

leaky spores & other forms of morphoses

we bipeds have no clue how to know a tree

a tall tree that is mute
attesting to time it speaks in tongues

its odd words rain up and down
microbe-populated leafy hands

droplets dripping down acne-like skins

and we, we built a tall-ish wall
a wall of unearthed pebbles around a tree

how to queer ubiquitous straight lines?
– dig up seeds, eat crumbs with care, walk through mud

in absence, that tender tree grows sloppy,
porous & spongy

and when we walk, a land and its all can invade us
throw us off our feet – but no need to muddy the waters

a tree is a tree is a tree is untranslatable
yet we can walk, we walk & caress the earth

In response to Isolde Venrooy's growing body of words, objects, walks and other crumbs, Roy Voragen wrote a text.

Through ·L·e·a·k·y·W·a·l·k· and this text, you're invited to absorb your environment anew and encounter contrasting perspectives on earth, soil and bodies – experience what a landscape does to you. A body is a framework from which to perceive, a framework often taken for granted.

Everything is made up of porous relationships, which are polyphonic and layered. ·L·e·a·k·y·W·a·l·k· is both a reflection on the gaps in the material world as well as on our ideas about this world.

Isolde Venrooy (isoldevenrooy.com) is a visual artist; resorting to various media, her practice meanders through opaque and porous landscapes.

Roy Voragen (linktr.ee/royvoragen) is a poet and curator; his practice revolves around the reflexive relationships between body, language and space.

Thanks:

Greylight Projects | IKOB Museum für Zeitgenössische Kunst | Very Contemporary | Cultura Nova