



# A WEAKENED DARK IN THE DEEPEST, DEEPEST BLUE

RM GALLERY  
SEPTEMBER 18TH - OCTOBER 5TH 2019

CAITLIN CLARKE AND ARWEN MIRIAMA SOMMER

ZINE AND POEMS BY ARWEN MIRIAMA SOMMER

CREATE YOUR OWN RITUALS  
WHEN COLONIALISM GIVES  
CLOSING TIMES TO CUSTOMS



A VENERABLE COSMOLOGY  
ENCOURAGES SACREDNESS



FINDING OUR WAY BACK TO THE MOUNTAINS

WHERE EVERYTHING IS INFINITELY SLOW

ROMANTIC ADORATION

FOR THE RIVERBEDS AND TIME ETERNAL



STAND STILL AND WATCH THE EARTH  
YOUR SOUL IS MADE OF

CRUMBLING, BROWN

LISTEN TO THE RAINS WATER IT



SMELL THE FLOWERS BLOOM

YOUR EXISTENCE IS AN ECOSYSTEM





CARPARK MOSS

TARMAC BEAUTY QUEEN

IF NATURE IS GROWING HERE

THEN IT IS GROWING IN MY BONES ALSO

MOSS IS A FOREST TO A BEETLE

PERSPECTIVE IS PERSONAL AND CIRCUMSTANTIAL



FORESTS LOOK LIKE MOSS FROM UP HIGH

HOW SMALL A WHALE MUST LOOK TO A SOARING  
ALBATROSS



WE ARE NOT SEPARATE, LIVING ON THE SURFACE

ELEVATED, DIGITIZED, EXISTING ABOVE THE  
WHENUA

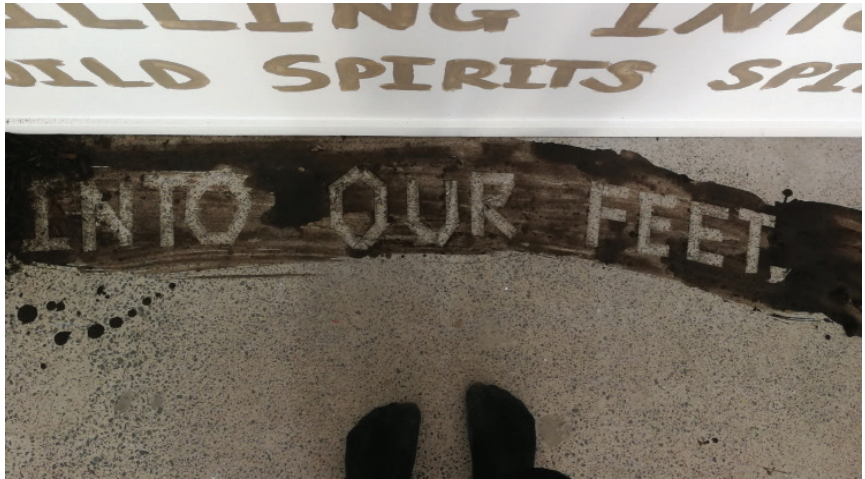
WE ARE JUST ANIMALS IN GREAT WATERING PLAINS

A HUNDRED HYENAS GET TO EAT

AND WE ARE LEFT BEGGING FOR SCRAPS OF WHAT  
OUR ANCESTORS LEFT US







THE MOUNTAINS RECOGNISE US

WATCH US

WHILE WE WALK THROUGH RIVERS

WHISPERING SECRETS INTO THE SOLES

OF OUR FEET

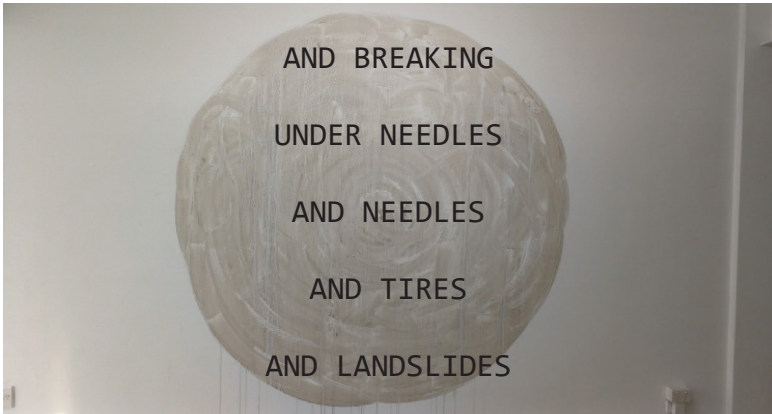




THE DISTILLATION OF MEMORIES  
KEEPS US ELECTRIC, LIVING  
HOLDING LANDSCAPES IN OUR BODIES  
WE ALL HAVE SACRED NARRATIVES ON OUR  
TONGUES



EVERYTHING IS CRUMBLING  
THIS EARTH IS SO USED  
PAIN LOOKS LIKE LANDSLIDES  
AND WASHOUTS  
AIR HEAVY WITH PINE POLLEN  
KORUS TURNING BROWN



WE WALK OUR OLD FEET THOUGH THE GHOSTS OF  
FORESTS AND PONDS

THE HAIL HITS OUR CLAY, CLINKING

RANGINUI CRIES

WATCHING PAPATUANUKU BEING WASHED AWAY

WATCHING THEIR CHILDREN BEING WASHED AWAY



WATCH WHERE YOU STEP

DO NOT TREAD HEAVILY ON YOUR OWN SKIN

LEST THE EARTH WASH OUT FROM UNDER  
YOUR FEET



LISTEN: <https://soundcloud.com/arwen-miriama-sommer/a-weakened-dark-in-the-deepest-deepest-blue>