

giggling under the covers beneath  
a gourd shaped lamp

right beside my sister sleeping  
Ireck on ~~maggo~~ we may go to hell

It was like not having a net and catching a specimen you wanted in your first and second fingers (I was always very clever at that), coming up slowly behind and you had it, but you had to nip the thorax, and it would be quivering there. It wasn't easy like it was with a killing-bottle. And it was twice as difficult with her, because I didn't want to kill her, that

evangelical minivan with it's high beams  
shining their lights upon us

That was the day I first gave myself the dream that came true. It began where she was being attacked by a man and I ran up and rescued her. Then somehow I was the man that attacked her. only I didn't hurt her: I captured her and drove It's like a record, I said.

out by the driveway, as my partner slept  
inside, it was awkward

"Yes. All dry and dead." Well I was going to argue, but she went on, she said, "These are clever. They're good photographs as photographs go."

After a bit I said, I'd like to take some pictures of you.

"Why?"

You're what they call photogenic.

Because I could do it.

The photographs (the day I gave her the pad), I used to look at them sometimes. I could take my time with them. They didn't talk back at me.

That was what she never knew.

in the darkness of the ~~auto and crafts~~ cabin  
making bracelets as you inched closer  
waiting to be ~~to catch~~ caught

Well, I got to sleep in the end, I looked at the previous photos and some books and I got some ideas. There was one of the books called *Shoes* with very interesting pictures of girls, mainly their legs, wearing different sorts of shoes, some just shoes and belts, they were really unusual pictures, artistic.

when ~~your~~ wagon, that got to eat your  
ass out fell through and  
we stumbled ~~from~~ down the street  
kissing every few steps

after I smeared molly across the bottom of my lips

However, when I went down in the morning, I knocked

Power. It's become so real.

I know the H-bomb is wrong. But being so weak seems wrong now too.

I wish I knew judo. Could make him cry for mercy.

This crypt-room is so stuffy, the walls squeeze in, I'm listening for him as I write, the thoughts I have are like bad drawings. Must be torn up at once

when I was surgically mute  
words not uttered for two months  
rather only the sound of lips

covered in mud, it's all a blur  
but a fun one at that

I know what I am to him. A butterfly he has always wanted to catch. I remember (the very first time I met him) G.P. saying that collectors were the worst animals of all. He meant art collectors, of course. I didn't really understand, I thought he was just trying to shock Caroline — and me. But of course, he is right. They're anti-life, anti-art, anti-everything.

as thunder struck the lake  
~~I stumbled you~~  
we lay atop a rock beside it  
our feet barely clear of the water

THE COLLECTOR † 135

But he's so ordinary that he's extraordinary.

He takes photographs. He wants to take a "portrait" of me.

Then there were his butterflies, which I suppose were rather beautiful. Yes, rather beautifully arranged, with their poor little wings stretched out all at the same angle. And I felt for them, poor dead butterflies, my fellow-victims. The ones he was proudest of were what he called aberrations!

you took me in when I had no bed.

Yesterday evening he wanted to take a photograph of me. I let him take several. I think, he may be careless, someone may see me lying around. But I think he lives quite alone. He must do. He must have spent all last night developing and printing them (as if he'd go to the chemist's! I don't think). Flashlit me's on glossy paper. I didn't like the flash-light. It hurt my eyes.

sitting amongst a hundred souls in  
a brooklyn park  
you roasted me for all my failed  
relationships before we kissed.

in a room, after I had cleared the  
knives on the floor and they climbed  
down from the closet.

Nothing has happened today, except that we have come to a sort of agreement about exercise. No daylight yet. But I can

feral, a wolf and a parakeet  
the you were close to drawing blood

FEB 22 - MAR 15 2026

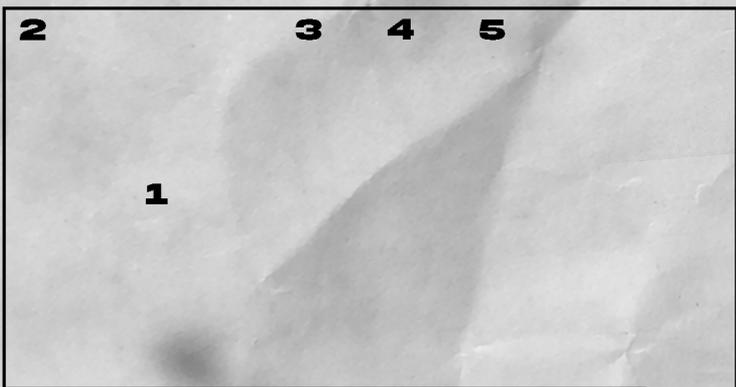
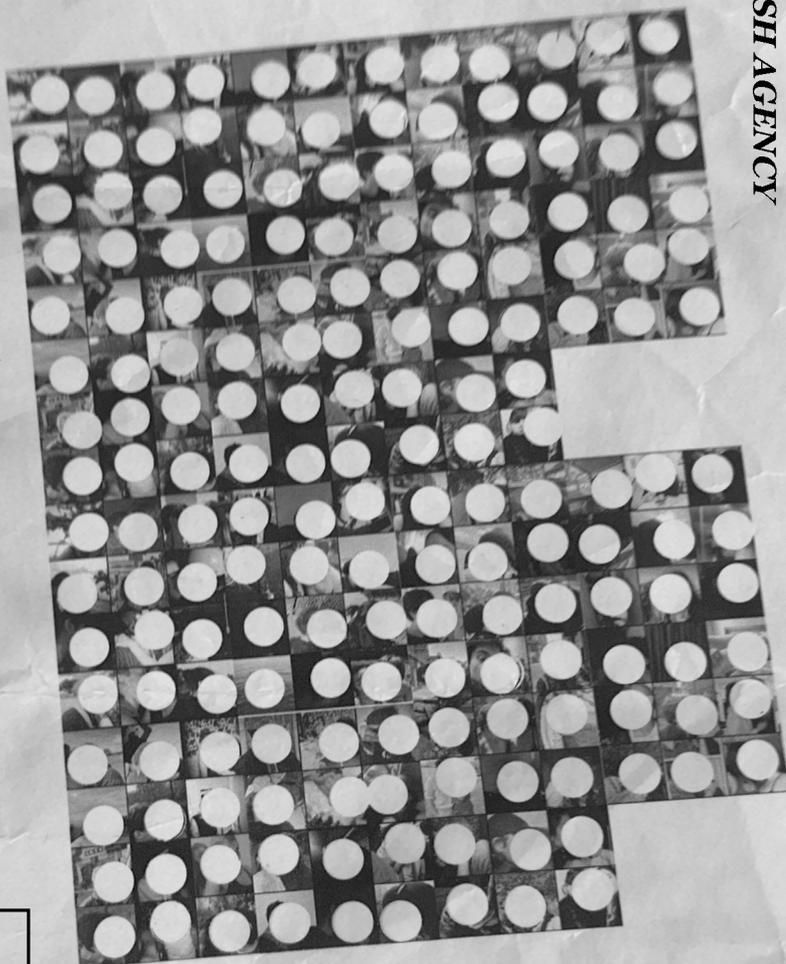
# 05 Kurtkubin

CRUSH AGENCY

Henry Belden & Umico Niwa

Henry Belden (b. Michigan, USA 1993) is an artist and writer living and working in New York City. Recent Solo Exhibitions include *Simo Bacar*, Lisbon, Portugal; *Gaylord Fine Arts*, Los Angeles, CA; *Cierah*, New York, NY; *The Meeting*, New York, NY. Recent group exhibitions include *The Menea Collection* at *Au Passage*, Paris, France; *Champ Lacombe*, Biarritz, France; *N/A Gallery*, Seoul, Korea; *Diez Gallery*, Amsterdam, The Netherlands; *LOMEX*, New York, NY. His novel, *Failson*, was published in 2025 by *SevenPress* in New York City.

Umico Niwa (b. Nagoya, Japan 1991) received her MFA in *Sculpture + Extended Media* from *Virginia Commonwealth University*, Richmond in 2020. Niwa has held solo exhibitions at *Asia Society* in Houston, TX (2025); *Fig Gallery* in Tokyo, Japan (2023); *Someday Gallery* in New York City, NY (2022); *Tilings* in Montreal, Canada (2022); *American Institute of Thoughts and Feelings* in Tucson, AZ (2020); and *Holding Contemporary* in Portland, OR (2020). Her creations speak to a state of being defined by perpetual movement—a flower wilting, a fruit ripening, a somatic memory bank, a valley full of weeds bursting with life.



**1** Umico Niwa "Apple Picking (intimacy generator)", 2026  
copper, apples, stainless steel chain

**4** Henry Belden, *La-Di-Da*, 2024  
Cyanotype on cotton  
81 x 107 cm

**2** Umico Niwa, *Polka Dotted Kisses*, 2026  
sugar paper

**5** Henry Belden, *Boots Portrait*, 2026  
Cyanotype on cotton  
81 x 53 cm

**3** Henry Belden, *Case Study*, 2026  
Cyanotype on cotton  
81 x 53 cm