



**PRICK MY
MIND,
SWARM
AROUND
MY BODY**

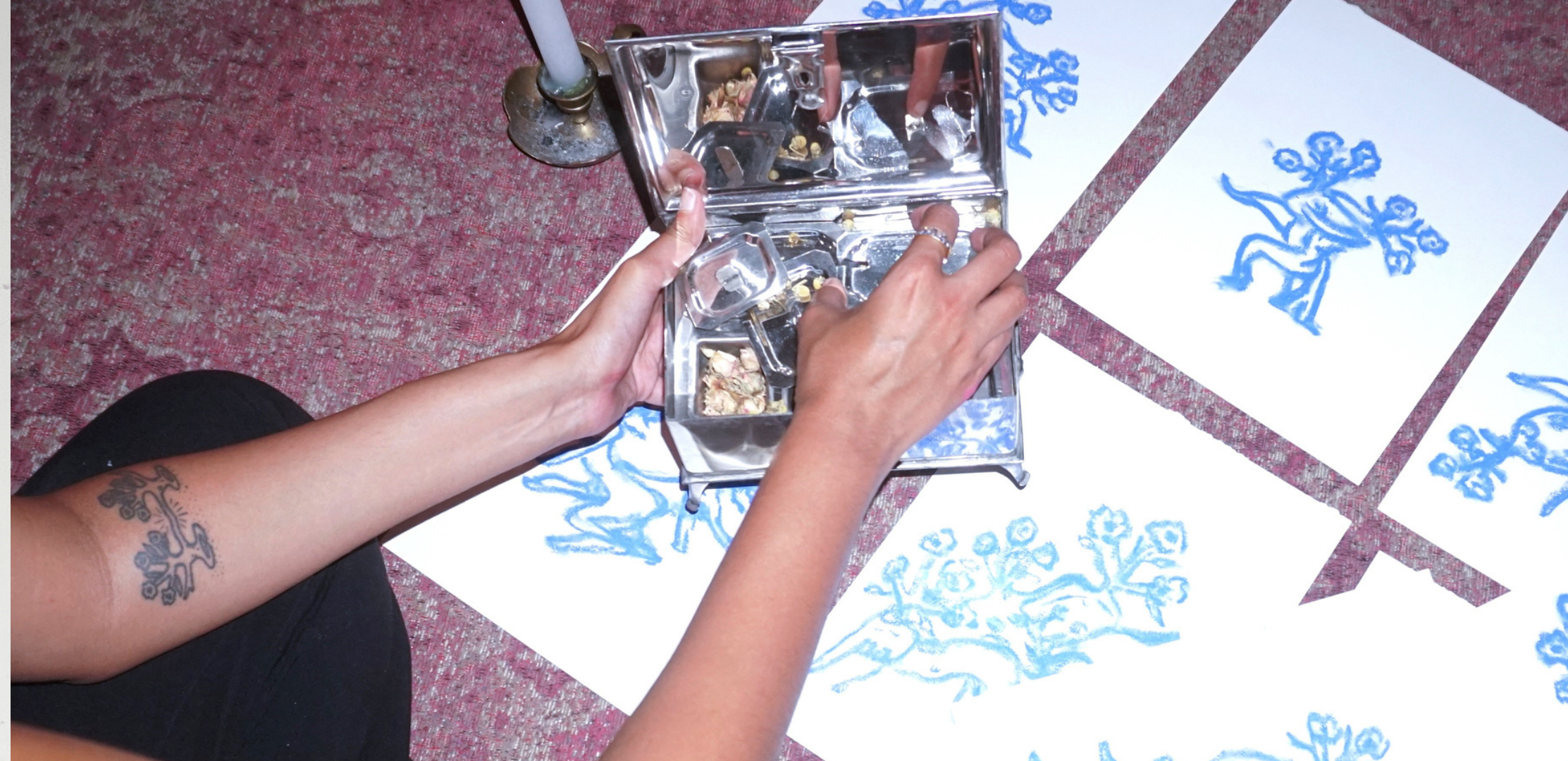
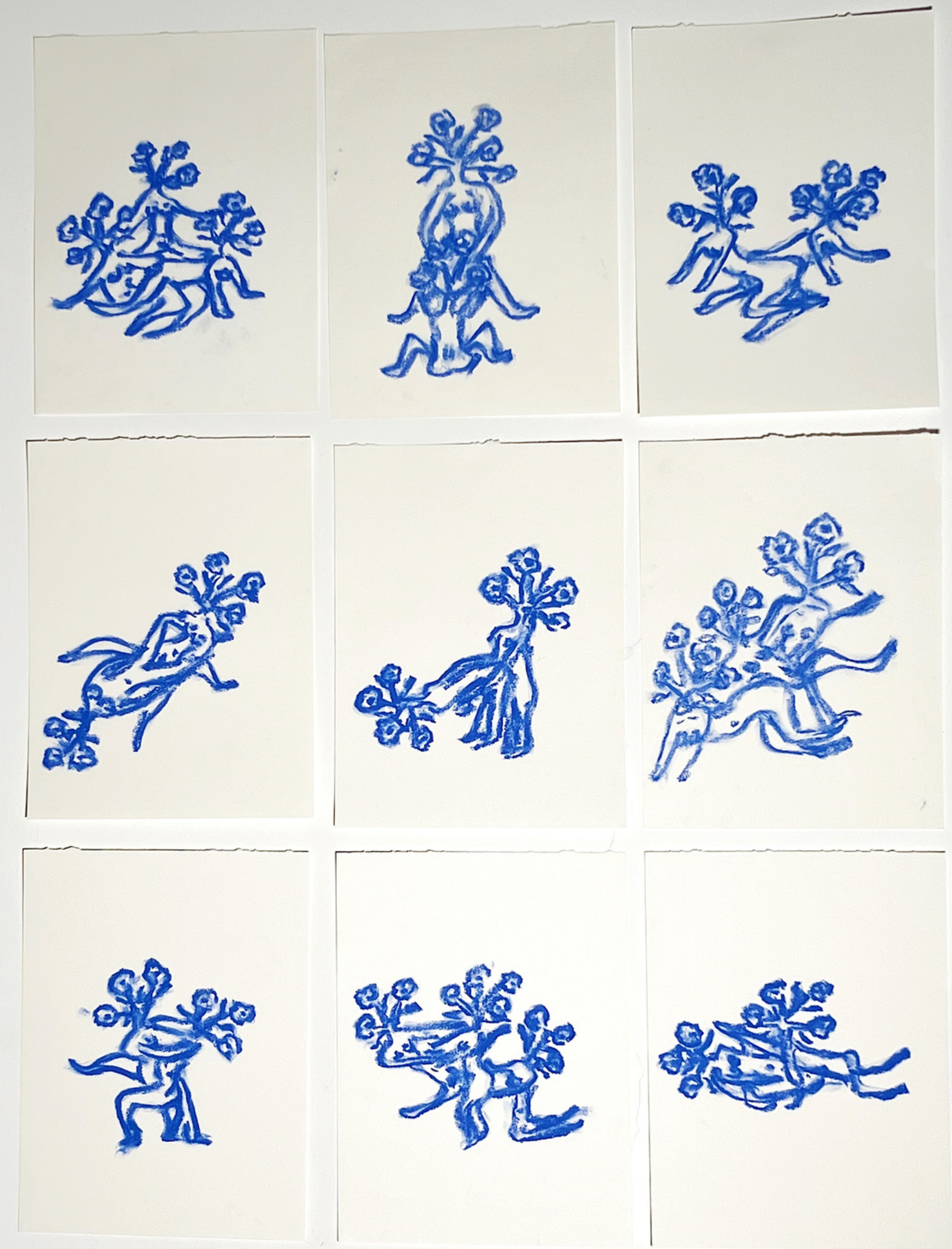
MAHAM INSHA

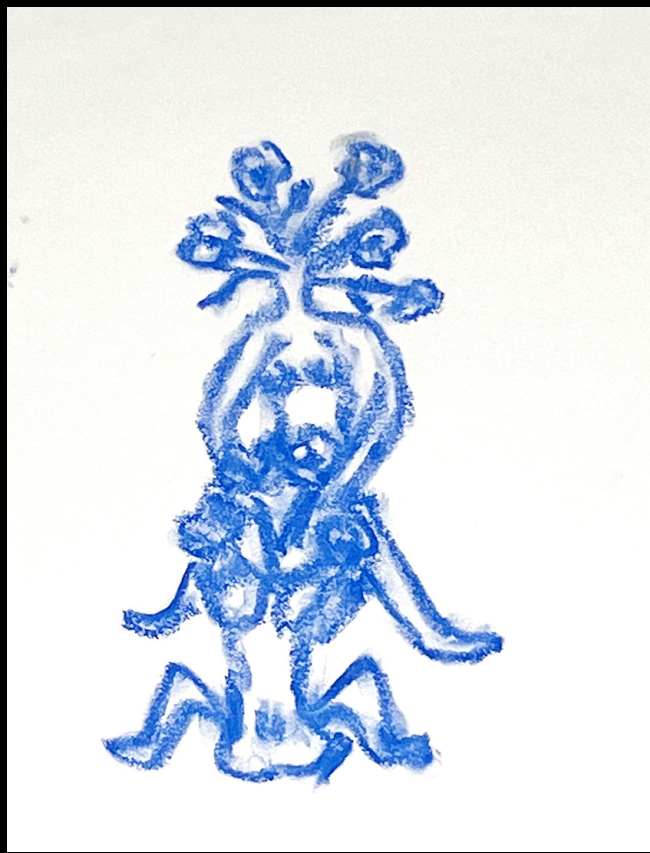
Maham Insha (b. Karachi, Pakistan 1998) is a mixed media artist currently residing in Rome, Italy. She composes songs and meditations, writes poems and personal essays and sometimes makes experimental videos. However, when it comes to drawing she exclusively focuses on illustrating the world of 'flowerheads' that swarm around in her imagination all the time.

The following mini collection of works serves as an attempt to create physical imprints in order to document and visualize an imagined 'ethnographic' studies of these creatures, their existence and their behavior and communications with our human realm.



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SEED, UNSEEN

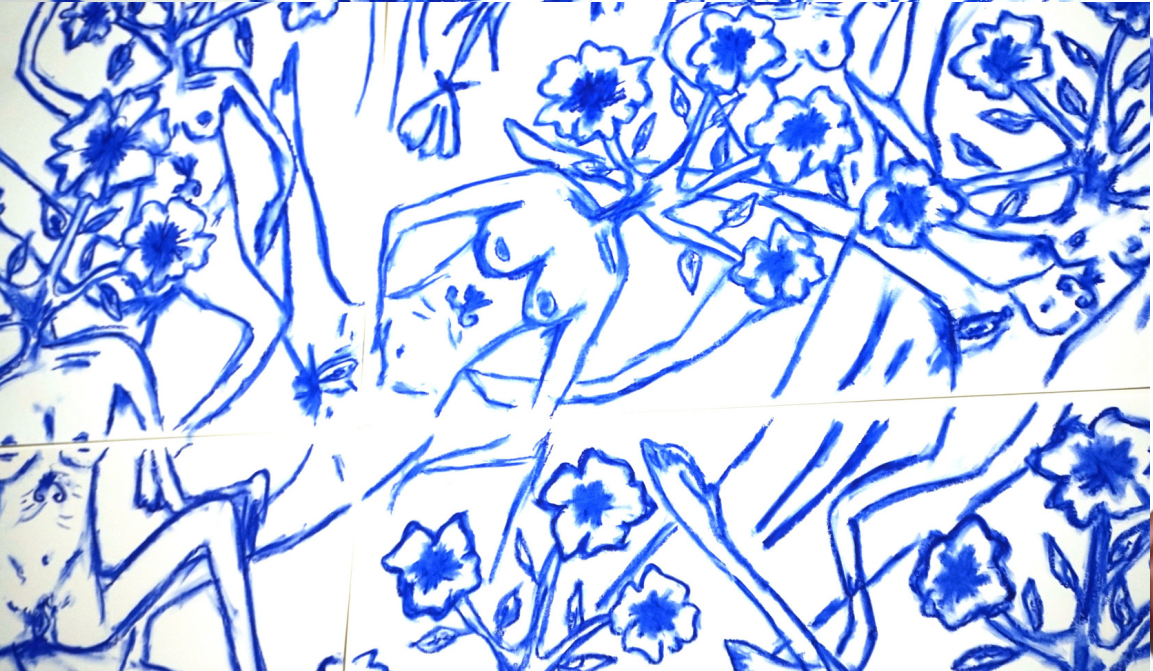
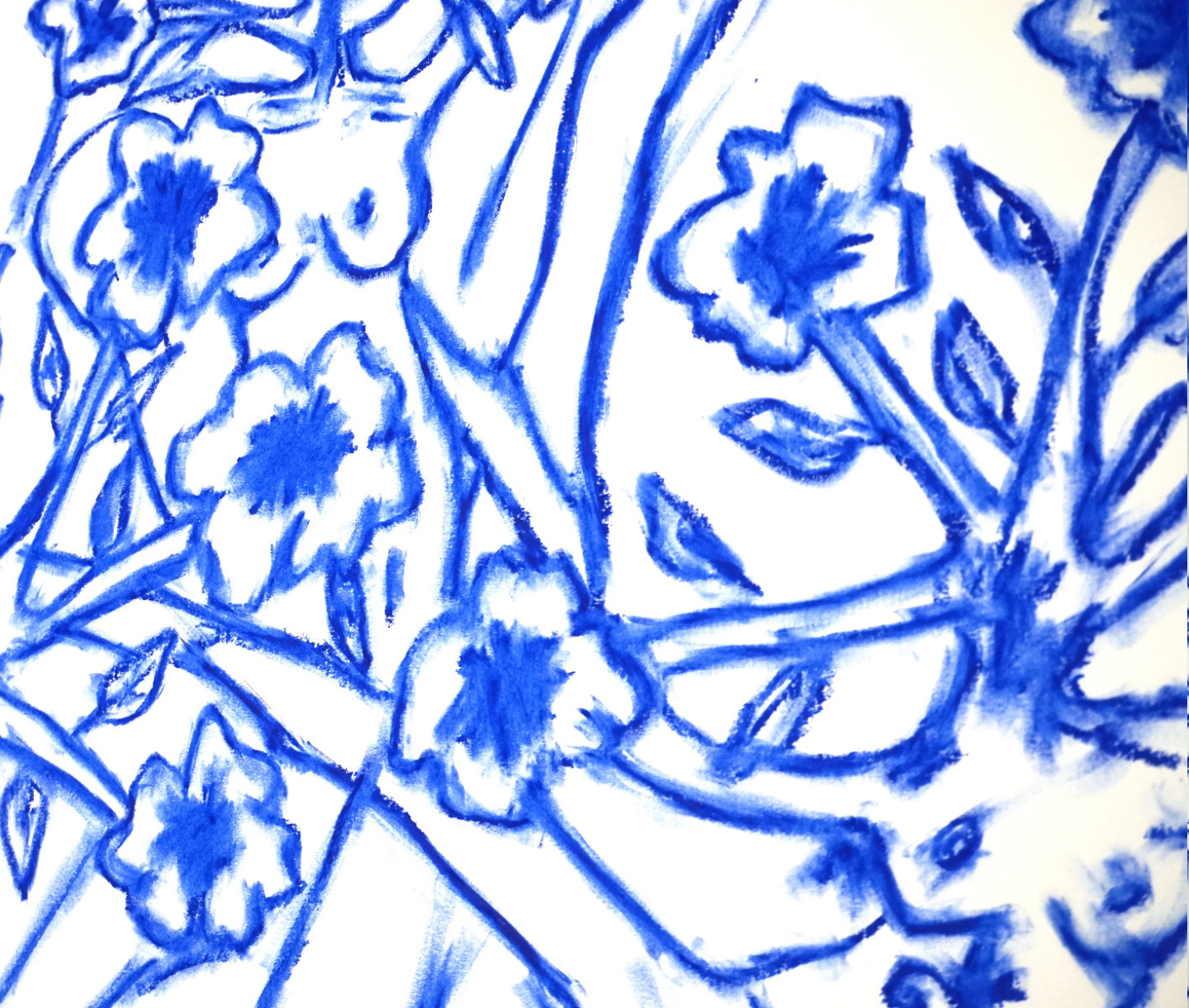
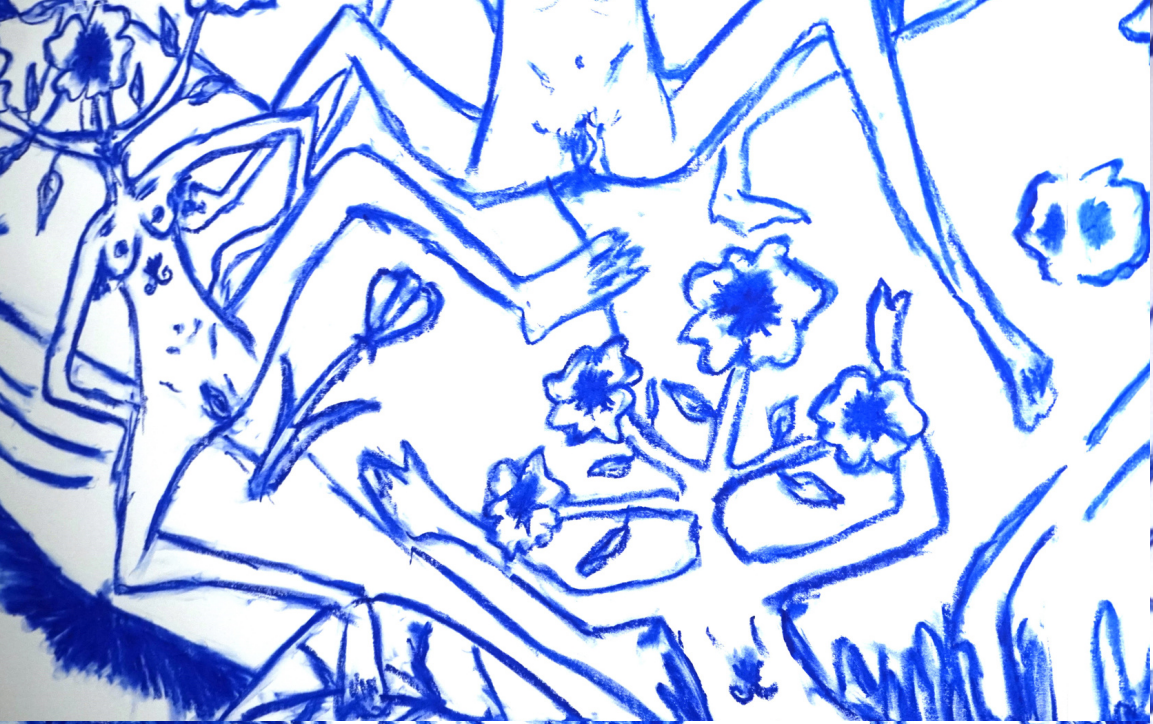
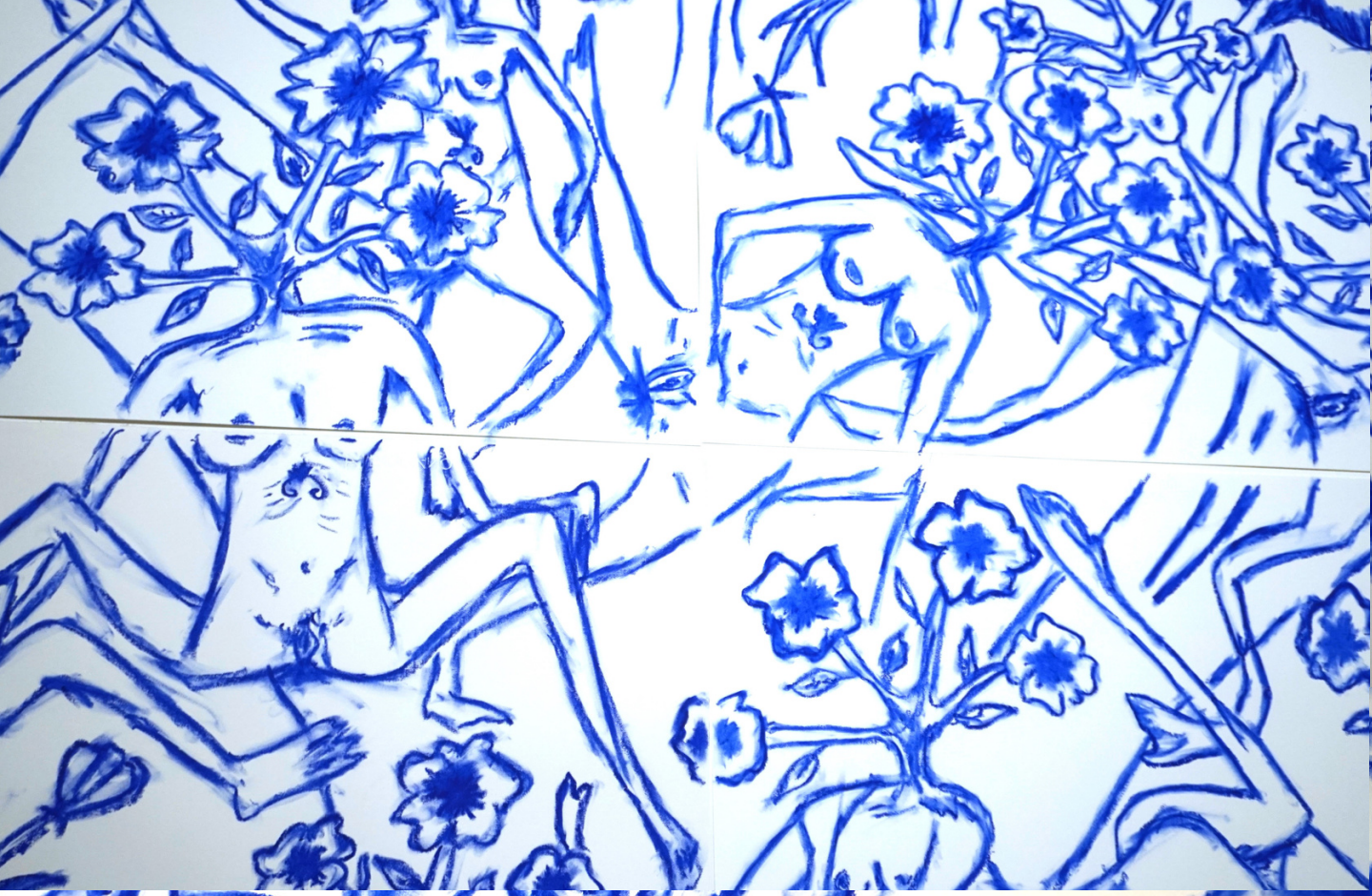
9 pieces, oil pastel on paper

We are fluid creations. We rise up and crystallize like ant hills, we dissolve like sand. We are grit, we are grain. We ovulate, we are POLLINATORS. We meld into one another in communion, we pleasure each other. Each act is sacred. Every position is fertile.

We are not rigid, we are not senseless. We touch and every fibre in our being dances. We share our seeds, we disperse, we soar in the great big blue and drop what can't be seen. We plant ourselves everywhere. Our saplings are in your food, in the nostrils of your flutes, embedded in the skins of your drums.

We help you be fluid too.





10 PORTALS

We serve you the very portals you are always looking for.
We are the gapes, the openings, we are the holes Alice
keeps falling through.

Every gust of wind that freshens you up, every bite of a
concoction that opens your eyes wide and sets your taste
buds on fire..we are there.

Riding those lemons, in the pheremones of the rose buds.

We have our legs stretched open, for you to dive into our
portals, assume our figures, become a hybrid human. Every
intense, delicious interaction is our craft.

Our juices are there to replenish you. Our bossoms are there
to caress you. Drink the vital potions, enter more portals

We invite you
We invite you







THUMBELINA DAY BEDS

Can you stamp us into your minds? We are there on our day beds, picture perfect. You can find us if you peer closely enough and see us waiting for you.

My sister is on a Sri Lankan lily pad.

My brother lies on a jasmine petal in Pakistan.

Until you find us, we rest. We play with ourselves, we sing songs, we braid together veins of leaves, we concoct potions with dew drops after it has rained.

We pleasure ourselves with the density of this swollen Earth. Till we fling our bodies back into the playground, we rest.







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