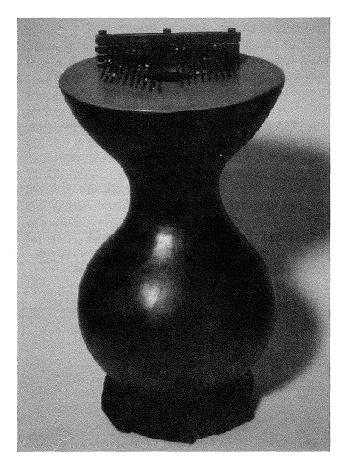
David Walter

Then she turned towards me and ran her hands across the flesh of the doll, the flesh which has been stitched to the belly of her dress.

And she began to sob as she stroked its head, humming a lullaby as she searched for the fabric of our mother's unfinished work.



Ceramic Instrument Sculpture By Greg Bernath