

GENE'S

Roundabout Walkabout

You take a stroll with your dog. You push your kid in a stroller. Trash on the ground, palms in the sky. The Hudson River School thought they had it so easy.

Dinner and wine with the homies? A still-life with sparkling water? Pop in the washroom, portraits all around you. Art everywhere you look, poetry everywhere you listen!

Meld and mold, piece or peace? Don't be so self-righteous; it's unbecoming. The media lies, so does every medium. Just be honest, just be you. That's what your god actually wants (trust me). Oh, you're not a believer? Then are you really an artist? We all need something to believe in...

Beach, city, desert, mountain. California, New York, Florida, Texas. You don't know anybody, anywhere, or anything until you've walked the path of someone else, somewhere else, for a spell.

I've missed you all. I'm happy to be back.

-Keith J. Varadi, May 2024

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