

Exasperated by existential realities, I retreated to the studio to curate some of my most introspective thoughts at the time. A cohesive body of work that encapsulates the nuances that make up my complicated persona. Through the years I found myself jaded about things beyond my control, with stories of violence and recklessness dirtying my reputation and eroding support. I wanted to create an environment that reflects the vulnerability and pathos that is often overlooked while dealing with pain, hopelessness, and the fragility of my own mortality. My goal was to express vivid accounts of the underside of life along with memories manifested as paranoia, despair, and the imminent reality of death. The intention was to work from a more vulnerable side of myself, working through emotions I struggled with through my adolescent years and to give my audience a peek into the nucleus of the frustration that has been fueling my work.

Euphania (Only God Can Judge Me) is a composition where I wanted to communicate the start of zoning out the violence and negativity surrounding me to express a conversation I had with God. On occasion I had found myself spending a considerable amount of time imagining my own demise. Though some of the work is presented as being functional in nature, it alludes to traumatic moments in my life over the past few years. All of these realities are intended to point to others not having the right to judge my controversial personality due to the various threats and pressures that I've had to deal with. The latter goal for me is a process where I inevitably make mistakes and realize my shortcomings, keeping the determination to remain true to my personal roots in the process.

While thinking about feelings of displacement and disenfranchisement, here I am communicating my voice of reason addressing relationships I developed while on a path projected toward legitimacy, stability, opportunity and betterment in the urban sector and continuity of life. I wanted to highlight some of the reasons I had adopted this "Me against the World" mentality. In earlier works like "What's Free (2022)" I wanted to express how America is a place where black people feel socially and psychologically isolated because of limited opportunities for freedom, peace, and upward-social mobility. A new piece I titled "Heartz of Men" is about the slippery slope between good and evil, family and fidelity, the challenges and rewards of lifelong friendships, the bounds of morality—and redemption.

"Lost Ones" is a dialogue between a couple who just discovered the girl is pregnant. Exploring the whirlwind of thoughts and emotions that follow this revelation, I added another work "The Morning" to add more depth to the narrative by using the same space from a different perspective; putting the spectator in a neutral emotional ground between both of the works.

"Nothing Compares" is about coming to terms with feelings about love and not being able to shake emotions about past relationships. Pulling from different forms of poetry — be it Caesura, or qualitative, or narrative, or rhythmic, or especially elegy, I'm focused on how the subject matter is always a deep reflection. I tend to consider the shifting locus of the narrative from within the picture, where in the most limited way the subject matter illustrates a story to a locus outside of the picture plane where developed ideas themselves are identified as protagonists within the stream of culture. This idea coincides with the identification of art as history and the critical thinking that attempts to account for the evolution of codes. I imagine qualities of paint application, optical mixtures and strategic layerings of opacity and transparency. I paint the

picture in my mind a thousand times, not really having a solid basis about where the work will end up. Technical processing for me is this connection with memories and thoughts that I recognize as encoded within the history of marks on canvas associated with adrenaline. The body's ability to feel pain decreases as a result of adrenaline, which is why you can get away from any danger even when injured. Adrenaline causes an increase in strength and performance, as well as heightened awareness in stressful times. Even after things have subsided, my adrenaline would carry over into the next few days. This survival mode instinct causes you to release the hormone when it is under stress but not facing real danger, creating feelings of dizziness, light-headedness, and vision changes. Even when danger isn't present, that extra energy has no use, usually leaving me feeling restless or irritable.