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GióMARCONI

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JONATHAN LYNDON CHASE

Keep thinking nobody does it like you here comes the sunset

Opening: Thursday, January 29, 2026; 6pm-9pm

January 30 – March 18, 2026

From Tuesday to Saturday, 11am-6pm

Gió Marconi, Via Tadino 15, Milan

I Remember How Big Your House is

The door opened to heat and noise searing his right cheek. It was an oven, friend, baked at 400 degrees and it felt like just as many people. Oven fried, huddled close, ears redden in the room. Kitchens have yellow souls, steeped and supple, weighted in warmth, scents, shapes of all color, length, and bottoms heavy and stout for stuffing into the mouth.

He, him and him, junior, daddy, and father, brother and friend, all here. The scene is not mute. Bodies speak as loudly as voices. Gathered here by the apron wearing Caller, the keeper of spaces.

Message received, read, reply, messages sent. Receive, send, send, receive, break. Receive, send, wait,

the giver is on his way. Lanterns dot the sidewalks of the north where the lilies of boys flower the worlds they tread. Some boisterous in effusive color while others ooze, grabbing at the necks, slithering on the curb, in passenger seats sheathed in familiar garb drunk on disguise. All boys of lily, brick or stone, seek sweet comforts in each other's arms, beds and legs. Their heads a beaming scone of indifference. Black shrouded bulb that only eyes its shine.

I did it all day

Plants been on the sills for weeks, grey hairs flock the plateaus and huddle in corners. Dust. Candle wax drips, having escaped during burning, dots here and there, accumulating whatever particles they touch. Improved weather and from here forecasts shone better.

Cleaning rights the wearer of this home.

He did what she did all day. Mop the would. Pull the hairs. Hum in chorus with the vacuum and its sucking. What to do with all this memory and age? No family traveled farther than their rug. Stretched over this city of a couch lays a body shaped by a line of theirs. Grace says thank you.

No kids but the animals are still haired

The lamp is lit

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Devin N. Morris

Gió Marconi Gallery is pleased to announce *Keep thinking nobody does it like you here comes the sunset*, the first solo exhibition in Italy by Philadelphia-based artist Jonathan Lyndon Chase and their first show with the gallery.

The exhibition examines the everyday moments of queer Black life in the city. It reflects upon memory and the mind, body, and soul, the passage of time, opposites and balance, readability and abstraction.

Chase divides the ground floor of the gallery into private interior spaces which include a living room, bedroom, kitchen, and bathroom. These are the settings where the figure navigates and interacts, revealing emotional, mental, and psychological states. Each space becomes a landscape of its own. The interiors act as an archive and a reflection of these elements. The space itself feels alive, like a body, with cracks, exposed wires, dripping pipes, leaking ceilings, and a carpet that holds many stories.