



art
contemporain
& cabinet
d'expertise

*Death as a wandering circumstance, woven into silly drapes,
with just the right amount of sheen
to mask its own appearance.
It's got a liquid feel to it, as it tastes the iridescent oil slicks,
feeds off the atmosphere we so unknowingly cherish
and shines bioluminous in the midnight bay.
Right where the spine turns to tail, the head bows down
and something else takes over.
Some say its timing is just a case of beating the odds - but what are they, these odds?
And what is timing when faced with...
and what do they know anyway?
All I know is the joy of sipping their juices like the real deal bloody mary,
when day turns to night and vice versa, and all the cicadas rattle on and on
and on in their solemn cheer to the gods, and whether you flip the coin heads or tails
makes no difference, as it seems that loneliness has no use out here anymore
but instead become silent necessity
we all have slowly grown to love.*

Björn Magnusson à propos de Nebulosa - 2020