

dreamscapes



## contributors

### art

alejandra zamudio  
chloe majenta  
delia landers  
hailey guzik  
jega delisca  
riesbri  
sadie quinn  
simone sinclair  
sloane sherman  
(so)nia ekiyor katimi  
valentine alma

### poetry

adwoa toku  
bia richards  
eryn alexa  
danaé maltais  
hannah polinski  
harar h.a. hall  
katú cyr  
jennifer doyle  
laura mota-juang  
lilian vianey  
iva celebic  
ivanna-ajee dolic  
marina jiménez arango  
mathilde senécal  
maya zebeir  
riesbri  
shakiya  
solav



curatorial statement, dreamscapes  
by delia landers

drawing from the tradition of popular education (a community-driven and collaboration-based form of political formation), i strove to create a project drawn from a plurality of ideas, to be guided by the process and develop the conceptual framework of the show through collaborative participation. i intentionally chose a theme that is mutable and undefined so that this framework was organically arising.

i let go and followed the path of knowledge and experience that each artist and writer created. delving into the communal dreamscape that formed. this curatorial statement is drawn from a synthesis of the work of the eleven painters and eighteen poets in this exhibition.

dreams conjure literal and metaphorical pathways. both the actual realm of our subconscious and the expression of desire. the literal is the muddled and bizarre; scenes we inhabit in sleep, neither positive or necessary, dream and nightmare a dichotomy that alludes to the metaphorical. this metaphor of desire; a dream is something that we imagine or crave. it is an idealized future, utopic.

this project simultaneously deals with both of these definitions of dreams. the work shows a vast tapestry of temporality and physicality, displaying how dreams enable a breaking down of the bounds of reality, feeling both physical and ephemeral, the intangible space where our realities collide and expand.

these dreamscapes are spaces in which time collapses. memory and futurity are tangled together. some desire a return to the past, some envision a future, and some see a collapsing present. it is intriguing that these tangles are represented through the physical and subconscious alike. a melange of utopia and nightmare, creating these coinciding realities in which moments become untethered. this is abundantly clear in the real unconscious, whether collective or individual; there is an ability to traverse through a collapsed time and space to visit the dead and live entirely new histories and futures. though this appears in our waking lives as well: the draw of memory and the desire for a particular future.

physicality is central to these dreamscapes, though, when asleep or when delving into memory or futurity, intangible. but still touch, pleasure, and sensuality seem conceptually wrapped up with dreams. the memory of another's skin against ours or the desire to feel how our bodies interact with the land. almost all of the art is tied to these feelings of embodiment, the spaces we traverse or representations of our physical bodies.

dreamscapes are touch  
memory  
desire  
history  
future

*This is where what lasts goes*

by: Adwoa Toku

in my dreams i see all whose presence has made me  
the fantastic and mundane play together and will forth the images of my hearts drive that which is care  
i visit the fields of my childhood over and over  
see the faces of those i ran with, laid in grass with  
grew up with  
here we have changed and i know that  
the lines of time show on our faces  
yet somehow in this sleeping waking world  
is a meeting place, protected  
the passing of years have made strangers of us in the day  
but in my dreams i know what is true, i loved you all and probably always will friendship is eternal  
time runs circles around life  
there are no ends or beginnings  
just dreams that won't ever let you forget  
that in the tender flesh of youth  
we were alive, connected, teeth bared laughing towards the sky

*Dandelions*

by: Bia Richard

Spring means new things and healing. Our hands will make a bouquet of dandelions! Your freckles are constellations and I dream of the peace of all.

I Birds lull me to the sounds of chimes and I grow weary dreaming in my off-white sheets and I see your back of a raven and an eagle, I know this will give you wings for your next mornings.

I wake up from my lucid dream with my half-hot/half-cold coffee and you're no more but, I know your wings are brought to your next dream.



Simone Sinclair

We are born with a thread tightly wrapped in our fist. As we grow, the thread unfurls, trailing behind our every step. A child understands life in its simplest truth for they haven't strayed far from the knot that binds us. But as we weave each moment into a dizzying web of intricate twists and turns that become memory, we lose sight of our tether. We then spend our lives trying to remember what it is we had forgotten. But forgetting was always fated for it is the only way for Creation to truly witness the work we call Life.

Simone Sinclair's work is a study of the curious nature of humans and the characters we play in the drama of our little big lives. Between the internal screams of "oh god I exist", we still find reasons to come together and celebrate. We live, we love and we lose it all just to get up and bet on it all over again. With a penchant for mysticism, her art is a thank you letter to the beautifully absurd novelties tucked in the underbelly of the mundane and a shaking fist at the unfairness of it all.



The Messenger  
oil on canvas  
30" x 24"  
2022

*I Dreamed of Dying and It Looked Perfect*

by: Danaé Maltais

Last night I saw the world end—  
The moon crashed on Earth in a silent  
scream, The planet erased like a missing  
dream.

In seconds or in eternity  
I die — I ascend — I cease to be.

No body,  
No name,  
Dissolved,  
Yet so whole.

I am nothing.  
I am everything.

In this perfect, pure nothingness,  
A colorless light,  
So clear it makes you cry.  
Not white—  
Not anything I knew—  
Just the glow of something too beautiful to be true.

I float through the static,  
A hug from God envelops me,  
Hopes and dreams are set free.

I'm home.  
The ache is gone, the noise  
deceased, For the first time, I know  
peace.

Since that night, I no longer fear death—

For in its silence, I found a new breath.  
In this serene, eternal sea,  
I find the truth: I cease to be—  
Yet awaken to all that could be.

Sadie Quinn

With the tender guidance of esoteric frameworks, such as dream analysis and tarot, I explore that which weighs heavy. So far, this has included early childhood memories, sex, my relationship to land and death, and ecological disasters. My studio process is practice-led and adopts methods, such as sneaky collaging, to allow space for happenstance, whimsy, humor, and discovery. I consistently rely on the human form—its choreographed gestures, expressive movements, and reflective qualities—to both observe and reveal through painting.

My series *Dreamscapes and Remnants* (2022–23) exemplifies this approach, as I explored early childhood memories alongside recent dreams to examine how my relationships to land and death have developed. After sustained exploration, each painting ultimately distills the narratives into simple, tense moments that are both haunting and nostalgic. The diptych chosen for the exhibition includes two self-portraits from dreams; one with a bear and one with a wound.



self portrait with a bear, Oil on canvas, 20" x 16", 2023

self portrait with a wound, Oil on canvas, 20" x 16", 2023



*United Nations*  
by Eryn Alexa

I tell my Papa  
i'll have the  
arranged  
marriage  
"Will you  
walk me down  
the aisle?"  
We're both  
surprised  
i'm willing  
to  
try again  
Asking  
without  
receiving  
"What's her name?"  
It's a little game  
we play; in my dreams  
I'm still  
worthy  
of a dowry  
In my dreams

he isn't dead.

Valentine Alma

“If hope dies last, it lives in our bones; sipping marrow, encased in ivory. Cast to shadows, I became skeleton woman, a shrine to silenced hunger. I waited to surface, longing for the friendship of skin, muscles, the gift wrap of intestines knotting me whole. Waiting for patient hands to thread me back together, for the illusion of oneness to unite broken parts into self. Waiting until I forgot the overworld and its blinding lights, forgot to dream and hope and wait. Your line caught in my ribcage and startled me as I fell to shore. You untangled me patiently and kissed the ghosts of my wounds. The shadows kicked and screamed but you refused to run. And so I faced you, bare bones, hope exposed, my hands growing gentle to the touch as they danced me into shape. I picked up my jaw to whisper a spell; please, love me.”

Dreams and nightmares inhabit the same scape, their territories woven inextricably, only pried apart by our gaze. Fear withers beauty, pillages love, terrorizes hope. But the wild cornered animal of fear can be tamed, with enough patience. In the deep crevasse of love I fell and met ancient snakes lurking, slithering venomous thoughts. Through the retelling of an ancient Inuit tale as recounted by Clarissa Pinkola Estes in *Women who run with the wolves*, I traced the cartography of my shadow, confronting my deep terror of being unlovable. By embracing the skeleton, I discovered her raw beauty - my beauty - precisely in what I had deemed monstrous. In ceremony, I painted this selfportrait over a seemingly endless winter of my life, in a fever dream of terrible and wonderful things happening, lights and shadows overpowering me. This portrait became the landscape of transmutation, a space where I could rest, cry, confront and be held through it all. By externalizing my darkness into an alter ego, I was able to love her in ways I struggled to do when she was tangled within and way too close for comfort. Into the colors, I poured my dreams of radical self-acceptance. Slowly, embodied in paint, they materialized, blurring the lines between reality and storytelling through the magic of mirroring. Now she stands before you, released from the shackles of shame, vulnerable and true.



Bare Bones (Please Love Me) / Autoportrait d'une ombre,  
Oil and color crayons on wood panel, 38" x 66", 2023-2024

11:59: an anthology of dreams  
by: harar v.a. hall

I am planning for tomorrow  
Barely awake.  
And  
When.  
I close my eyes

I dream of work.

I dream of sitting  
And reading  
And focusing  
Until I know all I can  
About the history  
Of how we have loved  
One another  
And feared one another  
And ourselves  
And built  
And rebuilt  
And created  
And improved

I dream of finding  
The

Words

That we need  
And the words that we imagine  
I dream of more words

And more understanding

I dream of seed sowing  
And mud packing again  
And again  
Building the world  
We need  
With our bear hands  
With our souls beared  
I dream of being stripped  
Bear  
Of need for perfection

I dream of long days  
With too much sun  
Sore limbs  
And long stretches  
I dream of feeding everyone I love  
Telling most of them to get out of the kitchen  
Until I'm done  
I dream of baking bread  
Or shaping bricks  
Or sounding out words  
Or digging holes  
Or changing diapers  
Or holding stories  
Or sharing histories  
Or painting walls  
Or laying mulch  
Or shaping space  
Or sanding wood  
In all of my favourite  
Versions of the future  
I am hard at work

Or

I am soft at work

I am compassionately

I am lovingly

I am devotedly

At work.

I have full days  
I have fulfilled days  
And we are all fed  
And we are all at home  
And we have what we need  
And we can create what we want  
I am imagining a tomorrow  
Where.  
And we all wake up.

Excited

that there is so much work  
To be done.



inevitability is a comfort. if you let it be  
by: harar v.a. hall

We are  
inevitable  
Our existence  
Less stone

And more tide

Assured  
In its change  
In its being

Vicious  
and natural

Imagine  
Really imagine  
How overwhelming  
You would be

If you truly believed

We would win  
we would exist  
Past the point  
Of needing  
To win or lose  
ever again

Imagine  
How patient  
How vast  
You would be  
If you truly believed  
That you  
That we  
Were unstoppable  
Ever expanding

Imagine  
If you were tethered  
To your dreams

Rooted in assuredness  
That

We will  
Exist  
Gorgeous transforming

Change  
will come

Inevitably.

“Our strategy was to do what we had always done:  
refuse to stop existing”M.E. O'Brien & Eman  
Abdelhadi (Everything for Everyone: An Oral  
History of the New York Commune, 2052–2072)

*THE INVITATION*

by: Ivana-Ajée Dolic

The rain falls softly  
    Outside my home,  
the wind makes its way—  
    through the window screens  
    through my memory  
    through me.

The dry red dirt picks up  
    As I zoom towards the call,  
A conversation begins and continues in silence—  
    across oceans  
    across continents  
    across worlds.

Upon arrival, there is a stillness now  
    No body,  
Could have imagined the immense love here—  
    Love and pain  
    Love and joy  
    Love and everything that comes with it.

*SÉANCE*

by: Ivana-Ajée Dolic

Silently crossing the threshold of the mud house  
Inside awaits an ancestor  
carving the flesh of an animal with their bowed knife.  
Without greeting they ask,

“Do you think I wanted to work this hard?  
    To kill this animal?”

Old tales of the ends and means—  
without physical form all I can do is bear witness.  
Pain preaches of love and asks for one more sacrifice.  
Love preaches of pain and asks for a witness.  
Complexities multiply for eternity.

“Love is all there is, and it is all we will return to.  
For the love of life, for the love of community,  
for the love of thyself— Love all you can.”

(So)nia Ekiyor Katimi

“Free at last” is an expression of an Afro futuristic dream. In representing Afro futurism, there is an abundance of depictions featuring modern technology and luxury as the goal of Black futures & excellence. The damage done by colonisation extends further than our inability to participate fully in a Western capitalist dream. In fact, a less depicted outcome of colonialism within Afro futurism is our consequential disconnection from our ancient technologies and the poisoning of the land.

In this self portrait, the Ijaw artist chooses to look to the past as inspiration for their future. The Ijaw people are a coastal Nigerian tribe known for their fishing and folklore of water spirits. Since the intrusion of large foreign Petroleum oil companies such as Shell and Chevron, the Niger Delta waters have been poisoned and threatening the lives and cultures of the surrounding tribes.

As a refugee in Canada, Ekiyor-Katimi dreams of an uninterrupted history which would allow them to connect with the traditions of their people without the shame imposed by colonial ideals of decorum.



Free at Last, Acrylic on paper, 11"x14", 2025



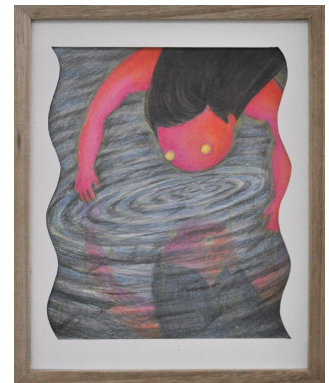
riesbri

In dreams, we often return to what has been lost, not always to retrieve it, but to feel its echo. My work for Dreamscapes exists within this tension: between memory and imagination, earth and sky, migration and rootedness. It explores the way dreams allow us to travel across time, across geographies, and across internal landscapes shaped by displacement, desire, and resilience.

Both Oñani tatagui and Hasē yvágaguype begin with the land. In the first, the act of fleeing the fire, rendered in colored pencil on Paraguayan paper — evokes the fragility of home when it becomes uninhabitable. In the second, the sky is not only a background but a force: oil and acrylic meet in an atmosphere that holds grief, hope, and the weight of those who have looked up for answers, for signs, for peace.

For me, dreams are places where language becomes elastic, where birds speak in glyphs and the horizon expands beyond the political borders we know. The sky connects us all, it is a shared ceiling for those forced to flee and for those rooted in place. But while the sky feels universal, our relationship to land is intimate, embodied. I dream in the textures of clay, smoke, and leaves. I carry ancestral memory in my lungs, in my hands, in my palette.

This writing emerges from a desire to braid together these two directions , the sky, and the earth, as metaphors for the dreamspace: a site of departure and arrival, of mourning and rebuilding. My art maps this passage, proposing that dreams are not escapes, but deep excavations. Through dreams, we are able to build new futures from scattered fragments; to make beauty from what has burned.



Asē yvágaguype, Acrylics and oil on canvas, 30 x 30 in, Framed in oak, 2025

Oñani tatagui, Colored pencils on Paraguayan paper, approx. 8 x 6 in, 2025

## **Kerayvoty**

by: riesbri

(Kañymby pytû mboyve,)  
oguahê mbyry'ai mimbípe,  
kerayvoty ohasa yvytúicha—  
ymaguare mombe'u ka'aguy rehegua.  
Oñe'ẽ tapekuéra oikuaa'ỹvape,  
karu mboyve, yvy kupépe,  
jerovia ojeroky mbyju'i rendápe,  
kerayvoty py'apyguágui ouháicha.

## **Kerayvoty**

(Dream)  
Before the darkness hides the night,  
it arrives softly in shimmering light,  
kerayvoty drifts like the wind—  
an ancient tale whispered by the forest.  
It speaks of paths still unknown,  
of seeds buried deep in the earth,  
where hope dances among silver stars,  
as dreams rise from the depths of the soul.

*Je sauterai de ce pont lorsque j'y serai*

by: Mathilde Senécal

Reviens sur mes pas, marche lente et chaude dans la vase mouvante. Je traverse et tout disparaît - on me traque, je le sais. Impossible de le voir pour le croire à présent. Hier tu épiais ma porte d'entrée; ce soir je la laisse entrouverte.

Odeur lotus miel, un goût de métal. Plongé.e malgré moi dans le marécage des non-dits / non-sens. Une autre bataille en slow motion que personne ne peut gagner. Ici comme ailleurs, nous sommes toustes invisibles et paresseux.ses.

Mes membres s'alourdissent, la pression du sexe toxique augmente. Boutique de bonbons en stop-motion - les crédits défilent pour me faire honte. Plaisirs coupables que je pourchasse pour régler les comptes. Rebrousse chemin, reviens à moi; boomerang en pleine gueule et j'en redemande.

Les méandres des ruelles bleues inspirent ma force vitale. Murmure une prophétie : le secret doit être révélé aux bonnes personnes avant qu'il ne soit trop tard. J'arrive à l'intersection espace-temps / univers à l'envers. De son cœur un chrysanthème transperce le thorax, jaillissent lave et salive qui m'invitent à la fête.

Vue panoramique sur la fin du monde: juste cette fois, il est acceptable de regarder le Soleil dans les yeux. Transition profonde entre moi et moi, je retrouve ce qui n'est jamais promis.

11:58

by: Shakyia

I didn't dream about you today  
For the first time in months  
I didn't dream about  
The taste of your salt  
or...  
The moisture in your hair

For the first time in months  
I can finally move on  
I've almost forgotten  
The rasp of your voice  
and...  
The soft hardness of your hip bones against my finger prints

I can finally move on  
Now that you don't occupy every inch  
Of my mind  
There is space  
For new dreams  
ones...  
That don't involve you

Now that you don't occupy every inch  
My days are free from yearning  
The smell of me on you  
or...  
The curves of your tongue in me

My days are free from yearning  
Of wanting  
Of craving  
Your hands tracing my breath  
wait...  
It's only 11:58

...fuck



Chloe Majenta

- The Nightmare by Henry Fuseli depicts a woman lying languidly on a bed, deep asleep. A gargoylish demon sits atop her chest, and a ghostly horse emerges from the curtains behind the bed. Fabrics are draped around the room and off the bed, her hand drapes to the floor.
- This painting is actually one of four. It was made in 1781. The painting is experiential, not referential or moral.
- Fuseli made works based largely on media, specifically Shakespeare plays and Paradise Lost by John Milton. Fuseli was obsessed with Milton. Before The Nightmare was created, he painted an extensive series called The Milton Gallery, which brought him some fame but little money. The Nightmare was his first significant commercial success and he subsequently painted three more versions, two of which I could not find documentation of.
- The title may be a visual pun of the horse at night.
- Feeling disenfranchised from the church, people were hungry for paintings that depicted moments of relatability, rather than the grandeur of history and religion.
- Leda and The Swan is a story of Greek mythology wherein the god Zeus takes the form of a swan and visits Leda, a Spartan queen, seducing her in the night. In some versions she bears children from that event and in other versions, she lays eggs.
- Interpretations of The Nightmare vary greatly in terms of its sexual innuendo: the subject is in a state of orgasm and therefore it is bolstering feminine sexuality, the demon is an incubus signifying male libido while the subject is passive, the horse is an intrusive sexual symbol, the woman is the painter's lost lover and the demon is Fuseli himself. What we know for sure, based on letters and pornographic sketches, is that Fuseli was a very horny man. And that anything can happen in a dream.
- The depictions of Leda also vary, some interpretations of the story suggest that the encounter was not consensual, yet in many occurrences Leda appears enthusiastically amorous with her swan lover.
- Enlightenment is something I think about a lot, and really detest, but god is it good for a painting. The chiaroscuro always draws me in, as it did here.
- I also always find myself back on the path to Jung. Archetypes and psychoanalysis are a fine way to process life and all that it implies, especially when one wasn't raised religious.
- While learning more about Fuseli, I fell less impressed with his paintings, but admired their context more.
- In part, the swan is a reference to my artist collective Swan Kiss, which orchestrated a residency in the Quebec countryside where this painting was conceived of.
- Dreams tend to elude me, waking with little to no memory, but it doesn't matter because dreams are bigger than that. They exist in a shared subconscious pool.
- The draperies were pulled from Louis Jean François Lagrenée's painting Mars and Venus, Allegory of Peace.
- The title Belt of Venus is the affectionate name of an atmospheric phenomenon that happens just before sunrise or after sunset. At dawn when the sun is below the horizon, the earth's surface is illuminated by diffuse reflection of sunlight from zodiacal dust. This reflected light causes forms to be seen, but before they are imbued with chroma, sometimes taking on a pinkish or bluish tone depending on the time.



Belt of Venus, Oil on cotton marouflaged on wood panel, 12.75" x 9.75", 2025

*tactics of silence*

by: Laura Mota - Juang

the magma has tactics of silence. it prefers no worship.  
its surprises lecture me on what is invisible to the witness.  
if once I dreamt the tiger: full erotic power,  
transient and bearer of the jaw of audacity.  
now, I dream the horse talking telepathically,  
only riding along kinship. both speed  
but in different forces.

what is it that I am throughout the shape shifting?  
the dense heat of magma, the weight below everything else.  
but it is formless and impassive – hidden.  
I am always busy when I discover my reflection:  
I knew of this borrowed landscape  
but who's this figure on the surface of glass?  
it isn't a question of aesthetics,  
rather a query on how to use this new form.

no claws but a head dignified by a road of neck and height.  
was I always a horse playing the tiger  
or am I delusioned by a shift of oomph?  
do I think less of the horse because until now I had never been it?  
my maturity can't withstand my change of senses.

the wise is the query. seismic neighs tell me  
this won't be the last of my adolescences.

*Atlas of the Dreaming Heart*

by: Jennifer Doyle

In the soft blue of almost morning, I find you,  
Not lost, not waiting, just there,  
As if you had always been a piece of the dream I never knew I was living.

You are laughter woven into the quiet of the wind,  
The soft pause between two souls meeting for the first time,  
The glow just before the night gives way to dawn.

There I follow you through gardens in bloom,  
Through streets paved with songs I forgot I loved,  
Always just one heartbeat behind.

When I reach out and touch you,  
The world fragments like torn paper,  
And then somehow each piece falls perfectly back into place when I look into your eyes.

We are the fleeting moment before the camera captures its shot,  
That breathless, wordless pause just before everything aligns beautifully.

I awake with you still clinging to my skin,  
The scent of you lingering in the space where waking and sleep meet,  
And I know, as surely as I know how to breathe,  
That real love lives even beyond the dream.

Sloane Sherman

The imagery came to me first, and I had to reverse-engineer its origins. On a Wikipedia dive, I eventually came across the story of Midas that I had read as a child: Midas' barber, sworn to secrecy about his master's curse, finds the weight of the secret too much to bear and whispers it into a hole in the ground. But what interested me was the confession, the shame, and the dirt.

I only seem to paint nude figures at times when I feel my own body has betrayed me in some way, as if a subconscious attempt at reclamation. For the first month, I kept the canvas turned around at night, away from the eyes of my studiomates. I was aware of the irony – trying to articulate something of my own vulnerabilities, and yet keeping it hidden out of some sense of humility, shyly facing the wall when I left the room. I finally stopped, moreso out of concern for smudging the paint rather than ideological reasons.

My last session of work on the painting was interrupted by my studio's landlord. He let himself in. He is an older man, and I thought at first his startlement at my piece may have been because he was offended by the nudity. "It's you?" he asked, pointing at the figure. Is it me? Sort of. I gave some half-answer which apparently did not satisfy him. "You better put some clothes on that thing," he said, pointing again, "otherwise I might start coming up here at night!" Some people have more shame than others.



*Dig a little hole....*, oil and acrylic on canvas, 36 x 60 inches, 2024



Alimentari Flâneuse

by: Mariana Jiménez Arango

A woman with great legs gives birth at a restaurant. Water spills from the well, then spills from the glass pushed off the table. All dishware follows, replaced by her body.

The waiters rush to replace the fallen cutlery, and fail to acknowledge the scene, perhaps mistaking her for a large bird, an Iberic ham, or a primordial soup. Baby's head bobs out like an apple, baby in daddy's arms. Mankind served, mankind delivered.

The other guests' appetite is curbed, or replenished, witnesses to the miracle of life. The first fruits were offered by a poised Portuguese woman of about 80, purple cashmere sweater and a matching felt hat with a feather; Densuke watermelon salad. Then, a young man with Rilke's Letters to a Young Poet in hand, Wagyu with a perfect duck egg yolk as alm. A Polish party of 9 proffered their Charcuterie board. Climax: Pule donkey cheese. Climax: baby's first cry. Three business men in suits of different shades of gray extended three martinis, one clean, one dirty, and one extra dirty. The newly parented refuse the newborn offerings one by one.

Head chef is notified. He cleans the sweat off his brow, reminding himself that he is an expert at cultured catering, and improvising in the face of unforeseen ceremony. He poured a libation of milked Albino Sturgeon Beluga caviar and approached the nativity scene, only to find the child being nursed by his mother; pure spiritual milk.

first dream of 2023  
by: Hannah Polinski

an enormous tank full of blue whales and  
orcas too big for their enclosure

like any captive, they are angry and hungry  
and willing to attack their trainers

people gather at the tanks each night  
a society of witnesses

D. is there and says he regrets biking  
everywhere together

I say I don't regret anything  
I just wished we relaxed a bit more

as each whale shudders in the tank  
streams of dirty saltwater spill over the edge

this year I want to be comfortable with being  
wrong

I'm gonna say all the wrong things  
and wait to see who corrects me

whale song doesn't reach above water  
we stand in silence on wet concrete

Hailey Guzik

Periscope is from a painting and assemblage series, *A Feast for the Eyes*, made in between 2020 and 2021. This body of work uses collage and assemblage as methods of reimagining landscape, drawing from collected imagery of the Maritimes and Montreal to create scenes that explore the accumulation of memories, observations, materials, and spaces. *Periscope* is composed from two images, one of a pipe emerging from an empty pond at the Montreal Botanical Gardens, and the other of seaweed covered rocks found along the Bay of Fundy shoreline in New Brunswick. Together the images collide to form a suspended dream-like reality that speaks to the artist's fluid experiences of home, place, landscape, and identity across regional contexts of Quebec and the Maritimes.



*Periscope*, Oil and acrylic on canvas, 42 x 48 inches (107 x 122 cm), 2021

by Maya Zebeir

## Habitat

Le lieu du rêve est sans regards  
Les ombres suffisent à saisir l'inouïe  
Des portes mi ouvertes  
mi fermées  
Surgissent parmi les roseaux  
Épongent le ciel de sa sueur en trop  
En échange d'un peu de rougeur

## Relique sonore

Du rêve il ne me reste que les plumes  
Courtiser la lune pour quelque miettes de son jour  
la pierre  
Qu'elle témoigne de mon sérieux  
Arbres de nuit  
Vos branches nébuleuses  
refuge aux oiseaux mal-aimés

## Premier linge séché par le vent

Des glissades à corps nu  
Plus d'étoile à louer  
Je rêve d'un lieu sans frontières  
Entre l'ongle et la peau  
Si peu d'espace pour s'étirer

## L'entrée des visiteurs

La dame au balcon voit ce qui vient d'ailleurs  
et qui n'y retourne plus  
La pluie qui descend  
Stagne au sol  
Un instant imposteur qu'il lui faut garder pour aimer le bruit

## Nous y sommes

Dans les limbes,  
Les anges disent d'accord  
Dites aux gens qui rêvent qu'il leur reste quelques notes à braver  
Avant d'entendre la peau des bêtes se jumeler au chant du miel



Alejandra Zamudio

In short: I love drawing! I learn to love through drawing, which means I learn to become a better observer of the visible and invisible world. Drawing has been the means through which I navigate life. This practice has drawn me closer to plants, to plunge into the mystery of relationships and to pay attention to the repetition and fluctuation of symbols that make up the language of dreams. I'm interested in making intimate work which expresses unresolved and abundant feelings. The change of seasons, the menstrual cycle, plantlife, umbilical cords, my dog, and the mother-daughter bond are central themes in my ever expanding kingdom.

So yes, I mostly draw: in large and small formats while always having an experimental approach to materials. Yet, in the previous years I've made installations which seek to create experiences outside of the gallery space and to integrate music in one way or another.



El Regalo de tu ausencia, Walnut and acrylic ink, black, tea, soy milk, soft pastels, and charcoal on paper, 60" x 70", 2025



Qui rêve quand « je » dors?

by : Lilian Vianey Torres Merino

En rêves, lorsque je ne porte plus de bas et quand les étoiles bordent un seuil horizontal sur ma fenêtre, mes draps deviennent l'écume du réveil d'une conscience en expansion :

Qui suis-je ?

Plutôt que de rester collée à l'idée de résoudre ce grand mystère, ce « je » prend part à une aventure double.

### **Tonal**

Quand la nuit tombe, une ronde de questions glisse sur ses paupières.

Un doute en particulier reste pour bourdonner autour de son corps: quel est mon nom?

Aussitôt que ses yeux s'ouvrent avec ténacité et observent la liste de tâches sur un mur, le sujet se dit que cette réflexion peut bien attendre le lendemain.

Cet événement se répète pendant trois mois, jusqu'à ce qu'un jour, ce « je » prend un morceau de papier, d'un sac de boulangerie qui traîne sur sa table de cuisine depuis quelques semaines.

Le sujet se met à gribouiller :

« Gallon, algue, grain, gomme, ignominie, ego, guerre ».

C'est encore trop tôt pour prétendre de comprendre quoi que ce soit d'important. Ce « je » se dit qu'il faudrait aller se coucher pour clarifier l'esprit.

Les pieds s'accrochent aux souvenirs de ses rêves. Mais où est donc mon lit?

Le lit n'est plus là où ce « je » se souvient de l'avoir installé. Malgré l'oubli de ce « je », un nouveau pèlerinage s'approche.

### **Nahual**

Au retour de ma dernière expédition, les herbes de mon armoire ont oublié de me téléphoner. Depuis février, ma subjectivité a décidé de se retirer de la terre pour habiter au centre d'un microcosme humide et ondulante.

Une dose de 5mg d'algues, mélangées avec de l'écorce du courbaril, était plus que suffisante pour amener ma matière subtile vers un état de dévouement.

Je me suis dit qu'il y avait déjà assez d'égolatrie dans le monde actuel, qu'il serait mieux d'unifier la pluralité de vies : dans un seul corps.

Peut-être j'ai parlé trop vite. Depuis ce vœu, j'ai témoigné l'insurmontable poids de la souffrance sur la terre. Maintenant, des morceaux d'images consommées sur les réseaux sociaux se faufilent dans mes rêves. Je n'y peux rien. Une série de larmes rassemblent les fils de mon drap. De jour en jour, la patience que j'avais pour entendre les rires superflus s'évanouit.

En manque d'espoir, cet excès de dopamine me pousse vers l'action onirique.

Parfois, j'ai même l'impression de courir pendant très longtemps durant mon sommeil, car les contractions musculaires intensifiées me réveillent. Une certaine angoisse me met en garde, et me demande de trouver des endroits sécuritaires pour loger mes proches. Ces symptômes me réclament : qui se soucie des autres ?

Sous le reflet de mon ombre, j'observe des pattes brunes aux mouillettes noires : un ocelotl. La beauté du jaguar étoilé me rend molle.

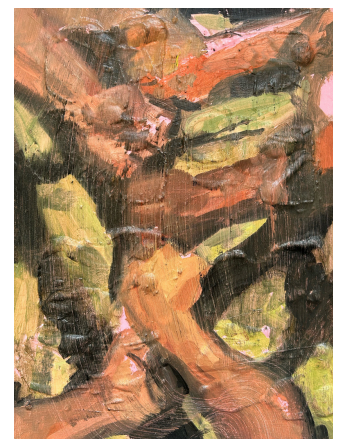
À la distance, j'entends le souffle d'un coquillage plus ancien que tout autre instrument de vent. Un visage taillé en jade apparaît du fond de l'écran de mon cellulaire. Craintive, je le dépose à côté de ma fenêtre. J'attends un jour de pluie pour le reprendre, sinon l'ocelotl viendra me chercher en rêves. De la décomposition de mon haleine, un souvenir lointain me prend.

Vient une grande inspiration et l'expiration résonne d'un seul coup : « Ni toi ni moi, ni lumière ni ombre, ni perte ni gain : mais bien une rencontre qui sert à polliniser les fleurs en été ».

Jega Delisca

"Dignity and Pride" explores the popularized ritual of affection between men, commonly referred to as "dapping." This handshake originated with Black American soldiers serving during the Vietnam War. The work explicitly references vintage photos of these soldiers through a stark, loose rendering based on archival images from that period. Beneath the main picture plane, plaster imprints of the popular "kiss your homies" meme add a touch of lightness to the piece's context.

This artwork expands on Delisca's growing body of work centered on gender commentary, Black masculinity, and queerness.



Dap I, II, III, Plaster, oil, and acrylic on canvas, Three stretched canvases, 16 x 12 inches each)

## THE TRANSCRIPT

by: Iva Celebic

There is a world in which I've said  
all that needs to be said

There is a world in which the book sits  
in a footpath banking light o it's letters  
and onto the trees

There is a world in which love is  
not elastic and breakable but remains  
shapeless and incandescent

There is a world in which my house  
is built in the riverbend, and all the water  
which passes through stone passes through my windows

There is a world in which there is  
no death, and my dreams can hold  
all voices faded and inept

There is a world in which I enjoy  
myself, feel reciprocal and unmodified  
and even pleasant inside unchanging forces

There is a world in which I know  
fullness and deep breath to be the  
only parameters of joy

There is a world in which freedom  
is not untying strands or demanding  
the sight of a clearing but just is —

There is a world in which spirit is undivided and the pressure  
lifts and bird song is invitation  
to drift o atop my own rock

Sun's arms hold me, bright light burns me tall grass sways &  
sunower elds say  
there is a world, there is a world, there is a world

## INSTRUCTION FOR A NEW WORLD

by: Iva Celebic

Detach— be unlimited  
Whistle back the song you just  
Heard in the garden  
Mimic, be alone  
Sit cross legged on the rooftop  
Wonder if a word is an object  
Feel unfamiliar to yourself  
Hear the airplane whirl by  
Enacting sounds of torrid breath  
Count pine needles, or describe  
Every shade of green  
Find adjectives like daodils  
Draw the ight of a bird or  
Hyperventilate  
Panic inside pure silence  
Ask how our cosmology has changed  
Why my ambiance has shrunk  
Why my footsteps don't matter  
Hear cars whiz by  
Watch the time never stop  
Say to your neighbour  
Earth is Rock and Sun is Star  
See the traditions of the world  
Spot the laundry hanging on the  
line See how it eradicates class  
Know what is proverbial and  
banal See the symbols of our  
people  
Watch him dance through the window  
Watch him slave, watch him bend over  
Watch him dilate, wince  
Be depraved, lie and still  
Detach— be unlimited

## KRIČAK

by: Iva Celebic

Dove into what I had left  
and dug a small hole to  
cast my shadow in

Now I miss the breeze  
the earth's edges  
the quiet stones  
the falling tree sap  
the pastry boy appearing  
like a mirage throwing  
a wrench inside the water

A day based in nothing  
but the sun icking  
on and o  
drying like starshes on  
parchment, ashy ankles and  
seaweed bracelets, cucumbers  
and sea urchins that could  
with enough time  
waddle away

I miss the strain in the air  
aromas wrestling o cli-lined  
danger and the lamplight  
the lamplight being on bedside  
telling little mosquito stories  
from our lineage  
that ran to survive and nd  
shelter, other holes

Or encampments  
frameworks for the self  
and our children

I used to speak to you in dreams hear  
the waves when I'd brush my hair see  
your marks in the mirror  
know the heat had entrapped me  
kissed my shoulders hard & long  
and whispered, l o v e b u r n s

Grab goggles from the shade  
know the seahorse was there  
when I had oated past it on that  
One kayak ride with my Mother  
where I saw her once & only  
once do something for  
pleasure, holes

A  
gestation period  
where I swore I heard you  
hurling salt into the  
wind, asking god why us?  
why anyone?

Linen  
sheets tightly tucked  
into custom wooden frames  
ironed and scented with  
rosemary oil and lavender pearls  
When I dream about you I now  
dream about holes

El tren  
by: Katú Cyr

Todas las noches  
El zumbido cuidadoso  
haciéndose conocer  
jura que llegó!  
Que llegue el tren  
y los truenos  
las uñas del gato contra los cristales del comedor

silba la luna, o alguna divinidad nicha del  
firmamento  
No sé si mi soplo es lúcido  
o si un débil gemido  
desprendiéndose  
despidiendo el vacío

Aquí abajo deambulan pocos  
Los que saben escalar con tres puntos de apoyo  
Con una sonrisa instantánea mirar a los ojos  
a desconocidos  
madres sin hijos  
sus hijos, que huyen las peleas de sus viejos  
los estudios  
y hoy, mi sinusitis

No sé si estoy loca  
o si la ciudad ésta clama mi atención  
arrebata mis tardes o si nos pide ayuda  
Ferrocarriles de cartón  
Si gritan sin resina los violines en el cielo  
Las sámaras que van trenzando mi pelo  
hacen preguntas  
y solitos se responden

Los poetas del siglo XX no componían desde más  
allá del aburrimiento, la lujuria y la decepción  
Y las poetas  
desde la desesperación  
El mensaje se lo mandaban en sobres sellados en sus  
mesas de noches  
Tenían mucho tiempo para fumar mucha yerba y  
mandarse muchas flores  
En cambio  
apenas escupo un párrafo  
antes que el viento de río me arranque las páginas  
del cuaderno  
las insuficientes horas que me permití dormir  
que los alacranes me desaten los pasadores  
pa' que envuelvan mis tobillos  
hasta atarse a mi cuello

No sé si los caballos carnavales  
se acercan  
si la fanfara del colegio de varones  
se obligan  
si estoy aquí porque me olvidé ser amable  
(conmigo misma)

Es un ritmo más transparente, más probable.

No estoy soñando, llegó!  
A arrastrarme las migrañas de la nariz  
de los bosques del Quibdó  
Unas ruedas calando tanto en la tierra  
acarician estas parciales tenumbras

Sé que el escándalo controlado  
corre por mí y corre por los callejeros y los  
desubicados  
Hoy descansará el tren  
por los terrenos traficados del acantilado  
respirando al ritmo del postránsito  
y los cerros bajarán a estremecerse  
con sus tocadas en vivo gratis



A spark ablaze  
by: SOLAV

O like a breeze they stemmed,  
From the north, like a storm;  
Trampled these feet of ours!  
A far reaching spell alone brought  
Auguries of a will and ravage;  
A hunger to be scorched.  
Standing at the crossroad of a time,  
Holding the floor tide by tide;  
Aiming thus far fair and well.  
Nor a soul ever was to complain,  
First were they once they came;  
And seats taken all the same.  
Minuscule down the immense  
Must all find where to commence  
A motion towards shared quests?  
But as these perish, unsheathed swords,  
Their sediments to restore the world  
And all else shall be vain!  
May some through fortune stand and last  
Upon all this dream of a burning land  
Way up high beyond stars.

Delia Landers

dreamscapes

the physical spaces i inhabit in my dreams  
the cities i visit only in that half formed reality  
a park on a hill  
a monorail over the city to the sea  
a market on a steep winding street



and the dreamscapes of the every day  
moments when reality feels like a dream

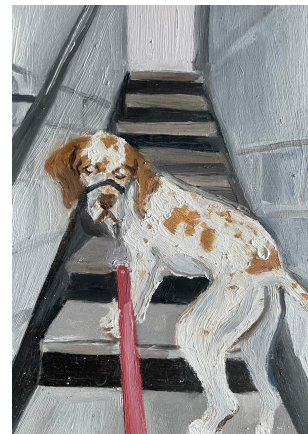
uncanny

utopic  
shimmering light  
crushed flowers  
seasons collapsing  
spaces extended



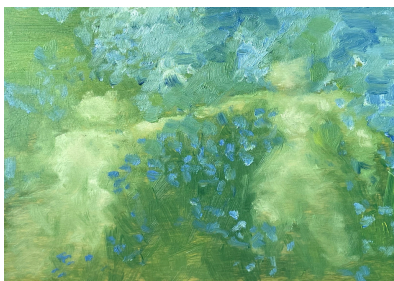
dream as utopia  
dream as reality

day life collapses into dreamscapes  
this landscape of my life  
the map of my memories woven into the landscape of my mind



dreamlike moments on an invisible map  
utopic/real/imagined  
a melancholy ode to beauty

these are all scenes from my everyday life in montreal that felt like dreams.  
they are arranged geographically as if transposed on a map of the city. i  
initially wanted to depict the more esoteric landscapes of my actual  
dreams but when i think more about the multiplicitous nature of dreams i  
think about moments in which my life feels utopic or surreal or uncanny.  
i see dreamscapes all around me.



impressions, oil on wood, 5" x 7", 2025  
possessions, oil on wood, 5" x 7", 2025  
observations, oil on wood, 5" x 7", 2025  
spring snow, oil on wood, 5" x 7", 2025  
striped bathroom, oil on wood, 5" x 7", 2024







galerie erga  
juillet 1-13 2025