

Exhibition title: *The King of Beatbox*

Artist: William Ludwig Lutgens

427, Riga, Latvia

31/01 – 1/03/2025

Photos: Līva Priedīte

A door ajar, a window frosted:

Strange figures gather, drawing near,

Their shadows twisted, bent and crossed,

To sip joy sauce, gone rancid here.

While deep in slumber, toxic-bound,

The horned beast dreams of glory's sound,

His performance, a miraculous feat,

Where praise and triumph seemed complete:

btt-ktt-tbt-ktt

btt-ktt-tbt-ktt

B t K t t b K t t b K t t
b K t

PfdBdbBdbBdbPfdBdbBdbBdbPfdBdb

K f t K K f K f t K K f K f t f

B t K B t K B t K B t K PehK B K K B PehK hhhhh K k K

He wakes from dreams so grand and high

With horns that throb and make him sigh

Last night's substance from hell's dark store

And liquor spilled across the floor

The beatbox rhythm slips away

As courage fades in morning's gray

His insecurities laid bare

Beneath the weight of raw despair:

im done w beaetboxx 4fever ble

willam cn firgot abut it

kaspar cna succxx a foggy coch

nevr elike hm - even wehn drunkl

Im noi bewatbox kibng

thids fuvking stinks

stibks

stinkd

- Luīze Nežberte