

HELEN MOORE

Nature Story

Natural history – the lexical preserve of stretched skin, glass cases, curators in drab ties. Dusty, lifeless, atomised, it's Nature boiled down to a Whale's rib, air breathed through the dehumidifier's teeth.

It keeps neat accounts and classifications, but cannot imagine the latency of woodland, a fallen trunk rife with spores, the rhythms of Lichen. In its dreams the future's stuffed, and the taxidermist rubs his hands.