

She always wore her long silver hair pulled up in a bun at the nape of her neck and as she spoke she would tap her long, crooked fingers together with the rhythm of her voice. As soon as she began, the hard floor against my body slipped away and I was transported. I don't know where she lived and I can't remember when I stopped going, but her stories led me through the cobbled webs of her life.

Storytelling is an art. If you look and listen, my art tells a story. It reflects my philosophy and passions, places I have been and things I have seen. There is the trash on that beach that I couldn't leave, the story in the news that I couldn't shake and the metal I found that fall day in the alley behind the studio. It's all there. My art is a diary of my life.