

Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe
*Two girls in silk kimonos,
windows open to the south*

Written in response to **Lisa Freeman**, *Approx 1 Second of a Sweet Kiss*

Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe is a poet, pacifist and fabulist. *Auguries of a Minor God*, her first collection, was published by Faber & Faber in 2021. A finalist for the Dylan Thomas Prize, John Pollard Foundation International Poetry Prize, Michael Murphy Memorial Prize and the Butler Literary Award, it was chosen as a Poetry Book Society Recommendation, National Poetry Day Recommendation, Shakespeare & Co. Year of Reading Selection, and a Book of the Year by both The Irish Times and The Irish Independent. In 2023, she was appointed the Rooney Writer Fellow at Trinity College Dublin. Nidhi is an editorial director at Skein Press, contributing editor at The Stinging Fly, and serves on the Expert Advisory Committee to Culture Ireland.

The **Temple Bar Gallery + Studios Writing Commission** aims to expand ideas around writing about art by inviting Irish authors to create a series of pieces inspired by the exhibitions at Temple Bar Gallery + Studios. In 2024, TBG+S has commissioned Nidhi Zak/Aria Eipe to make a piece of writing inspired by each of the exhibitions in the gallery programme.

Over the last ten years Temple Bar Gallery + Studios has commissioned ground-breaking Irish writers to write on the gallery programme. Previous writers include Sara Baume (2015), Claire-Louise Bennett (2016), Gavin Corbett (2017), Doireann Ní Ghríofa (2018), Annemarie Ní Churreáin (2019), and Ian Maleney (2020), Nicole Flattery (2021), Thomas Morris (2022), Padraig Regan (2023).

The texts are available to download from www.templebargallery.com and printed copies are available in the gallery.

Temple Bar Gallery + Studios is supported by:



**Two girls in silk kimonos,
windows open to the south**

one of us lies
to spare the other

one of us loves
that little bit more

one of us moon,
silver-eyed spoon

and one the sun
yet both are true

one of us holds
a heart too near

one of us folds
beneath that weight

one of us, beautiful,
as a gazelle

one of us always
fleeing first