

Jenine Marsh

*The cut flower still blooms*

Text for solo exhibition at 8-11, Toronto Canada 2015.

The vestigial body, heavily rooted, gives up its skin to the paring knife. The corpse falls dead, but the skin hangs on air, naked as a worm - nakeder, even. This disembodied body is skin as skin, surface as surface, nothing besides or behind.

This isn't horror but sci-fi, set in the not-too-distant future when bodies seem less to triumph over simian has-beens than to reach for a humanoid body-to-be. Just as a cut flower still blooms, the flayed skin shivers yet.