

**the artist is...?**



# the artist is...?

question thrown  
open pit  
to eat the core  
the apple spit -

the underneath  
of bottomless  
sketches fantasy  
in mist -

cavern mouth  
on hollow eyes  
opens masks  
in closed disguise -

day by night  
not then but now -  
eternity  
creates the vowel -

nothing past -  
nothing to be -  
the instant wanders  
endlessly.

# the artist is...?

(the) art(ist)  
b(r)eat(he)s in  
(every)one  
per(mitting) (sea)son(s)  
to  
(re)create  
the  
(un) finished  
portrait -  
  
(through) each  
unique  
experi(ence) (monu)ment(s)  
(of) his(tory) experiment  
(are gr)own. his  
own.

art  
beats in  
one  
person  
to  
create  
the  
finished  
portrait -  
  
each  
unique  
experiment  
his  
own.

nothing  
every ~~nothing~~  
  
every ~~nothing~~  
is art

that that is is that that is not is not is not that it it is

# the artist is...?

(be)li(e)ving

life (is)

(s)inful

(t)he

(m)imi(c) (in)t(im)ates

no (h)one(sty)

(is) real (without) (p)i(e)ty

(bl)in(d) experience

(obs)c(u)re(s) (the) (r)ating (of)

(un)free

(p)art(icipants).

living

life

in ful

he

imitates

no one

reality

in experience

creating

free

art.



i think that we were sisters once  
or brothers

playing war games till our children died -  
connected by the judgement of our errors  
to grow up in judgement of ourselves.

# the artist is...?

i am (not)	i am
anon(ymous)	a non
(i am a) person	person
(cr) eating	eating
the	the
(c)lim(ates) bo(rn) limbo	
(out) of	of
(un)recorded	recorded
hours	hours
life	life
in(di)visible	invisible
i(n)	i
s(pir)it	sit
al (is) one.	alone.

...consider each person to be like a cell within the body of the world... each living according to individual talents, situations and beliefs...each existence valid in relation to the whole, as much as the cells within each organ of the body are separate and vital to the whole being...the specific lives of individuals function as unique aspects of a greater network in which each race, each creed, each culture, each level of society is interrelated...influencing, altering, supporting and reinforcing the existence of the others...

...rulers are considered in terms of their subjects...leaders must have followers as much as followers desire a leader...although the thief may hate the policeman and the policeman may hate the thief, one without the other would not be...consider too, that if the wealthy were not classified in terms of material possessions, what would happen to the thief?

# the artist is...?

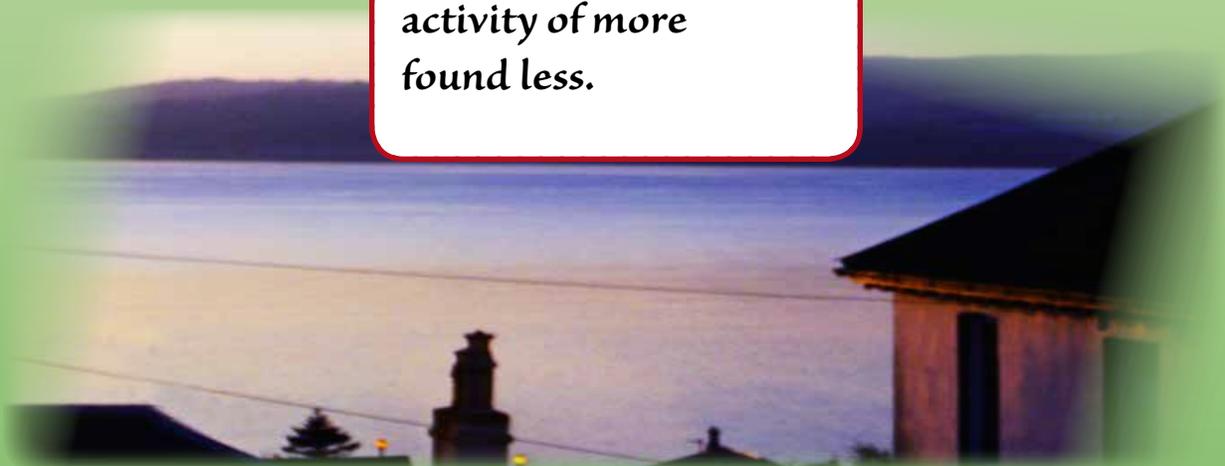
work of hours -  
clock in pawn -  
the backward horn  
rings afternoon-

pantomime  
to dance in words  
that reconstruct  
the voice unheard -

evening breaks  
like morning fast -  
the hour sketched  
outside of place -

wake to walk -  
walk to wake -  
hands and face and feet  
rotate -

closing program  
to dismiss -  
activity of more  
found less.



the artist is...?



**T he  
H ighest  
E xpectation**

**I s  
N othing  
D etermining  
I f  
V alues  
I nclude  
D eath  
U ntil  
A ll  
L ogic**

**I nvites  
S ome**

**A rgument  
R egarding  
T ruth.**

# the artist is...?

...to appreciate what is, is to appreciate that it can also not be...

(under) cover

the words  
fas(t)in(g) ate me  
that (u)n said  
we re not  
to be (wilder) love  
but to be for(gotten)  
(a)gain -

yes(terday) i love(d) -

a(f)raid of truth -  
silent (lie)  
that pen(etrates)  
(no) secrets -

i (re)turn to curios(ities)  
you (cre)ate(d)  
to (under)stand a lone(liness) to stand alone  
with(out) me -

i will (not) stand with you  
forever  
(only) now.

cover

the words  
fasinate me  
that u said  
we're not  
to be love  
but to be for  
gain -

yes i love -

a raid of truth -  
silent  
that pens  
secrets -

i turn to curios  
you ate  
to stand alone  
with me -

i will stand with you  
forever  
now.

# the artist is...?

green

i met the green  
like afternoon removed -  
long fog gone  
from charcoal memory -

i met the green  
in shock -  
yellowbrokenblue -  
no longer believing mud -  
no longer spitting grey -  
a drunken driver  
racing wrong way streets  
out of black invisibility -

i met the green  
like last years photograph  
of sitting grass  
and threading leaf to tree -

a new light breaking  
shadow twisted  
in and out of eye -  
white diamond cracked  
outside geometry  
to sculpture space  
in sudden breath  
of green.



# the artist is...?

the hand obeys a god  
mirror to mind -  
bottle to cigarette -  
condone  
condemn -

only the self instructs  
to solitude  
to crowds -  
words on ears  
to translate shade from  
shadow -  
now from here -

obedience -  
denial -  
self create -  
destruct -  
the hand reflects  
in echoes carved  
under the will of god.

“just an old man - fallen”  
no one knows  
his world collapsed  
before his feet -

the ambulance  
fifteen minutes late -  
with blanket stretchers -  
but no pulse to take -

“just and old man”  
broken from his walk -  
no family  
for strangers to forget.



# the artist is...?

you died -  
they told me yesterday -  
they did not tell me when  
(i didn't ask)  
i didn't cry -

long enough  
you walked  
the regimented halls -  
long enough  
you held to hands  
no one else would hold -  
(your own)  
asking without words  
for a love you never had -

you never seemed quite real  
until you were not here  
and i think i heard you scream  
before you disappeared.

...if the individual is not an artist...then who is?...

the artist is...?



life is  
br(ide of d)eath -  
ever(y)  
kn(ee shall b)ow  
(s)ing (from) the (he)art  
of be(liev)ing (in)  
a master (of) piece  
in time.

life is  
breath -  
ever  
know  
ing the art  
of being  
a master piece  
in time.

the artist is...?



reversing roads of fortune -  
patterns are rewound  
to kill the silent echo  
of your name -

trying to love a world  
that will not leave you free  
you play with clocks  
to intercept alarms -

the scissors of your mind  
carefully restyle  
loose fragments  
in a life that watched you die -

but you grew breath again  
inside a hollow room  
then lit a golden candle  
to remind -

now -  
with book in hand  
you study on the laughter  
that restores -

wandering connects  
your images of love  
trying to recreate  
the life you are.

# the artist is...?

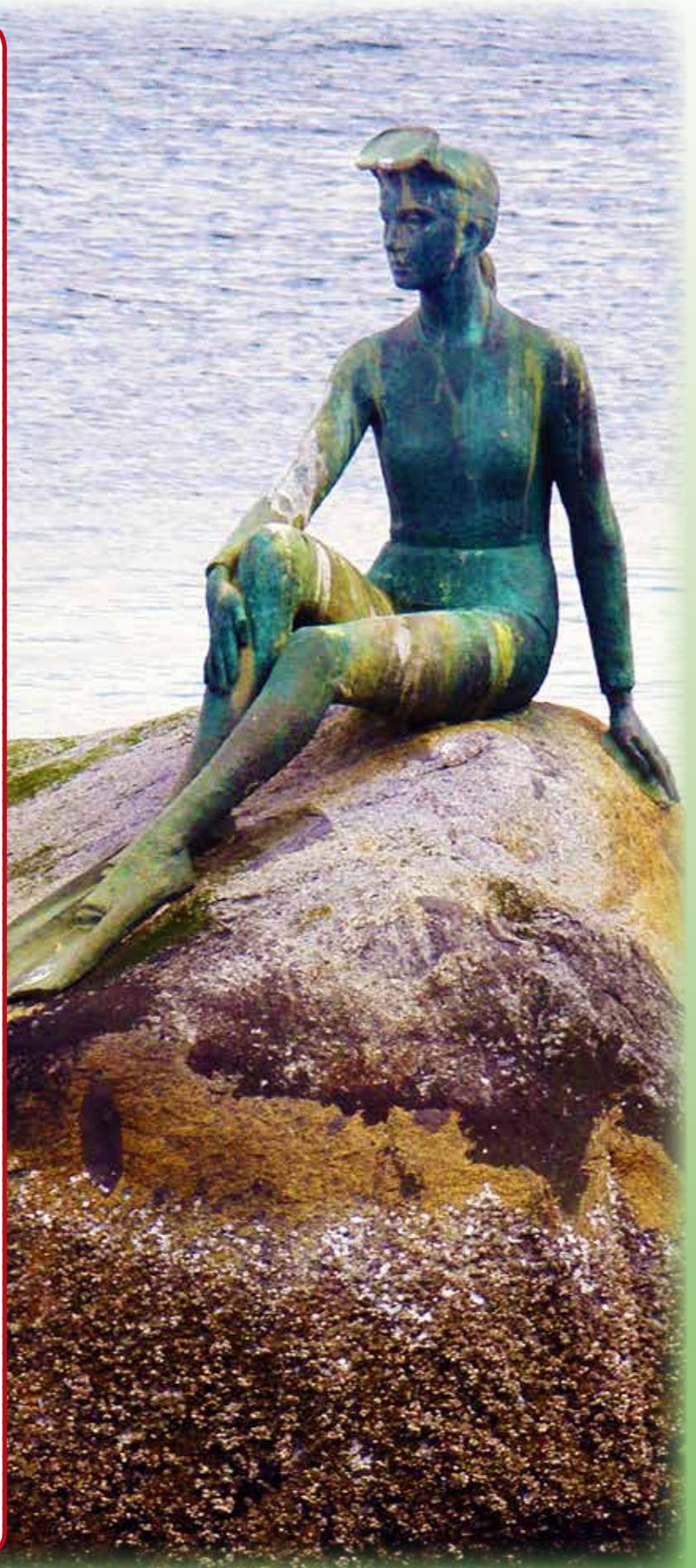
(child...no more)

child not  
child to be -  
old young death  
relinquished  
quietly -

young not  
young to be -  
not thrown or held  
but beaten  
shy no more -

small not  
small to be -  
the size  
uncertain  
shrinks -  
no cry -  
but breathlessness  
strangers  
for a funeral -

known -  
not now  
nor then -  
but seen  
as almost  
person  
less the life  
of father gone -  
of mother prisoned  
in his name.



# the artist is...?

the wind  
as breath in thought -  
the crowd  
as thought in space -  
one life  
a space in time -  
to be  
in time forgot  
ten mysteries in plane -

see hear obey  
the thought -  
touch laugh cry  
the pain -  
taste smell  
knowledge echoing  
timespace outside of self -  
dimensions multiply -  
there is no still.

the climax that separates  
yesterday from tomorrow  
is

N O W  
o t o  
h r  
e l  
r d

the artist is...?



altered breath -  
eyes thrown clear  
in scent to catch  
the distance near -

a mile to turn  
the vanished word -  
a laugh upon  
the life you burned -

the dawn replacing  
day to dusk -  
beyond reflections  
east to west -

as space to be  
the moment grows  
fuller - larger  
to explore.

# the artist is...?

the	the
(un)child	child
grow(n) s(trong)	grows
in	in
sec(rets) (b)ur(n)e(d)	secure
(from) innocence	innocence
(in)to	to
w(isd)o(m) (u)nder	wonder
pain s	pain s
(dis)guise	guise
(never) too	too
young	young
to understand.	to understand.



the greatest error in judgement  
is in thinking we are not already  
more than we seem to be ...

the greatest error  
in action  
is in not proving it to ourselves

# the artist is...?

soon children new to be  
there is no history of age -  
patterned on cellular awakening  
we are structures in a skyscape  
grown to eye -

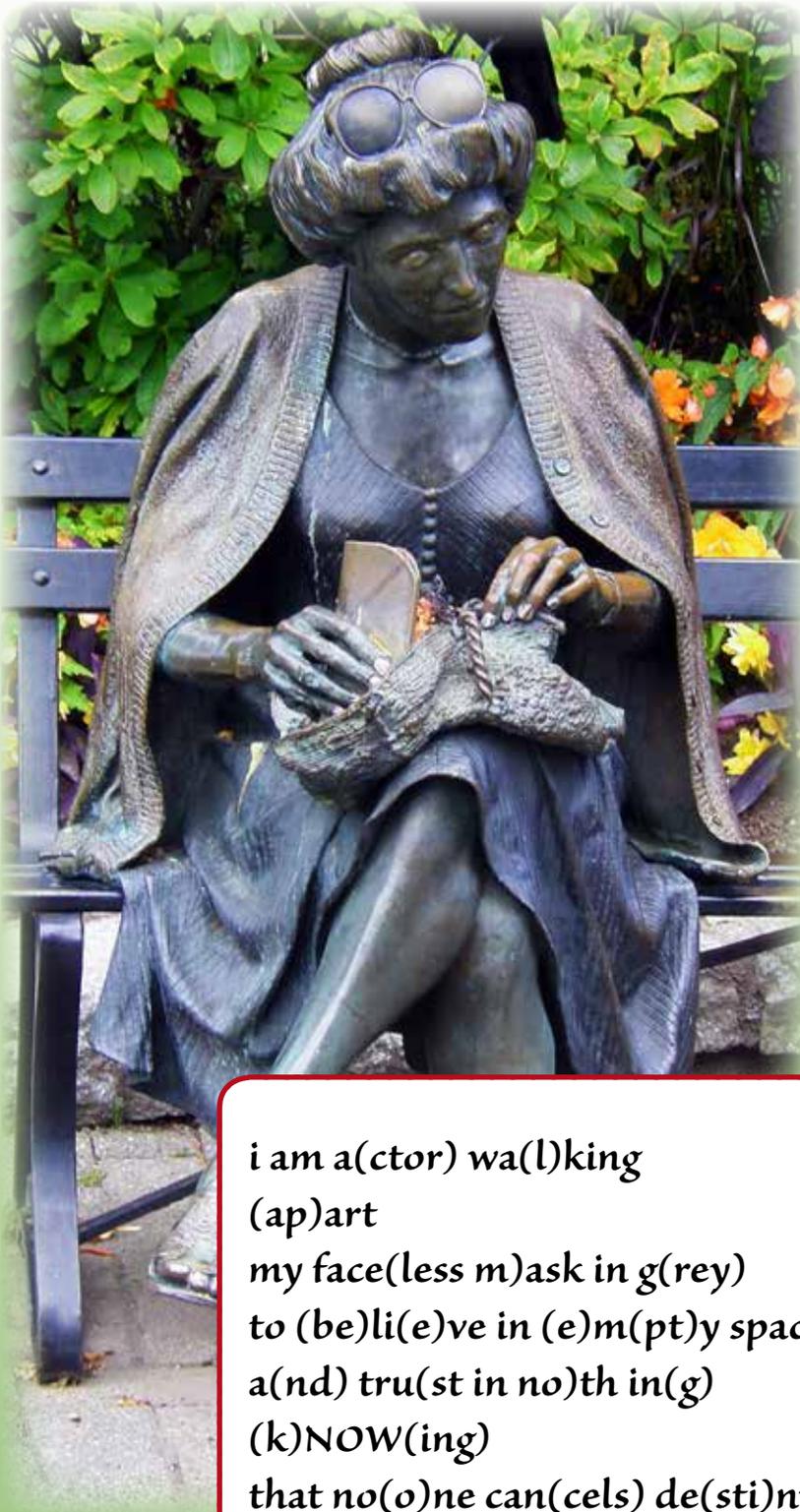
heads profiled in clouds -  
arms thrown up in atlas strengths  
to carry with the world  
dimensions of our lives  
in multiple -

that which is  
is only and no more  
no less than everything -  
there is no future/past  
beyond the cloud forms growing ever now -

yesterday recalls  
a million memories in alternate  
no two mouths repair a dream the same -  
tomorrow dawns illusions  
that solidify to liquid in our words -  
thoughts draw to fact  
till eyes and ears and hands accept  
tomorrow as today  
extracted from the flow of possibilities  
to be reconstructed  
as a time that was  
almost before it was a time to be -

and here we are –  
the children out of many memories  
that reassure our faces were before  
yet never were the same -  
and here we are  
as children who will be again  
yet never as we are -  
and here we are  
gathering forever now -  
age walks irrelevant  
outside the power of imagined selves.

the artist is...?



i am a(ctor) wa(l)king  
(ap)art

my face(less m)ask in g(rey)

to (be)li(e)ve in (e)m(pt)y space(s) to live in my space  
a(nd) tru(st in no)th in(g)

(k)NOW(ing)

that no(o)ne can(cels) de(sti)ny -

wor(l)ds in audi(ence) ble(ed)

(s)i(l)ent(ly) er(asing) dreams

(er)as(ing) creat(ures b)or(n)

of sculpted energy

i am awaking

art

my face asking

a truth in

NOW

that none can deny -

words in audible

i enter dreams

as creator

of sculpted energy.

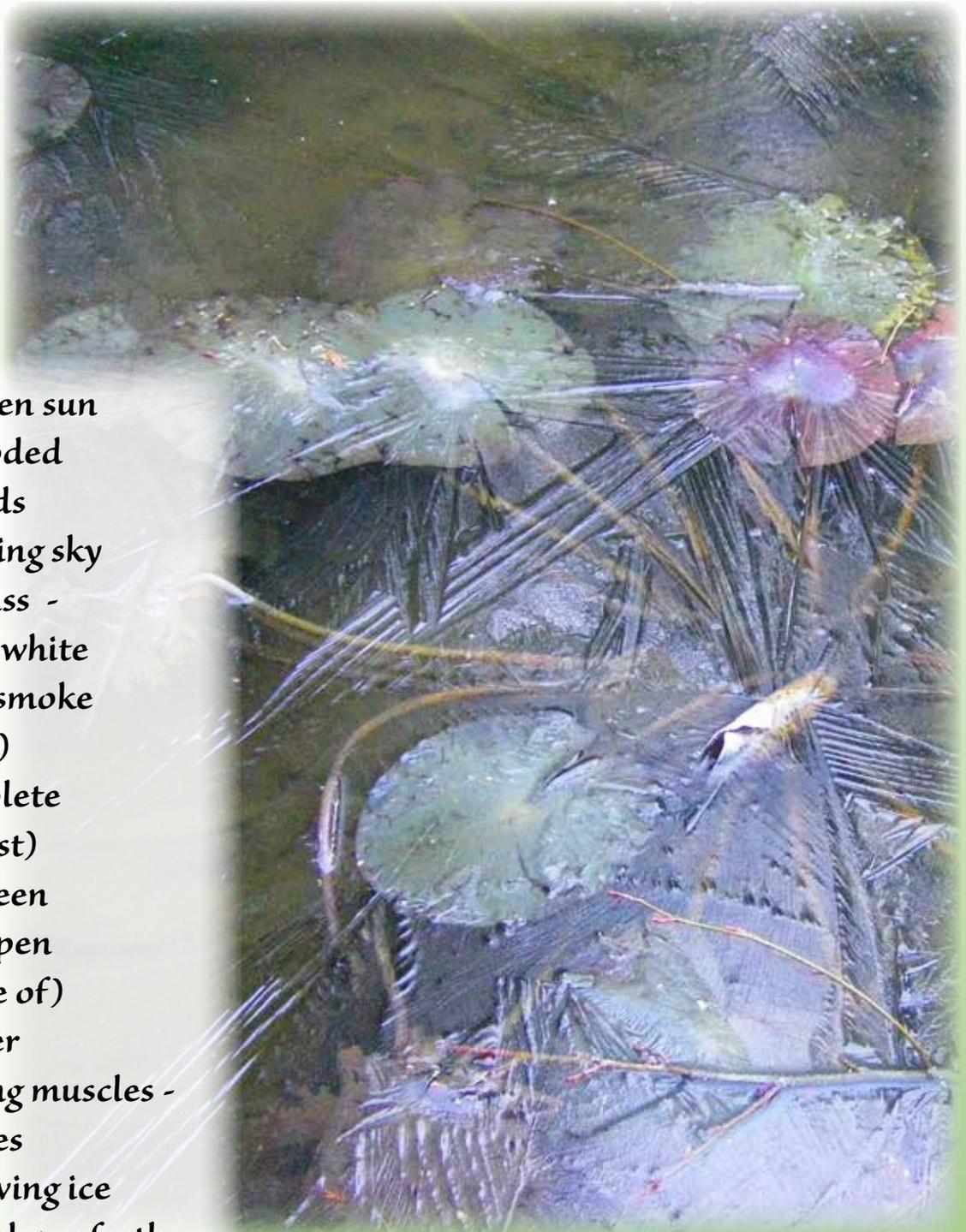
the artist is...?

the artist  
is  
the child  
is  
the artist  
is  
the photographer  
is  
the artist  
is  
the dog  
is  
the artist  
is  
the photograph  
is  
the artist  
is  
the child  
is  
the artist  
is  
....



# the artist is...?

sudden sun  
exploded  
eyelids  
piercing sky  
to glass -  
burn white  
blue smoke  
(i am)  
complete  
(ly lost)  
between  
the open  
(close of)  
winter  
flexing muscles -  
images  
throwing ice  
scratch perfectly  
(upon my brain)  
as if  
(i never saw)  
before the dawn  
the masterpiece  
(my life in breath)  
was drawn.



no  
every  
one  
is an artist

# the artist is...?

i do  
don't i  
i will  
won't i  
i won't  
will i  
i don't  
do i  
???

i do  
conceive  
i don't  
understand  
i will  
believe  
i won't  
walk behind  
???

out of a shattered image  
i repair  
the self to be  
the self to disappear -

won't i  
race the walk  
i do  
don't i  
destroy the space  
i won't  
will i  
confuse my speech  
i don't  
do i  
pretend a life not mine  
???

that , that is, is –  
that that is not, is not –  
is that not it?  
it is

# the artist is...?

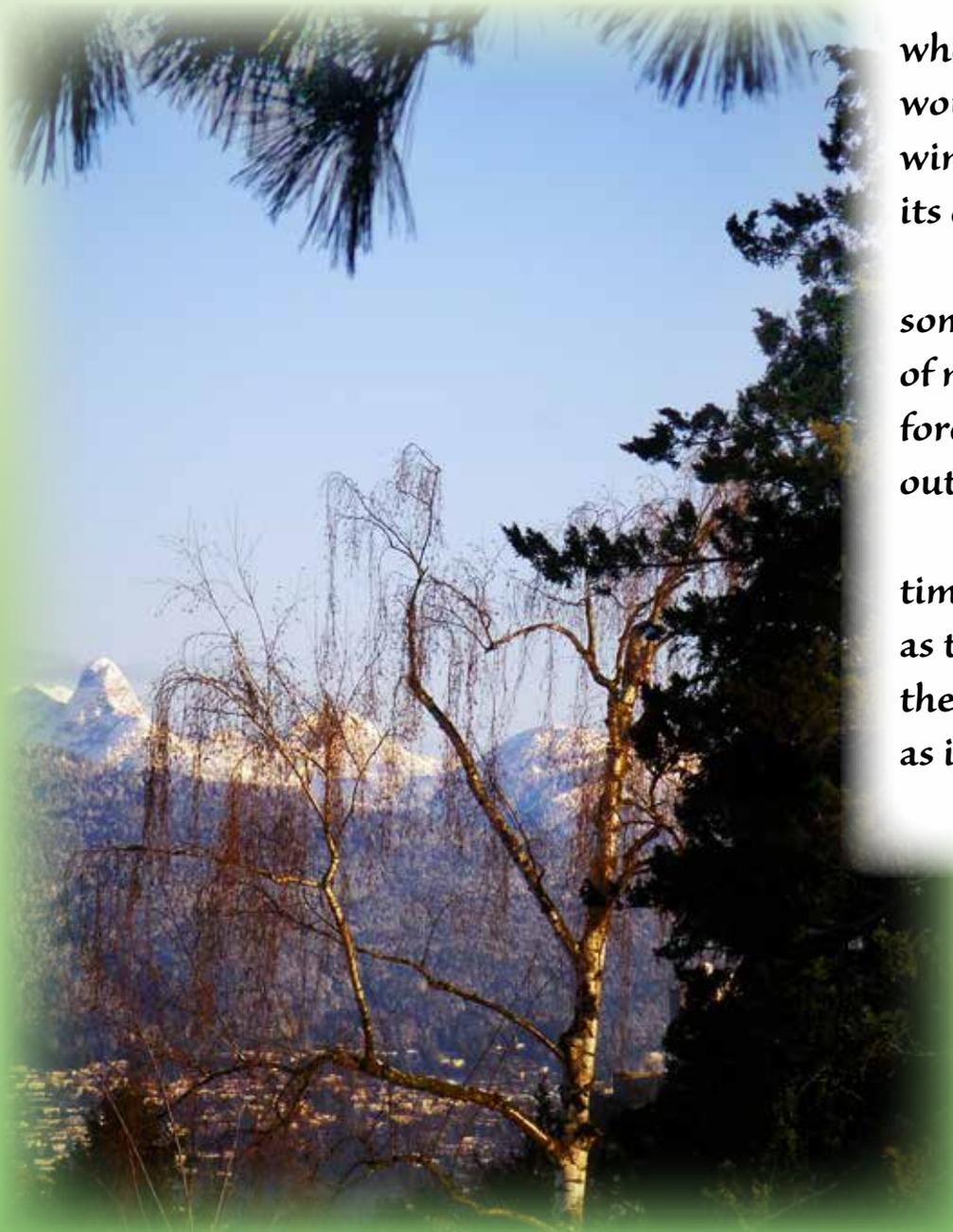
faded footsteps  
time undone  
that laughter split  
beneath the sun -

the sky is open  
to withdrawal  
upon the chance  
that rides tomorrow -

where the summer  
would not spin  
winter wraps  
its closeness in -

somewhere in promises  
of night  
forever enters  
out of sight -

time alive  
as time to be -  
the instant  
as infinity.



# the artist is...?



art is (t)  
(un) known  
(creat) in (g)  
time (les) s  
pace  
(st) and (ing)  
(cast) rated  
b (e) y (ond)  
the  
(un) controlled  
(e) motion  
of  
(in) sane  
society.

art is  
known  
in  
time s  
pace  
and  
rated  
by  
the  
controlled  
motion  
of  
sane  
society.

**the artist is...!**



**everything  
within  
this book  
is false...**