JANE BURNS artist statement

These are somewhat contrived poems using the titles from all my paintings in the show. Like found object assemblages, but with words.

The colored words are the titles. Thankyou for listening. JB 2023

Earth, to Jane

Ya Godda Listen to the tick tock Ping Pong timetoy in your Golden Hours You'll hear the Underlapping Stories, Many Truths and the taller tales that find Refuge there Win Win

Why paint a Teacup Race? So nobody loses, silly



Earth to Jane



The Albino Squirrel in Her Snow will beckon you to Come and Go-Between while Offering sweet Solace till the The Ghost is Clear

Small Fry Rule

Lady in Red

Peripheral reVisions reflect while your vertical future sneakily peeks back Precious Little advises you
To Each Hour Own
A Good Egg pulls you back
to test your Wheels
Up there where time is not

For Dave

The endless circle asked the nicest square how he fared "I'm in good shape, he offered And Yourself?"



For Dana

Sit For a Spell You'll see She has more than Something to Say

Homesick

Nightscape has no Private Eye to Balance Peace with Quiet (Thankyou Yellow) you are everything good Darkness is a shim shiny place