



One of the reasons I love painting walls is because the piece takes on several lives throughout the course of a day as it is subjected to a variation of light sources. The colors morph as it goes from morning to sunset to the yellow glow of street lights. The piece matures over time and ages in view of the public, along with the structure it lives on. I find that vulnerability moving in the deepest way. I find myself touching walls when I walk the streets, imagining how each surface might carry or reject paint. Each wall has its nuances, its cracks, its areas where water seeps through and crevices where the weeds will never stop growing. When you first paint a wall, you push back against nature. You scrape the surface down, clear the plants, fill the holes, and begin priming. I see this process as part of the ritual. But in the wise words of Jeff Goldblum, "Life finds a way." Over time, the weeds grow back, the cracks reveal themselves, and the water begins to test the strength of your image. No matter the condition of the surface or the context of the space, or even the amount of time I have to paint, this preparation process is my way of paying respect to the wall. I can't quite describe what I go through, but this is the space where I have had some of my most spiritual experiences. I don't know why. Perhaps it is left over from a past life. I am sharing all this because @glanny4you was kind enough to email me this image of this mural I painted for #hoysantabarbara in Santo Domingo in 2016, but as it looks today. In 2016, this was the largest wall I had the chance to paint and I only had a week to do it. No lift. Just a very long extension pole and a very tall scary ladder. That experience holds a very special place in my heart. I lost myself in this wall. I forgot how hot it was, forgot how hungry I might be, forgot to pay attention to the time. I felt like I was dancing with a living being. The world fell away, and it was just me and god. I lost myself in the process of making and it felt timeless and ancient. I am forever grateful for that gift. This wall feels like a part of me, and I think I love how it looks even more now that life has found a way.