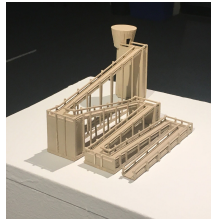


Summer Rose
July 28th to August 11th
Reception 8/3 5-8pm

One Brooklyn Bridge Park
 Chashama Space to Present
 between Piers 5 + 6



Evie Horton
The thing that makes the obscure obvious by overturning overturns
 Oil and acrylic on canvas with canvas thread
 54" x 60"
 2019



Adam Liam Rose
Proposal for a Panopticon I
 Balsa wood, house paint.
 9" x 6.5" x 4"
 2018



Evie Horton
Ring of light on eyelids' nightfall
 Oil on canvas with canvas thread
 48" x 54"
 2019



Morgan Daly
Untitled
 Ink on paper
 9" x 12"
 2019



Chris Laine
 Like a girl, down 5th
 Digital C-Print, 35mm
 16" x 20" framed
 2019

@Guggenheim

There's this woman at the museum
 with a mouth just like yours.
 Long and lips thin, slightly
 curled at the end in a
 devilish smile and soft eyes.

It took me by surprise
 the pang in my chest
 as she walked by: woman in white
 just a taste of her profile caught
 in the corner of my eye.

A familiarity.
 A pleasantry.
 A comfort resembling you.

And that's when I knew I could feel again.

Chris Laine
 @Guggenheim
 Poem, Ink on paper
 11" x 8.5"
 2019



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One Brooklyn Bridge Park
Chashama Space to Present
between Piers 5 + 6



Evie Horton
here-gone
Oil on canvas
54" x 64"
2019



Morgan Daly
Untitled
Ink on paper
12" x 9"
2019



Adam Liam Rose
Proposal for a Panopticon I
Balsa wood, house paint
9" x 6.5" x 4"
2018



Evie Horton
A Long Denial
Oil on canvas with canvas thread
54" x 60"
2019

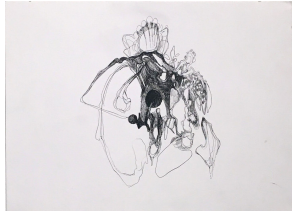


Adam Liam Rose
Proposal for a wall
Balsa wood, concrete
12" x 17" x 3"
2018



Summer Rose
July 28th to August 11th
Reception 8/3 5-8pm

One Brooklyn Bridge Park
Chashama Space to Present
between Piers 5 + 6



Morgan Daly
Untitled
Ink on paper
12" x 9"
2019

And the Universe Whispered

Spanish streets at sunset
A stark sunline struck across
the salmon wall
Cinderblock.
Shadow intersect from the left
I traveled on.

Enroaching the corner, a moped blew by
Stopped still, I stood and
whipped my head to the trailing dust
watched it settle to the street.
Returning to dual direction
foot forward
proceed.

Cool sunset breeze
a glimpse startled my periphery
Stopped still, I stood
staring at the message tagged upon the wall
"bad boys club" scrawled in black,
words stacked vertically
a sad face embattled in the middle,
eyes dripping.
Then "Cher" stark red, poised to the right.

Me and you.
Me, and then you.
Stopped still, I stood
my heart heaving.
The corners of my mouth curling up
my heart healing.

Poem by Chris Laine

Chris Laine
And the Universe Whispered
Poem, Ink on paper
11" x 8.5"d
2019