

A Pattern Language for Presence

This text takes the form of a pattern language: a sequence of named patterns that describe recurring conditions rather than events, stages, or outcomes. Borrowing from Christopher Alexander's *A Pattern Language*, the structure has been adapted from architecture to my lived experience. Here, patterns are not solutions or instructions, but recognitions—fragments that name how attention, care, time, space, and making have been reorganised through motherhood, artistic practice and domestic life; and through the structures of governance that shape and are shaped by them.

The patterns are deliberately partial and situated. They come from living inside a home, a body, a practice that must now accommodate another life. They do not propose a universal account of motherhood, nor a model to be followed. Instead, they function as a language for noticing what recurs, what holds, and what fails.

Placed alongside the exhibition, the pattern language operates as both accompaniment and pause. It offers viewers a way of reading the work that mirrors its conditions of making: attentive, fragmentary, and grounded in use rather than explanation. *Presence*, here, is not treated as an ideal state, but as something built slowly — through repetition, care, and the ongoing negotiation of what is enough.

The sequence can be read in any order.

Some Thoughts I Couldn't Put Down

Thoughts arrive in fragments.

Between what I carry and what carries me.

Some remain.

Things I Have Held in My Mind and My Arms

The indivisibility of you and me.

Or me, and me.

From you.

The Weight of Your Body and Everything Else

Knowledge travels in weight, posture, touch and fatigue.

What I carry alters how I move through space.

It defines how long I stay.

Plants from My Childhood with Patterns from Yours

We sit in your backyard and remember.

We sit in your backyard, together.

We sit there and imagine.

Presence Reveals Structure

The body teaches attention.

Attention reveals pattern; pattern implies structure.

Structure carries consequence.

The House is Political

Make decisions that assume fatigue.

Make space for interruption.

Build for return.

Two Things Can Be True

I love the work.

I resent its cost.

I stay with the plural.

Birds of Paradise are a Front Yard Plant

Place declares itself slowly, through repetition.

The ordinary becomes specific; the private meets the public.

Belonging is practiced here.

Paths and Goals

Paths are worn by use.

Goals recede, then reappear.

And I was already underway.

Hold Power Gently

Lead without leaving the body.

That knowledge belongs at the table.

The table moves.

Enough

The mind and body are full.

Words fail.

Not today.

Somewhere Roughly in the Middle

Rooms are reorganised.

My mind reorganises.

New thresholds emerge.

Windows Overlooking Life

I look out.

Roofs, footpaths, the steadiness of built things.

Your body moves. I am brought back.

Things from Your Life

Objects accumulate meaning, quietly.

They witness continuity.

They hold us.

These patterns held, until they didn't—and that failure is part of what they record.