the last burial

in july 2011, i mourned my mother. she was buried beside our home without a headstone, beneath a guava tree. i was unable to shed a tear during her burial, but every now and then, i encounter moments that trigger me into tears.

ten years later, i visited ikogosi town and noticed that the residents buried their deceased within their homes.

strangely, this project coincides with my mother's burial month, and through this project, i re-enact her burial ceremony to honour her memory, using my body and installation pieces to explore the nuances i exhumed during my visit to ikogosi.