

Reality versus the real.

"Reality" is what they would have us believe as absolute truth, but it has little of this, because this reality is a film set, pure theatre, which, as is being demonstrated, is old and falling apart. As opposed to "the real", which is what is tearing that reality apart on the other side of the crack, and which is discovered to be authentic and enduring on a creative level.

Your painting belongs to the world of the real, to those parallel worlds that surround us, but which they say we don't see, and if we do see them it's better not to notice them. False, because both painting and poetry are the evidence that those worlds exist and are more authentic than the realities imposed on us.

That is why the title of the poem "The crack in the canvas", bringing the eye close to that crack and looking at what is behind it, ignoring what is on this side, makes us discover all those truths with which he astonishes us every time he paints a picture.

Paco Aragón

THE CRACK IN THE CANVAS

Ventura knows that his creatures

lurk

in the streets,

the stairs,

the corridors.

In harbours and

lonely beaches.

Incredulous, he ignores them.

Credulous, he paints them.

On his canvases

He slashes time,

he wounds space.

He settles himself

in the windows
lit windows of the night
to watch them.

Whipped
by the wind
and rain,
they wait,
they pose.

He brushes against them
as he crosses
the traffic lights.

They dissolve
without echoes,
like alcohol
in his veins,
like smoke
in their lungs.

Different clocks.

Parallel mirrors.

Invisible,
they spin like spinning tops
on the white.

They embrace
the air, strung together
by the same brush.

Flesh from the same trunk.

Wandering,

drifting,

they nestle behind the bark

of astonishment.

They reveal themselves

without dispute.

The

recognises their moles.

Like wolves

they love him

sharing

wall,

sweat,

and vertigo.

Paco Aragón