Truly cosmic in scope

The In Curls
A dog's tail

When it was painted?

Surroundings. Embraces - as winter embraces nature - and Synthesis Presents a

Does Winter into the ground speared of tree trunks or the last

I feel Procession seasons of /five

It made the paintings go back Paint Of oil

I miss the smell Gone The copyist painters

Today

Knows us Them, crows They know us Us,

/from lies away, Crow One

And No Paintings Blocked They

It is in den Hert

They aim

Of danger Warning

Have said People

If we could unlock the experience of crows, then we could understand Innately or not,

Bruegel knew this, With us, Have adapted

The writer spoke, He spoke,

When it's wing has healed Enough

When it is strong, To release it

She is nurturing it

Rescued a crow, that fell from the sky in a storm

She spoke of how she has Only one hunter remains in her

Soon,

Her version To stay

To the mountains

Yesterday I travelled Only fail to be

Can only be Language

Winter truly staggers,

Alone with myself and half his work

Around crowds, they distract, those crowds Hunters,

Till you get closer dimmed, dulled to you,

To the right, the

Into his room you approach

Not silent their quiet buzz is dampened off, them

And how one is the other, and folds into the other and so on and on A group of guards in an adjoining room chat,

Close Is to knowing the power of this painting To be alone is to be close

Ever?

Can you know it,

Alone, To this rooms of all rooms To walk into through the threshold The approach Not yet But not now Is The spell of doing this But I needed to do it For time alone First The gallery

My /final day Today,

With Bruegel My / final day


No match for Bruegels deathly blackness Or maybe

And trees,

13 dogs

So so cold

The sky is viewed like a

And glows it silhouettes and

Gloomy Day (early Spring)

Today

The physiognomy of a melancholic enigma

Its temperature Inhabit Us Makes The painting Cold


Frozen Sea urchin In the middle Down in the bottom

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

No sure reason for believing would After picture Bruegel collected In picture

The awkward truth is that he was

Blackest the, Blacker, Are, Crows, And colour before?

this see

The trees are not black

And colour

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

Surely the hunters Do the trees

Does the ice crack?

Does the fire crackle and spit?

And shout?

Do the skaters squeal?

And those that look away see?

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

Snow The Into

Have Those four trees

Warm

No sun to

Held

Lighter, but colder Is stark,

The sky

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

So far away

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

John Berger, Portraits, (London, Verso, 2015), p41

Snow The Into

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

Andrew Bracey (From Summer)

To stay

To the mountains

Yesterday I travelled

Only fail to be

Can only be

Language

Winter truly staggers,

Alone with myself and half his work

Around crowds, they distract, those crowds Hunters,

Till you get closer dimmed, dulled to you,

To the right, the

Into his room you approach

Not silent their quiet buzz is dampened off, them

And how one is the other, and folds into the other and so on and on A group of guards in an adjoining room chat,

Close Is to knowing the power of this painting To be alone is to be close

Ever?

Can you know it,

Alone, To this rooms of all rooms To walk into through the threshold The approach Not yet But not now Is The spell of doing this But I needed to do it For time alone First The gallery

My /final day Today,

With Bruegel My / final day


No match for Bruegels deathly blackness Or maybe

And trees,