

My adoration of Western painting is not to be confused with reverence for its arc. My work has always been preoccupied with synthesizing the lineage of Western painting to include queer spaces and bodies in an irreverent and celebratory way that turns this patriarchal lineage on its head. I steal from art-historical sources that I combine with contemporary origins and personal narrative resulting in celebratory, kaleidoscopic paintings. The figures in my paintings have tenuous relationships with the ground; they are unsettled, necessarily so: being queer means treading nimbly in the face of what creates and destroys. The people depicted in my paintings both emerge from and recede into the landscape making the viewer a partner in their assertion and erasure. In “Rainy Season at the Luncheon in the Studio Grass,” three women figures wear matching brightly colored sweaters symbolizing unity—perhaps they are members of a sports team, or maybe three versions of the same figure at different points in time; probably both. The landscape, too, is unstable; the tree on the right reaches to root into the ground, which is soupy in parts and offers no anchor, only opportunities for more reaching. “Date Night,” a brash take on *vanitas*, is a still-life composed of peonies in a green vase, crumpled purple underwear and a phone charging cord. The water in the vase will evaporate, the flowers will wilt, the owner of the underwear will disappear, and the charging cord will become obsolete. Such objects are the material trace of encounters that remind us that our time in bloom is fleeting. Queerness, newly minted with each social interaction, is spent before the next day.