## SARAH BJORK

I marvel at the concept of human emotion; poignant and raw, but barred behind gritted teeth. When I look into a person's eyes I can almost see a glint of the golden feelings resting at the bottom of a chasm of restraint. It seems as though people are living treasure chests; heavily guarded and secret, and yet full of mystery and glittering ideas. As an artist I strive to break the chains and extract the raw, pulsing emotion, and then begin the work of translating it into a composition that can be deciphered.

There are two types of stories that I endeavor to tell: The first is to express the core of a person I am well acquainted with. I'll take a moment to study them. I imagine it as a black void with my subject sitting quietly in the middle. Details, colors and objects swirl around them until they settle themselves into a composition. I'll sift through the image a few times, adjusting things here and there until everything is perfect. Then I'll lock the picture in place and begin the process of bringing that image from my mind onto the canvas to convey their story with the symphonic strokes of simple paint.

The second is to delineate an emotion into an anecdote that makes sense. My mind will flip through different compositions until I settle on one that I feel best reflects the intensity of the emotion. From that point it's a struggle finding reference photos to match the image I see in my head. Often I'll frankenstein the piece from different photos of people to try and puzzle together the vision resting behind my eyes.

I must be consumed by a piece to even begin. If there is no portion of my soul in the finished product then I fear I have failed as the translator of the expression. True success is achieved when the elusive tale has been unwoven and recomposed into a beguiling story that is clearly understood.

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