

breath heart soul

Artist statement

For a long time I have thought about how we connect to each other, our commonalities rather than our differences. I have wanted to evoke that feeling in my artwork.

I was drawn to the notion of each breath we take being made up of the atoms of times debris.

Each breath we take contains a little of the atoms that were once me, you, them, that river, that animal or that tree.

Breath holds possibility, memory, shape and life.

As 2019 ended I was on a road trip through southern Australia. Every mile we travelled seemed burdened by clouds of smoke. Forests were burnt, the ground white with ash, the skies hidden.

It felt as if the planet itself was having trouble drawing breath.

I myself was hiding from my own exhaustion, my own burn out. I meditated, I contemplated, I searched, I dug. I was running away from it but still running towards it.

Burnt out, thin skinned.

I was at the mercy of my emotions.

Attached, tangled, not being able to see my way out of the knots of my life's making. It had left its mark many times and I had shrugged it off...

but now

Almost 60 years on I had to look at things.

The heart strings, the rocks, the ropes, the sky heart, the blind heart, the heart of gold, the green heart, the heart that was giddy, maternal, swooning, fragile, the hearts marked by life.

How to be a reed in the river heart rather than the stone.

I had moments of insight, often in front of the easel. I was being breathed by life and it was that breath that connected me to every other insignificant wondrous being.

Lungs and breath; the life force of the seasons, of the forest, of rivers and birdsong, of mangrove and coral, of fragility and strength.

breath heart soul has been a meditation on the essence of life.

-Bronwyn Davies