



delicate rébellion

KITCHEN ROLL

~~ROLL & TISSUE~~ R O L L

DOWN THE STAIRS
I SEE MY MOO
CURLED SO SMALL
A DIRTY HUE

SHE TURNS TO SEE
A GLIMPSE OF ME
COVERED RED
SO BLOODILY

ONLY HAVE A TUBE NEARBY
OF KITCHEN ROLL
NOT TISSUE PLY.

I TEAR A PIECE
AND WIPE HER NOSE
~~NOSE~~ BLOOD NOW SPREADS
UPON MY CLOTHES.

UPON MY CLOTHES
AND IN HER NOSE
LIFE'S NOT FAIR
CAUS HERE IT GROWS.



"This collection of works explores my reflection on a particular bittersweet nostalgic moment in my life. In these pieces I utilise mundanities attached to the memory as a narrative tool, focusing on small details and nuances, which in turn contribute in forming the bohes of my reflection upon the past."

— Isobel Hill

SHADOW HANDS

WE WERE MAKING SHADOW HANDS
WHEN YOU DID STRUGGLE TO BREATHE.
AND IN MY EYES WERE WHITENED STRANDS
OF HAIR AND THERE YOU HEAVE.

BENT OUR WAISTS AND MADE A GOAT.
A DOG, AN ELE TOO.
THE SHADOW CAST JUST NEVER LAST
TO LEAVE A PARTIAL ZOO.

CURLED OUR THUMBS AND STRETCHED OUR HANDS
BUT LIGHT THEN DISAPPEARED
CAVS WHILST WE BUILT A NATURE LAND
THERE FROM HER NOSE APPEARED.

UPON THE PAINT AND DOWN THE BED
SPLATTERED RED AND SMEARED
THE DAY HAD COME WITH SHADOW HANDS
TO TAKE WHAT I HAD FEARED.

NO LONGER HEAR A STEP, A RYM
WHENEVER I NOW CALL
FOR MATRIARCH OF PALMS AND ARMS
CASTS SHADOWS ON THE WALL.

art & poetry

----- kitchen roll/shadow hands
----- eighteen, oil on canvas

isobel hill is an artist currently studying fine art at central saint martins. her practice looks at the mundane nature of the everyday, giving a pedestal to passing moments and chance events that often go unnoticed.