



Irene Wa: Smell of awakening soil
July 10 - August 29, 2020

Smell of awakening soil

Irene Wa



Right: *Piel cáscara* (Leaf crust), 2019. 6.5 x 9 in. Dry leaves.
Left: *Self-portrait*, 2019. 6.5 x 8 in. Ceramics.

The work can be a compound. A compound. A compound. Un compilado. Una compilación. Una acumulación. Un cúmulo.

Cumulus of small pieces of paper, particles of dust that transform. Accumulation of actions, experiences of loss, construction, integration. The moments of limbo, between something that was and something to become. Transition.

I. The fall.

A leaf has a *limbo*- specific part of the body where most of the photosynthesis happens. The leaf inhales and exhales. She does it at night. The limbo is the part of the leaf that is wide and flat. The limbo- it is called *limbo*.

When autumn starts, the tree absorbs the nutrients from the body of the leaf. She has to fly, eventually fall and *integrate*.

When the leaves are in the tree, they are part of a system. When they fall, they become obsolete, to then be part of another system. To be a dry leaf connected to the tree is different from a dry leaf carried by the wind. Transition.

She falls to the ground and joins other bodies, other leaves. She integrates into the ground. She becomes the earth and then the insects and then the fruits or dust or wind.

The leaves become a skin cortex that softens the soil. They are humid, then dry- their bodies contract, break. They join the others. They become pieces, unrecognizable, colorless matter. They become what they were; speculation, evidence. Now, said like this, the leaves are like the women in my country.

II. The floor.

Floor of red numbles. Studio powder and industrial leaves.
Floor of glue and skin.
Floor of face down, neck bent, eyelids.
Piece of ground, floor of ground, dissected sections,
flattening of residue, and resin.
(Piso de cabeza gacha, piso de párpados, hojas secas
y espalda)

The ground is accumulation.

Al final siempre el peso y el piso. Al final siempre todo cae.
Y en el piso todo. Adentro del piso, el pasado. Abajo del
piso la historia. ¿Cuánto más puede acumular?
Fosas llenan de agujeros el suelo de mi país.

Dry skin gravity fall
Fall safety gravity fall
Protection fall, protection gravity pull,

Fall

And ice falls, salary falls, clothes and lithium like sand they
fall.

América Latina que cae, sus selvas caen, las cuerpas caen,
Bombs buildings roots: my arms they fall

heavy gravity

To the ground

And there is nothing but speed and fall and ground and soil
Everything inside that ground,
The past
The history

And my fallen arms

I am building myself a stage, a limit. I delimit my space;
I delimit yours. I layer with pieces a floor of great leaf,
great leaf of floor.
Red floor of brown grasses, skin of tree, floor of warm crust.

Suelo el anzuelo, ¡vaya consuelo!



The floor, 2020. 8 x 12 ft. Paper, dry leaves, dust

III. The opening.

A metaphor, an illusion. An illusory image of a portal, an
image of an imagination. An opening. Find it. Escape. I am
escaping as I write. I delay the voice. I am referring to the one
voice that opens, doors-gates-portals.
Imaginary of the unknown, black holes. Enter the limbo.

Containers of head, of thought, of projection. Container of
what is inside.

Containers of head removed from the body. In my country,
women have been removed from their bodies. What remains
is the opposing space of what their bodies were. They
become masks of hollow. Masks with holes in their history
and holes in their form. Openings, fissures, gaps. They don't
cover, and they don't hide.

The dust turns red, stubborn, loaded. Contradictory mass of
heavy gravity and absolute color.

And the smell of the ground stones.

IV. La tierra.

Burying soil, covering soil. The weight that carries the soil
that carries, the barren soil,

(coming back to the soil and ground and land and dust).

How much does it weigh, the soil that I carry in my head?
It drags down, and falls, always to the ground (and on the
ground, the soil.)

Mi cabeza tierra mala contenida
Comprimida cabeza, tierra que no es mía.
Cabeza tierra madre que me lleva y me regresa
Tierra madre abatida



Head container, 2019. 7 x 8.5in. Cardboard and soil.

V. Tongue.

Song sings
Head tense
ears grasp tight
And the tongue pushing pressure
palate hang dry
without rest paladar

Mouth pressured tongue
Tangled throat, oat goat got,
Pot throat throw, throt throttle throt
Tubing hanger
running throat

Head is tense, head intense
grasp set tight
grasp and crasp
gutter mouth

Song sings, tangled tongue, hung up goat, got a gut
Tongue tight,
Ears pushing
pressure pleasure
measure treasure –

Tubing hanger head, gullet without rest
the tubes throat, press(ent) tense
The (gullet) throat, throttle dense
throb throat vibrating song
tongue throne,
Thrown mown, prone roan, tense mown. Throw, throat,
throb, throttle throb, throat, thraat, thow, thr thr thhhhr
throp, thhh thrrrown, thth th th thhhh thrrrrmm thrm
mmmm mmm- --- -----

thhhhhh

-

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VI. Trampa.

A wide flat space, inside my room. A limbo. I remember windows, the branches moving over/under/through the window with a thick moist.

The sounds are vibrations. I listen with my neck and the back of my ears. I've arrived to the other side: the known place of the unknown. It smells like wet dirt, and I can see my eyes.

The loss comes,
she arrives silently,
seats besides me,
looks at me.

She punishes my arms. She numbs my hands.
The loss visits me, seats besides me.
She is waiting,
(she is silent).

Y entonces siento que el vértigo. El punto de inflexión,
de deflexión, de reflexión, de disflexión, de deforflexión.
Es como estar en el punto, en el apunto, en el ya casi llegas.
Y la Golema estará tranquila, y será ella y seré yo
y la Golema.
Tendrá mis ojos,
que serán suyos,
que son suyos ya,
y me formará con la oscuridad de su piel de papel,
que me cubre delicada
y me rompe
y me vacía.

And the Golema will sit calmly, and I will be her, and
she will be me, her, and the Golema. She will have
my eyes, that are already hers. And the darkness of
her skin of paper will cover my body delicately.

I wait,
silent,
until I dry.

VII. Remain

Today you arrived late.
To everything.
Making thighs from papayas,
a ghost limb
the arm that is not mine,

Crowded necks
head deep open in my bed.

Today I grinned, skins and wings
my grown roots nailed to the skies
and the head between my eyes.

And heart trembles,
eardrum crumble apples,
eardrum roars-
eardrum pavement flaw.

Yesterday I had a dream. I was eating soup,
and the plate was full of dry leaves.
Dry leaf wind skin
black pavement covers my feet.

My stomach.
stump stone, stomach startle.
My teeth sprouting.
opened cocoons, pupa broth,
butter and flies.

The day is stomach stone, crude crumble, fake gulp.

Where did I left my coat of wings?—





Detail of *"The floor"*, 2020. 8 x 12 ft. Paper, dry leaves, dust

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*Front Cover: Detail of *"Self"*, 2018. 5,3 ft x 15 in. Recycled cardboard, paper maché

Design by Nicole Gardner