

Grab n' Go

Signs from the universe (that's not true).

Hands, approachable, harmless.

That's how they get ya. Up to no good.

Polite destruction, not in love, out of lust and powered up. I am, you are, I mean we, no no, wait, I mean they, yes that's right, they are holding on to something, searching, looking to fill a void.

The position is closed, grabbing, taking, not offering or giving.

I'm sorry it's been filled, quickly.

Impulsively.

Some of these hands are fine, just looking to create their own space within this simplified world of white backgrounds and black holes.

Some are causing trouble for themselves and for others.

We are not islands.

Holes looking to be filled or at least that's what the hands think, projecting their perception on to these black voids.

Mine? Yours?

Who is to say

Think they'll be able to fill it, to satisfy, but unfortunately it's an ever-expanding portable storage unit, walk-in closet with a forecast of exponential growth.

At the Hands of, butts, buns and tits, nipples or blemishes, pimples or pimento loaf.

We all just want a sandwich, who's willing to share?

There are a finite number of sandwiches or maybe not, I'm not well versed but it seems like there's plenty to go around if others scooch those plump digits over a bit or take a break. We could rotate, do a round robin, a Pollyanna. Other hand foods are available, mobile foods-legs- (those are animals I guess, and vegetables, that is if you're a forager type.) We all need options or the option to have options. Available and open to possibilities, let's see where things go!

Outward actions to satisfy internal desires and insecurities, god damn rock-n-roll music, smooth those bumps, fill those lines for that hippest food pic... or on the street for that new Supreme swordfish beanie, that's right a Supreme beanie for your hype beast swordfish. I left mine in an taxi, the beanie, not the swordfish. Never lose a swordfish.

This is a positive space, well and negative.

Backgrounds:

White space: Naive, thoughtless, cold, unaware. I've never been able to keep a stain off a white shirt, or white sheets.

Maybe that's why I'm so held to the white of the canvas, I have hope in that white canvas.

Black: protective, hidden, mysterious, unknown, secretive.

Black holes: Portals, Voids, Storage Units, Internal hard drives, an indication of space

-Filled with a bunch of nothing

-Whatever falls in evaporates and we're back at zero

-These are happy ghosts just kidding, their hunger, insatiable.

-Portal plates, always put food on a plate

Grab n' Go: Consumption on the run, impulse buy, convenience but for whom?

He's a one millionaire (high pitched voice)

An implication of privilege, not all can just grab something on the go, without thought.

Grab: A quick sudden clutch or attempt to seize.

Demand on us and demand on others, disposability, ownership, flattening, indifference, impulse, lack of nuance, self-inflicted Just go, you gotta get out of here. Keep moving don't stop. Like the black hole, it suggests the importance of holding onto something and the spaces between, inside vs outside. Internal and external demands.

What do we own? How do we share our stories, sandwiches, histories, our ghosts?

What do you fill your void with? The ghosts and skeletons are down there super hungry.

How do we create space for ourselves and for others, some think they've owned spaces and now they think it's being taken away. I'm filling my void better and faster than you in a meaningful way, what are you doing? Just kidding, I'm just trying to stay afloat like everyone else?

It's touch and go at the moment, lets pull through.

Pull it out and discard.

Drive the ghosts out to the country and leave them there, or trade, maybe they wouldn't have so much authority if we scrambled them up.

Add avocado and salt to taste.

Salt and pepper mixed together makes things that bite of people's heads spread butter on cheese.

No dairy after 30.

It's all fun and games(that's not true).