

That day, in the studio, we agreed to build a nation.

From missing the point of intentional gender stereotyping
To unreflectively living within ideologies of domestic bliss.

From the naivety of accepting theory as fact
To the vacuity of a life led free of conjecture.

From thinking your voice will stand out if you have a slogan
To assuming that art is politically efficacious.

We are all guilty, guilty,
Because we have studios
Where we sit
Drinking coffee,
Scrolling playlists,
And watching paint dry.

Yet, just as reading poetry might undo my cynicism,
So too might making something deliver me from resignation.
I will act soon.

Edward Wright
9.8.2025



Detail: *That day, in the studio, we agreed to build a nation*
2025, Acrylic on canvas, 250 x 320cm