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Fly Buzz Fly, Crabs on Trash (The American Dream)

Back in ~~the 80's~~ <sup>the 90's</sup>, my first several years in prison were challenging. I spent most of my time fending off predators trying to rape me, gangs trying to recruit me, and a depression so deep it often threatened to swallow me. I then found solace in the Arts.

I started off scribbling poems on scraps of paper. Then, during a year-long stint in the "hole", I discovered my love for writing fiction. Years later, I came across The Marshal Project, and tried my hand at non-fiction with them. Turns out I love that too.

My journey wasn't done there, though. One day a painter friend (Alvin Smith) suggested I take my anger out on a piece of canvas. So, always on the hunt for methods of improvement, I gave it a shot. And boy was he right! Now, instead of expressing my anger through violence, I express it — and all emotion, good or bad — through abstract art.

Last, but not least, the late, Great Buzz Alexander taught me that my art truly is art. And that not only does it have value, but that I have value as well. I love and miss you, Buzz.

Please edit your Artist Statement to the space provided

Fly my friend. Fly free with the birds and the wind.

(Please visit me @ Facebook.com/JerryMetcalfr)