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I paint because I want to. I keep painting because my vision is generally moving one step ahead of what I'm actually doing. I'm not quite certain how one can continually face a blank, white sheet of paper without wanting to face it.

Painting is my ongoing conversation with the world: listening, seeing, interpreting, translating. More accurately, painting is a conversation with my garden. My garden stands as a chapel to my belief in everything: life, death, dying back, renewal, exuberance, sadness, acceptance and beauty. I am tied to the land.

If there is anything I want to SAY with my paintings it is that what I see in this world is great, wonderful and heartbreakingly beautiful. These are not thoughts I dwell on when I conceive an idea for a painting. A moment of a petal moving in light, a moth lightly holding its wings at rest, waiting for night or a fish gliding in quiet serenity, there is a moment that moves like visual poetry across the horizon, percolates, insistently and I paint.

I love the process of painting, the creative moment that transforms the observed and experienced world into art. It nourishes me, intellect and soul.