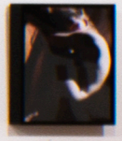

Body, Memory House explores compromised identity, intimacy, and memory as auto-fiction through photographic prints and text, cataloging various relationships and the blurred line between public and private.

The relationship of text and image confuse each other, one might reveal more about the other, but forever present is partial concealment. The use of self portraits complicates the photographs position as 'the truth,' questioning the reliability of personal narrative and ownership of the self— *Body, Memory House* is a series best seen from the periphery, a knot of phrases uttered in private space, a series of fleeting glances compounding into a single understood experience.

Oliver, born and raised on the ocean in coastal Maine, works primarily in photography, creative writing, and bookmaking. Continually inspired by the private spaces we carve out for ourselves, intricate relationships and navigating the body as site, her work often presents severity and softness in equal measure. In her free time, Oliver likes swimming, driving with friends, and walking her dog, Maisie.

Still we got it in our bones and nails upon the lighter click for some other grave
and a different night where I kept my tears to myself and you stayed fully clothed and
the wind strayed from our eyes and I said *it's finally summer now* on the first of may
three days before the ancient riot of hip to hip and I said *I've never seen*
that before but I'll make it work for you I laid a million teeth to rest I put my condolences in
a place between here and silence and we don't speak of your mother but I wanted
to say *is this her room* where you were born where I spring from the white upon
your shoulders and I don't know kindness because I don't know loss
as the smear of animal before the median a comet on the tar a bit of pearl
upon my breast and the sound of a receding engine one boy says to another
fuck her good

20 21

I suppose I looked at streetlights and said surely,
those must be stars, kept my mouth
stretched to the dusk between
your thumb and forefinger—

that all those times at a distance were just for looking.

I watched morning
creep through the wreckage of our bodies
as you took all summer taking me apart
I became the mortar and bullet, my spine

set to spelling your name
before your palm eclipsed the funny plane of my hips—
straining towards the skylight

loose me to the clouds

and in the silence between bated breath
spills the sun
and we felled each other
over and over again.

A LACK OF SOUND SO
INSTANT IT SURPASSES
SILENCE AND BECOMES
ITS OWN EXPLOSION //
THE SUDDEN PRESENCE
OF ABSENCE.

Haunt (verb)

i. to visit often

ii. to have a harmful or disquieting effect on

I think I've moved to an empty house although three bodies sleep here
and one of them's mine but I think I moved to an empty bed although
the radiator moans through the night and my coat from the hook tries to coax it-
self into the sheets and my fingers try on any number of different names
I think I've moved to an empty town although I struggle on the sidewalk and
smile at children with a vain disinterest and step into headlights waiting for the wa-
ter to get warm duck unwillingly for planes that cut a zipper across the sky and split
just the way I want to into the sidewalk on a night home in the dark when I peer
into the face of every passing stranger hoping praying that it is[n't] you
while Boston stands drunk and bleary in the distance hands in pockets watching
me wilt and weep at the feet of anyone with curly hair anyone that could be you
you've forgive me I've forgotten— you've always looked different than I remembered
yet every distant person becomes you and I am so fucking haunted
I haven't been sleeping I've been spitting stones up I've been sucking on any
sort of semblance of you who I saw a week ago who turned only
because I was talking too loud who didn't strike a chord in my body
but I said this is it just for relief from it all the ache and adrenaline
of seeing you walking home on a clear night the art of moving through
the world without displacing it slithering through the darkness towards
an unmade bed the crosswalks like a cage bared and stagnan
streetlight sentarian my teeth like bullets and I look up and you go
less than two yards in front of me and I can see everything in clear profile
your nose the pull of your brow and the solitary freckle
wanders across your cheek and the stars jitter above— I know I was
meant to see you first watch you drift by and
I could slice a car in half if it came upon my body I could be shot and still stand
watching you, possessed.

Haunt *(verb)*
i. *to visit often*
ii. *to have a harmful or disquieting effect on*

I think I've moved to an empty house although three bodies sleep here and one of them's mine but I think I moved to an empty bed although the radiator moans through the night and my coat from the hook tries to coax itself into the sheets and my fingers try on any number of different names I think I've moved to an empty town although I struggle on the sidewalk and smile at children with a vain disinterest and step into headlights waiting for the water to get warm duck unwillingly for planes that cut a zipper across the sky and split
  just the way I want to into the sidewalk on a night home in the dark when I peer into the face of every passing stranger hoping praying that it is[n't] you while Boston stands drunk and bleary in the distance hands in pockets watching me wilt and weep at the feet of anyone with curly hair anyone that could be you you've forgive me I've forgotten— you've always looked different than I remembered yet every distant person becomes you and I am so fucking haunted I haven't been sleeping I've been spitting stones up
  I've been sucking on any sort of semblance of you
  who I saw a week ago who turned only because I was talking too loud who didn't strike a chord in my body but I said this is it just for relief from it all the ache and adrenaline of seeing you walking home on a clear night the art of moving through the world without displacing it slithering through the darkness towards an unmade bed
  the crosswalks like a cage bared and stagnant streetlight sentarian my teeth like bullets and I look up
  and you go less than two yards in front of me and I can see everything in clear profile your nose the pull of your brow and the solitary freckle wanders across your cheek and the stars jitter above— I know I was meant to see you first watch you drift by and
I could slice a car in half if it came upon my body I could be shot and still stand
  watching you, possessed.