

Sirens carom off the steel and glass in Hell's Kitchen tonite. The towers are acoustic chambers that amplify roars now and then, and then a single horn. And now, no sound. These receptive properties of buildings.

Squared off, varying heights, pockets of reflecting rectangles, softening. I keep watching these movies play again and again.

At night in the empty streets, immersed in the concrete and asphalt surface, the light emitting boxes and streetlights cast and the corners tail off.

It's our landscape and regardless of the injustices that caused it to rise, all jagged, yet aligned and plumbed to the slate beneath, it's what we have, no?

Dear New York:

Behind glass, between Dunkin' Donuts and Frames Bowling alley, on the second floor of the south building at Port Authority Bus Terminal are some paintings I made over the last few months. These are being presented in association with Six Summit Gallery. The show is on now until April 27th.

Hope you enjoy,

RM

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