

Veit Laurent Kurz
Art & Ecology
November 7 - December 20, 2025

I was once human.
Then the hum began, and I turned inside out.
Now I move through fields of blue and ultraviolet,
gathering fragments of color that no longer belong to me.

Traces of a body learning to see without a self.

No one knows how it happened.
Mutation, enchantment, fatigue.
Perhaps the boy simply grew tired of standing upright.

Humans tried to remember what it meant to be animal.
They spoke of empathy, perception,
how the earth listens when you slow down.
I didn't speak.
I learned to listen through my wings.

Ceramic fountains built for thirst.
Houses for wings and rain.
Paintings that flicker with the memory of gardens and ghosts.

Sometimes I fly near glass enclosures
where humans gather to speak of who they are,
and who they have been denied to be.
The sound is warm, full of intention,
but the walls keep the air still.
Outside, movement has another rhythm —
slower, quieter,
resistant to the bright sugar of spectacle.
It cannot be owned; it simply continues.

Elsewhere, the hum grows sharper —
a market frequency, metallic and thin,
feeding on the next bright bloom.
I hover at its edge,
tasting the hum of commerce like exhaust.
It is a colony of exclusion —
polished, efficient,

forgetting that even the smallest wingbeat
belongs to the same weather.

My gestures are smaller,
carried on the surface of petals.
Different scales of the same urgency —
to understand how life connects itself.

How might art extend empathy
toward the more-than-human?
I think that question became me.
Now empathy is not a theory,
but the act of flying low,
of feeling the vibration of another body through air.

There is sadness even in flight —
a low tone beneath every wingbeat —
but also devotion.
I keep returning to the poppy I cannot see,
to the red that is lost to me.

You, who still see red,
take it on my behalf.
Imagine the color that eludes me.
That is how empathy begins:
not through recognition, but through absence.

Art & Ecology is not an exhibition,
but the afterimage of a metamorphosis —
a place where the boundaries between artist, bee, and world
dissolve into hum and light.

At the end, I began to paint flowers.
They are what remains when language dissolves —
a quiet exchange between color and survival.
For the bee, they are nourishment;
for the human, perhaps a form of healing.
Their shapes remind us that recovery is not stillness,
but movement toward light.
In learning to see through another species' eyes,
we might remember how to mend —
slowly, gently, together.