

Exhibitions In The Grey Zone

Secrets of the Moon

"Scribere proposui de contemptu mundano
vita brevis breviter in brevi finietur
mors venit velociter que neminem veretur
omnia mors perimit et nulli miseretur
ad mortem festinamus peccare destinamus"

Silhouettes in grey shape
have seen another winter coming
they learned to walk ecretly
their faces straight to the sun

Show them
this contemptuous kind
in the grey of the sky

Without a word of mourning
they yearn for one more beam of light
this lavish grace of darkness
is god before it dies

Floating through spirals of endless latitude
hailing the icon yet unspoken
on the instant of waking
there is splendour in their chants