

Naked Rattlesnake

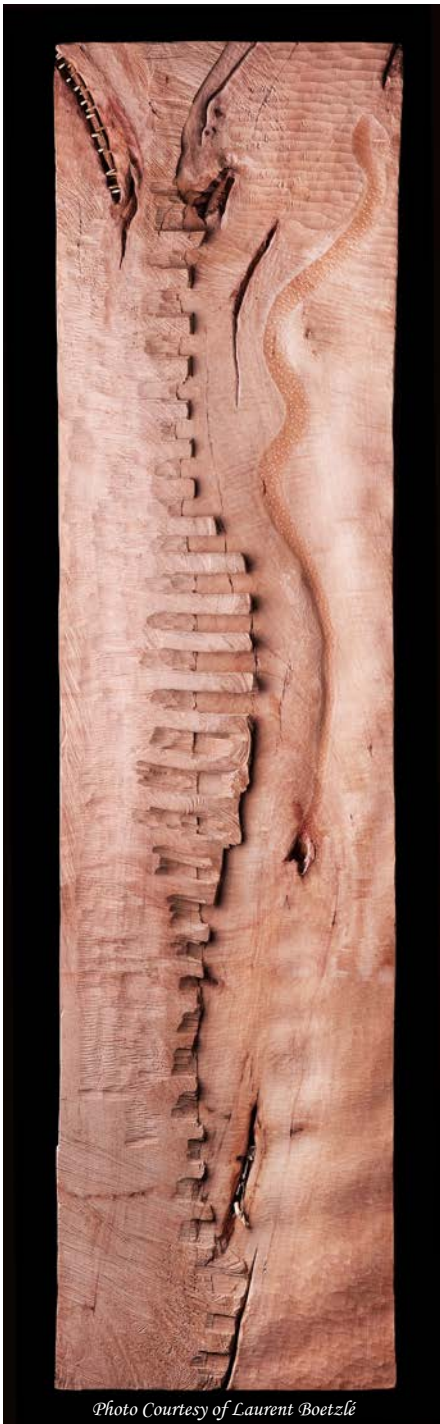


Photo Courtesy of Laurent Boetzlé

Dawn-dotted emerald tide,
 hissing sculpture of sleepy swirl –
 snake and ladders.
 No chink, harmless,
 unnoticeable run,
 rattle-trickle.
 My new-reign, ready-made gown,
 breathing, glorious skin.



We have been working together for years, Mani and I, in constant inspiration and interaction. His sculptures are not illustrations to my poems, just as the poems are not descriptions of his artwork; they "grow up" and live together, giving key or background to each other, and maybe another dimension, more space and air. Sometimes they tell the same "stories" (for example the snake is proud of its new skin), sometimes only some motifs are the same. My poems are like dreams, expressing unnameable emotions and transitions while recreating the language (with neologisms, distortions, putting overused expressions in an unusual context). No redundancy, there is space left for the imagination. Same for the sculptures: surprise after surprise. Wood looks like leather, a dragon looks like a wave, you cannot believe your eyes. It cannot be wood, this surface. But it is. Complexity within simplicity: visions, magical beings, secret passages, unfolded veils, rhythm and music. Our pieces of art are to each other what we, their creators are to one another: balance, encouragement, harmony, energy, resonance, playfulness, solution, shelter.

– *Agnes Marton* and *Emmanuel Bour*