



There's a presence in the emptiness of shape
Less than a shadow but closer to the skin
It's something like memory.
Processing our environment by producing images that we can't save.
All there is to hold on to is a kind of changing imitation of an event or a
story or a person.
But when we go to retrieve them they're always altered.
This painting is something else now.
But when did that happen?
There will be other ones.

Rules of Intimacy, Sangt Hipolyt, Berlin, May 2020