

We all end in soil.

Making art is curating the world into poetic phrases you believe in or phrases that sound like a sound you believe in a sound u wanna listen to. And why not. Fat juicy giant summer hamburger softball mothed ideas the ones looming longblueshadowed hanging in the air of the last decade. A person works six years for a six minute feeling. Go against yesterdays word it was just a word and it was yesterday it wasnt today it sure wasnt tomorrow.

Functionally broke Los Angeles hang out a while because your friend convinced you itd be fun.

Certain impermanence. See what happens. It was like drawing you would have thought. It was like an insane risk. But not really. Artists are gamblers and they want to live in a way that inspires a script or be dashed on the rocks. But we are also just boring underwear wearing monkey humans with Moms and we all end up as soil.

Did your soil write good poetry?

Did your soil hum prodigious in the daylight?

Did your soil hum prodigious in the daylight?

I couldnt sleep I laid in bed thinking about art trying to put my finger on it and explain it to myself and everything evaded me like a herd of goats. Inexplanatory. Let that sixthirty a.m. dustfill fan lull you back under the curtains.

He was funny she was kind of a bad bitch he idk they idk them idk idgaf: A haiku

There is a dog out the window that wants to kill me.

Its a scary shiny black blur of a dog like that Japanese photographer. It bites my feet endlessly and I am listening to sounds.

Brown hair curled past my eye.

A laptop half shut balanced on a forearm opening the shower door and turn it on all the way hot with sad eyes and moth holes.

Some days are down days. Private days. Days where you talk quietly. The world beat the fight out of me.

Some days are days that you appreciate minimalism and breaths between things.

It sounded like the neighbors were having weird sex but it was just dogs making noise and now it sounds like cops.

I just grabbed a handful of ants in the darkness.

Fashion decisions made by construction workers.

Lemon yellow. Graffiti on the ceiling. Red tits and penetration.

Deer trails. Garbage bags emptied and detritus piles.

A student rolls down the bulletproof black window of an Escalade and waves to my girlfriend and we realize that there is nothing to know or learn and that life is sewn

together with a thread of beautiful forgettable gestures.

The only thing that art changes is art. A carte blanche for sob stories and injected narratives that have nothing to do with the formal reading of the work.

Let people think for themselves.

Help them fly.

A band called Los Bichos De Monte Alban.

Fill the space with flowers fill the space with plastic fill the space with pastel azteca and engine lubrication fill the space with clothes and dirty dishes and ants fill the space with cheap street candy and mushroom truffles fill the space with trumpets trombones tubas cocaine lizards tropical fish fill the space with embezzled money and cleaning detergent and crashed motorcycles fill the space fill the space with lime green paint and Delicados and dirty yellow fill the space with water buckets fill the space with black thumb prints fill the space with loud fucking noise and used mattresses and vinyl and call it what I learned.

Look at that light come through the trees

Thats like european light!

A trans critique of oxygen.

Sonic Youth Hey Joni Reggaeton airplane takeoffs and gunclaps and horns.

The Top Gun theme song blasting through the darkest orifice of the neighborhood taco shop.

Hold your iPhone and Whatsapp it to my friend from New York.

An art studio inside a hyperbaric chamber inside a shipping crate to reverse the effects.

Middle distance runners.

The way people live.

Beauty in chaos.

Mexican Winnie from The Wonder Years walking down Orizaba.

What happens if instead of taking away we keep adding and adding elements.

Does it topple?

Does it reach terminal velocity?

That house was an Anselm Kiefer sculpture.

That house was an Iguana Tank in Egypt.

And they read the most boring fucking poems of my life.

I refused indignant.

To allow my life to be as flat and brackish as a well hemmed Connecticut.

Cinder block valleys.

That song that Kanye sampled on Radio Ibero.

Wutup with all the ants?

Wutup with Ideas?

Exponential Echo.

The Autotune glistened glistening beadworked gold gilded gold leafed sunset burnoff crocheted sky woven ocean.

A rounded room with bursting yellow and violet abstract lily pads.

A full space.

Handsome and beautiful lounging draped in monochrome.

Rick Owens consuming opiates.

A matte black 7 inch long line spray painted over a transparent magazine wrapper bunched on the worn grey industrial grey enameled concrete floor.

U must be my lucky star.

A rooftop garden tramped with shit.

A feral bird hound.

A whore on Calzada de Tlalpan fishes open the passenger door of a Mercury Mountaineer and dives in.

I cant believe u pretend to relax in nothingness when u r really relaxing in everythingness.

Is poetry the new abstract expressionism?

I have a lot of questions.

I woke up on a mattress on the floor of the tv room of my stepmoms house in Tlalpan with cats and dogs making noises through the open window. I wondered if my Portland Japanese Garden hat crinkled on the floor counts as a sculpture. I read some article about SOME FUCKING ARTIST blowing up and I didnt believe it and I saved one of the pictures of his show in a folder on my desktop and I read some of SOME FUCKING ARTISTS facebook posts about art being bullshit.

I will never forget the cocaine dealer in the street putting his baby son down just long enough to press the baggies into our fingertips. I don't want Artforum to do the review I want Pitchfork to do the review.

I woke up and thought in a silent sunpatch. The feeling when ur in a palatial uptown church on a dusty weekday afternoon and you watch slow fragments float through the streams of pure light. The wind blows your hair in a way you dont like.

I want art to create a place a place full of ideas and non ideas a place full of things and non things and sounds and silences I want art to create a place and I want to go inside that place and think about art and think about non art and not think paintings are art sculptures are art ideas are art fashion is art music is art those thrown away objects you scuffle past on the street are art every picture you take with your cracked phone is art that feeling you get when you see something perfect and cant photograph it is art art is art art is not art too riding your bicycle in the evening is art writing about art is art when you wake up its art.