

when the tree is uprooted it will grow	<u>botulism</u>		we are in the disaster	a few bodies	surprised every time by the
again or it will not. similarity of	<u>madeleine stack</u>	infinite worlds	an alarm clock made of leaves	sacrificed in the line of the joke	thickening, always caught
environment guarantees nothing. if the		available	baby's breath tangled in the mechanical jaw of the animal		unawares. it has fins this
tree grows again it will grow in a sensible	when the farm lays fallow	infinite hands	organic tears and inorganic tears		thing and teeth
direction or it will not. it will yearn to be	vines choke the mechanism	many-clawed as	finally to palliate the symptom to dump the eyes sometimes		spongy calico feeling
close to something that cannot be	overtaking the floorboard the	tool the injury	green sometimes blue from the		she bled onto my hand. it was
measured or predicted. it will grow	another just says push mechanisms, pull	erotic desire	internal transmitter		salty. the sky stopped its whimpering
sideways and stunted or it will not. time	mechanisms	amulets weaving	once I have fucked, once I have been	messenger goes straight for the throat	her breath moved sideways
will tell. the eye can't furrow any deeper	which is rather more ambiguous	daisy chains thru	once the green crystals and the red are	consider a turned corpse, tongue lagging	a yellow shiver tightening the spear
the fat lash of the horse's eye cannot veil	plant lilac in this arterial grammar	abandoned	now I want to die in the place	churning my own insidemouth	my colour was lilacsunset glittering
its thought	inseminate as needed	industrial hardware	no exhalation	everything my plywood witness box	everything the
<i>stable</i>	more skilfully	everloving to get	where my won was	side, the other side of the law whose	privacy protects
a person can be made to move like an	the operation of the gesture	rooted as in fuck off	tired eyes horse having seen the depths	me. occasionally dramatic	for a new flap of skin to grow between
<i>thinking of soldiers</i>	to be the machinist and the	get rooted as in dig	I didn't earn it	I accustom myself to mine own hoofs	the unjagged knots
<i>animal</i>	ploughed, to be the crane and	your many-	cursed housed loused hosed down frothing at the mouth	wedges splitting at the heels	she visited from time to time taking the
<i>of pleasure of thinning ranks</i>	under certain circumstances	tentacled claw into	it came down upon me	green budding halo around it	brave water to still her thoughts.
<i>of success of skulls and knees</i>	the overgrowing vine	the earth	in the seeping way	but still winterbrittle at the	let the telling earth tell, she screamed
<i>visible of big white heads thinking</i>	mortifying to be seen and pinned down gods turned to mere mortals under a burning gaze	<i>our invited labourers impressive in the venom they reserve</i>	that these things often come	centre	strands of sperm webbing the fingertips
<i>of innocent trigger-fingers and</i>	there are no earthquakes here but the ground can be distrusted in other ways. seeping, sucking, biting	<i>for one another</i>	it was pitted with green buds	a neigh across the paddock stuns the silence into	I bolted unsaddled
<i>innocent hard-ons and success success</i>		<i>take from her my eyes</i>	green budding halo around it	when I lick it I feel this	candor as definition one aspect of the
<i>of our old hard-won heaven of bodies burrowing into</i>			but still winterbrittle at the	submission. little frosty nuzzle. tiny agony of seeds	holy cave
<i>bodies, of giving birth and finding foundering of hard</i>			centre	my style growing	thick line of pectoral growth like a slab, manicurist of the underworld
my curse my horse	sucking at my own transfusion, sitting upright, gaining powers		when I lick it I feel this	my style growing	thick gristled hand saying eatit eat ruined chewed soul chewed opened up and spat out, her energy, divine to the threshold
<i>things of chains thinking</i>	remain in the flying air as long as you are able		my style growing	my style growing	hand. redworms roundworms pinworms threadworms tapeworms. the animal did not know which parts of it listening to divine pop songs on divine
my burden I climb willingly on	to turn the anger into a prostration		my style growing	my style growing	could be transmitted to other animals, light irritation of lilac breeze, parasites travel through time hiding in the radios
waiting to become nice	to remember a shard of the distant past		my style growing	my style growing	air-conditioning vents born en caul hot luck a perfect killer
how will we know the outline of	watching some inseminated breeze from plant arterial mechanisms,		my style growing	my style growing	
when she slides off my cock	entering the spatial temporal urgency of other animals' perspective		my style growing	my style growing	
our desire in the next world. we'll	we go down		my style growing	my style growing	
a meandering beginning, a panorama			my style growing	my style growing	
use our hands			my style growing	my style growing	
of unimagined lushness and delicacy,			my style growing	my style growing	
casinos where you only win, winter			my style growing	my style growing	
gardens glittering crisply			my style growing	my style growing	

Canter

Anna McMahon
9.6.19 - 23.6.19

This exhibition is essentially about a coping mechanism I used when I was around 4-5 years old that I developed after a traumatic childhood event. I had convinced myself at this point in my life that I was a horse. I would go out to the field next to our house and run around the paddock and remember even seeing my body as a horse's body, and feeling a sense of longing to spend time with other horses. I wanted to think through how this idea of self care at such a young age has translated into my adult life, housed in the same body, cloaked with the same memories and feelings. I wanted to give this coping mechanism some care and respect itself, to send it some love, to give it some airtime. I wanted to explore the kindness I showed myself at this age. These systems of self care that we develop before we have a deep understanding of the world are complicated and complex. They are also hard to articulate. They're vague because they were archived at the same time we were learning how to walk down stairs or screw a lid on a jar. I wanted to try and create artwork that expressed the myriad of complicated feelings surrounding these memories. I have attempted to do this through this exhibition.

Here is a key to the room:

- The walls are painted in a colour that is called 'lilac lies'. This colour might be painted on the walls of 4-5 year olds bedroom.
- The floor is covered in a thick black plastic that is puckered and ruffled. It's a waterproofing plastic called builders film. It's a feeling of care but also of suffocation. It's a bit messy.
- The chain block adorned with baby's breath flowers (also sprayed lilac) is a mix of soft and hard elements. This is the site of trauma for me. The flowers sit like a wreath on that memory.
- The drawings of hands all have extra fingers, they're sticky and messy. They are reaching forward from that memory and drawing me back.
- The video is another essay, maybe the more vague poetic version of this text. It's essentially a video of me trying to get into the same head space I was in when I was pretending to be a horse and enacting this.
The sound is me making fake horse clip clop noises and me humming 'Fields of Gold' by the musician Sting.
- On the other side of this page is a poem written in response to this exhibition by the very talented Madeleine Stack.

Canter is powered by Lūpa, a media player for art galleries. More information at lupaplayer.com.

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