MISCELLANY

At work

I stay at the table and wait. Wood, clay, flowers, shells, thumbtacks, relics, dog, graphite, nights, window, words.

The world

I make a drawing in the morning then erase it in the evening. I disassemble the closet in my studio, then put it back together again. I polish, model, consume, and coat with color. I feel the need to both do and undo the things of this world.

Grey

Grey is the complementary color of oneself.

James

Prodigious dog. White and gray, with black nose.

Art Work

Can't be described. But you go back to it, and more than once.

Conclusions

I'm sure. I'm safe. I'm sure. I'm safe.