Coupling

Wind whooshes past my face as I sit, stationary with stationaries that aid the latest project I'd created an invisible deadline for. It was a simple sketch that I'd wanted to go above and beyond with—a graphite sketch of a frog that I knew was disproportionate. The wheels of the train-car whispered standards that I needed to meet before I could put down the pencils and grayed out erasers. Trying to enjoy the piece for the feelings I expressed and work put into putting my mental picture onto paper was the purpose of creating it in the first place. What was the reason for letting the wheels roll over fulfillment?

This train-car is where I spent most of my time. I saw agape mouths and widened eyes of younger kids; singing praises from parents; and teachers' questions of my artistic methods, led to pure satisfaction. Loneliness lived in the train-car with me, and when melded with the constant gazing out the window at art pieces I couldn't compete with, a need for change sparked. A change where the wheels of the train conversed with me about my accomplishments and outlined a path in how to be better.

I made shaking steps between cardboard sculptures and computational solutions that were beyond my horizons, nowhere in my domain—and that's what truly enticed me. Many aspects, like competing in a competition, scared me, but sitting at the whiteboard tables, talking and drawing through a difficult cipher algorithm, made the topic seem conquerable. And for each class of practicing for that looming competition, came a method for solving that was more visual. Through drawing, I was able to map out the visuals, flow and basic structure required for a program that simulated one of my favorite restaurants. Despite the nagging wheels screeching at the visuals and the spaghetti-mess of this code; this project "wow"-ed adults and my classmates, who didn't even know how to input a hex-code. While everything was obvious, simple, and underdeveloped, this new venture didn't give warmth, nor community. There were no strangers turned familiars, and my family

had grown impatient to see my scraps. The tiny tires didn't bother conversing with me about anything but myself, but, then again, I was only asking for any communication that wasn't hushed.

The decoration of each door that distinguished the two train-cars shouted for a clear answer. But, choosing between the two was nonsensical. I want to bring my two sides together. The wheels of each car argue, one wanting to illustrate complex ideas, the other encouraging a desire to do more for my community through various shapes, colors and hues. So I forced the wheels of each car to meet, a coupler hitched between the cars.

This joining led to a delicately sculpted and warmly, ambiently colored museum hall that displayed my artistic and technical contributions. One which left a memory that could be heard over the wheels that shouted incoherently of choices and single paths. This gallery isn't guarded by a ticket cost or miles of road, it's accessible through something I'm all too familiar with to solve my problems. A search bar; the one way ticket to unlimited access. From a page about an autumn app project for the underrepresented club that I pledged, coming into fruition in the summer; to a page about the portfolio developed in the winter and happily shown off in the spring, despite no footage catching my face; or the spring-born project with a raw circuit board on the main stage, coddled in corrugated cardboard, yarn, and vibrant impasto paints. Now, the art pieces framed by the windows I look out of view look back at me, inspiring my next step, the next sketch of a solution, turning into the next element to incorporate in my piece.

Coupling (Edited)

Wind whooshes past my face as I sit, stationary with stationaries that aid the latest project that I created an invisible deadline for. The wheels of the train-car whisper a standard that I needed to meet before I could put down the pencils and paint, and enjoy the piece for the feelings I expressed and work put into putting the picture in my mind onto paper.

This train-car is where I spent most of my time, and beaming at the widened eyes of kids; singing praises from parents; and inquiries from teachers asking how it was done, created the most satisfaction to me. Loneliness in the train-car and constant looking out the window at art pieces I couldn't compete with, sparked a need for change. A change where the wheels of the train conversed with me of my accomplishments and outlined a path in how to become better than I already am.

Shaking wheels between cardboard sculptures and computational solutions that were beyond my horizons, and nowhere in my domain is what enticed me. For a while—and still now—I was learning the ropes, and those carefully woven threads contained metaphor after metaphor that explained concepts that were meant to be simple. These threads were easier to weave, with my own familiarity in using metaphors in previous works of art, I was able to finally create substantial projects that "wow"-ed adults who didn't view it as primitive. While everything was obvious, simple and underdeveloped, this new venture didn't give the same community that brought people together in some way. The tiny tires didn't bother conversing with me about anything but myself, but, then again, I was only asking for any communication that wasn't hushed.

The decoration of each door that distinguished the two train-cars shouted a clear answer. But, choosing between the two was nonsensical. I want to intertwine threads of metaphors that illustrate complex ideas and glue those to a sculpture that explores a desire to do more for the community I value, through various shapes, colors and hues.

This revelation led to a delicately sculpted and ambiently colored museum hall that displayed my artistic and technical contributions. One which left a memory that could be heard over the wheels that shouted incoherently of choices and single paths. This gallery isn't guarded by a ticket cost or miles of road, it's accessible through something I'm all too familiar with to solve my problems. A search bar is the one way ticket to anybody's access, which is the greatest joy of all. Now, the art pieces framed by the windows I look out of stare back at me, inspiring my next step, my next thread, that will be featured in my next piece.