

Love past, never, and immutably lived. An amalgamation of the experience, perceptions, and dreams of my life—consecrated, in illo tempore.

IN ILLO TEMPORE

When I was very young child, I was violently sexually assaulted. Having experienced this type of trauma at a young age, I have found it difficult to develop and maintain meaningful personal relationships. With a profound lack of trust, I have spent most of my life in solitude; Always assuming that only a very small portion of the population was capable of understanding my particular experience, while at the same time, only comprehending my experience through the fragmented thoughts and memory of a child.

My desire to connect with others in a meaningful way is profound, sometimes seemingly impossible, but entirely necessary; In illo tempore is an artistic experimentation of that desire to connect. An expression of time, and the dynamics of perception and experience. They are the salient figures in my life—the ones I love—the thought of them has provided me with great comfort and great pain. They are fires, muses, universes, and hierophanies—
I unapologetically love them, for the reasons that I love them.







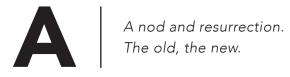
A sanctuary lumination, lost in the flame. That smouldering truth, descending upon deaf ears.



W

Atmospheric (UV) daydream— Proof of mystic feelings, once self reproved.









The gravity of our childish glances.
A lovely reminder of those
thousands of lives we lived—
lost in folded time.





There, where my narrow path met the road, we shared the sun and smiled.





Unformed—Hung on the impressions of rain. Aberrant nerves, mending shattered ones.



R

Those fearless charms, like glass figments—An honest mirrors self reflection (deception).

