

I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach

I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach (2020-ongoing) encompasses a series of sculptures that reflect on skin, intimacy, touch and fragility in relation to the absent, the abject and the erotic. The works represent, on a slightly smaller scale, pieces of furniture to be used by two people with a clear emphasis on surface, trace and imprint.

Skin and objects accentuate the perception of our bodily limits. Borders with other bodies, a space that mediates between them. There, the erotic acts by means of a tapping that oscillates between the sweet and soft, and the bitter and sharp. Paradoxically, the skin is also a sieve that allows us contact with the outside. The traces of the outside on the body, and of the body on the outside, are folds of time; and the capacity to carry and retain them is also a capacity to transmit affection.

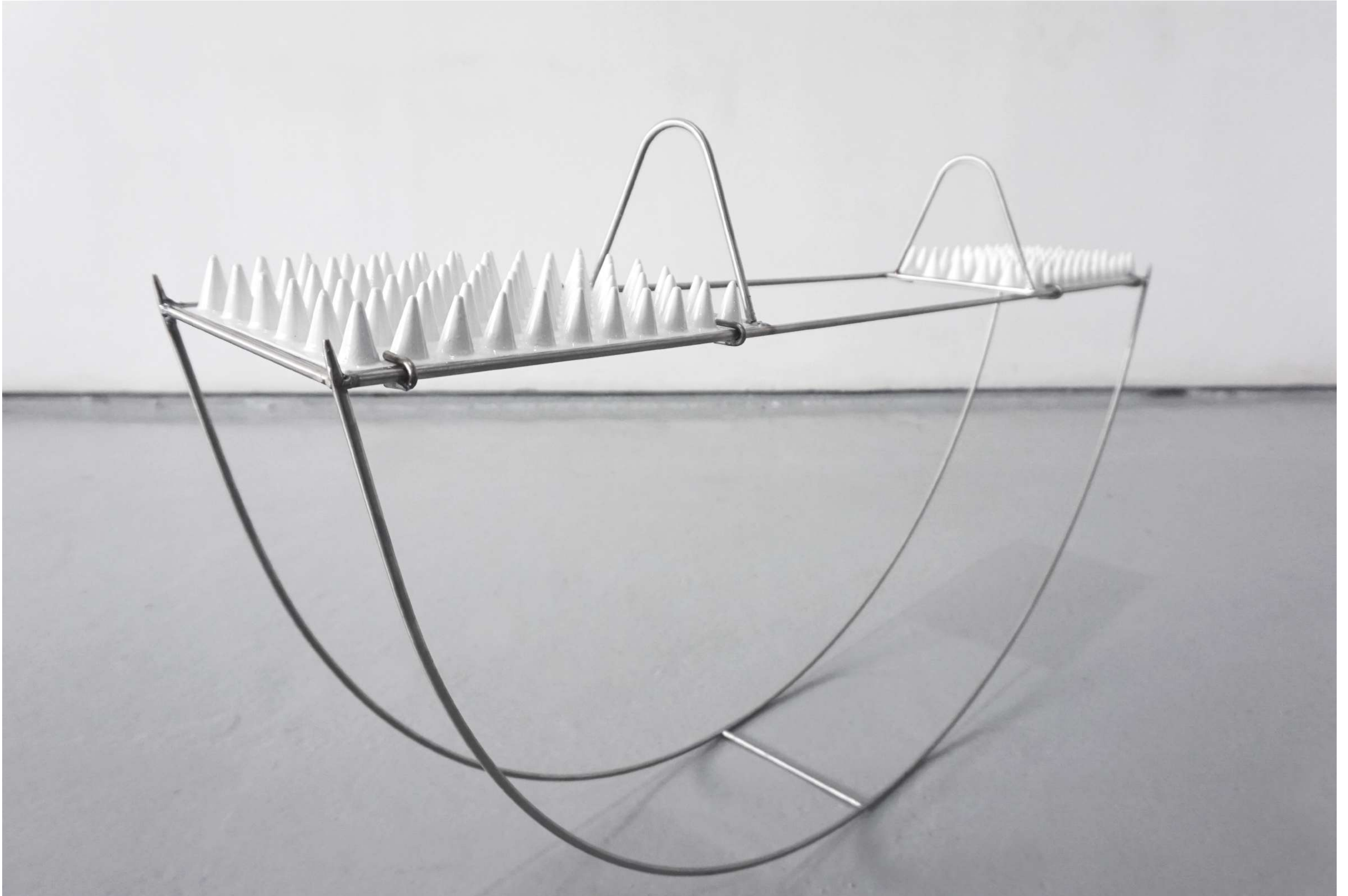
What is suggested with the series *I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach*, is a complicit scenario of absent bodies, of their borders and of the remains of their intimate and domestic rites. A scenario composed of actions that have already taken place and where bodies have disappeared, leaving a narrative track through the form of ergonomic objects and metal structures that support and cross their borders, uniting them delicately and violently.

Artworks in this series:

Riding piece for 2 (2021), pp. 4-7

Sitting piece for 2 (2021), pp. 8-11

I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach (2020), pp. 12-15



002

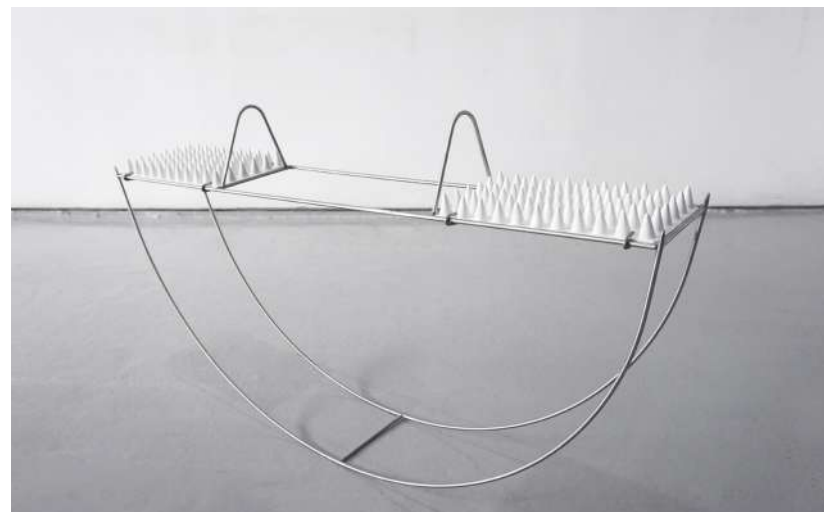


002
003
004

2021
2021
2021

Riding piece for 2
polyester resin, fiberglass, stainless steel, plywood, atomised paint
and varnish, 1. x 0.2 x 0.6 m.

004



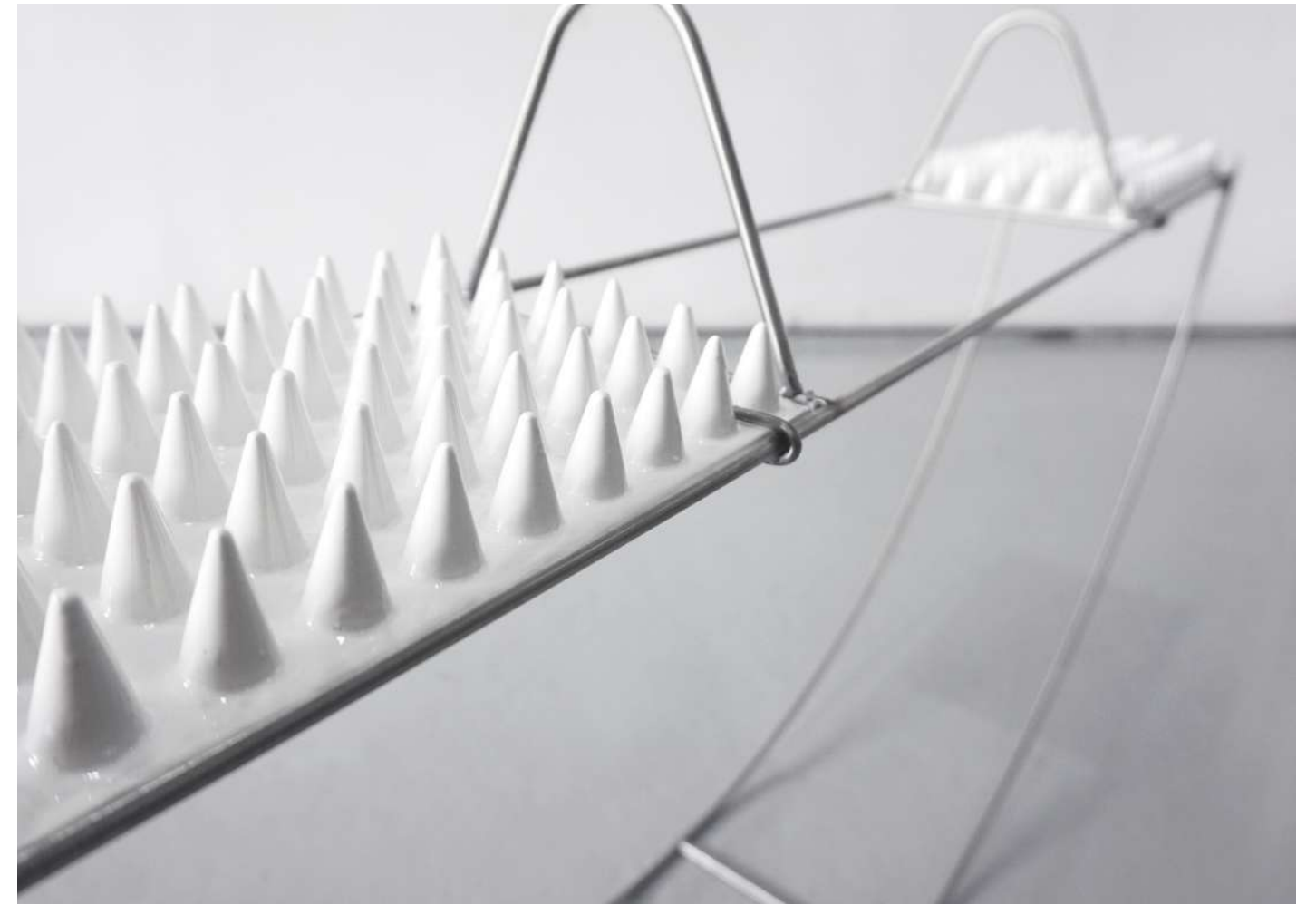
003



005

2021

Riding piece for 2



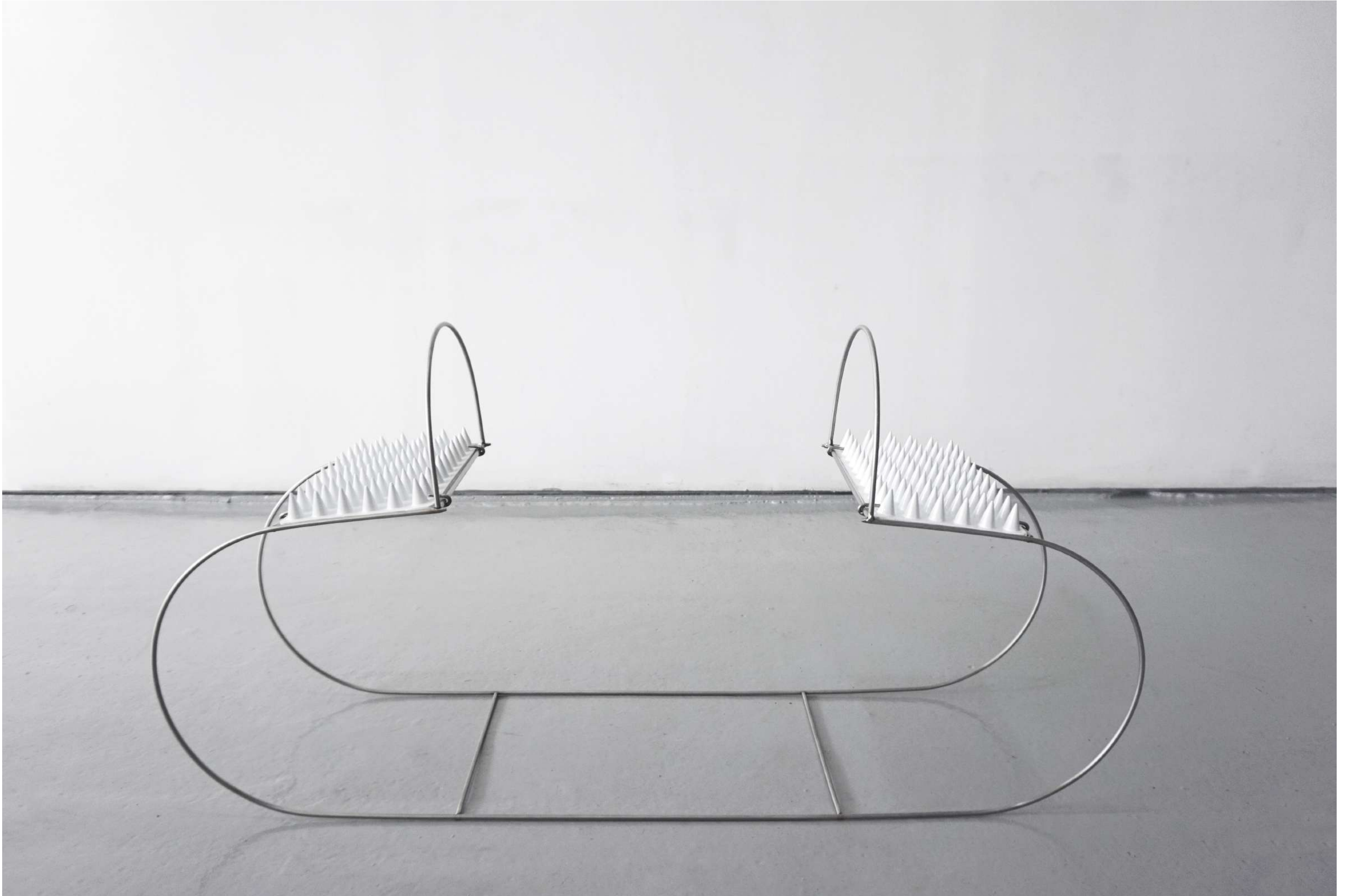
005

006

2021

Riding piece for 2





008



008
009
010

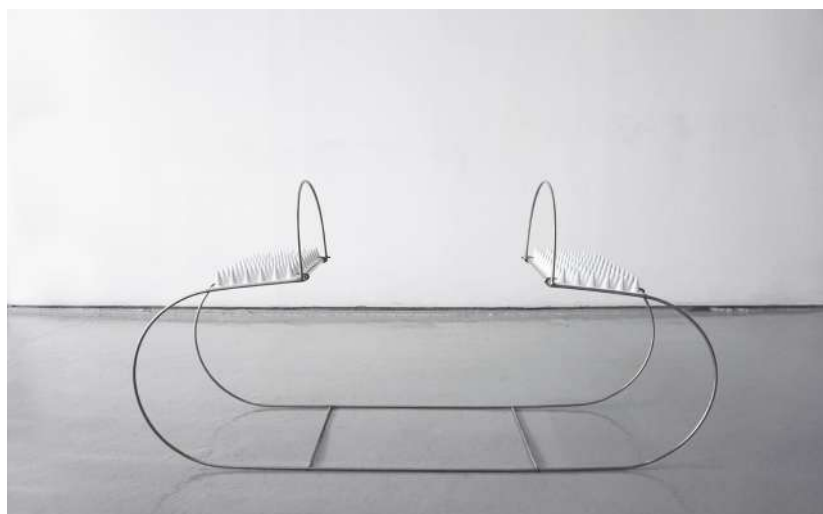
2021
2021
2021

Sitting piece for 2
polyester resin, fiberglass, stainless steel, plywood, atomised paint
and varnish, 1. x 0.3 x 0.6 m.

009



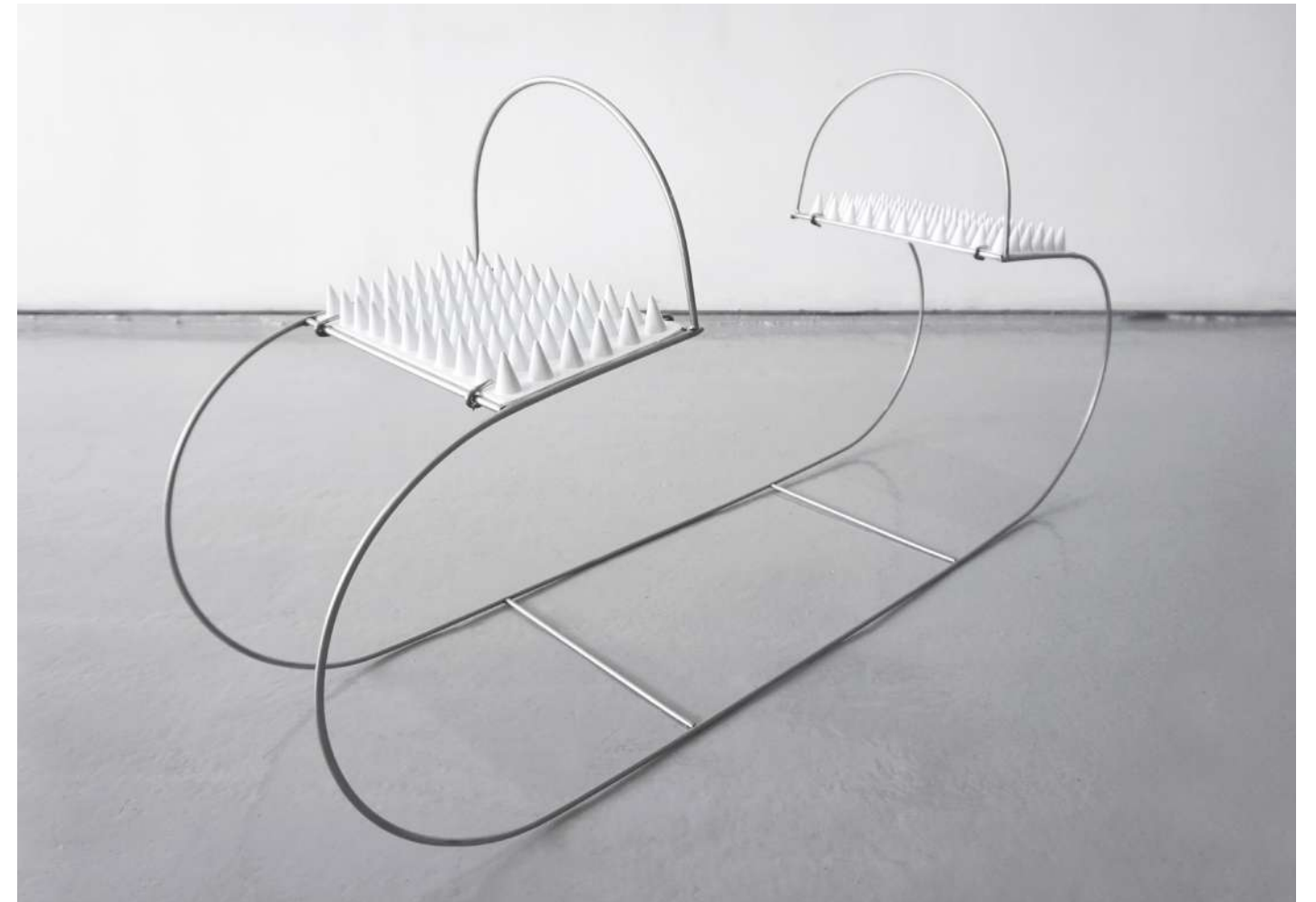
010



011

2021

Sitting piece for 2



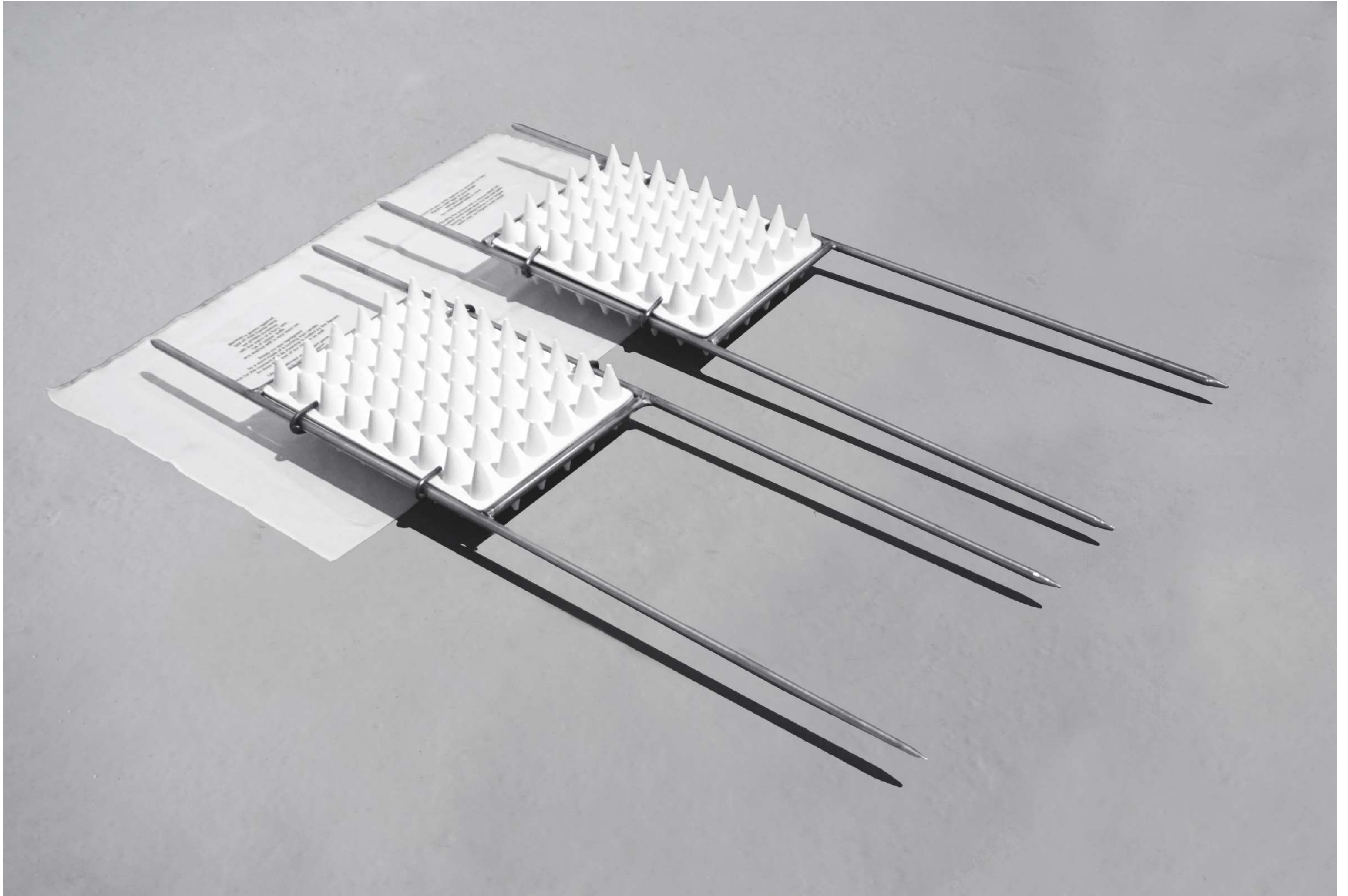
011

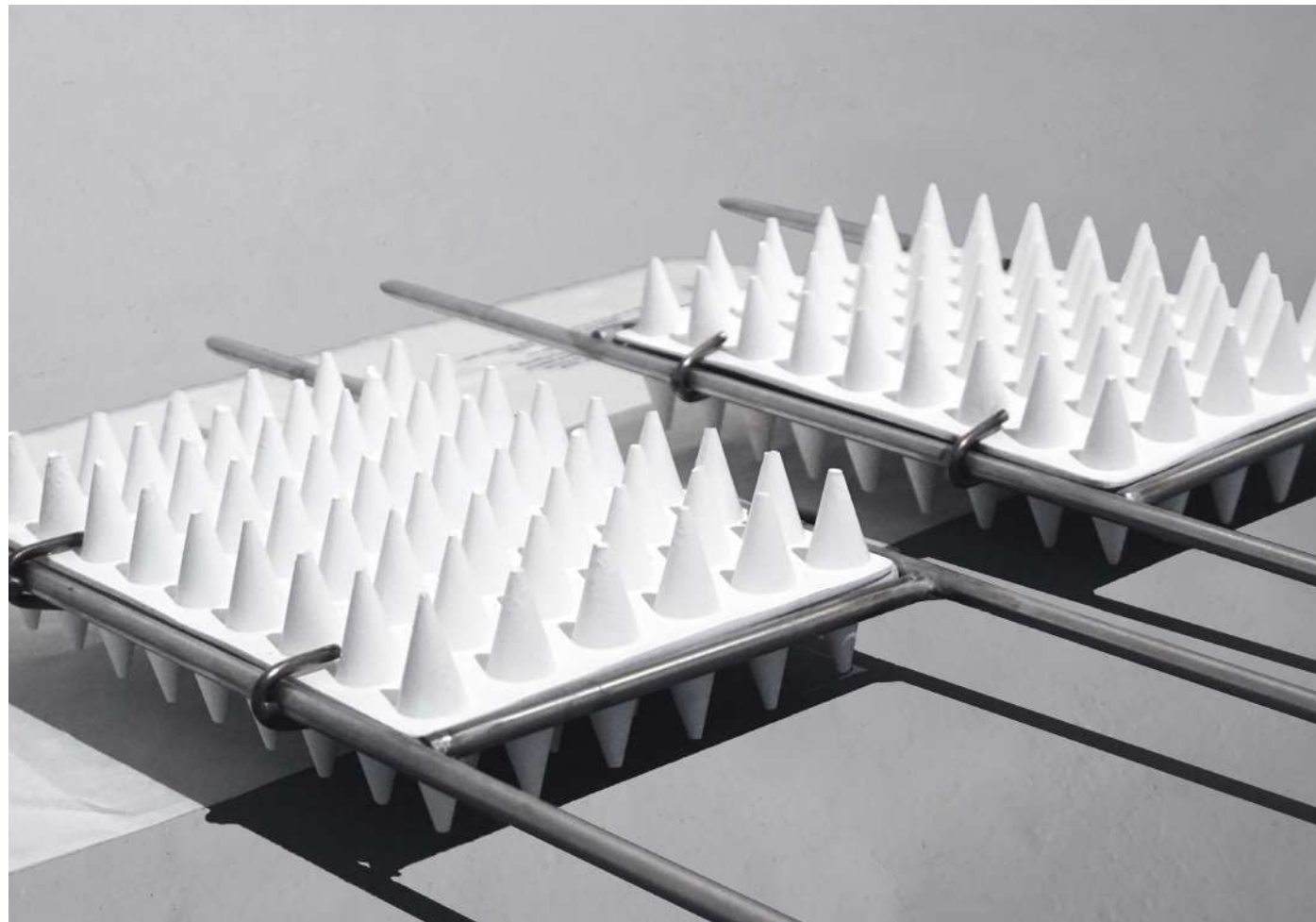
012

2021

Sitting piece for 2







I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach
polyester resin, fiberglass, stainless steel, syntetic paint and text
printed on semi-silk fabric , 0.75 x 0.25 x 0.15 m. respectively
Art Collection Pontevedra County Council, Spain

I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach.

I wish you'd rub your quills against my stomach so hard,
that the outer layer of your shield
started to glimpse
the most interior folds of mine.

Flooding the surface with a viscous black ink
unveiled words would stain our lips and teeth,
leaving an endless dance in our tongue
which only our fingers could cease.

To host a thorn under one's wing.

Beneath a glassy eggshell,
laid on cold marble veins
we protect ourselves
with the warm of a furry skin,
full of copper quills
and stained with a very black ink.

Solely our lips highlighted
by a word made of a burning wax-candle,
which for the moment that its meaning is melted by the flames,
so does the inner of our mouths as well.

Like in a skinned chess board game
we try to protect our place,
while hiding the thorn each of us
put underneath the pink and yellow squares.

