

We had plans to go to a football game. I saw the potential for so much more with our time together. In hindsight, maybe I should have listened to the old 'less is more' adage.

I sprang to life. I would need a tent, 200 helium filled balloons, a trumpet, and as many pidgins as I could find before Friday.

Somehow you can actually do all of this and find a stack of 48 hour turnaround printed postcards in only the spare change of a few days.

It was all really clear how all those pidgins, that trumpet, the 200 helium balloons, communicating with strangers, and the backdrop of the city all seemed the perfect idea. You see this was to be a meditation on the idea of how we become who we become. Inspired by the idea, my father showed me, that as a young boy my first art project was a drawing titled 'Where I See Myself When I grow Up'. I drew San Francisco.

I couldn't help myself with the sonnets and soliloquies of poetry that seemed to be drawing some grand serendipitous circle being of oneness with the universe, between the city from the roof of the building in which I live backdropped by the San Francisco Skyline and the vision I was falling in love with now mirroring the vision I had as a child. Everything felt suddenly symbolic.

It was, however, all yanked back to reality by, uh, chaos math, or romantic talk waxing poetic aside a raccoon, who ate my pidgins, which as it turns out were technically doves, but certainly unimportant now because they were a mess of feathers and blood mixed with a photographer who couldn't show up due to an emergency he somehow knew of before it happened. In the end these pictures were ours for what was left of the moment dead doves and a flaking photographer be damned, this was the alchemy, our lead to gold, or our lemons to lemonade, depending on which morale lifting idea you prefer.

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