



Hugo Marín. *El Chasca*. 2012. Escultura

### **Beauty in Pain**

Your eye is made up of black and white,  
shining with the sun.  
Who took the other one?  
Who made you suffer this pain?  
Your stick nose, large and thin.  
Can you breathe with it?  
Can you smell the sweet fresh air?  
Your big thick lips.  
Your long head, gorgeous but square.  
And then your messy hair, black grass, growing up on your head.  
How did you pierce your ear and why?  
Your short body, where is it? What happened to it!?

You've been suffering in a museum your whole life!  
Sad, alone with no company, will you ever be free?  
Will you explore the world, and see it for once?  
The blue clear ocean, a glorious sunset, and the snowing mountains.  
A freezing iceberg.  
They are all waiting for you.

No one could ever see how miserable you are,  
Just for the fact that you are lightning beautiful.  
Just because you can't express your feelings,  
doesn't mean that you don't have.  
Just because you can't move,  
doesn't mean you don't want to.  
And no one will ever understand that.  
Because some people can't just see the brightness in objects.  
And the story that they have.  
But objects.  
They can't tell their own story.  
Can they?  
Amazing, lovely sculptures.  
Made of wood, clay, trash, paper, soil, plastic, sand, are all beauty.  
And no one will ever understand that.