

GALERÍA
AGUSTINA
FERREYRA

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After Time After

October 8th- December 3rd, 2022

I'm walking backwards, I leave the curb and I step one pace at a time. I am on a crosswalk on Chapultepec Avenue in Mexico City- people are advancing past me in both directions, but I step gingerly one foot behind the other. I see a building receding in front of me, is that a burnt door? To my right, I am conscious of a ruin of an aqueduct as I reach the middle of the road.

I stop still now while the traffic, the horns and glares of the drivers move. Then I push out into the road again, my back tingling with fear, and my foot scuffs a discarded sweatshirt. The thud of my heartbeat taps a dull rhythm in my skull as people push past me and whisper 'what the fuck?'

My heel hits the final kerb and I sit down fast -my hands scraping the concrete.

Looking at my palms they are a mess. Why don't I sharpen my tools?

I stand and look and as I stare I see double. Nothing is recognizably a thing...

Sharp shadows under the bumpers of the cars- angry cattle waiting to bolt. There is a body here but where is it? Absence is too obvious a thing- lonely is not the word. More an exquisite feeling of solitude and lust.

Later standing at a sink I no longer see what is in front of me. A clock, a carcass, an aubergine, trickling water. The sound of heat as I open a door and look onto a lawn. Titles can't do that much. What do I feel when I paint? I don't need to have ideas anymore when I am painting.

.-Dexter Dalwood