

**JONATHAN  
APREA**



## **MAELSTROM**

Dyson draws an object from its center outward. It prevents the picture's limits from dictating the constraints of the medium and confining him. His drawing begins a linear process of expansion. A single pencil dot provokes a pattern, the pattern an image, the image its environment. The only limit Dyson does encounter is his paper's border. But everything has a border, Dyson thinks. Even I do. In fact, and he smiles, I might have more than one of them. In one specific sense they are friends to me: I would not work so hard, if not to destroy them.

**EXPERIENCE OF PLAY**

The choice of work or play is built into the words and ideas that give voice to it. Dyson would choose the experience of play, which he constructs by burying the right sentiment of openness into the carpet like a prize that's been hidden from view. The feeling is a simple one. Think of the gloved finger that sweeps across a surface (its hand lifts to camera to prompt awe from the viewer) as voicing the game's principal rule: in one palm, the broadening of a control margin. In the other, an instant release wand.

**DYSON 360 EYE RELEASE PARTY**

Dyson navigates the party first by finding one friend laying down his bearings small plate of food with one hand mediates the glass of wine smiles often tells a joke keeps one ear out one together drinks a little finds his wife's hand a touch below his shoulders tries to listen to his breathing on the drive home breaks down quiet with his wife her voice and hand his windshield dark except for small points of light receding reds arriving in a flash of warm white at home he takes a shower finds the mirror

**MY FIRST SON WAS A LIGHT**

I wanted to burn our house  
and have him stand amidst a dark  
field my reason got the best of me  
I painted his room a dark color  
a light whose limbs disperse  
heat at an inconsiderate age  
beaming he turned to me  
he knew how good it was  
to reveal a thing for the thing  
to rapidly be seen this inspired  
strength in me he inherited it  
as his own he learned the mill  
and the lathe I taught him not to  
go down in his sleep despite himself  
this is what he found the sense  
repeatedly to transport home

**OUTER MOUNTAIN**

I propagate a field of flowers. I break  
the earth in several neat circles, preserve  
the soil in a chest near my bed, carry  
the chest through most of a century,  
lose the key, climb the slope of my  
lineage. One day near morning,  
light breaks fog cover. I reach  
some summit, dispel the soil handful  
by handful over a ridge, lighter particles  
rise like smoke, some keep falling.  
Cheeks dirty, water in my eyes  
for what – I spot a canyon, distant,  
slumbering, name it a word from the dust  
my mother said to me. I name it what I can,  
I count my regrets, I pretend a decision:  
that all along this was what I ever wanted.