

The text herein are poems written by Emily Joyce during the darkest days of lockdown solitude, where painting temporarily ceased. They were later referenced in a series of work shown in her 2022 Project Room exhibition with the gallery, *RGBs and Sees I'm Okay*.

About Emily Joyce

Emily Joyce was born in 1976 and educated at the Glasgow School of Art and the Rhode Island School of Design (BFA 1998). Joyce's paintings investigate mathematics and its resonance in the natural world as well as art history through pattern based and rhythmic abstraction. Her paintings often have a spark of humor and playfulness via purposefully awkward gesture or anomaly added to humanize the rigorous geometry that is the foundation of her work. Joyce has exhibited work and participated in projects at Human Resources (Los Angeles), Machine Project (Los Angeles), Hauser and Wirth (Los Angeles), Inman Gallery (Houston), The Berkeley Art Museum and Pacific Film Archive (Berkeley), The Tang Teaching Museum (Saratoga Springs), and the Palais de Tokyo (Paris), and more.

About David B. Smith Gallery

David B. Smith Gallery is committed to presenting intelligent and culturally relevant exhibitions in its Denver location, featuring the region's most important emerging talent alongside internationally recognized artists. Through its curatorial program, participation in art fairs, and extensive media coverage in publications such as *Artforum*, *Art in America*, and *ARTnews*, David B. Smith Gallery has cultivated a strong regional, national and international collector audience. *The New York Times* hailed the gallery as offering "an exciting contrast of cutting edge works." The gallery also maintains an active publishing division, which produces exhibition catalogues and editions.

David B. Smith Gallery is a member of the New Art Dealers Alliance (NADA).

Well Beth

Well Beth, you really hooked us up with your real-time traffic updates on that fog shrouded Wednesday morning. Thanks for that. It felt like evening or another place and we knew you had our backs. Orchards and plywood sheds. Nurseries and aluminum siding.

Beth, all your stuff is in a big pile across the train tracks from the drive-inn movie theatre. Benji, the gnostic who covered that song Africa by Toto collected cans and stayed inside, just in case. He had flair, didn't he? A shopping cart made him famous. We were all waiting for someone as unthreateningly handsome as him to come along and take the reigns. His genius ushered in the old era.

Oh Beth, wasn't it like Crash? But now it's the norm. The home of the Fighting Prisoners living like it's a scouted location with empty turrets, Aztecs, all girls, and four bells. Through the fence I heard her say, "The last few leaves cling to their branches along the banks of the estuary."

Dear Beth, the two burnt out roofs have now finally both fully collapsed. I don't need to remind you that Spirit Honda was for game day not any day. You said my drawing of a crying woman was poorly rendered. Don't say I didn't try. I went to Mt. Wilson, the Watts Tower and the City of Industry. Remember to duct tape the roofs. It all went bad twice.

Conversations in the Mist

Descending into the abandoned quarry he took her hand in his and said, "If I were a mountain, I'd eat milkweed cooked in butter." She was concentrating hard on her footing. The rocks on the edge were loose and the incline was steep. She angled her feet to gain some traction to no avail. Instead, she sort of shimmy-slid down the dusty hill. Or was it a wall? A hill or a wall? It was an inside, not an outside, that's for certain. Arriving at the bottom of the pit she faced him and said, "If I were employed, I'd eat futility cooked in butter."

Sue, The Tenant

The department of buildings, pendulum swinging
I have an 11:30 uptown

Very nice > people
Family > people
Hardworking > people
Shaking > people
Unacceptable > people
Oh my god > people
I can't believe > people
Legal > people
Scorpion > people
Maui > people
Soundproof > people
Tolerant > people
Same > people

Take some inspiration and dead head the geraniums, pick up cigarette butts, that little fellow says
he likes my pot of flowers

Condescension and kindness, I like to keep my options open, but I'm not independent

Not guitars, but Sol Lewitt

Reflux guitars, reflux doctors

Very nice > people
Family > people
Hardworking > people
Shaking > people
Unacceptable > people
Oh my god > people
I can't believe > people
Legal > people
Scorpion > people
Maui > people
Soundproof > people
Tolerant > people
Same > people

The waiters were ballerinas

One waiter for two people

Whose head is on here? Maybe it was the birthday boy? You saw the flowers at the very end?

Vets have cars

Very nice > people

Family > people

Hardworking > people

Shaking > people

Unacceptable > people

Oh my god > people

I can't believe > people

Legal > people

Scorpion > people

Maui > people

Soundproof > people

Tolerant > people

Same > people

In Saint Tropez, a lovely girl had a mineral shop. Her stuff was very cheap and so I bought some rocks. On her paperwork she said you should wash your stone for three hours a day to re-energize it. I keep it in my pocket.

Sorry, I can't do cold food

Whispering "George" to all the classical heads "George" "George" Young and handsome mouth
"George" "George" "George"

Profound Unconditional Love: Monday – Friday, 9 to 5

Louise Bourgeois

Ghosts fall into a chain persistent
She cries "Hah!"
And speaks to you from a book her assistant
Wrote called: "Naw."
Or "Huh?"
It's covered with spider tracks and mildew
A pink to greenish milk
That spreads to your garden, like flu
You read it on the toilet in silk
Well, duh.
Exhausted you lean against the wall
And put on a safety belt
With teeth, eyes, nose and all
It's made from a Kodiak's pelt.

Travel Agency

His mouth so full of gold
I want to get in there
I'll be wearing a hat
And a face tattoo
A shoeshine

Nothing really matters nothing really matters to me and so I flirt, professionally
Excuse my language 5x
Excuse the pictogram for "no men and no ladders"

Urban algae, I've said that before
Some ugly old bird sidles up to me on the current
I resign my body, why not save a dollar?

Hot in my pants
His mouth full of gold
A private performance
With the audience forging the actor's signature

Nothing really matters nothing really matters to me not even Las Myths, or New New and Rooibos
Women
Popular women
Popular women are displayed on top of filing cabinets
This is not a charging station, it is a licensed marriage and family counseling office, and I will
never go back there

His mouth full of gold
My mind, the last of it's kind

Nothing really matters nothing really matters to me

Edible Arrangement

My step-father Alfredo Assault, the professional domino player with a hat that says **KILLER** screams:

“I can’t see anything because I’ve given all my money away”

His bunker clothes

My mother:

“Hot guru, I’m not your wife!”

A white bouquet for a stop-sign hairdo. I can’t remember if my boyfriend’s name is Spain or Italy, but I’m here to listen about the mountain of purses outside of Baltimore on the road to the airport. At that moment they had a future. City pigs in the front yard.

The reflection is so close and clear, pounding inside her chest. The nightmare is coming along really well.

A bright pink cloud is my name, with your tail scooting through the parking lot towards me. My never lover, alone in the corner at the corner of Church and Cementerio, I share this with you. All the colors were magenta on our night: the green grass, the blue tarp, those wild cascading clouds, gray disguised as lavender. I hate your divorce

Sprayed blue Ficus plant. Empty lots are good for driving lessons. All of our collective bad choices, these relationships are not for apes.

Fuck that shit.

Fuck the life you live.

Harps.

Four gothic arches.