

FUTURE GRAVITY

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a half-sketched drawing about to fall off the wall, gravity always wins

a Swede with airs of grandeur hangs flags of all the countries where he has lived

he tells me to pee in the woods and I only see fake plastic trees surrounding his Japanese style house

many books, lots of mind, lots of karma

in his sixties, he lives alone, I think I saw a reflection of myself in his gray hair, a premonition of my future

the fate of the artist. The lonely life that the ink, the brushes and the books try to fill

this is what we receive in exchange for emptying the soul with style

a creative way to die without getting lost on the road...