**Sentinels**

Constantly shifting their layered grids, tracing every movement of the air, holding dancing slivers of light and shadow, they are sentinels of the sky.

To evoke the place; the everyday requires our attention as well. To see all.

Painting palms, an embrace of reveries, was, for me, a departure from depicting the insolence of Power. But perhaps the real subject was the sky.

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