

PENNY GORING

THOSE WHO LIVE WITHOUT TORMENT

THOSE WHO LIVE WITHOUT TORMENT
 DIG UP THE ROOTS OF THE ROTTEN HEART
 SUDDEN EXPLICIT DELUSION
 WHAT IF EVERYTHING TURNS OUT OKAY
 (SUDDEN WILD THOUGHT)

THESE PAINTINGS ARE FRAGILE GESTURES TOWARDS FREEDOM FROM FUCKERY

CONCERNED WITH COLOUR, TEXTURE, SHAPE, INVOKING GROWTH, BLOOMING, ROTTING,
 MANURE, DECAY, UNDERGROWTH, MULCH, ROOTS, WEEDS, INSECTS, FLOWERS.
 EACH PAINTING IS AN ATTEMPT TO LIVE WITHOUT TORMENT, A BRIEF REFUSAL OF GRIM
 REALITY, WHILST BEING FULLY AWARE I AM RIDICULOUS AND EVERYTHING I DO IS FUTILE. I
 MADE THEM DEFIANTLY, ON LUXURIOUS VELVET IN VIBRANT COLOURS: MY TINY USELESS
 WEAPONS, GLAMOROUS CHARMS, AGAINST EVIL. THESE PAINTINGS ARE (DOOMED)
 FRANGIBLE AFFRONTS TO THIS UGLY BRUTAL WORLD.

IN YOUR ROOM
 300 PINK AND YELLOW BUTTERFLIES
 AND THEY WILL NEVER DIE
 AND THEY WILL LIVE FOR 48 HOURS
 AND THEY WILL NEVER DIE

HOW MANY TIMES CAN YOU BE RUINED

I'M TRYING TO LIVE WITHOUT DANGER
 I'VE CANCELLED YOUR DEBT TO ME
 LOOK WHAT I CAN DO IN VELVET HEAVEN
 IF YOU WERE A FLOWER WHICH ONE WOULD YOU BE
 DO FLOWERS REVEAL TRUTH
 WHICH FLOWER WOULD YOU BUY
 DO YOU FLOWER
 WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO FLOWER
 DO FLOWERS STILL EXISTENTIAL

WE PAINTED OUR FINGERNAILS WITH RAINBOWS AND THE DIRT BENEATH THEM GREW FLOWERS
 AND OUR HANDS DESCRIBED DRUNKEN GARDENS

TODAY I AM WEARING VOLUMINOUS POWDER BLUE DRESS, WAIST-HIGH FUCHSIA KNICKERS,
 STRAPPY RED WEDGE SANDALS, HEART, WHAT DIDN'T KILL ME