

In 2001, Carmen (b. 1996) was 5 years old. A year of perspectives, looking up as it passes over you and standing at the window staring into the horizon. When she was in Syria on holiday, I would get messages from her with photos of bullet holes. Last year she sent me videos from New York, the lights turning off and on in the prison facing her subplot. This show would probably have been a film, but everything, cameras, tapes, clothes, got stolen out of a car during a trip through the desert to LA. So instead she sent us photos, and very beautiful ones.

The last time I saw Carmen, we were driving around on the way to a warehouse, it was hot and the windows were down and we were silent and listening to Les Rallizes Denudes. I might be going against her wishes here, to frame the show in terms of themes, moods and set pieces, possibly the decision to show photos is an attack on film and a turning towards a medium that is even less forthright about its reliability.

Meow is proud to present *Me ditations* its first solo presentation of Carmen-Sibha Keiso. A long time collaborator of the gallery in her capacity as a film director, here she shows a series of photos. They show windows, plastic, light, carpet, corners, architecture and a possibly female limb. In their composition there is a heavy chiaroscuro, conjuring perhaps a feeling of a void, held back by kitsch and consumption or alternatively a life lived gracefully between contrasts.

- Calum Lockey

I want to get as close to nothing as possible
I think I should date a buddhist
By that I mean a pseudo buddhist
I should start hanging out in yoga classes
Maybe go on the Vapissana silent retreat as a first date
I'm repulsed by impulsive behavior since returning
I know all my luggage was stolen and I was forced into a sort of thoughtless meditation
And that none of these feelings or thoughts may be organic to me
Despite my actions & beliefs matching up. When I was in hotel quarantine my main point of daily communication,
was with my auntie who is a transcendental meditationist
I took a lot of baths in the hotel
Supposedly every day. My skin would peel, it was very dry
There was no fresh air
As I know existence is its own bricolage of performativity
I'm finding myself slowly embodying the mind of a buddhist
Mental abstinence
How to cut and prolong a cultivating point
I haven't made the person I'm fucking cum yet
And neither have they
I'm not interested in prolapsed sub-cultures
I think I'm interested in disclosing a space where I can mediate desire
Or understand what that means on some other symbiotic level
I want to really divulge with someone else
I want to find someone who's on my wavelength
I'm an incredibly dissatisfied person
The longer I live, the more bored I become
Boredom fortunately allows room for simplicity, reflexion, and introspection
The most important thing about me is my capacity to be bored shitless
My mother would always say 'bless your boredom' when I was an apathetic teenager
I was sleeping with someone who has never experienced boredom last year
And they could never relax
I don't think I could fall in love with someone who has a social media presence