

THE FLAMENCO DANCER. 2005.

Oil on canvas.

This painting was originally intended to depict a standing figure as described over the mobile telephone. As the work developed a rotating figure began to emerge, and by the twelfth hour a flamenco dancer had evolved

This image portrays the concept of spirit, the fighting spirit of the battler who never gives in. The one who gives his all and more until the bitter end.

Athletes, musician's, dust bib men, and students, to name but a few. This work represents the energy given, to achieve

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with my cruel words
slash at your soul

You
with your hard love
swallow me whole

We
with our blank stares
wait till death arrives

They
with their blind rules
snuff out our lives

But he

He
who rotate
with bowed head

He
who seems to gyrate
one a fine thread

He
who the blood burns
and the dance devours

He
who his pride spins
for these endless hours

He
has mastered himself
and is slave to none

He
can forget the world
while the dance goes on

This
is my life, he says
this is my dance

These
are the glaring eyes
fixed in a trance

That
bring us together
to remember, with him,

That
what really matters
must come from within.