

John Nelson

I collect fragments that, one way or another, come into my field of vision. Metaphors, puns, and allegories that catch my eye. Symbols that evoke associations. Cliches that are so familiar that they become paradoxically abstract. Put in combination and layered one on top of another these figures and phrases merge into a vocabulary of rhythms and cadences that give voice to those impulses that arise internally. The unconscious is like a reservoir. Themes emerge, some that are humorous others that are cryptic and vague.