

Ian Thomas

As I stare down the Wednesday of my life, at the speed of a cheap bottle rocket, I can't help but take retrospective pause. I find myself stuck between self-imposed expectations and reality. The physical object will never be a fully realized manifestation of the idea. My work is a reflexive relationship between self-understanding and futility that the act of creation inherently implies.

I made these at some point in my past while trying to live in that past's present.