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Win Lose Never Forgotten, Without Faith No Hope

Born from the darkness of my mother's womb into the darkness of this cold world of hard and easy pain. No farther and a child in age for a mother mix with men with the characteristics of male animals that eats the smaller male produced by another so it had seem as they seen me and my mother as punching bags, when subdued by the sweet burning taste of the devils blood running down their throats to their bottomless bellies crying out hateful words grip by blinding self hete which feeds it's sickness like blacken wings of death to the soul, heart and mind, to all whom witness these painful acts. But the worst was seeing the heated tears of betrayal falling time after time. And inside of me lives my world of creation where pain isn't known, where love shone none stop as if it was summertime each and everyday. So much created began flowing over

onto paper to share with my mother the love of my life, but it meant nothing but lines drawn on paper, not what I felt or wish for her to feel instead of the pain in place over her eyes where love should be. And as I grew up these words burned inside of me. Though I couldn't speak out into simple sentences because I didn't know how to nor how to write them but in Art it flowed all of my pain, hate, want for love, loneliness and the wish for death. The lies of my father leaving me when he was killed before I where born. My unknown father, a man my mother to this day spoke not of is whom guiding my hand when I create, so I would like to believe, and even when I was unable to write nor read I could draw what was in my heart from 5 years of age up to now. And before now I lived like man had when he lived in caves which no one could hear my cries for help. But you the people who sees, and comment on what's felt from what I created, and this with out knowing how much has given me life in so many wonderful ways, oh how I wish this was here in my childhood coming up, but it's here now and I thank you all for the fears of joy you brought to my face and eyes which had only knew tears of pain. So please know through your carers has filled our heart full of humanity and God knows we all need this in our hearts instead of longing for the kiss of death upon our lips we so hunger for through lost hope. Thank you for opening up a door where we can be seen through feeling of art and words in which our eyes would have refused on face at face first encounter. Thank you.