



Untitled

In the cold bleak times of the day echoes still swirl from the battles of the previous night. It was magnificent, but not war.

Now we are becalmed, waiting. Unspoilt before the next encounter.

The day decays to night, the boundaries are marked by the waiting.

Saxophone. Long rasping tones.
Trumpet. Hard echoes. Drums.
Repeat, repeat. Bass, bass, bass. Then it starts.

It is hard to hold the line, it takes you one way and then turns without you noticing.

Then you are somewhere else you never knew existed.

Relax.

And then go again.

And again.



Untitled - Jackson Pollock. 1948