

*You know, it very well may have been what destroyed my stomach. Endoscopies, biopsies, and the awkward part I remember clearest, the plastic guard that keeps your mouth open for the tubes while your unconscious.*

*Too much fasting. Somehow I'd convinced myself that fasting increased my sense of flow, allowing me to paint from a place I didn't know existed before and probably would have rolled my eyes about in the past. It sounded too good to be true or too intense to be worthwhile.*

Either way it was the means of finding that I was not so much painting 'paintings' or products but rather submerging in a process. One where I no longer saw thoughts wander by like aimless adults looking for a lost sock. Carrying no more wisdom than, 'did I leave the stove on?', or 'am I getting enough Vitamin C?'. In the moments that have come to exist in-between these aimless thoughts, my mind wasn't what I'd come to call 'mine'. It was simply, being. It was empty, I wasn't thinking and in those moments I wasn't 'me'. I couldn't say I was really anything other than there. Being the verb of dancing, gesticulating with a thing in my hand, a thing that happened to be a paintbrush and the paint on the end which happened to record these moments of submerging into a profound void.