

Zara Schuster
Chronic Healing
September 15 — October 12, 2025

This is chronic healing. This is the crook in the neck, the overflowing ears of wax, the lower hip popping out, the crown at the back of the mouth wiggling loose. This is that dream on repeat. This is postponing the show not once but two times. This is the third time's the charm. This is the hypnotised snake in the belly of the woven basket. This is the tire, the possum, the fetus, the crawl, the continuation, the light at the end of the tunnel. This is the alley, the hallway, the doorway, the curb, the ballroom, the steps, the stars, the impersonators, the reapers, the truthers, the fakers, the winners, the losers, the gamers, the uppers, the downers. This is the wheel that keeps on spinning, or peace, or the opposite of peace, or imagining the unimaginable. This is the worker, the community, the trial, the error, the opening, the closing, the running, the falling. This is the invisible string, the message unsent, the message misunderstood. This is understanding, this is time, this is space, this is centered spotlight, this is sunlight on skin, this is burning, this is fading. This is acute deterioration.

These are the ears popping, the eyes gazing, the codes switching, the colors shifting, the reptile camouflaging, the woman birthing, the nostrils glaring, the reflection beaming. The wax dripping, the plastic melting, the water cooling, the ice freezing. The ups, the downs, the in-betweens, the make-doers, the happy to be there'ers, the ones who just couldn't be tamed. The regretful ones, the pens which ran out of ink, or refilled with ink, the feathers dragged in the mud. The hopeful ones, the eternal ones, the aging ones, the youthful ones, the past ones, the gazed ones. The timed ones, the populated ones, the streams that fell through us ones, the epic ones, the high ones, the low ones. Its religion, its belief, its hatred, its repetition, its misunderstanding, its understanding, its god, its in the name of god, its not in the name of god, its covered, its uncovered, its naked, its shameful, its freedom, its censorship, its propaganda. It's embarrassing, it's full, it smells bad, then good, it's the mother, it's the one who stays, it is the parent, it is the father, the one who stands tall or the one who leaves or the one who protects. It is the shower falling over you or the shoulder you lean on or the shadow that hides you. Its politics, its not politics, its humanity, its being inhumane, its belief or lack thereof, its dance its movement, its birds, its mocking, or they're mocking, it's intricate, its gigantic, its everywhere its nowhere its the hill, its the mountains, its the skies, its the page that is filled up with words, it is the page that is turned it is scraping the tip of the tongue, the tip of the iceberg, it's chopping, it's slicing, it's thinly equipped. This is chronic healing postponed. This will never be, what never was, what wishes it was, what wishes it wasn't.

Zara Schuster (b.2001, Southern California) is an artist based in Los Angeles. She works with words, repetition, and unseen places. Zara received her diploma from the École Nationale Supérieure d'Arts à la Villa Arson in 2023. She has been running a site-specific poetry paradigm called Propaganda with artist Emma Bombail since 2024. She co-runs a performance series called NNOOOO in collaboration with David Horvitz and Joseph Mosconi at Cafe 2001 since 2025