

# Petrichor and After Hardeman's 'Petrichor'

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## **Abstract**

One artist might plumb the depths of another artist's work. Surface necessarily implies depth and Hardeman's *Petrichor* documents grief as a play between surface and depth in the detritus of living. Budde's poem *After Hardeman's 'Petrichor'* follows her there with tender hands of language and a sharing of grief in all its levels.

Figure 1

*Petrichor* by Corey Hardeman



**After Hardeman's '*Petrichor*'**

The state of being under water remains relative—and if you reach down further through muck and bog, past the floundering flowers, your fingers dig into heart muscle, brain, and I vaguely try to keep my guts from floating in this deluge of a world. My lungs take on green algae and leeches. This is not a complaint, or whining—I want this, this hiss of life diluting my own, this swirl of agency so I don't have to, this sweet release into the seething teem.

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**Conflicts of Interest**

The research was conducted in the absence of any conflicts of interest.

**Artist Statement (Corey Hardeman)**

By painting these small tempests, these roadside ditches filled with flowers, weeds, and insects drowned by rain and meltwater, My work showing growth in water, the sky reflected, acts as a very literal representation of the way climate grief feels to me: that the world is under this surface, while the surface changes everything, covers everything, refracts and emphasizes some elements, and drowns and occludes others. I consider the surface as disorienting and unmoored, a kind of separation from the known world.

**Biography (Corey Hardeman)**

Born and raised in Halifax, Corey Hardeman has lived most of her adult life in British Columbia. She holds a BSc in Biology and has spent most of her life searching for ways to make a living gazing into tidal pools and forest canopies. For several years she lived off-grid in a hand built yurt, and made paintings in the brief intervals between tending to her four young children. Now that her children are larger and she's traded her tent in the forest for solid walls, she paints all day and often marvels at the luxury of hot and cold running water.