

Icy
Lightning

deCoy Galleria

icy lightning ricocheting through black thunder heads, orgasmic force, torrents, shattered clouds, shear knife-edge shocks of force meeting earth, plate glass doors violently crushed into thousands of tiny pieces, fluorescent bulbs explode, gray vapor pouring through air, steely blue cloud forms, eerie solidification, ominous ghostly figure takes hold of scene, dark and towering, guarding entrance, room is held poised on brink awaiting vortexual shape...

A face as if beneath waters in motions becomes readable, fire red waves of heat hair burn about face submerged, emerald green eyes, magenta pupils send solid rays, cutting matter in their view, anger on brow, black creases forehead...

White chiffon robes swirl, the face is away from you and spinning, sheer veils of china silk dance like feathers, wings are now visible, a naked palm is exposed, emitting a gold light, radiating beams of rainbow strike you, your eyes, you blink, a dove is ready for flight lifting from the center of that light, flashing into pastel camellia, swept away and dispersed, emerges then a clear pale rose cheeked face, placid, conveying new-borne innocence, non-aggressive curiosity, blond locks cascade onto shoulder falling to floor, covering...reaching every corner...only yellow yellow as sun as being in sun-yellow yellow yellow...black dot black strand...strands...growing...back of head...dark wavy black...sheen like oil peaks-desert valleys...shoulders slow turning, face full view, dark brows...lapis-jet mosaic eyes with wells surrounded, reaching for you and you thirst...

Falling you are falling...those wells...deeper, if you had wings you would

fly...blackness...interminable...you are flying without wings, you cannot feel the miles speeding past they go unmarked and you are no longer moving, our pit is miles behind hours above, still the darkness...impenetrable and there, there is a white speck awaiting you...you careen towards it, you, and unclaimed satellite searching out a passage, calling you through your vision that light a beacon that beacon a stream then many streams thousands of wavy rivers, multitudes of rivers of oil recognized to be strands-strands of blond hair falling softly across masculine shoulders...a profile, then the full face...crimson lips and wells, wells surrounded by lapis-jet inlaid tiles...staring...staring...penetrating you

a voice...

"I am the silent one,

SILENT SPEAR THAT PIERCES

others call me

ONE WHO WALKS INTO."

he waits...

...you see an abalone sky with amethyst stars...

he continues...

"I am all your ancestors and descendants,

I am the very core of the earth itself and

ALL the mighty sans that etch their magnificence

into the starry black skies...

And, I am here to

see

you..."

You look and all you see is fathomless clarity
a color with no name
leading through the future and the past and you feel you have met your destiny and it is no
different from this moment and yet, just beyond
his lashes are fire around hand-wrought suns making the sound of eternity as they look, you say
"WHAT?"
the voice.

"I am the day and night of you, my face is half red
with a golden sun at the brow,
half blue with a silver star at my lips edge
I speak with no mouth
you hear with no ears
I call you by a name you have never heard
and you answer in a voice you do not know..."
he says.

"I...

have come to SEE you..."

...you look to the portals surrounded by evening lashes and your desire is unquelled and devouring
you are heat and brazen sordid light seething unrelenting unappeased allowing no shadow no corner
unseen you are unable to hide in the harsh reality of he who casts the interrogative drill, blasting
brute accusals of "hiding" into even the most remote places of you, there is the screaming
accusation of cowardice allowing no shadow in you...you with eyes that are blood shot and strained
searching for shade and relief...

there is none...

you are self mutilating self annihilating self criticizing and inhuman and you SQUIRM and shrivel
shrinking into some coolness you have found into some cool and silent crevice
LIGHTNING Grrrrraaatttess through the solidity of white...

exposing your sanctuary...

-----IMPLORATION-----

and there stands a man with wells for eyes caressing an Takamini twelve-string on a crystal
beaded strap dangling from his shoulder and he is dressed in floral embroidered blue denim, rust
colored Tony Lama's and a beige Stetson with quill work band

his mouth opens

words fly out like mocking thunderbirds

they say in many colors...

"I am the one they call..."

STRINGS ANOTHER'S GÖTTAR..."

-----reiterating rainbows reverberate-----

you are there holding that ivory inlaid ebony Takamini, looking at him turn, step into a white Rolls
which pulls away like spring fountains spraying white wings from fenders, now a winged, white
stallion with marble hooves and platinum shoes

the man's black oil sheen river hair and his stallion's streaking the sky like a tail on a certain

meteor...
you stand watching the arch...
a metallic bird
you forget the man
...his horse
hypnotized you see the jet trail disperse
you contemplate,
and say
"Heg!!!
Somebody get me a phone book,
I'm gonna take guitar lessons!"

DECOY GALLERINA: SHORT BIO 2022

STATUS & ORIGINS: Rebel Irish/Chiricahua Nde' (Chakonen, 'Fort Sill' Apache, the group Geronimo & Gochise are from), Matriarch/Elder, Culture Bearer, Two-Spirit.

Cross-Platform/Cross-Genre Life Long Artist & direct descendant of Gochise

Raised in San Francisco/New Mexico/Apache/Oklahoma

STYLES: Psychedelic Stomp to Deep Traditional works

GENRES: Beadwork master, costuming, painter, installation and performance art, video, lyricist, composer, writer, performance artist, actress, singer, dancer, visual artist, perpetual student

MEMBER: Chiricahua Warm-Springs Nde' (Apache) Tribe of New Mexico, Theatre Movement International, Radical Medicine, Idle No More, Member/Curator Komotion Int'l SF, more...

TRAINING: Nde' ceremonies, several decades study and research in Chiricahua cultural aspects with Tribal Historian, Cultural Expert, Linguist & tribal member, Leland Michael Darrow, extensive private training in music, dance, arts & training with Nde' Grandmother Minnie Nicholas in writing, beadwork, painting and with mother Caroline and aunt & Mary Zurega in costuming, music appreciation and San Francisco 'Live Culture'

INFLUENCES/TEACHERS: diverse Bay Area culture, Leland Michael Darrow, Jill Parker, Rene Yamez, BadOnk!Sista, Rudradeep Chakrabarti, Charles Justin Hoover, Guillermo Gomez-Pena, Janeen Antione, American Indian Contemporary Arts Gallery, Black Panthers and their artist, Emory Douglas, American Indian Movement and Richard Oakes, AIM WEST, Tony Gonzales, La Pena, Standing Rock Red Warrior Camp, Pennie Opal Plant & Isabella Zizi, Idle No More, Opward Bound, Oakland Intertribal Friendship House, Leonard Peltier, Alamon, Ceremony, David Solnit, Norm Sands, Annie Sprinkle, Malaquias Montoya, Juanita Barry, Phil Foss, Santa Fe Opera, Steven Paul Judd, American Indian Film Festival SF, BAATS Powwow, First Nation/Indigenous culture and struggles far and wide, many more teachers and inspirations

BFA DEGREES: San Francisco Art Institute, California College of the Arts, College of Santa Fe, Institute of American Indian Arts

PRESENTATIONS: San Francisco International Arts Festival, Allan Houser Garden Gallery, Santa Fe, Studio 23, Alameda, Displacement Show, High Street Gallery London, deYoung Museum, IATA Museum, POWPOWPOW SF, REAL, FACES interviews of 500 artists (youtube), Playwriter/performer of "Homecoming" Chiricahua Nde' Apache Odyssey' and 'haunting Our His&Herstories, Indigenous Children's Boarding School Experiences', Yerba Buena Gardens First Nation Festival, Berkeley World Music Festival, Ivy Room, Venice Biennale, Counter Pulse Theater, San Francisco Independent Arts Festival, United States Arts and Crafts Board, La Pena, Stork Club, Galeria de la Raza, San Francisco Art Institute, many more...

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