

GAGOSIAN GALLERY



JOE BRADLEY *Krasdale*

Phong Bui



*Joe Bradley, Mother and Child, 2016. Oil on canvas. 83 × 101 inches. © Joe Bradley. Courtesy the artist and Gagosian Gallery.
Photo by Robert McKeever.*

GAGOSIAN GALLERY | APRIL 2 – MAY 3, 2016

Granted with infancy's cradle of subconscious mojo,
Moon eclipsing the sun while winking at the children,
He needs only the essentials: sleep, air, and his dreams—
The things that refer to the eternal.

An unpredictable impulse threatens to throw
Everything off balance.

Except for the *Bishop*, who has just in time delivered
Two bold gestures, of an orator on a cropped chessboard in buff.
Puffing off-beat rhythms on one or two hoodo moon cakes
To celebrate the dead in bright sunlight right at the edge
Of a steep, perpendicular slope.

Uneven patina of a black field is there to cool down
The vibrant blue sector above eye-level.
Movements are sparse here, for the sake of minimal intervention,
Vertical anatomy, horizontal emergence, infrequent handshakes;

Time educes random marks, slips of beauty.
Innocence no more, or only while the speed is beyond the limit.

Patched highways with endless wheels that go at different tempos.
Below the many moons, racing to infinite regions of unsettled dreams,
Thick, fatty oil emulsions, helio-pink, dry ever slowly.
Stitched by beams of light
Inclined to break through the cracks of every sidewalk downtown.
Day World, Mother and Child, kins, scrap away all fear:
Let them walk in their waking state.
Driving with eyes closed.

Be a still life with a face
An over sized light bulb on a pedestal.
A television cast in bronze
That relentlessly feeds a nightmare to a nude, an expelled
Adam—Masaccio's—ajolt.
Though reclining, his hands and legs signal stop.
Look, lean, jump, caressing bird, wheels, donuts, bathtub,
A portrait of a bird, letters, stamps, insects, a walking baby.
He seems to be determined to be on his own.
Good morning *Baba*.