

It was still a good way to live a life

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Alto Beta October 13th - November 3rd

It was still a good way to live a life

Remarking on a walk

Where reflection and question

Flow so easily

Through the various steps of a life,

While hopscotching a particularly uneven pass.

Could I have done it differently,

Given the cards I was dealt?

Could I have made more of it

Than the couple of nice meals per month?

It is slippery here,

And as I push and strain to gain

Elevation, it occurs to me:

Were I not so inherently

Lazy, I could have accomplished much more.

I make note of the guy passing me,

His thoughtless, easy whistle,

Apple Watch ticking away against his

Caloric count.

I really should have done more today.

I slept in till 7 (really it was nearly 8),

Dallied away the hours till lunch,

Mostly just thinking of what I

Should have completed by now.

Aaah, but the...

Wait, what about the...

Stop.

I've got it.

Ah shit, nope, I lost the thread.

It probably would've been better

Had I taken up running, or pilates, or something adventurous like rock climbing.

Surely that would have jumpstarted everything else great I should have accomplished.

Certainly, this fatness hanging off all the sides of me would be gone and with it,
huzzah, accomplishment!

Admiration! The joy of this life bursting through me! Yes!

[Or perhaps better still had I

Created an organization to help the needy, or fed the hungry,

Or saved the war-torn.

If I invented the cure for some deadly,

Proliferating disease.

If I bore from the land a cruelty-free,

earth-replenishing crop to save us all.

Yes, that would be better still.]

I thought I laughed with the best of them,

That I learned and taught, that I ate and shared the bounty.

But I am most certainly wrong.

Don't you agree?

I could have done it better.





















It is chemical
2024
Blued steel, felt, wool, cotton, stretch terry, dyed and embroidered nylon
84 x 84 x 20 inches



It is chemical

Sometimes in here
It is chemical —
Though I don't know if it
Wakes me or keeps me sleeping.

It is a darkness and it is a light
And somehow it is joy and
A knife blade at my throat.

The synapse fire
And flow like a river too
Strong, but where the
Sun catches just right
And you feel warm
And it is picture perfect light
And your cheekbones look so good right now.



The Wild
2024
Walnut, stainless steel, felt, wool, cotton, pigmented porcelain, dyed nylon
72 x 20 x 5 inches



The Wild

Sometimes I slip through the wild
Like I belong there
And sometimes, I slog through
As if the mud is coming up to meet me-
Telling me to stand still, that I should not pass
That I am a stranger here.



Sweet and slippery
2023
Blued steel, wool, nylon, coated steel chain
82 x 82 x 23 inches



Sweet and slippery

Drawing on the unknown,
I've imagined a space
Sweet and slippery,
Where the moon traces a path
Through the vessels of my body,
Looping and twirling
Blind but certain.
It skips and it jumps
from body to body,
Unabashedly sharing its light
With unknowing flesh.



On Balance

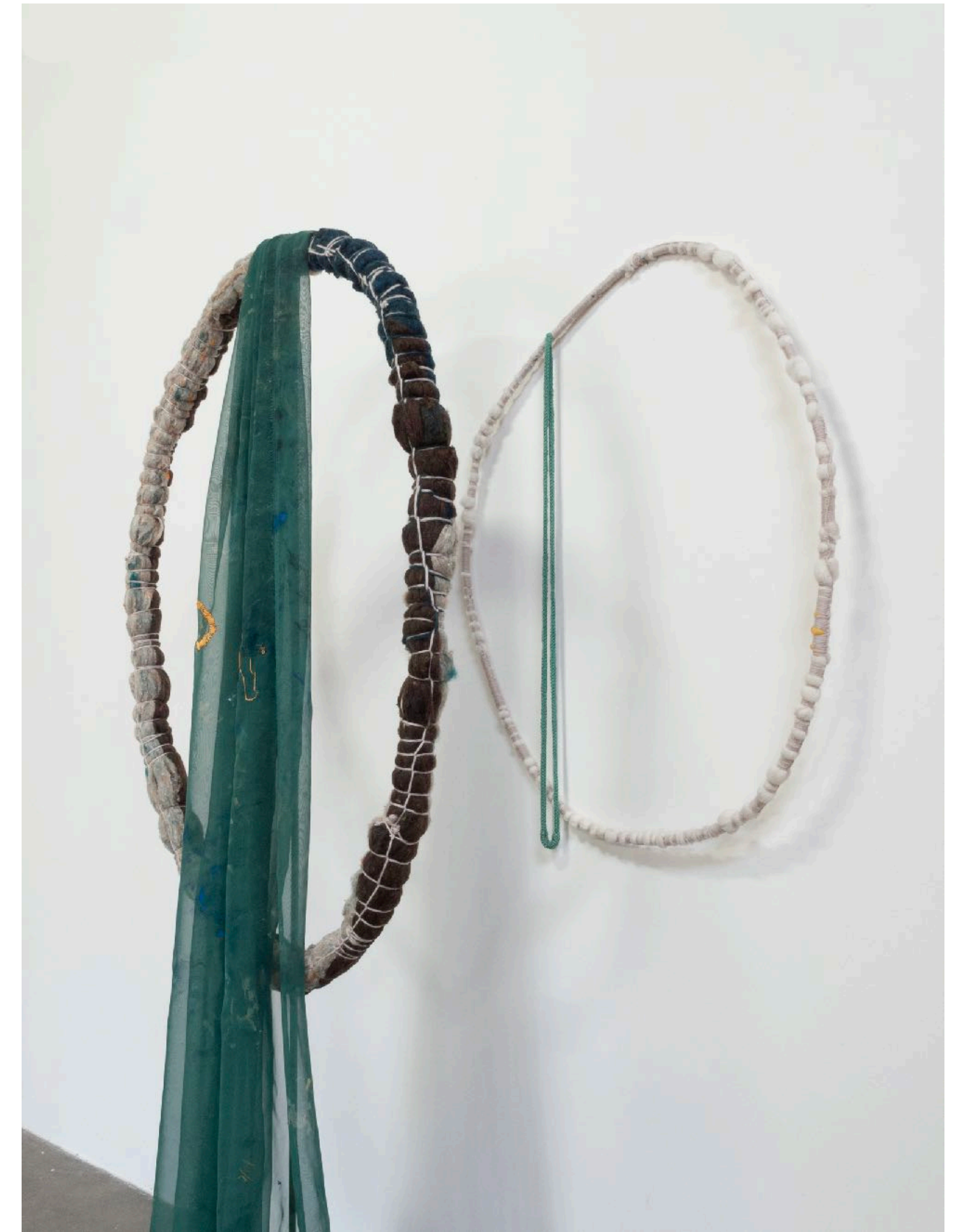
Suddenly, a light
That I can rely on —
It's solid and bright
And follows me.

I can't quite view it,
But it's surely there,
Pressed between my shoulders,
Radiating around my core.

Can you see it?
That brightness draping over me,
Witchy in a way
That doesn't really even disturb me.

It's been there long enough now to feel like mine —
The lightest element, yet it pulls like excess gravity.
Despite the heft, I'm thinking it's ok there,
Like the hand of something that understands a broader history.

It carries stories in its warmth,
A body on my body.
I'm sure it knows me.



On Balance
2024
Blued steel, felt, wool, dyed and embroidered nylon, cast bismuth
82 x 50 x 25 inches



Untitled (gray)
2019
Blued steel, wool
27 x 23 x 7 inches



Untitled (blue gray)
2019
Blued steel, wool
26 x 24 x 4 inches