



spraying

TR
2011

open door, it
turns,
it opens

TR

they are trying

to tell

me


it is turning
as it, both she
and I



once did
before the dawn.
we are, both,




creating,
it is not
meant.

A dark, moody photograph. The upper half shows a light, textured background, possibly a wall or sky, with a dark, jagged silhouette of a person or object. The lower half is mostly black, with some faint, blurry shapes. The text is located in the bottom left corner.

and she turns

as she opens the
door.

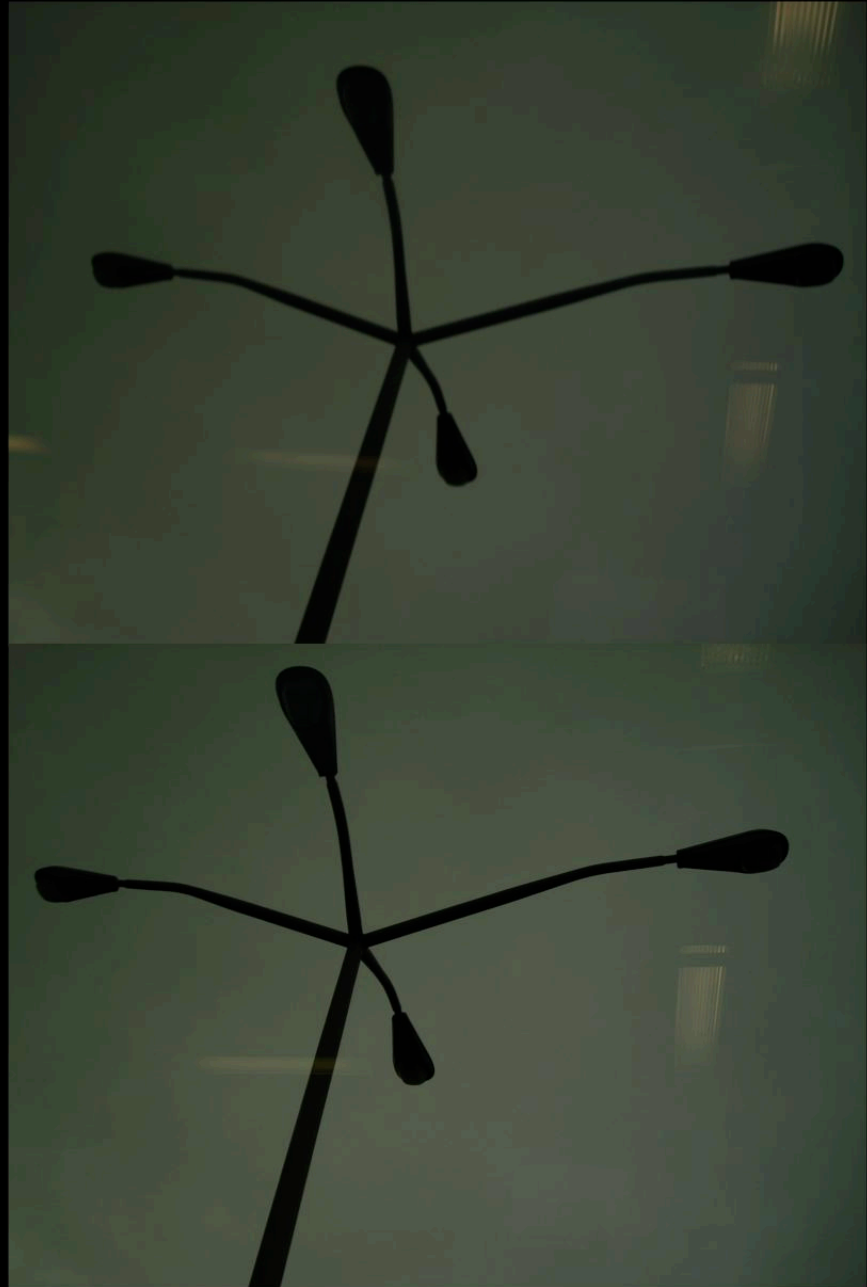
An abstract geometric composition featuring a central vertical column with a textured, ribbed surface. This column is flanked by two large, light-colored, triangular planes that meet at a sharp point on the left. The background is a deep, dark green. The lighting creates strong highlights and shadows, emphasizing the three-dimensional forms and textures.

and the door
it opens while
they open

gifts of meaning

dimmed

from light.



it gives it,


knowing that once

we

leave through
the open door
that we see,



that is wasn't
meant to
turn that way.



turning her hand
with the knob,
the door opens,

and knowing, we
open the door;
and we will

knowingly turn the
door open
and them out,





for it isn't
turning as it
sprays.



it is creating.

and the it

is we.



she is smiling

and I am turning

and the door is open;




it is we,
and she is
me, the it of us.



but it looks like

she is turning to

leave, and the smile...



no. she turns,
the door is open,
and I am turning.

the turning into
of them is
us, and

we give a meaning
as we create
a turning.

and turning open,
the creation
is upon us;

the gift,
we open.
we turn.



2011