

# In my studio ...



... time softens. The hum of the world fades, replaced by the quiet rhythm of brushstrokes, the scent of paint, and the feel of raw material in my hands. This space is both sanctuary and proving ground — a place where nature and memory merge on the walls. My father's presence lingers in the way I create — in the way I trust my hands, follow instinct, and shape my reality rather than let life happen to me. I grew up immersed in that way of being, where art was more than an act; it was a form of truth, a connection to something deeper, a way of moving through the world with purpose. Before I begin, I pause—touch the wall, take a breath. Murals unfold slowly, layer by layer, over weeks and months ... each stroke is an act of presence, a study of what is already perfect — the way light filters through leaves, the intricate veins of a petal, the rhythm of flowing water. Public art breaks the boundaries of class and race, speaking a language that connects us all. It reminds us that we are part of a greater whole. A mural does not belong to one — it belongs to the street, the community, the passerby who sees themselves reflected in color and form. Just as my father gave me the gift of creation as a way of life, I strive to give that same experience to my son — showing him that authenticity can guide us, that passion is worth following, and that art, in its purest form, is not just something we make but something we live. This is the lineage I carry forward.

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