A rhythmic unsettling of something resolved.

These works sit together as a group, with pieces of each other's previous existence cut and pasted over one another.

When your main mode of transport is the shoe, and the radius you roam is predominantly lumps of grey joined into long hard lines, which lay on top of layers and layers of squashed history. Cut again. Deeper for the drill but a microdot for the core. Walking at different paces. Running, jogging, skipping, losing balance and falling. tripping over those plastic cable loops scattered all over the place (Ah Ef! Again?!) and hitting the ground making five hard points of contact. Rectangle. Square. Weird shape made of several squares and rectangles cut and paste and cut and cut and paste and fold and. Land.

Picking out grit of your palms. Out of your knee. Bits of tooth stuck to road. Red paint, old blood, new blood on the wall. On the floor. Hair. Hairs. Dust. Skin. Mites. Might be good to clean. Or not.

The traffic passes jerkily along. It sometimes stinks. It sometimes reminds me of our old car. Or even longer ago, when I was a kid getting into parent's of friends cars. Squashed in the boot facing backwards in the night watching lights and condensation. Feeling sick sensation.

Feeling walls with my fingers a few millimetres away from the surface. Resonance. A reverberation of touch from the sounds of the radius. The cut radius. A section. slice. piece. fragment. Entropic lands. Sand.

Breathing air. Feeling cold. Hot. Too hot. Uncomfortable. Feeling invigorated. Rhythm. Beat. Standing tall. The string pulling up, zipping in, swinging arms. In that moment. Yes. That's it. You know it. Caught unawares. Unprepared.

Talking, thinking, listening. Not thinking. Thoughts cradled sleepily in head while body moves along to destination. Respond? Oh. I forgot my words. Calm. Senses. Playing. Breathing. Feeling. Wondering what happens if…

Sarah Ryder
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