

MUSINGS ON BUSHWICK

Photography and poem on the streets of Bushwick



My First Exposure to the streets of Bushwick

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In April, I decided to visit Bushwick, drawn by the vibrant creative community there. I conducted some research and quickly realized the area is known for its numerous art residencies and the remarkable murals adorning its walls. My destination was the 56 Bogart building. When I arrived, I found the yellowish-brown building somewhat camouflaged among its surroundings. I stood outside, hoping that someone would notice me, but no one did. The artists were busy with their work, and I soon realized that I needed to press the button on the intercom. Once the door buzzed, I entered the studio space. At first, I felt like an outsider and began to question my decision to be there. However, I gradually learned how studio spaces functioned and started knocking on the doors of the artists to interview them for my project. Unfortunately, the doors were always closed. It became clear to me that you don't truly understand the situation until you take the initiative to try.



You walk and see unknown faces,
staring at your soul.
And they ask you do you have a soul?



Remains of an artist
Died of hunger
Broken mirrors and soulless shoes.





Canvases remain unattended. They stare at you when you pass by.

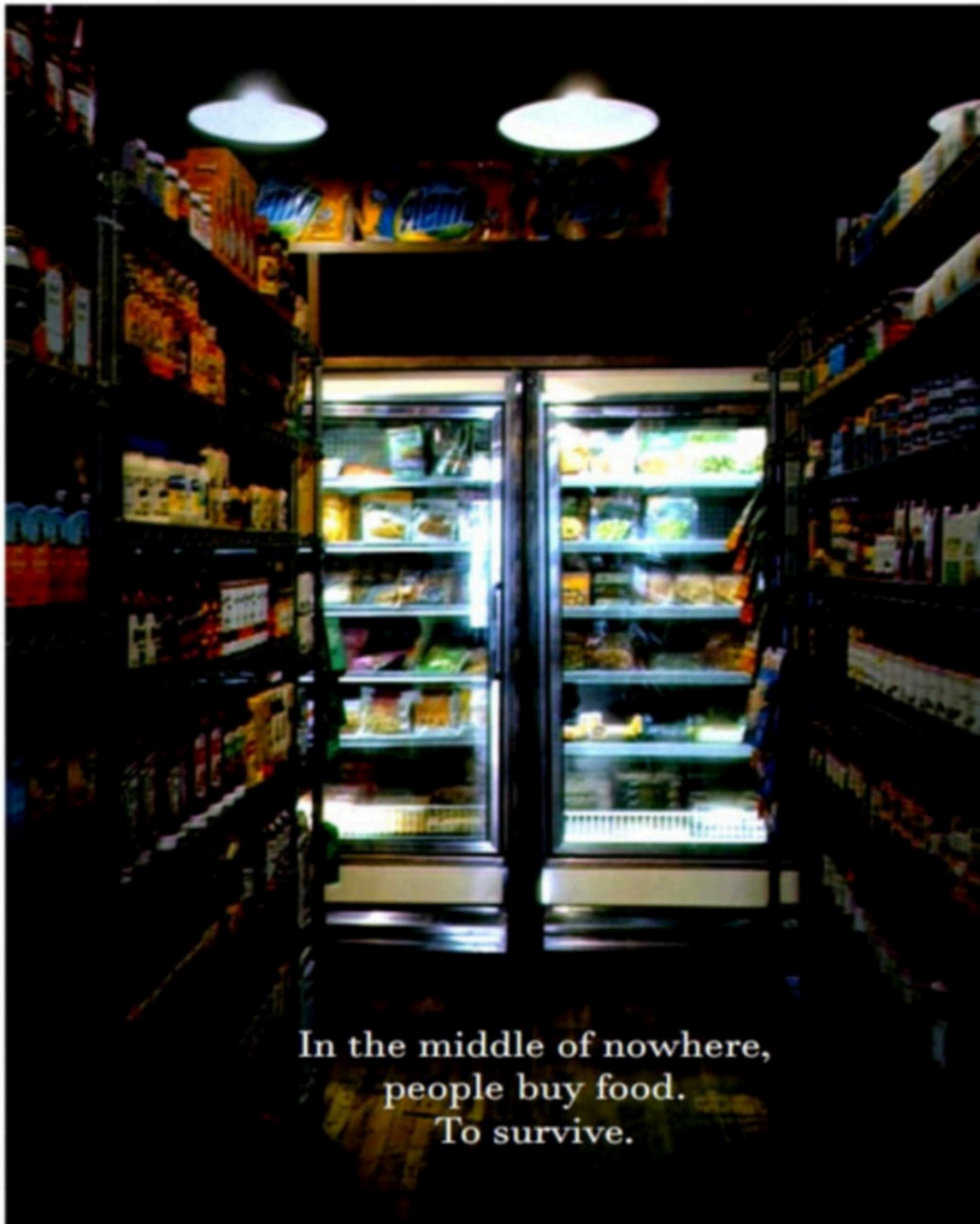


The blue pigment bleeds like blood





The eyes continue to look out for someone's soul



In the middle of nowhere,
people buy food.
To survive.

