

Anders Dickson
waterbound with smoky allies

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Lingering smoke

Mischievous and lingering thoughts dawn clear form as in the darkening environment a mist rises slowly from the street gutter. Mosquitos whir in the air, circling the heads of passersby . Owing in part to the flooding river , the encroaching waters severed old paths, engulfing them in its cool dark. This also is responsible for the larger hatch of mosquitos.

Beacons of new hope entered circulation when the tech. advancements in electromagnetic field studies effectively linked the incredible divide between the spirit realm and that of the living. Science brought us back to God, and much like we were advised as children, we respected the elderly and consulted the deceased.

We are given relatively few tools in this game of living: a gelatinous body, dexterous hands, a mind and breath. Deep breath when trained certainly allows for the further descent into the watery chasms which cover these forlorn paths. Diving into the depths one encounters archaic footmarks in the track of both the evolution of the mind and the ascent of the seas. One breathe be it which we have for navigating the deep. That same breath filtered with the mask of smoke is again another tool for investigating this plane. Mischievously smoke skirts through the lungs and air , silently dispersing itself to invade all corners and crevices. So if one should befriend this sly-est of allies, the potential for traversing the seasons, descending the deepest of depths would be great.

Like while fishing, as one waits for a big fish to bite at the beckoning lure, we look down to the rippling water. The dance of light skirting across the scrim surface masks its complete volume. Eventually we need to learn to dive.