

Helen Ross

I have always tried to find the deeper meaning in life,
I was a thinker and a dreamer.
Laying in bed, restless in thoughts and wonders.
Where things could or could not be.
Specific days, you have the good and the bad.
The tired and the weak.
The upbeat and smiling.
The sufficient and mundane moments.
Your body and your mind, intertwined as one to bring the evanescence of life.
One being incomplete without the other.
If you have never experienced pain how would you know what ecstasy feels like?
If there is only night, how would you know what day is?
Just as the body and mind.
As light and dark.
As good and evil.
You need to be acquainted with both to grasp the concept.
My life itself has been enveloped by darkness of mind, troubled by thoughts and experiences.
Depression and anxiety reap through my threads and break into my seems.
Yet illuminating from me is an aura of happiness and a breath of reality.
An assimilation of either quality that leads the preface of the day.
My body is a culmination of everywhere I have been, the paths I've crossed.
You'll see my scars,
the creases under my eyes,
bruises and scratches left to bare,
or the medications required to enter my body to make it through the day.
For my senior thesis I am doing body art as my canvas. To literally give the essence of the part
of which is my body.
Painted on the limb would be a representation of light; an emotional radiant of positivity.
On the same extremity though, will also be a dark, dismal depiction.
It is neither here or there or one or the other.
All these pieces are parts, parts of a whole.
A whole compilation which is my mind and body.
Describing my vision of life in the endeavors I have faced.