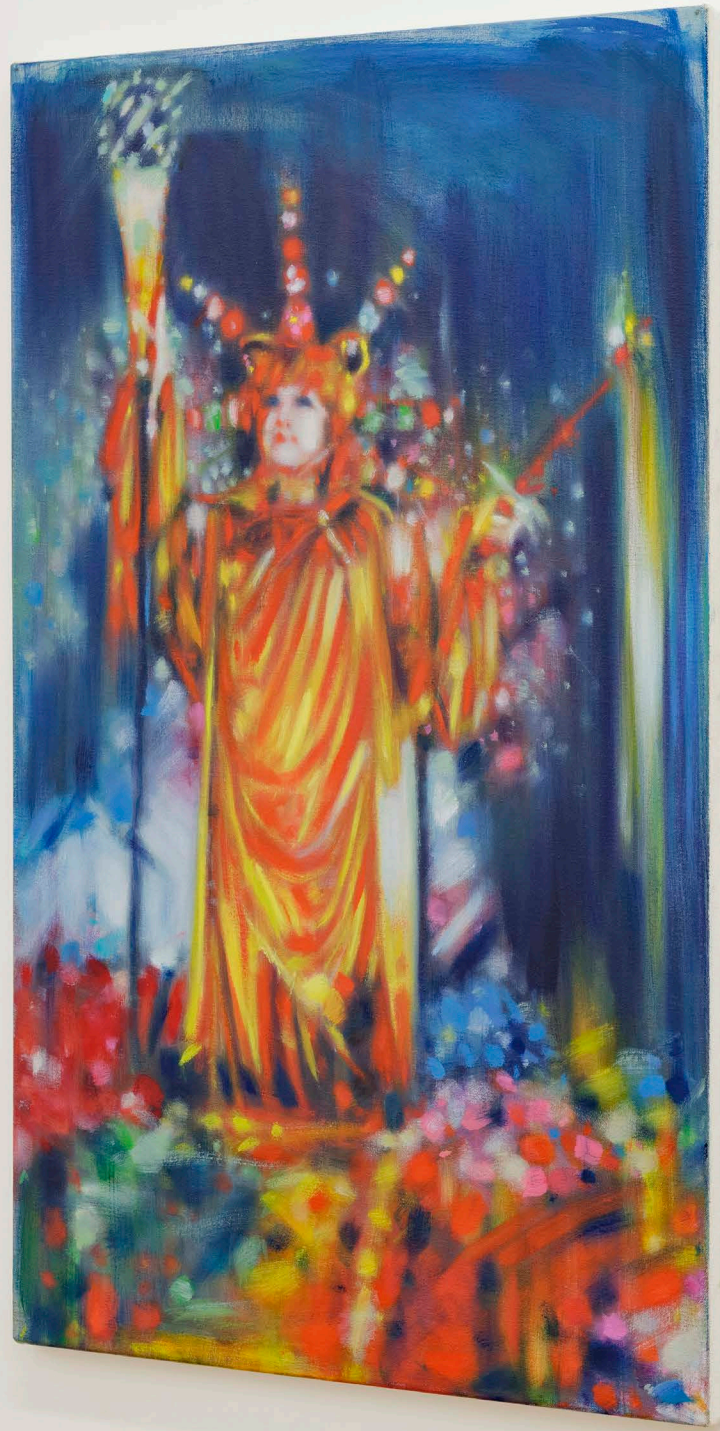




split end, 2025.

Oil on canvas

92 x 56 cm





well well well, 2025.

Oil on canvas

38 x 26 cm



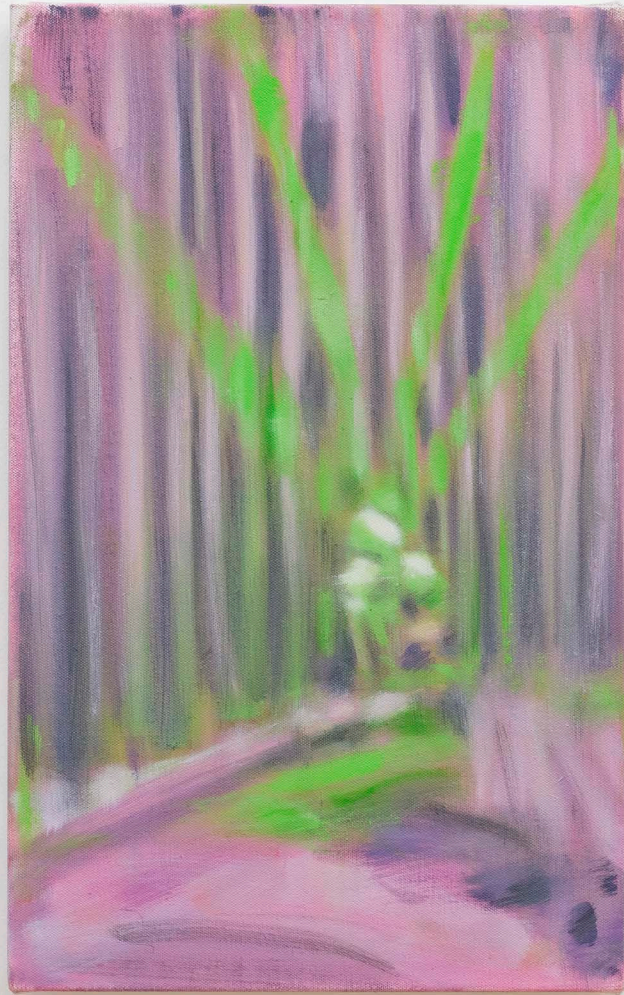




coup, 2025.

Oil on canvas

40.5 x 25.5 cm



ginger, 2025.

Oil on canvas

30.5 x 20.5 cm





coo, 2025.

Oil on canvas

40.5 x 25.5 cm

