

Michael Van den Abeele  
*A dinosaur crosses the street*  
Opening Thursday, 17 April, 6 pm  
18 April – 24 May 2025

A chicken crosses the street and walks over to me. It tells me that dinosaurs never really died. It's an old chicken. I can clearly see that. I can see the age around its beady eyes.

"Look closely at my legs" the chicken says, "my three toes, look at the skin, the leather. Don't you recognize it? Dinosaurs never really died" the chicken says, "we just grew smaller and smaller until almost insignificant like everything that gets older. But it's fine, it's OK, there's no need for drama. You don't need to dig or look for a better hidden truth or meaning or bones -let alone to bring those bones back to life. No need to bring dinosaurs back to life because we never really died, did we."

The chicken looks around as if to show and assure me that it is my contemporary: part of this world and standing in it here and now.

"We just slowly evolved" the chicken continues, "into something more modest and feathered and maybe less favorable. But we never died."

Besides age I see kindness in its eyes, and I look for a voice that isn't too hurtful or arrogant and I tell the chicken that I don't care about any of that.

"You do not matter" I tell the chicken, "I hear what you say, but beyond the strata, the data, the provenance of your bones, I prefer you as a snob, as a New Romantic. I prefer you as a dragon, this side of modernism. Yet you tell me that you've never really died, that you've always walked among us, that we had you eating out of the palm of our hands. But look around you, can you do that? Look at all the misery: people are not happy, they suffer, and your tale, your personal biology or biography, it does not bring hope -it doesn't inspire. The thing that does actually matter, the only thing of interest, is the resurrected dinosaur. I am glad we met, now I can forget about you."

– Michael Van den Abeele

No photos please.

**CHERRY HILL**