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I wait all day for the shooting stars I miss

The bird is a wooden horse in which she sneaks. *Enclosed total war*. Several other clay birds are wrapped in a blue sheet inside a bucket with a lid that says \*BETH MASLEN - PLEASE DON'T OPEN UNTIL 2025\*

Napkins are folded like animals by people in restaurants and you see them later on the street. No longer are they objects but the register of a satisfied subject

Brass arms bend around from the centre and up to meet the globe. Where the decoration ends and the light begins feels like the structure of a joke. Where the inside is covered and the outside has to be shown are all decisions which can be taken seriously or not

Hoisted in the air, the mechanic can properly see her guts. Heaviness is no problem with contemporary engineering

Portraits of the women I love, portraits of the women I love

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