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Ajay Kurian *Possessions*

Opening: Saturday, November 16th, 2019, 6-9 pm
Exhibition: November 16th, 2019 – January 11th, 2020

This world is filled with buds and blooms
Of dreams and griefs so pungent.
They grew from bone and misery
The learned bid incumbent.
Yet lifted well past mud and gut
are glassy beings, still and blind -
They circle in a single ring
Their hearts composed of stones refined.

In every age, they take a stone
Their sole and dear possession,
Then press it close and slowly hone
the age's wrought confession.
And as they look on all that is,
they ask each age a question.
Its simpleness belies its breadth
and brevity - deception:

Who has who? A celestial peal,
a chime heard years before Abram,
yet always asked with youthful zeal
to name the new relation.
A whisper to the single soul
distracted with love and fear,
grasping for a sturdy role
on land once solid now unclear.

And on to ask the world at large,
possessions planetary.
Convinced for years our will took charge,
we named the estuary.
Yet names and tools do not suffice
to tame the world's momentum.
As oceans rise and drown our vice -
our reign's reduced to phantoms.

Again the sky-bound beings plead,
their insistence firm, yet patient
Their state concedes no want or need,
instead to spur sublation.
The dirt itself is temporary,
and stars have no affections.
but life still seeks a greater host,
and bears new curled connections.