



Text by Isabelle Adams to accompany the exhibition:

Swinging my limbs from two and froth
Dripping, them, in the blistering broth
Careful not wake the slumbering fly
Which hovers patiently shore-wise
Wait, just wait, until they see
What precious gifts I leave with thee
Not mouse
Nor mudpie
Nor groveling snots
Can match my game of Dewdrop Hopscotch