Sickness: too busy to look at the sky. Sickness: status anxiety. Sickness: I'm not very lucky in love. Sickness: I can't be sexy. Sickness: I like my art to be 'about' things. Sickness: that's not art.

Sickness: I'm not very lucky in love.

Sickness: I can't be sexy.

Sickness: I like my art to be 'about' things. Sickness: that's not art.

Art is a way of payments experiences, of which there are so many possibilities. Artwork, beautiful, manipulative, and WHICH need help in containing. Imagining being in a park on a blustery April day. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. They feel delightfully separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complaints of our egos. We look up at the clouds and feel delightsely separate in a wider context which stills the incessant complain...