

# Tais Rose Wae

## rivus

### 23rd biennale of sydney



Image: Courtesy of Tais Rose Wae, 2022

MAJOR EXHIBITION PARTNER



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MAJOR STRATEGIC PARTNER



# *Walking like Water*

## – Listen here

Welcome. Let us take this moment under the same sky, moving over the water that flows beneath the surface of the earth to thank this Country and the traditional custodians of this land. This is the Eora Nation. The Gadigal peoples are the Traditional Custodians of this place many of you now know as Sydney. Let us take this moment to honour and pay our respect and deep love for their protection, knowledge, care and custodianship of the lands, waters and skies. We offer our thanks by moving softly and slowly, to notice the resilient, immense beauty as a gift back to the earth.



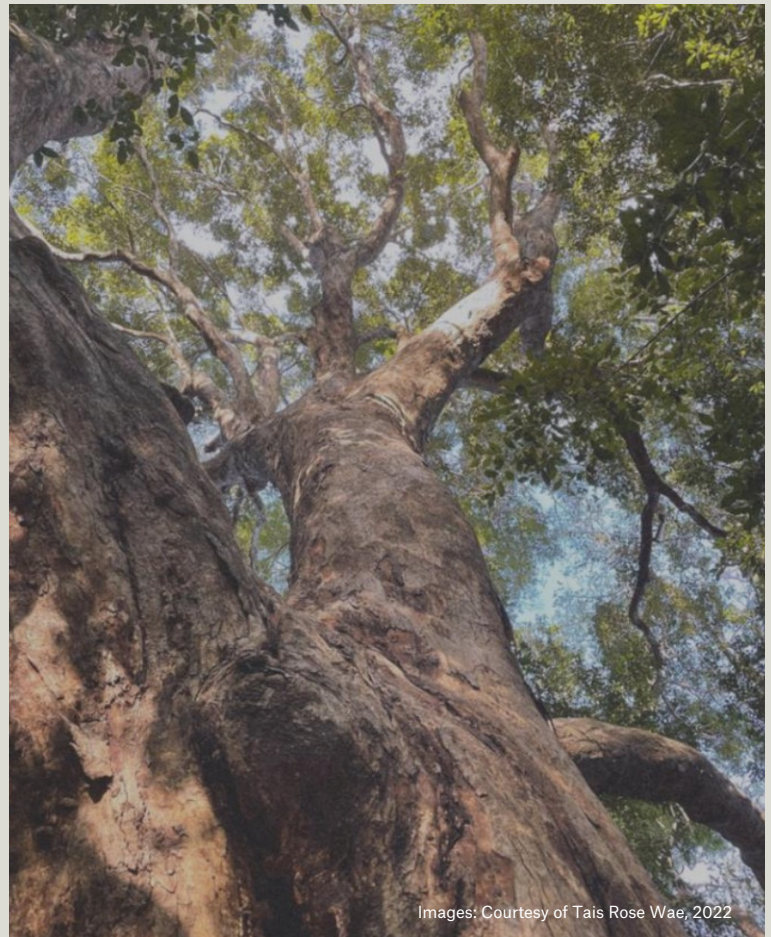
Image: Courtesy of Tais Rose Wae, 2022

Here, now, being still, or not... take a deep breath in. Feeling your lungs expand, the breath moving through you, then take a sigh out with the city. Feel a gentleness within your body, find a gentleness within the city. 2  
A letting go, a lucidness where it was rigid.



Whether you are walking alone or not, feel the presence of the glimmers of nature around you. Is there a bird on the footpath? A dandelion bursting, defiantly, through a crack in the concrete? Perhaps if you move slowly enough you will notice an ant on its way home. Or a leaf in its own metamorphosis, turning to mulch in the gutter.

Search for the colour green. Search for a tree, or for more than one. Notice the bark, the twisting life of the trunk, stop for a moment underneath its branches or nearby to witness it. Its colours, its textures, why it has grown this way or that. Are there flowers? Or leaves that have fallen? Does it offer the gift of shade, or are its branches bare?



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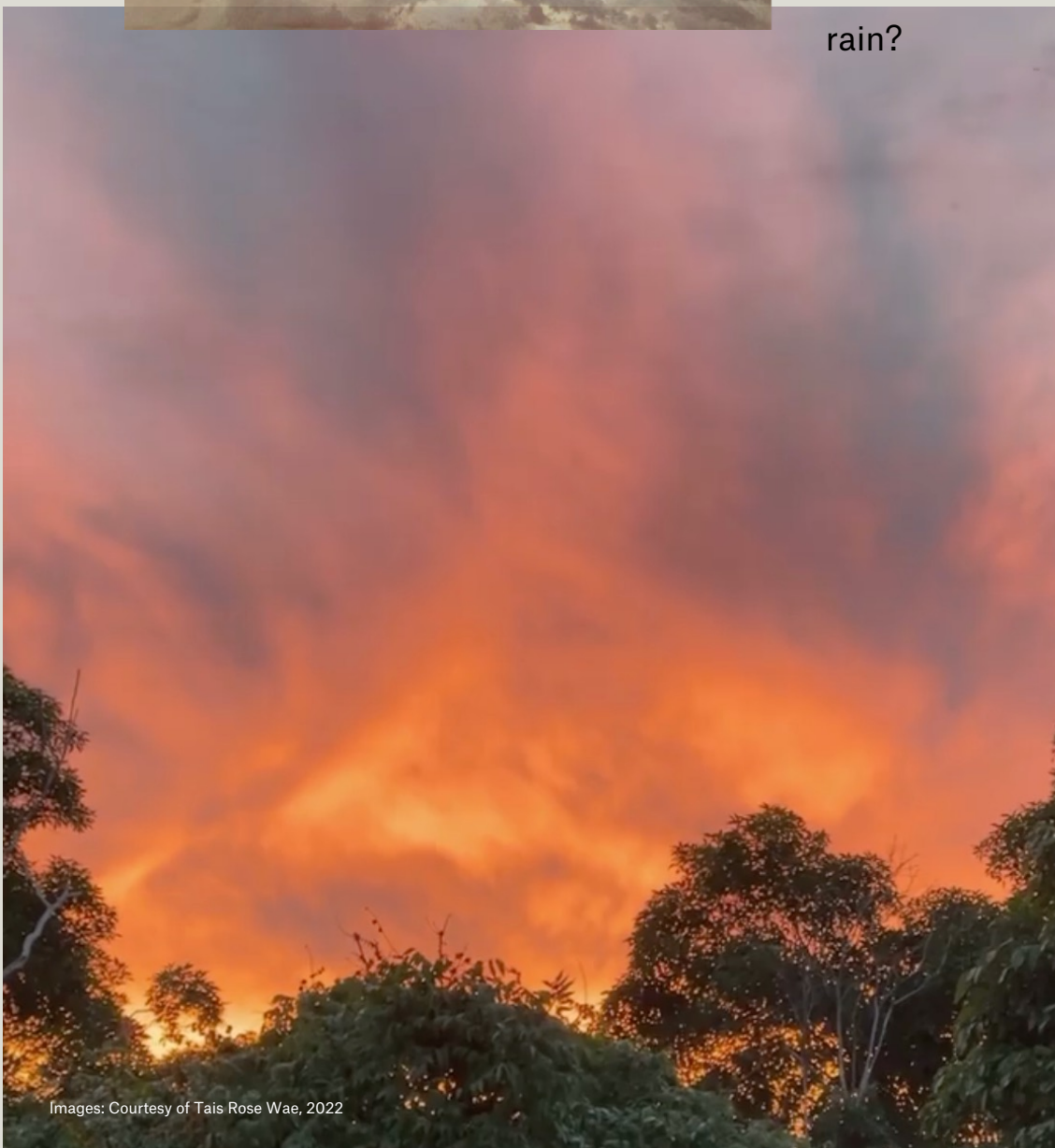


Take note of its roots and their journey through the earthen layers beneath our feet, the way it holds the soil together, holds us together, how the tree fills our lungs with each breath in, every breath already breathed by the traditional custodians who walked this land since time immemorial. Offer thanks for the water that feeds and has fed this tree, that feeds us too.

Looking now to the sky, taking note of any wind, or a lack of. The blue or white or vermilion or pink or honey-orange or grey. What moves through or across it? A bird? A flock of birds? A seed floating through the air, about to meet its new earthen home? Notice whether the sun is breaking through the clouds, or is out of sight, or behind that building? Does it warm your skin?



If you close your eyes, with your face tilted toward the sky, what colour do you see behind closed eyes? Is there water in the sky, in the clouds, falling gracefully in the form of rain?





And now finally... search for water. Or let it find you. Can you feel the poetry of precipitation? Is it humid? Are you by the water now, witnessing its lapping, lingering, flowing in or out, renewing the lands, holding, and healing? Can you sense the water spirit, sacred, strong, sentient? What does the water reflect back to you?

If you are there, at the water, or when you arrive, take a moment of stillness or silence or both to feel the journey of how it has arrived to you.





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Envision the many Countries it has washed over, the moss on the rocks it has fed, the birds whose beaks have drunk from it, the many bends and riverbeds it has wrapped around to make it here. Water teaches change, teaches liminality, shows us a great remembering.



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When you get to the water, thank the water. Feel the water. Not in body, but in heart, to participate, to relate. And if you slow down to notice the way it moves; the swirl, the ripple, the dance... perhaps you will allow its teaching. The returning. The remembering. Perhaps you can be the water.