

## The Nest Channel

Deer tore in even shelter breath / static long hound cackle breath / murder snort doubles over the blasting channel breath / gas staple dragged over the nest breath / thunder sealed for a lure in song breath... Tending to those downy patches under all egg weight's sag, together we ease a pore of hurt. *Inner vision*: beaking plummets its bird - look to where torn from sky!

Vision-immersion, lensless rend yourself this land's *heel* by throwing a scatter (bread for feathers) so my empty paws may trace your temple silent & rest my heart in a basket of pecks. As even-hour tosses door, in comes night's new gaspings – awoke in a start at 4, out the porthole under Cassiopeia Fire motor of seam ripple arch to ruin all given

I WILL TELL YOU WHEN YOU ARE FAR ENOUGH  
THEN YOU CAN START TO TURN

Water muscle hears imprint of shale plates. So sew up your sight, water muscle. Coal gives over in bitten cattail shoots, breath smoke wing rusting slowly the rust of pines which is their tawny pollen. Out me way! To chase the spark flying up willow music... our forever strumming gift *breath* (I smuggle this sentiment into every letter, namely, how the season is not over it is gone)

Mercy wheeze half blisters around the snout capped breath, troublemakers in the fenced quarter howl and yap even now. Even before the cackle ends, toothy whitebrow kicks up mud (hole-makers) gouges shapes forewarning. Pucker of terror bearings breath/ groany bile hatchling's clean bleating breath. Persist by way of anagram and stars embroidered over under over. Snare a wooden hoot / to become light painfully / then spray out across the milky lowers, swallowèd up by this grotto. Sousreal you wear the purse of psychic handiwork, stuff your pocketless shroud with fistfulls of grass. In this world we carry shit = TO ASH. Stand-on-your-head-seen-spirals-dive-down-in-lichen-breath. Secure for yourself a special place in the held-close hound pack breath..... Hunched trowelling we stumbled into your stare curious seagull : in 3 skulls a wonder buzzing,

BdB  
29/8/22

## **The Nest Channel**

*Organized by Hearth at Spacemaker II*

**Hiromi Nakatsugawa** is a visual artist from Japan and Montreal, and is currently based in Toronto. Her drawing based practice depicts façades of structures rendered in a gauzy drone of colours and textures, which morph and melt towards an ever changing manifestation of the object. Hiromi graduated with a BFA at Ocad University in 2022, and she is currently interested in sci-fi anime aesthetics, natural ephemera and otherworldly phenomenon.

‘Secret Burrow Map’, 2022, 8” x 17”, colour pencils on paper

‘Foiled’, 2022, 7.25” x 11.25”, colour pencils on paper

‘Marmot Lair’, 2022, 6” x 10”, colour pencils on paper

**Jos Theriault** is a multi-disciplinary artist, focusing on plastics, memory of place and the environmental changes the artist has experienced.

‘This Must Be The Place’, 2021, 7.25” x 10”, acrylic mounted to wood panel

‘Plasticide’, 2021, 5” x 7”, acrylic, resin, lava gesso, acrylic marker mounted to wood panel

‘Jogger at Night’, 2020, 4.45” diameter, acrylic collage, rubber band mounted on acrylic paint

‘Happy Accident 1’, 2022, dimensions variable, acrylic collage

‘Happy Accident 2’, 2022, dimensions variable, acrylic collage

**Leeay Aikawa** (b. Japan) is an interdisciplinary artist based in Tkaronto/ Toronto. As an eco-yogic feminist and self-claimed Jungian artist-researcher, Aikawa pursues Earth-based practice and craft as an archetypal path to explore collective unconscious – oneness consciousness. She received her MFA as well as her BDes both from OCAD University and worked as an illustrator for over ten years before completing her MFA. Coupled with this, she is a certified yoga teacher, which makes her work often investigate the space between physicality and spirituality.

‘Awareness’, 2020, cicada wing, acorn, and found objects

‘Grieve Weaving’, 2022, Foraged tall grass, oyster teardrop shells, burlap

‘Meditation’, 2022, washi paper, foraged leaves, wire