

Barbara

The curve of the sculpture I look at in your garden makes the circular plate I eat off later appear square, I compare it to how you would have made it. Your curves are laced intricately, woven with the asides of being a woman, desire tied into the hard steel fixings, the smooth part of hip seemingly liquid yet solid under each different gaze. You would have made this grey plate I eat off search for the intimate, holding a baby, the plate would still be tender even when empty. You would have made the plate, smoked a cigarette, your fingers tracing spaces in the air as you observe your circle turning square.