

... We are all fragile. So very fragile. Even the very strongest of us. Fragile like wounds in the sky. Colliding and circling and sometimes exploding on top of each other or against each other, on account of the fragility. I lean back and rest on the moon. Language draws us closer and abruptly marks us apart. We have survived loneliness before. I am in constant sea motion, currently not held by any body of water. I can't promise that things won't unravel. But I do know that we are different now to how we went in. . .

To conclude with ellipses

...

To love you

...

To begin.

...

This text was written for *... to conclude with ellipses ...*  
— a solo exhibition by Josephine Mead at Seventh Gallery  
(215 Church St, Richmond 3121), 5th - 28th August 2021.

The work for this exhibition was created across Boon Wurrung,  
Wurundjeri woi-wurrung, Gunggandji and Yirrganydji Country.  
Always was, always will be, Aboriginal land.

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We are bound in language. *Ready to punctuate in perpetuity.* We are cast as immortal, time immemorial. We are transcribing stories into longevity. We had been brandishing the skyline through one hundred desolate nights, until we found each other. Searching for jonquils when it wasn't yet spring; searching for light. We were welcomed into overflow and laden down, two bodies in and out of time, singing new songs and drawing new symbols. We became sign and syntax, overloaded. We forgot how to use grammar and our sentences fell apart. We are worried and fusion and fissure and fighting and candescence and overlapping welcoming waves, like tsunamis, without a place to go. But we do have a place to go; *to return to each other's arms at night.* We are stars exploding and falling into each other with plight. Remind me of what *safety* means. We are the very origins of language, coalescing. We are words rubbing against each other. We are the texture of the sentence. Never heard words coat the roof of our mouths, ready to be spoken. We are friction with and without resolve, and that is a good place to be. We are endings and becomings and beginnings and a world of stories, waiting to be told. Keep things interesting for me and I will attempt to write within the lines for you. We both know I will go off track continuously. We are a thousand sprinkling stars, searching for new galaxies. We are a million stories on old library shelves. We will forever be learning from one another. We both have to realise that we are no longer alone. Cast me in punctuation and laden me with your letters. Use grammar in a different form. Utilize punctuation to separate and satiate and silence me. Then ask me to speak fast, without reservation. Demand that I fill the room with my thoughts in magnitude. We will keep coming up against each other. Different minds allow for pages of miscommunication. Let's find brilliance within the misfortune. Let's redefine disagreement through fashioning new phrases. Let's keep your eyes full of laughter. We need to still each others speech and then cascade each other in sound. Remember, there is beauty to be found within a well-timed pause. Let everything in and learn when to draw lines in the sand. *You are more afraid then I could have ever imagined.* How many odes to you will I write? Marking you player and plaintiff in the pale blue light. Melting you into crimson shores and serenading sonnets in the wake of your thighs. I am still uncertain about so many things, but the future feels full of fluvial possibility. To draw my own becomings, one chrysanthemum at a time. I will keep awaking, to the dew of you. *You look happier than before,* my dear friend said. *Tell me that again; I need the external reminder,* I requested. It's often easier to see happiness in hindsight. We use language to wrap up memories in sheets of gold. We forget that life is sticky. *You look happier than before.* The marigolds pass salty moons around the fireside and we strip the bed sheets at night. I am living in the moment of my past dreams. A reminder to see the brilliance before me. Waters on other planets have different constituencies of salt. I rub coarse salt across my body to get rid of dry skin. There is something comforting in the notion that part of me dies, but I am still living and forging forward. *To know that anything can be fixed.* We are constantly realising where we go wrong. I am the tidal push and pull of the moon and you are an avalanche in full bloom. To learn how to harmoniously *meet sea—with—sky.* I will blanket you in undertones of pearlescent light as grey clouds come in and out of sight. I will blanket you in effigy and bring you abruptly back to life. *We will unravel through and through—still—I will blanket you.* We are flawed and fault-lined and this is where beauty resides. The language we are building consists of *a coming back together, in parts, slowly.* Nothing else will matter as long as we listen to one another. Let's follow the wind, together.

*Good morning, my sweet-heart . . .*

