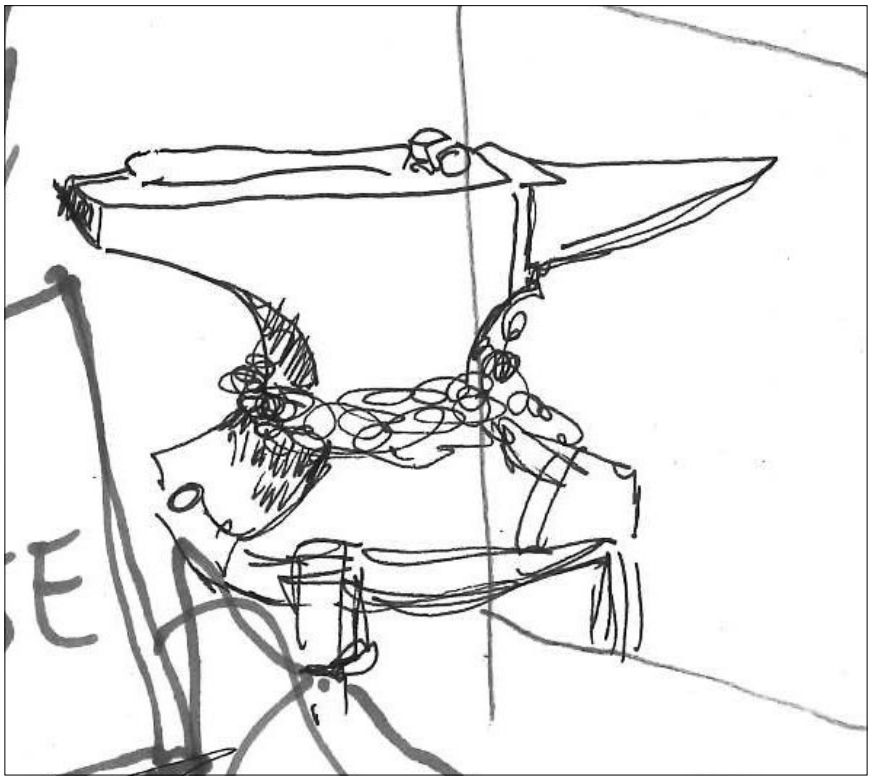
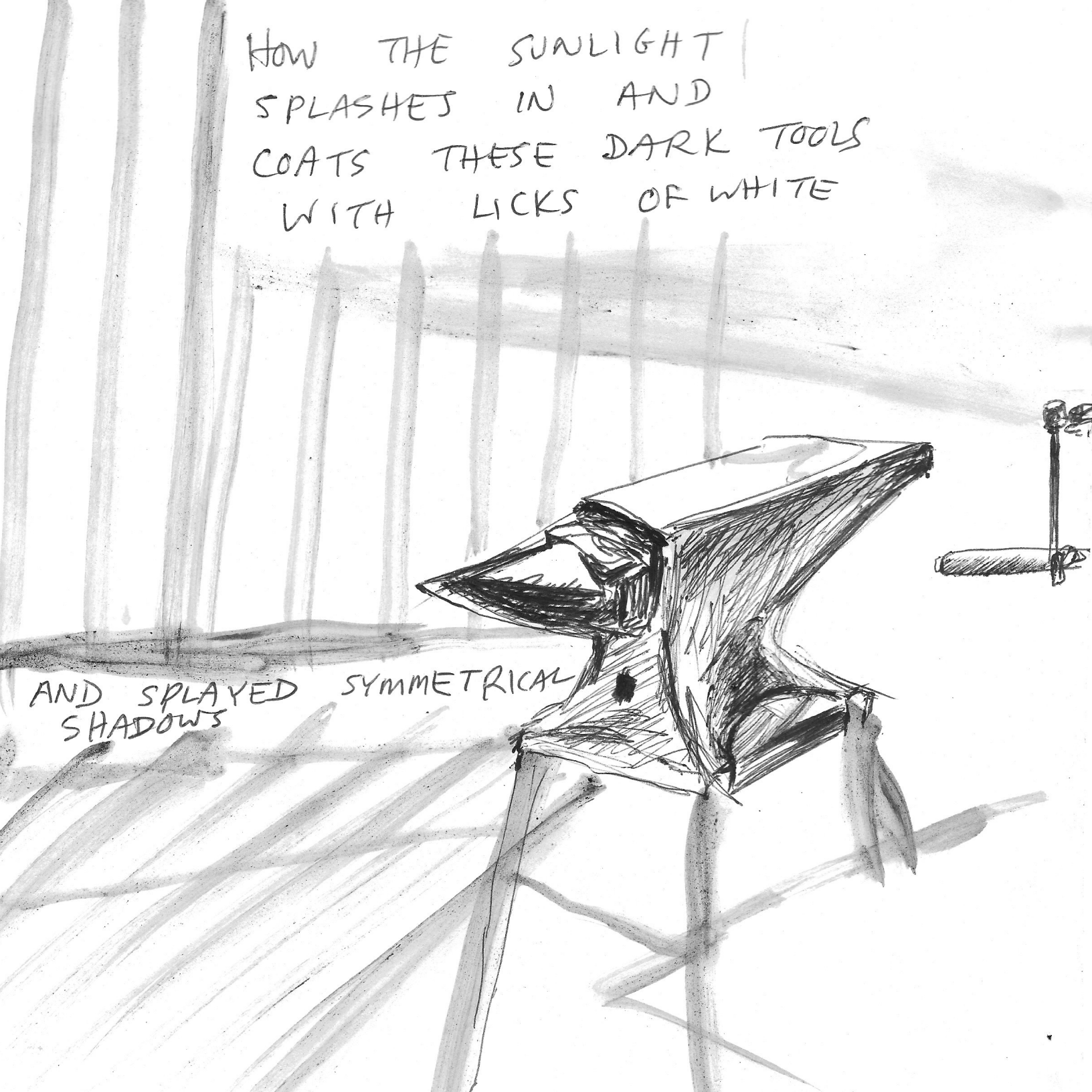
Blacksmith I



Debbie Harman


THE DEPTH OF
THE BLACK INSIDE
THE HOOD
IS ONLY
MATCHED BY
SHADOWS
BEHIND
THE TOOLS
THAT
SKIRT

HOW THE SUNLIGHT
SPLASHES IN AND
COATS THESE DARK TOOLS
WITH LICKS OF WHITE



AND SPLAYED SYMMETRICAL
SHADOWS



HOLDING THE
BODY A CERTAIN
WAY.

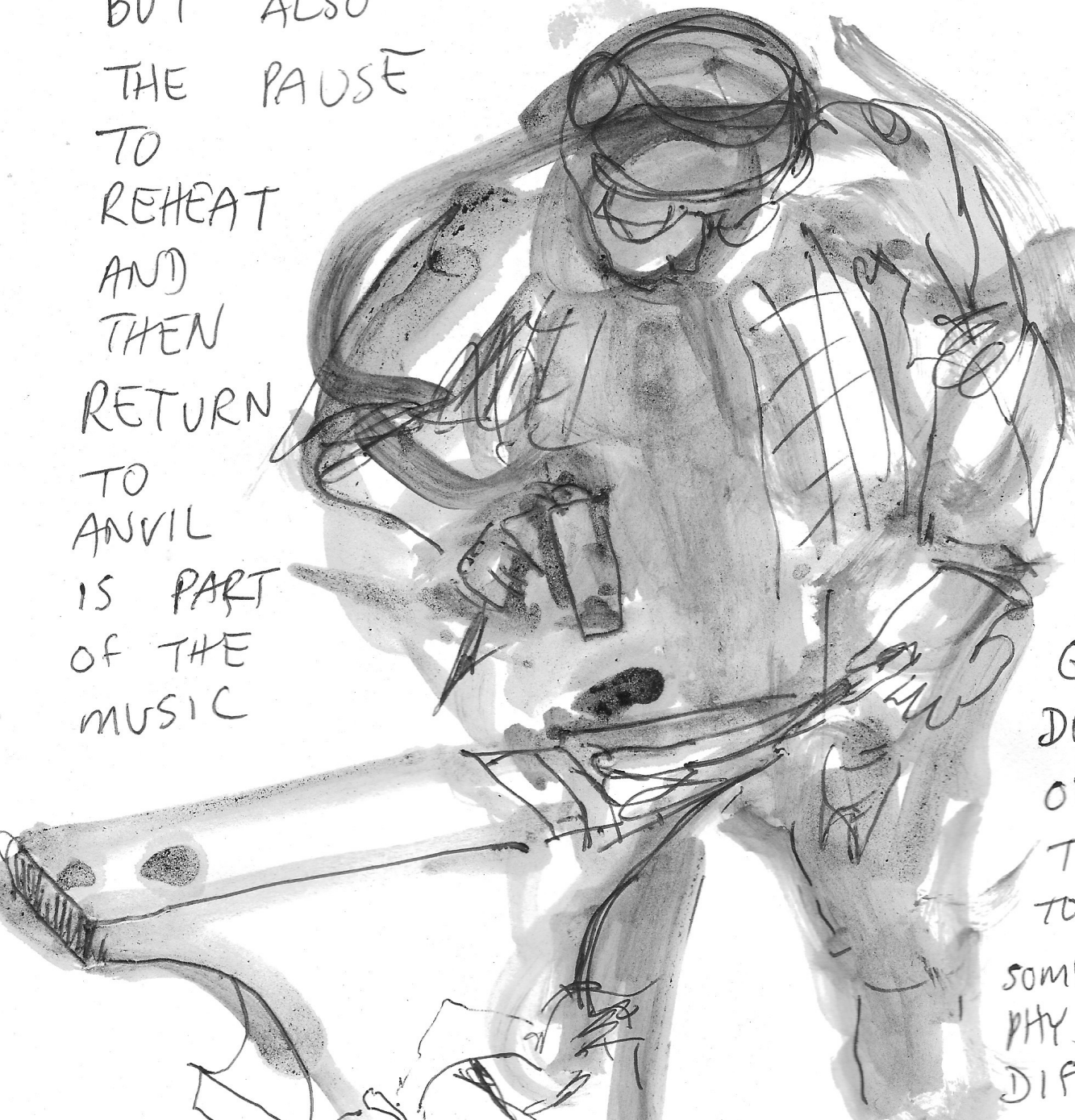
FOR
THE



HAMMER,
THE
PIECE
AND
THE
EYES

THERE IS A RYTHYM OF HAMMERING

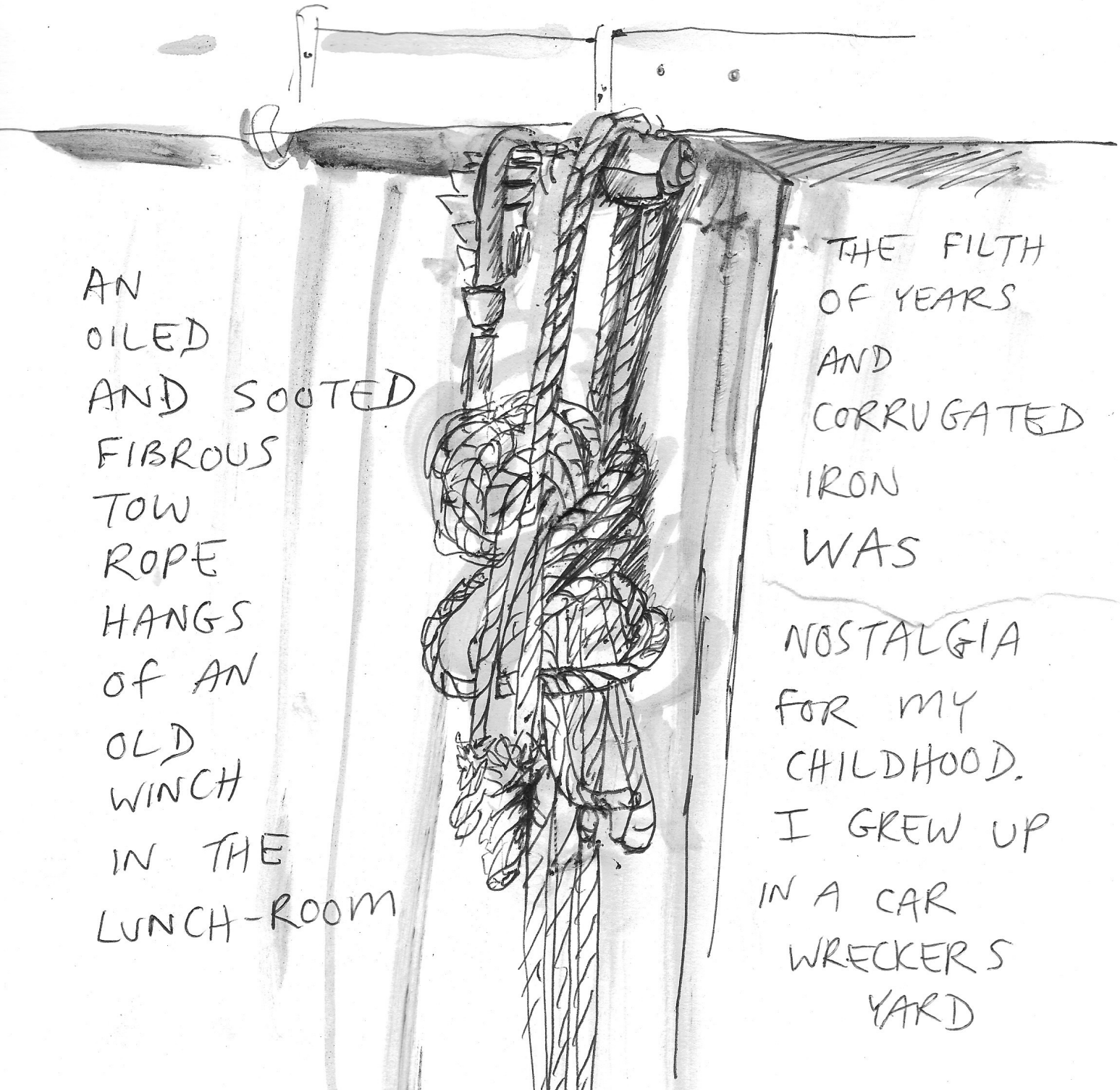
BUT ALSO THE PAUSE TO REHEAT AND THEN RETURN TO ANVIL IS PART OF THE MUSIC



THE GRADUAL BUILD UP LAYERING OF MOVEMENT PAINT GESTURE DRAWING OVER TIME TO BECOME SOMETHING PHYSICALLY DIFFERENT.



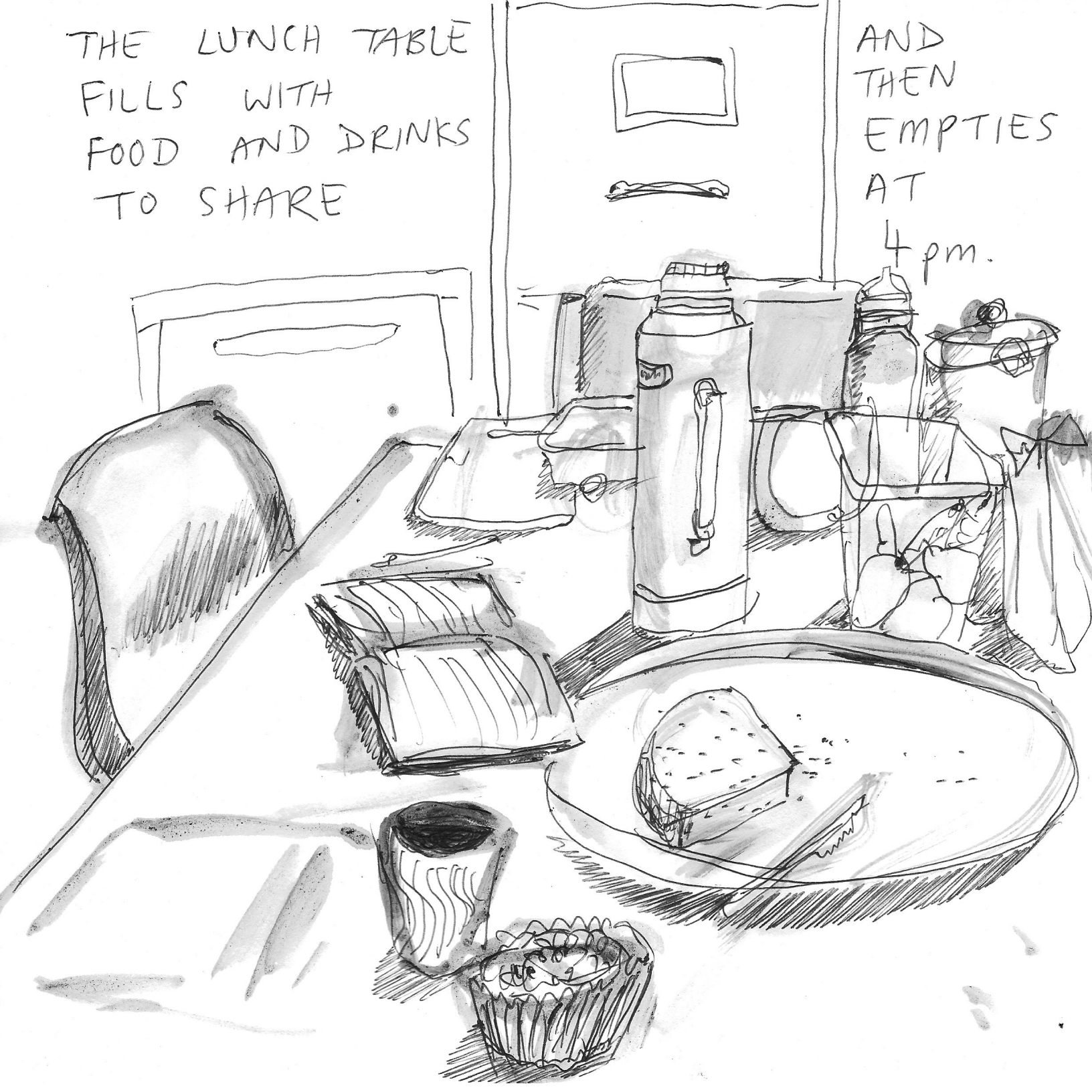
THE LUNCH TABLE
SPREADS
OUTWARDS
WITH OBJECTS
AND AS MANY CONVERSATIONS AS EDGES AND
INTERSECTIONS.



AN
OILED
AND SOOTED
FIBROUS
TOW
ROPE
HANGS
of AN
OLD
WINCH
IN THE
LUNCH-ROOM

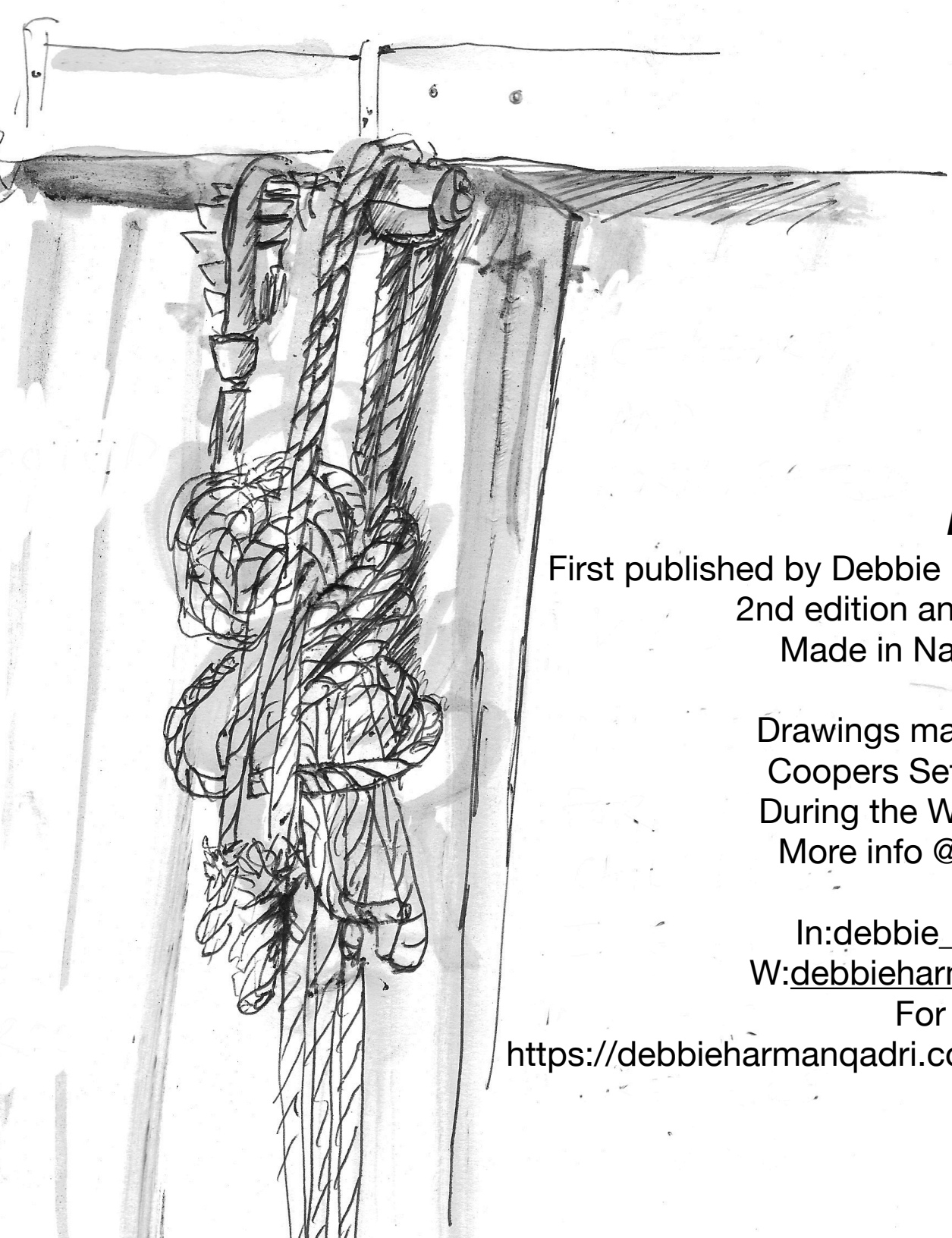
THE FILTH
OF YEARS
AND
CORRUGATED
IRON
WAS

NOSTALGIA
FOR MY
CHILDHOOD.
I GREW UP
IN A CAR
WRECKERS
YARD


THE LUNCH TABLE FILLS WITH FOOD AND DRINKS TO SHARE
AND THEN EMPTIES AT 4 pm.


COLD DRINKS $1.00
13
AS I PAINT THE LUNCH-ROOM, I HEAR THE SOUNDS of THE END of THE DAY...
ONE BLOWER AND A LONELY HAMMER TINKS.


WHEN WE LEAVE
IT SITS SO
AND WAITS,
FOR OUR
RETURN
STILL



Blacksmith II
First published by Debbie Harman 2025,
2nd edition and ebook 2026
Made in Naarm, Australia

Drawings made at ABAVic,
Coopers Settlement Barn,
During the Women's group
More info @abavic.org.au

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