What we caught we threw away, what we didn't catch we kept.

My flowers will not end, My singing will not end, they are shared, they are scattered.

Even when the flowers wither and become yellow, they will be taken there, inside the home of the bird with golden feather.

Uncomfortable Objects

Never Odd or Even

El donde estoy va desapareciendo

Between you and the image of you that reaches me

Kaleidoscopic Eye

Nobody was Tomorrow

Do ut des

Estas ruinas que ves

Blackboxing

Institute of Chance

Interlude: The reader’s traces

The wall and the books: 987 words stolen from a library

EINE VITALE ASYMMETRIE / A VITAL ASYMMETRY

Kirsty Bell

ÜBERSETZUNGEN EXZERPTE/TRANSLATED EXCERPTS

BIOGRAFIE / BIOGRAPHY

LISTE AUSGESTELLTER WERKE / LIST OF EXHIBITED WORKS

IMPRESSUM / COLOPHON