

الشفاء

# ASH - SHIFA'

Process record preceding the project “**Ash-Shifa**” by  
Tèmídayò Spiritul De Lumină Aríşe.

SDL 2025

Everything can only be as it is.

## Preface

We are faced with constant change and temporal permanence. I have spent this year in passage through beauty, my work and conversation within both familiar and unfamiliar spaces. These moments naturally led me to selfhood. I was 15 years old at the start of my art practice and I have been involved in my practice for the past five (5) years, as a conduit to a force deeply abstract to me yet so powerful I am unable to look past it. Last year, I immersed myself into this force to try and understand it and midway into that process, I failed. I accepted in the absence of understanding that communication does not cease. I tore the bandwidth of the idea of spirituality I had held dear and my philosophy shattered. This year in July, I celebrated these works. These results of a war against the force I strongly believed was speaking through me. I called it 'Memoria'. It's been four months since my debut solo exhibition, a moment in my life I am truly proudest of, but in this time, time leading into this exhibition and time afterwards - something has been metastasizing. I have started to define my **self**. For so long I have associated my identity with my work, without logic or questioning, in superstitious dogmatic faith that this is work that stands beyond my material existence and seeks refuge in the gestures of my hands. I became a blind prophet. Now I accept that I am not a prophet, I am just a man. I now seek to make work from this forming identity of my self. I am young and becoming. I have let my work define me now I let myself define this work. I call it **Ash-Shifā'** (الشفاء) - An arabic phrase that translates to *The Cure, The Healing*. In the process of conceptualising this project, I am working on three (3) digital artworks all collectively called *Nawm al-Iṣlāḥ qabl ash-Shifā'* - *The Sleep of Repair before The Healing*. Once these works have been completed, I will abandon my beloved chosen medium of digital artworks until I find the need for it again. Then I will begin to explore form through sculpture, installation and ceramics. I will explore light through paint and strength through drawings. Rooted in continuous observation, my exploration unfolds into research.

## **Research Context**

The following images document found objects within my home—transferred from my childhood residence in Ajanaku to my current family home. Having persisted through time and transition, these objects embody the continuity between my childhood and youth. Observing their gradual decay and enduring functionality has informed my lifelong perception of objects and material culture.

## OBJECT I - Chair



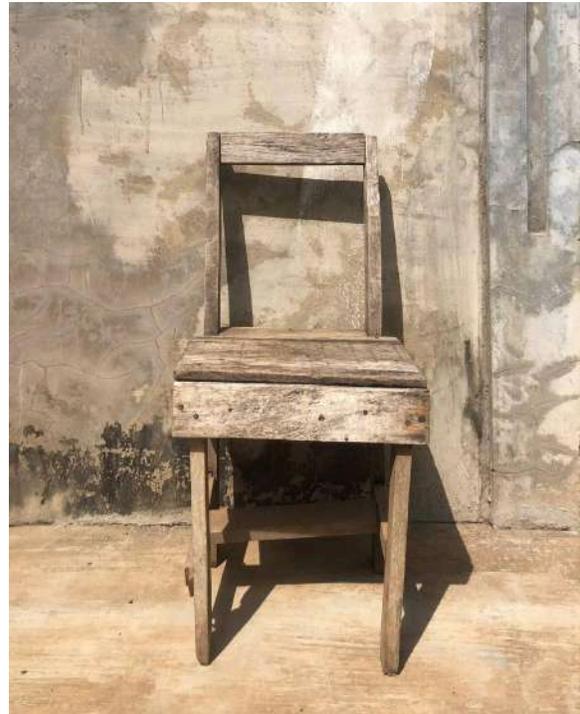
Wooden chair. Àga. My attention was drawn to the structure itself: the unrefined wood, the fractured details, the visible nailing. Even after being kept under direct sunlight and rain, in gradual decay, it still stands strong.





**Fracture.**

**Building.**



## OBJECT II - Mop



Mop. Móòpù. Dreadlocks. I'm drawn to the human quality embedded in the mop's form. Its wood and the faint burst of green along its neck, the quiet harmony of its form. Its strands recall dreadlocks, embodying both identity and function.

OBJECT III - Broom



Broom. Ìgbáḽẹ



This object holds deep functional and cultural significance within the Nigerian context. The broom itself even serves as a symbol appropriated by a political party as an emblem of supposed transformation. Its form, defined by a balanced symmetry composed of many fragments, embodies a quiet paradox. Its utility depends on the dissonant cooperation of its individual strands—each acting independently, yet collectively toward a single purpose: the rearrangement of particles. This notion of fragmentation and unity is one I seek to explore further in my work, as it opens a path toward a compelling philosophy.

'Blue diaphane, tobacco smoke  
Serpentine on wet film and wood glaze,  
Mutes chrome, wreathes velvet drapes,  
Dims the cave of mirrors. Ghost fingers  
Comb seaweed hair, stroke aquamarine veins  
Of marooned mariners, captives  
Of Circe's sultry notes. The barman  
Dispenses igneous potions ?  
Somnabulist, the band plays on.'

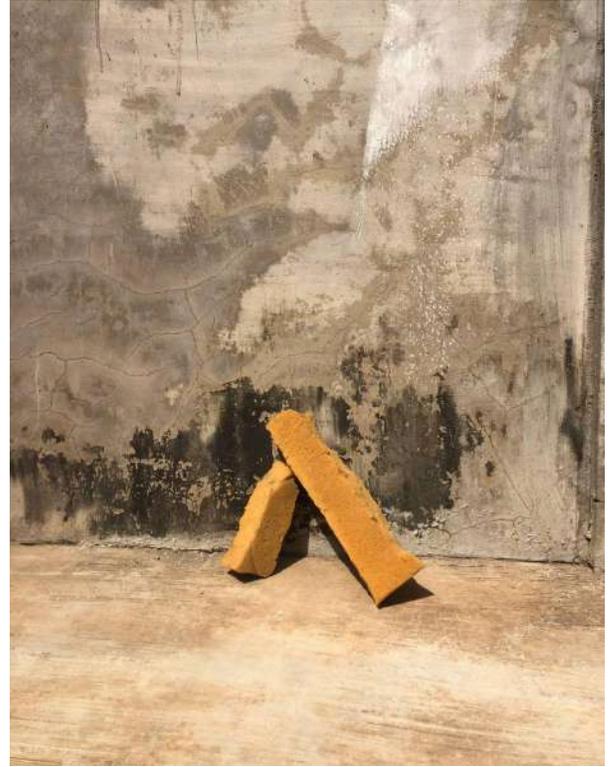
*Excerpt from "In the Small Hours"*  
*by Wole Soyinka*  
*(Written before Nigeria's independence)*

## OBJECT IV - Pot



Pot. Ìkòkò. This pot has been part of my home since my primary school years—an object I often returned to, finding food within it. It was with this pot that I learned to cook; it served my nourishment and became intertwined with my earliest, most positive memories of food and family. These memories all trace back to the kitchen—to one of these pots. More recently, I've become captivated by its surface: the burns, the organic reshaping caused by heat and repeated falls. What fascinates me most is the subtle transformation of the rim and cover becoming no longer a perfect fit, yet still functional. This slight misalignment allows steam to escape while keeping the food warm, not through deliberate design but through damage that has become adaptation.

## PHOTOGRAPHS - Composition and Decomposition



The image on the left, titled *Composition*, was taken in my backyard. The objects within it have remained arranged this way for years, forming an unintentional order that has grown almost invisible through familiarity. Perhaps this long exposure to their quiet coexistence has shaped how I perceive them—as something naturally harmonious. In the image, their colors and forms align effortlessly, reflecting nature’s subtle synchronicity and the way unrelated elements can, over time and through proximity, come together as a coherent whole. The image on the right, titled *Decomposition*, features two blocks of foam that were left resting on the water tank near the garden, exposed to direct sunlight and rain for several weeks. When I picked them up to photograph, I observed that they began to crumble into dust, revealing how material form shifts over time. This moment reminded me that solidity is never permanent—a familiar truth, yet one that continually reaffirms the idea that form remains undefined in its relationship to time.

## OBJECT V - Mortar



Mortar. Odó. I am drawn to the wood in this piece—its raw, organic surface now alive with new growth. The mortar has been repurposed as a stool, a quiet transformation that feels both practical and symbolic. This marks the conclusion of this initial arc: the understanding that *purpose may never be singular*. By quite literally turning an object upside down, it assumes a new function while still retaining traces of its original intent.

'Departures linger. Absences do not  
Deplete the tavern. They hang over the haze  
As exhalations from receded shores. Soon,  
Night repossesses the silence, but till dawn  
The notes hold sway, smoky  
Epiphanies, possessive of the hours.'

*Excerpt from "In the Small Hours"*  
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