



***After  
the Soft  
Hurricane  
on  
My Hand***

A postscript to what was almost missed

## After The Soft Hurricane on My Hand

*Meene An*

There was a storm—a storm with a hurricane in its wake.

It was a very soft storm, but still, it was a storm.

And, as you know, storms pass—and they return again.

The next one may not be as gentle; it may be harsh, even merciless.

In the aftermath, as we put things back in order, we try to remember where everything once belonged.

We ask ourselves what has changed, and how we might prepare for the next storm.

Perhaps most of us began making art simply because we loved it—because we loved drawing, loved creating something with our hands. It was the thing we loved most, the thing that made us lose track of time.

But the space of an “exhibition” brings mixed emotions.

There is the joy of sharing the time we have spent with others, but also the fear that those hours now demand recognition from someone—that such recognition, or its absence, could make our future either more barren or more abundant.

Of course, a single exhibition rarely transforms one’s life so dramatically. What I speak of is the ambivalence that exhibitions carry within them.

For this reason, at times an exhibition can amplify the joy of making, while at other times it can turn that joy into fear, anxiety, or even a devouring desire. Yet those of us who have chosen to make “artist” our profession cannot run from this. We must decide how to live, how to find our balance in that in-between space.

The exhibition *After the Hurricane on My Hand* was not conceived to simply “show” something. Rather, it is a space for bringing those thoughts and struggles to the surface, to share and discuss them together.

Perhaps this exhibition is not really for the “audience.”

Perhaps it is for ourselves—those of us who, with less than a month left before leaving this school, must face the next storm alone.

Each poem the artists submitted reveals something of who they truly are—both as artists and as human beings. Alongside these poems are objects I asked them to provide—objects symbolizing their relationship with their own work. Together, these objects and poems resonate, exposing the depths of their artistic convictions.

There may be little here to simply delight the eye, but there are people—seventeen people, each as singular as their own story. If you wish to hear them, come to the exhibition and speak to them.

Look at their faces, learn their names, read their poems quietly and deeply. Remember them.

And perhaps, because of your quiet gaze, we too will be able to face the next storm.

Poems

Ani Syu

為懷舊的虛無主義者而設的販賣機

– 陳黎

請選擇按鍵

母乳    ●冷    ●熱  
浮雲    ●大包    ●中包    ●小包  
棉花糖    ●即溶型    ●持久型    ●纏綿型  
白日夢    ●罐裝    ●瓶裝    ●鋁箔裝  
炭燒咖啡    ●加鄉愁    ●加激情    ●加死亡  
明星花露水    ●附蟲鳴    ●附鳥叫    ●原味  
安眠藥    ●素食    ●非素食  
藤蔓詩    ●兩片裝    ●三片裝    ●噴霧式  
大麻    ●自由牌    ●和平牌    ●鴉片戰爭牌  
保險套    ●商業用    ●非商業用  
陰影面紙    ●超薄型    ●透明型    ●防水型  
月光原子筆    ●灰色    ●黑色    ●白色

## A Vending Machine for Nostalgic Nihilists

by Chen Li

Please select a button:

Mother's milk    ●Cold    ●Hot  
Floating clouds    ●Large pack    ●Medium pack    ●Small pack  
Cotton candy    ●Instant-melt    ●Long-lasting    ●Lingering  
Daydreams    ●Canned    ●Bottled    ●Foil-packed  
Charcoal-roasted coffee    ●With nostalgia    ●With passion    ●With death  
Star-brand floral water    ●With insect chirps    ●With bird calls    ●Original flavor  
Sleeping pills    ●Vegetarian    ●Non-vegetarian  
Vine-woven poetry    ●Two-piece pack    ●Three-piece pack    ●Spray type  
Cannabis    ●Freedom brand    ●Peace brand    ●Opium-war brand  
Condoms    ●Commercial use    ●Non-commercial use  
Shadow tissues    ●Ultra-thin    ●Transparent    ●Waterproof  
Moonlight atomic pen    ●Gray    ●Black    ●White

*Cassidy Cole*

**The Swan**

by Mary Oliver

Did you too see it, drifting, all night, on the black river?  
Did you see it in the morning, rising into the silvery air –  
An armful of white blossoms,  
A perfect commotion of silk and linen as it leaned  
into the bondage of its wings; a snowbank, a bank of lilies,  
Biting the air with its black beak?  
Did you hear it, fluting and whistling  
A shrill dark music – like the rain pelting the trees – like a waterfall  
Knifing down the black ledges?  
And did you see it, finally, just under the clouds –  
A white cross Streaming across the sky, its feet  
Like black leaves, its wings Like the stretching light of the river?  
And did you feel it, in your heart, how it pertained to everything?  
And have you too finally figured out what beauty is for?  
And have you changed your life?

*Daniel Arteaga*

### **La Fuente Romana**

Álzase el chorro y al caer rebosa  
La redondez de la marmórea concha,  
cuyo velo de humedad desborda  
en la cuenca de la segunda concha;  
La segunda, a su vez demasiado rica,  
desparrama su flujo en la tercera,  
y cada una da y a un tiempo quita  
y fluye y reposa.

### **The Roman Fountain**

The jet rises, and as it falls, it overflows  
the rounded marble shell,  
whose veil of moisture spills  
into the basin of the second shell;  
the second, in turn, too abundant,  
pours its flow into the third,  
and each one gives and at the same time  
takes,  
and flows and rests.

### **Essuula 23**

- 1 Mukama ye musumba wange; seetaagenga:
- 2 Angalamiza mu ddundiro ery'omuddo omuto: Antwala ku mabbali ag'amazzi amateefu.
- 3 Akomyawo emmeeme yange: Annunnamya mu makubo ag'obutuukirivu ku lw'erinnya lye.
- 4 Era newakubadde nga ntambulira mu kiwonvu eky'ekisiikirize eky'olumbe, Siritya kabi konna; kubanga ggwe oli nange: Oluga lwo n'omuggo gwo bye binsanyusa.
- 5 Onteekerateekera emmeeza mu maaso g'abalabe bange: Onsiize amafuta kumutwe; ekikompe kyange kiyiwa.
- 6 Obulungi n'ekisa tebiiremenga kugenda nange ennaku zonna ez'obulamu bwange: Nange naatuulanga mu nnyumba ya Mukama okutuusa ku nnaku nnyingi.

### **Psalm 23**

- 1 The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he leadeth me beside the still waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.



저녁의 소묘  
- 한강

어떤 저녁은 피투성이  
(어떤 새벽이 그런 것처럼)

가끔은 우리 눈이 흑백 렌즈였으면

흑과 백  
그 사이 수없는 음영을 따라

어둠이 주섬주섬 얇은 남루들을 꺼입고

외등을 피해 걸어오는 사람의  
평화도,  
오랜 지옥도  
비슷하게 희끗한 표정으로 읽히도록

외등은 희고  
외등 갓의 바깥은 침묵하며 잿빛이도록

그의 눈을 적신 것은  
조용히, 검게 흘러내리도록

### Sketch of an Evening

by Han Kang

Some evenings are blood-soaked  
(as some dawns are too)

At times I wish our eyes were black-and-  
white lenses

Following the black and the white  
and the countless shades between

As darkness quietly slips on its thin,  
tattered clothes

So that the peace  
and the long hell  
of a person walking toward us,  
avoiding the streetlights,  
might be read in the same faintly mottled  
expression

So that the streetlights are white,  
and beyond their hoods  
lies a silent gray

And what has moistened his eyes  
flows down quietly, in black.

폭포  
- 김수영

폭포는  
곧은 절벽을 타고 내려오면서도 꺾이지 않는다

폭포는  
떨어지는 것이 아니라 솟구치는 것이다

폭포는  
고독하여라  
그러나 폭포는 완전하다  
그것은 스스로를 꺾지 아니하고  
스스로를 부수는 것이다.

**The Waterfall**  
by Kim Soo-Young

The waterfall,  
even as it rides the sheer cliff,  
does not break.

The waterfall—  
it does not fall,  
it soars.

The waterfall  
is solitary.  
And yet the waterfall is complete.  
It does not break itself,  
it shatters itself.

*Jinhak Lee*

### **The Tyger**

by William Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

### **The Lamb**

by William Blake

Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee  
Gave thee life & bid thee feed  
By the stream & o'er the mead;  
Gave thee clothing of delight,  
Softest clothing woolly bright;  
Gave thee such a tender voice,  
Making all the vales rejoice!  
Little Lamb who made thee  
Dost thou know who made thee

*Kenneth Greiner*

**Stonebearer**

by Kenneth Greiner

mountains  
basins  
un-affirming

warmth

of

bodies  
turning

veins  
that cross  
appendaged  
canyons

who's  
to blame  
for yearning?

Matthew Kellison

**the harder you try**

by *Charles Bukowski*

the waste of words  
continues with a stunning  
persistence  
as the waiter runs by carrying the loaded  
tray  
for all the wise white boys who laugh at  
us.  
no matter. no matter,  
as long as your shoes are tied and  
nobody is walking too close  
behind.  
just being able to scratch yourself and  
be nonchalant is victory  
enough.  
those constipated minds that seek  
larger meaning  
will be dispatched with the other  
garbage.  
back off.  
if there is light  
it will find  
you.

*Mengyuan Tong*

远和近

— 顾城

你

一会看我

一会看云

我觉得

你看我时很远

你看云时很近

**Far and Near**

by Gu Cheng

You—

at times you look at me,

at times you look at the clouds.

I feel

when you look at me, you are far away,

when you look at the clouds, you are near.

*Mia Baraka*

**To be in a time of war (excerpt)**

To wake up, to stretch, to get out of bed, to dress, to stagger towards the window, to be ecstatic about the garden's beauty, to observe the quality of the light, to distinguish the roses from the hyacinths, to wonder if it rained in the night, to establish contact with the mountain, to notice its color, to see if the clouds are moving, to stop, to go to the kitchen, to grind some coffee, to lit the gas, to heat water, hear it boiling, to make the coffee, to put off the gas, to pour the coffee, to decide to have some milk with it, to bring out the bottle, to pour the milk in the aluminum pan, to heat it, to be careful, to pour, to mix the coffee with the milk, to feel the heat, to bring the cup to one's mouth, to drink, to drink again, to face the day's chores, to stand and go to the kitchen, to come back and put the radio on, to bring the volume up, to hear that the war against Iraq has started.

by Etel Adnan, *In the Heart of the Heart of Another Country*, 2005.

لگ جا گلے ---  
حسیں رات ---

لگ جا گلے کے پھر یہ حسیں رات ہونہ ہو  
شاید پھر اس جنم میں ملاقات ہونہ ہو

لگ جا گلے کے پھر یہ حسیں رات ہونہ ہو  
شاید پھر اس جنم میں ملاقات ہونہ ہو

لگ جا گلے ---

ہم کو ملی ہیں آج یہ گھڑیاں نصیب سے  
ہم کو ملی ہیں آج یہ گھڑیاں نصیب سے  
جی بھر کے دیکھ لی جیئے ہم کو قریب سے

پھر آپ کے نصیب میں یہ بات ہونہ ہو  
شاید پھر اس جنم میں ملاقات ہونہ ہو

لگ جا گلے ---

پاس آئیے کے ہم نہیں آئیں گے بار بار  
پاس آئیے کے ہم نہیں آئیں گے بار بار  
بابیں گلے میں ڈال کے ہم رو لیں زار زار

آنکھوں سے پھر یہ پیار کی برسات ہونہ ہو  
شاید پھر اس جنم میں ملاقات ہونہ ہو

لگ جا گلے کے پھر یہ حسیں رات ہونہ ہو  
شاید پھر اس جنم میں ملاقات ہونہ ہو

لگ جا گلے ---

Embrace me...  
Beautiful night...

Embrace me, for this beautiful night may never  
come again  
Perhaps in this lifetime we may never meet  
again  
Embrace me, for this beautiful night may never  
come again  
Perhaps in this lifetime we may never meet  
again

Embrace me

We have been given this time today by fortune  
We have been given this time today by fortune  
Look at me closely to your heart's content

This moment may not be in your destiny again  
Perhaps in this lifetime we may never meet  
again

Embrace me

Come close, for I may not come again and  
again  
Come close, for I may not come again and  
again  
Put your arms around me and let us cry to our  
heart's content

As the downpour of love from these eyes may  
not happen again  
Perhaps in this lifetime we may never meet  
again

Embrace me, for this beautiful night may never  
come again  
Perhaps in this lifetime we may never meet  
again

Embrace me



*Parker Greenwood*

**FOG**

The fog comes  
On little cat feet.

It sits looking  
Over harbor and city  
On silent haunches  
And then moves on.

*Síyang Wang*

车到山前，莫问畏途。

When the cart reaches the mountain, do  
not ask about the fear of the road.

Yoyo Jin

평화시, 평화롭게  
- 김종삼

하루를 살아도  
온 세상이 평화롭게  
이틀을 살더라도  
사흘을 살더라도 평화롭게

그런 날들이  
그날들이  
영원토록 평화롭게

**In Peace, A Poem, Peacefully**  
by Kim Jong-sam

Even if I live only one day,  
let the whole world be at peace.  
Even if I live two days,  
even if I live three days,  
let there be peace.

Those days,  
that day—  
may they be peaceful forever.

回答

— 北岛

卑鄙是卑鄙者的通行证，  
高尚是高尚者的墓志铭，  
看吧，在那镀金的天空中，  
飘满了死者弯曲的倒影。  
冰川纪过去了，  
为什么到处都是冰凌？  
好望角发现了，  
为什么死海里千帆相竞？  
我来到这个世界上，  
只带着纸、绳索和身影，  
为了在审判之前，  
宣读那些被判决了的声音。  
告诉你吧，世界，  
我——不——相——信！  
纵使你脚下有一千名挑战者，  
那就把我算做第一千零一名。  
我不相信天是蓝的，  
我不相信雷的回声，  
我不相信梦是假的，  
我不相信死无报应。  
如果海洋注定要决堤，  
就让所有的苦水都注入我心中，  
如果陆地注定要上升，  
就让人类重新选择生存的峰顶。  
新的转机和闪闪的星斗，  
正在缀满没有遮拦的天空。  
那是五千年的象形文字，  
那是未来人们凝视的眼睛。

**The Answer**

by Bei Dao

Despicableness is the passport of the despicable,  
Nobility is the epitaph of the noble.  
Look—there, in the gilded sky,  
float the twisted reflections of the dead.

The Ice Age has passed,  
why do icicles still hang everywhere?  
The Cape of Good Hope has been discovered,  
why do a thousand sails still race upon the Dead  
Sea?

I came into this world  
carrying only paper, rope, and my own shadow,  
to proclaim, before the final judgment,  
the voices of those already condemned.

Let me tell you, world:  
I—do—not—believe!  
Even if at your feet there are a thousand  
challengers,  
count me as the thousand and first.

I do not believe the sky is blue,  
I do not believe in the echo of thunder,  
I do not believe that dreams are false,  
I do not believe that death brings no reckoning.

If the sea is destined to burst its banks,  
let all its bitter waters pour into my heart.  
If the land is destined to rise,  
let humanity once again choose the heights on  
which to live.

New opportunities and glittering stars  
are now filling the unbarred sky.  
They are the hieroglyphs of five thousand years,  
they are the eyes of those yet to come.

*Yuanye Qui*

世界如此空旷  
我不得不  
轻声说话

The world is so empty and wide,  
I can only  
speak in a whisper.

Waiting for the next storm

## ***After the Soft Hurricane on My Hand***

28 July – 2 August 2025

Design Bar, Dyson Building

Royal College of Art, Battersea

### **Curated by**

Meene An

### **Participating Artists**

Ani Syu

Cassidy Cole

Daniel Arteaga

Daudi Kaggwa

Hongil Yoon

Junghun Lee

Jinhak Lee

Kenneth Greiner

Matthew Kellison

Mengyuan Tong

Mia Baraka

Numair Abbasi

Parker Greenwood

Siyang Wang

Yoyojin

Yuanhao Jiang

Yuanye Qiu

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Kevin Cave (Timetabling Services Manager)

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