

Metaphors and Mutations

Deep below
a volcano is burning

The insects are dying
the birds fall from the sky

I am not sure who I am talking to
maybe it is only to myself
A whisper in discomfort
since this is new territory

I became tired, doubtful of the space I created
A space between reality and fiction.
Inventions of a fearful mind that tries to escape, finds itself in absurdity
An escape from the idea that radioactive particles contaminate drinking water
and the potential of getting an infection on a public toilet seat

I think of romantic painters

Deep below
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I passed through the ruins of Pompeii
The burning flames of Odessa,
the alleys of Marfa,
The jungles of Hawaii
By large glass windows Of LA bungalows

I collect materials and memories, meet people and animals
Thought of architects, engineers, musicians and poets

The urge to spin stories
Makes me invent their creatures, materials and histories
create fictive roles in fictive narratives based on reality

I materialize and waste
Leave a footprint behind
cultural and ecological

As an artist, often, i feel like a fiction

Deep below
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Dragged between joy and appreciation, doubt and responsibility

I Enjoy the view through those large 50`'s glass windows
Those that became a metaphor
of a delusional relationship between human and nature

A false gate

Between and Luxury and the most basic needs

Vesuvius and Kilauea, showed their anger without warning
Came over its surrounding habitats as a surprise
Those Blurred minds could not see it come
Occupied with building modern civilisations
Focused on Language, art, technology and entertainment

burning oil fields, where machines pump black gold
Thoughts on technology and scientific involvements come up
Could those win this unlinear battle, a battle
Hope & Salvation, Optimism vs. Pessimism, Technology vs. Restriction

Lets hope for those shamans
And the reconstruction of nature

I see the rain on leaves, the waves crash on the rocks
I am an enchanted by the play
A feeling of sorrow

The insects are dying
The most important wheel of the watch
I am the reason for it

Deep below a volcano is burning
We want to know about it but
Also don't want to know about it

Am I, the artist, ambassador of its kind?

