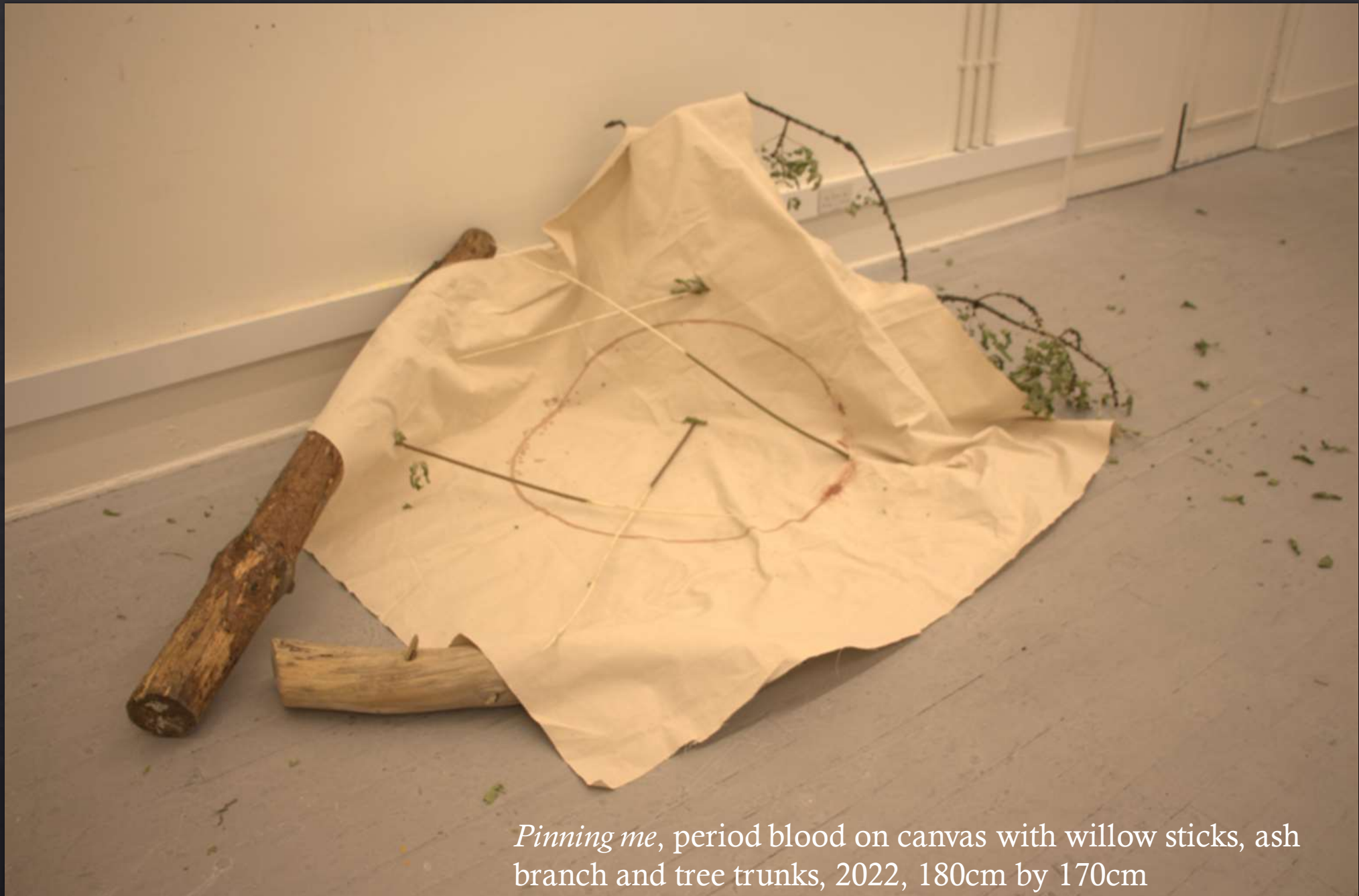


5:7 *The
watchmen
found me.
They beat me,
they bruised
me, 2023,
willow sticks
and
letterpress on
canvas and
calico, 19cm
x 65cm.*



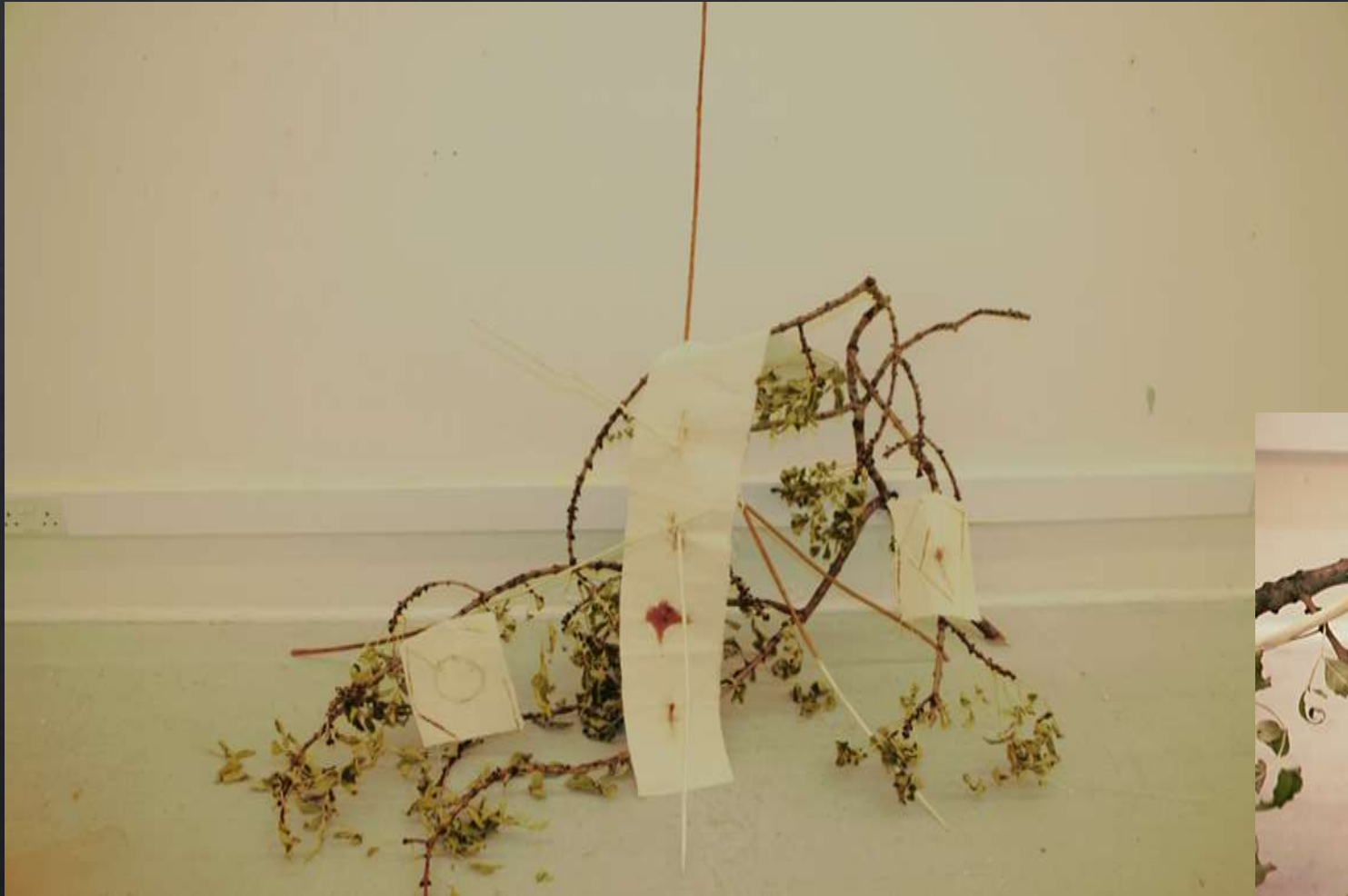


Pinning me, period blood on canvas with willow sticks, ash branch and tree trunks, 2022, 180cm by 170cm

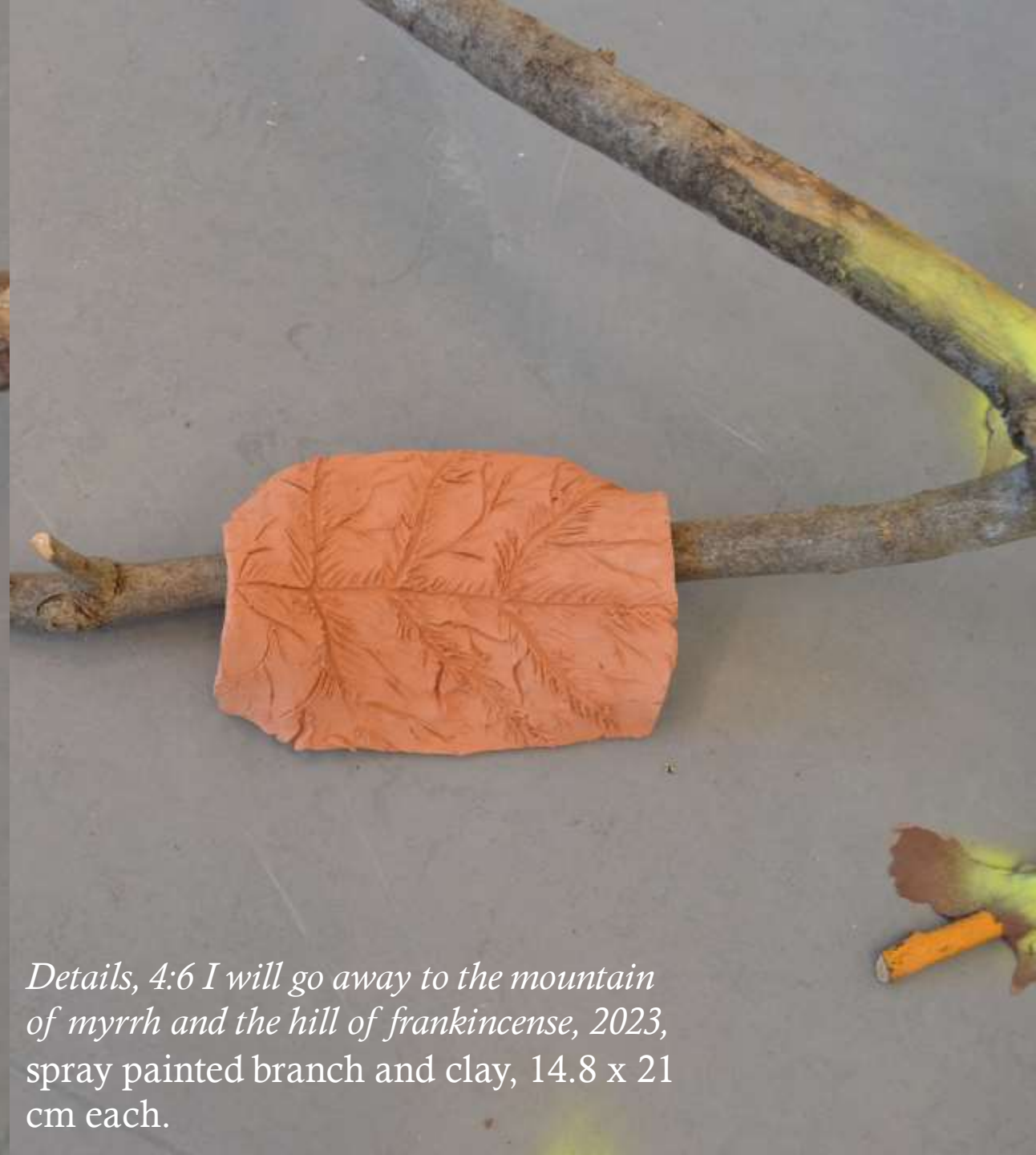


Installed, 2:17 *Until the dawn breaks and the shadows flee*, unglazed clay, 2023 14.8 x 21 cm each.





Split my Skin Open, blood on canvas, willow sticks and ash branch, approx. 160cm x 132cm



Details, 4:6 I will go away to the mountain of myrrh and the hill of frankincense, 2023, spray painted branch and clay, 14.8 x 21 cm each.



*Twitching
like an
animal in a
trap 1 and 2,
blood,
willow bark
and thread
on canvas,
2022 22cm
x18cm*



It is my professional opinion that Caelan meets the clinical requirements for a diagnosis of gender incongruence, clay and turmeric on canvas, 10 meters x 45cm.



*Each year, clay
on calico on
stretcher, 2023
1000x1000m
m*

The woods of my childhood pressed sun warmed ferns to my skin, brushed dappled sunlight through my eyelids, gilded my hair with dewstained grass, filled my throat with wild garlic, stained my fingertips with blackberries, wound river water down my shoulder blades like a baptism, a promise. Threaded sparrow-song and pheasant shrieks between my ribs and knotted ivy and brambles around my collarbones. Occupied my lungs with morning mist and moss and slate chips of the old quarry, scraped my skin with barbed wire and thorns, planted acorns in my pelvis and spun gossamer fine spiderwebs around my wrists.

I opened my mouth up and a fox made its den between my teeth. Leafmould and mushrooms split my skin open where my bones were exposed and broken up, crunched up for marrow. I led under an oak tree and its roots twined with my capillaries and veins until tree song and heartbeat blended, sap and blood merging together.

I feel it now, when my body starts to feel like a snare, a trick laid by someone else to get me to bleed, to falter, to fear. I can choose to loose my body to the earth. The smell of dying leaves, the river rushing past, blood in a vein. The roots reaching up for me, the birds watching me. The winds brushing its fingers against my skin. Even now I sometimes feel both barely here and here too much. Like I can slip out of my skin like water slipping over smooth stone. Other times its like I am rooted so solidly, a poplar tree hundreds of years old with roots reaching down down into the dark. I don't know if there's a balance, a way I can live in this body and mind without wanting to slip out of it sometimes, like a werewolf shedding flesh for fur. I'm trying to find it.

*The altar under the leafmould, verse 31:99,
digital text piece.*

Hunted, period blood on canvas, clay on canvas, tree branch and willow sticks and letterpress ink on canvas, 2023, approximately 200cm x, 200cm.





*2:17 Until the dawn breaks and the shadows flee, unglazed clay,
2023 14.8 x 21 cm each.*



Spray paint on canvas with spray painted sticks, 2023, 101cm x 361cm.



I feel with a chill the violence men inflict on each other and how they prowl the borders of masculinity. I think about the barbed wire fences farmers put up to pen animals in, to keep other animals out. To delineate a boundary of their ownership. I think about how I crawled over and under those fences as a kid. To pet animals, pick garlic and blackberries. How the wire sometimes scraped my skin and left scars. That warm, satisfied feeling of sneaking into somewhere I wasn't supposed to be. The relief at being on the other side.

When I start to look more and more like them I need to be careful. When I cut my blonde hair off and started wearing their clothes I imagined a shield. My masculinity protected me. I remember my sister's abusive ex-boyfriend saying we'd have a hell of a scrap if we ever fought. I wondered if I wanted to kill him and if I could. Should I want to? I think about hares boxing each other in spring. Foxes gnawing their own paws off when stuck in a wire strap. Small birds scattering from a carcass when a buzzard appears. Sheepdogs snapping at the heels of sheep in a wide open field.

Transitioning is like the barbed wire-tipped fences of my childhood. How they had clumps of fur on them sometimes and I wondered if an animal had managed to get out or get in. If they were happy and safe now. I think about how I enjoyed how I dissolved into the world out in the fields and woods alone. No ones looking, a magpie doesn't care about hormone therapy. A fox doesn't know what a faggot is. A magpie doesn't care about hormone therapy. The trees bend in the wind, and creak their old song and don't notice me much. I think about the marks left on me, the mud, the barb wire scratches, the berry-blood. The impression my body left in the long June grass, its outline like any animal and ungenderifiable. The gap left in the fence that was big enough for me and me alone. The traps I found and sprung so no one would have to claw themselves up to get out. How I try to not claw myself up too much on this journey of squeezing out of one place into another. How I ease myself off of the spikes that tried to pin me in place. Sneaking under barbed wire, hoping the watchdogs don't scent me. Knowing the trees and grass will shelter me till I can step out of the shade into the sunlight.



Install test, 2023, logs and spray painted twigs, letterpress on canvas and period blood on canvas, each spray painted tree approx. 90cm tall.



Detail, 2:15 Catch the foxes for us, the little foxes, 2023, period blood on canvas, wooden hoop and wire, turmeric and clay, 89cm x 47cm.



*Song of the
Fox, degree
show install,
2023.*