

*Lure* Friday 11 November to Tuesday 6 December 2011

I could tell you fishing stories of flathead at dawn. Flounder in the evening. The shimmer of fish skin. A bay of water coloured by sunrise, the light broken only by the silhouette of a wooden dinghy rowed quietly. But I have told those stories before.

I could tell you stories of other lures. Like courage. The courage of writing a sentence and then another. Of saying what needs to be said. Of words hooked from tears. Words dipped in the brine of history. Words hauled back from the depths of tomorrow.

I am lured by courage. The courage to live with the unlivable. The courage to live with your heart burning like a light-house. The courage to be an artist. Despite everything.

I am lured by stories of love. All boys are fish when you're young. Some you catch and release. There is one you never catch. And one that gets away. Love, like fishing, is a sport of patience and not always getting what you anticipated. I could tell you stories of fish with cold eyes and men with warm ones. And vice versa. Both have their appeal.

I am lured by myths about fish. The fish are immense and beautiful. They speak and sing and make promises. Some fish become women if you take them home, but they never stay.

I am lured by art. Art drawn from the ocean of imagination that lands us on the shore of wonder. Captive, barely breathing.

I could tell you stories of art but they are here. Catch one. Take it home. See what it becomes.

**Heather Rose**