

Still life, in other words how certain things are born

I observe, in front of me.
Two objects.
One transparent, the other scrunched up.
A bottle and a poster.
Sandblasted words and printed words.
A cylinder and a sphere.
Two sculptures in the shape of objects.
A sculpture in glass and an object in paper.
A man and a woman.
A formless object and the copy of a bottle.
The father and the daughter.
Two copies of the real.
Two real objects.
Two objects in white and black.
A figurative sculpture and an abstract sculpture.
One rough, one smooth.
The snake's den.