

*I kissed all this inanimates with my lips for resistance, in glue
wrote for want of empathic capacitors, kissing living lust
secrete cement eventual they me, to and from off of you
lippy kiss calligraphy, in a pout point pen of dust*

*Kissed lip stick glue
wrote out all this living lust
cement eventual they me and you
in a pout point pen of dust*

*Kissing kisses kissed glue
registration writing living lust
cement eventual they me and you
in syntactic pouts of fucking dust*

*Empathic capacitor kisses in dewy glue
operated with this fucking living lust
secrete cement eventual they me and you
kisses kissed in fucking dust*

*Kissed lip stick glue
writing this with living lust
cement eventual they me and you
in an out my petals pout to dust
for fucksake*

*Secrete spittle kiss oil and glue
pronounced in a lone syntax of living lust
cement eventual this new me and you
in a pout stayed in dust*

*Kissed with glue
and this with lust
syntax cement eventual
in a pout of dust*

- Michael Dean

In this his fourth solo exhibition at Herald St, *Kiss Emitting Die Odes*, Michael Dean's works operate within the architecture of the gallery for want of the body of a book. Walls are pages, corners are binding spines that publish a lexicon landscape of kisses. Kisses that bruise and hickey untouched surfaces in search of something. Leaving behind an *empathic capacitor* of fragility and jouissance. Thirty-five works made up of extra virgin olive oil and lipstick kisses dusted with cement are combined in their purest form for Dean to pout his lips, to kiss and fix a language of abstracted, visceral typographies, that beg reception and return. Kisses pixel and punctuate into syntactic secreted autonomies, eventually resembling a "cement sculpture thin as ink".

In their intimate forms, the *lippy calligraphy* deciphers a facet of the physical, performative act of ones kiss. Igniting a bodily response; you twist, lick your lips and tilt, as if to kiss and so assimilate the somewhat illegible kisses, that smack, smooch and snog across the framed paper page(s). By integrating a syntax of personal and political dichotomies, Dean performs, *shall we say* a romanticised calligraphy of odes. Odes that surrender to the simultaneous celebration and resignation of the departure of the kiss; the death of the kiss; the kiss of death. A personalised pen which pouts out a kissing continuum of amalgamations and iterations of murmurs and remembering(s) of love and love lost. A stream of unapologetic cries. Loss, lust, living death, hatred, anger, joy, the stars, sorrow, sadness seep from the vermilion bosom of lips that caress the paper. Paper which becomes a skin for these words [kisses] to linger on. Resounding in an everlasting, evolving, emotive love letter *for fuck sake*.