

Shu Hua Xiong
Prayers

09.04 - 10.11.2025

island is excited to present *Prayers*, a debut solo exhibition by Shu Hua Xiong. The twelve paintings which comprise the exhibition move between figuration and abstraction, formally referencing biological structures and fractal patterns. Rooted in Taoist philosophy and Jung's theory of individuation, each painting creates a vessel for reflection, yearning, and unity.

Xiong observes a contemporary collision of ancient wisdom and modern science, which forces us to reconcile with non-dualistic understandings. In *Hilma*, a reference to Hilma af Klint's *The Swan, No. 1*, the two subjects almost perfectly balance one another in the composition. As their forms dissolve between planes, one bears witness to a synthesis in polarities, and the beauty in doing so. In an age of fragmentation and philosophical alienation, *Prayers* offers a new spiritualist cosmology outlining how to live and heal from within.

Shu Hua Xiong (b.1994, Shanghai, China) is a chinese-american painter who works and lives in New York, known for her ethereal and poetic paintings and illustrations. Her work straddles between abstract and representation, exploring themes of spirituality and religions, the physical and psychological realms, and often draws inspiration from music, literature, myth and nature.

You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you. You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you. You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you.

5:15pm

louder, louder, louder, louder, louder

40.7155° N, 73.9933° W

We were never lost,
And nothing is ever found.

Through shadows deep,
through veils of pondering,
a quiet flame remains;
each fragment turns.

Tears in one ocean drop.

Once was a river,
Through tributaries I gathered,
streams converging,
Time braided, folded,
Bending wide into meanders,

Mushrooms are my messengers,
Roots drew my bloodline.

Water is the original mirror,
Memories within,
My polly pocket.

17 years
Stone was in euphoria, in agony, in mourning.
In loudest silence,
In darkest light.

Cicadas whining, whining, whining,
A never ending summer, a thousands of summer
Molting, falling, wintering

Again,
Again,
Again,
Again,

Through cycles loss and bloom,
I had led me here;
not back, not forth, but always through,
a spiral wide and clear.

You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you. You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you. You are me, you were me. I am you, I was you.