DarRen Morris' Art Show

NOW-OCT 2020

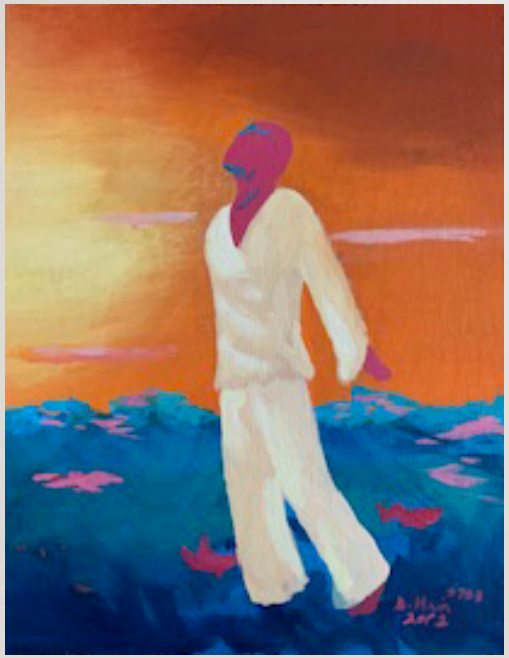
KOBE REST IN GREATNESS

FLOWERS IN BOWL

DEER IN THE WOODS

Lois, Peace and Blessings, Hopefully I've finally produced a painting that you'll love and cherish. You've been an absolute treasure. Your love and support has greatly attributed to who I've become. Without you and your light I wouldn't even exist beyond a memory. For that I am eternally grateful. Always Love, DarRen. P.S. You never did finish tutoring me on being a better reader.

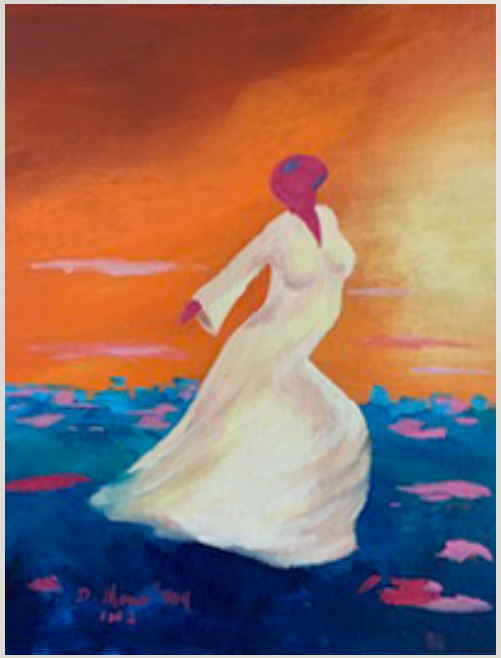
CHILDREN OF THE SUN DANCE BEFORE OUR FATHER" 1 OF 2



In these days of darkness, the world is frozen in fear. My mother is out of the hospital with a bladder infection. I feel life tying its noose around my neck. I'm trying to be me. I'm trying not to make my problems other people's burdens to bear.

Just when I needed it, I was able to hear some music again. I closed my eyes and let the music invade my mind and cleanse my spirit. The darkness slowly drained away like someone pulling the plug on a stopped-up tub. My fingers talked. My foot twitched. My head nodded in time. 'Fore I know'd it, I was in the middle of my cell dancing. Tears fell down my cheeks and my soul smiled. Music, dancing and joy have been the ingredients that have sustained my blood long before it ever ran through my veins. Being children of the sun, our fathers' love warmed and healed us and dancing free'd us.

CHILDREN OF THE SUN DANCE BEFORE OUR FATHER" 2 OF 2



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WOMAN AFRICA

UNTITLED

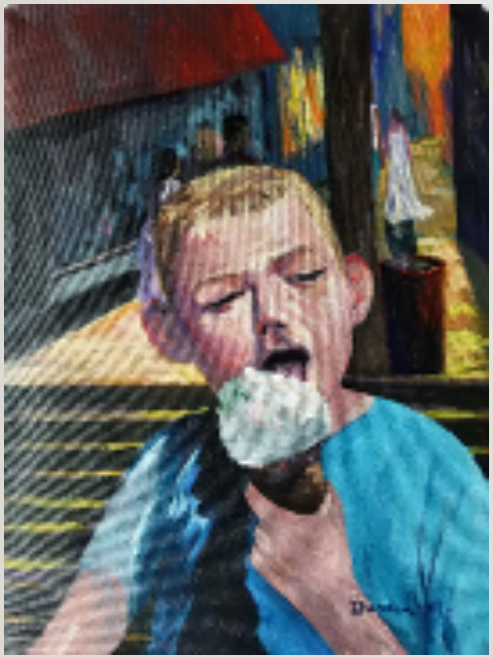
MYSTIC ME: WHEN I'M FEELING BLUE

I was feeling how, when I show my paintings, people always ask me, what does the painting mean?

The paintings are a reaction to whatever my environment offers – the colors and shapes. That is how I see the world.

In this painting, I am feeling sadness. And despair. And peace. Who would have known that there could be peace in despair and sadness?

SIMPLE PLEASURES, AMY'S SON



When do we lose our ability to enjoy the simple pleasures in life. How do you get that back?

ANIMAL IN A CAGE

It's reflective of my struggles to deal with segregation in Waupun prison. At times I didn't act like a human because I was not being treated like one. After one of many beatings (by the very people who were supposed to help me), I sat in that moment, gas still clinging to my body and burning. Cold and hungry, I sat on that concrete slab and wondered, would it ever end? Why had my life been a constant struggle since day one. See camera in upper left-hand corner. This is a silent witness to the erosion of humanity. Theirs, not mine.

DREAD SISTA

DESPAIR

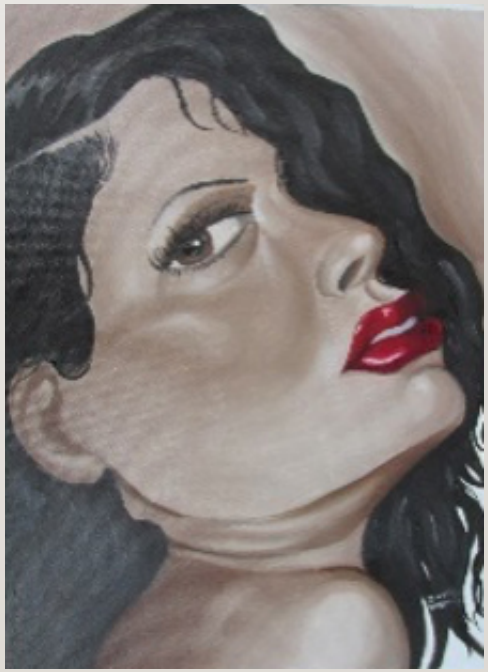
WOMAN IN RED

JACARR, FULLY BELLY, SLEEPIN’

GEISHA GIRL

CARMELLO

UNTITLED



I SEE DEATH AROUND THE CORNER

RIP 2PAC

The 2PAC painting was spur of the moment. I don't have a good drawing board. The tape will not stick to it and they have very stupid rules on what we can have here [in prison]. So when I know I'll have projects to send out, I snatch up cardboard being discarded and make me a box which then becomes my drawing board. As you'll notice there are a lot of outlined rectangles or squares made by pieces I taped to it and painted and the colors spilled off creating the outline. I had a bunch of paint left over from a picture that I didn't want to go to waste so I took them colors and painted the picture as best I could from a magazine my cell mate at the time had on the desk.

THE SCREAM

As a starving artist nothing is wasted, so even pieces I messed up are given new life. Jah Bless

GRAFFITI ON THE WALL

We all want to influence the world around us and leave our mark in it.

TRAYVON MARTIN (PORTRAIT OF)

I am Trayvon Martin. He was Trayvon Martin. All my "Ninja's". All my "Nephews" WE ARE Trayvon Martin. The suns and moons, gods and goddesses, children of Africa. We are no longer slaves. We too have a voice. We too have power. We too have guns. Unite and be heard, be it legally or lawfully. I feel threatened and will stand my ground. It is the law. When we don't vote we are victims of their laws.

RASTA INNA LION'S DEN

HOTBOX 3 (PART OF THE ABUSE PAINTING SERIES)

We all have our crosses to bear; mine seem really heavy.

BLACK JESUS

Sister Mo is a Sinsinawa Dominican nun. She is a very sweet person with a history of being a rebel. She asked me for a painting and I, of course, sent her a painting of what I believed Jesus looked like. She loved the painting. And it has a great story of how she had misplaced the painting, losing Jesus, and then finding Him again. What I love about the story is that she did not call him Black Jesus. He was simply Jesus.

UNTITLED

I'm trying to figure this painting out. I have no clue why I painted it. So I was looking at this art book I got from Phil and this scene with different people and a badly…drifted into a day dream and I painted this picture of you, your sister and mother. Don't know why the robe. In my mind your mother is the white lady…Miss Daisy from that movie Driving Miss…Before the softer ending. But I seen it clear as day and so now you can tell me what it is because the …for Nancy book talks, or the cover for second editions or promotions or just put it in the closet with the others.

ON THE INSIDE LOOKING OUT

In seg, nearly every time you see another person, it is when looking through a glass that is usually scratched up, or peering through some sort of gate/trap. Once a week the officer comes down the hall and opens all of the traps for a sheet exchange. We are to toss out our dirty sheets and get "clean" ones in exchange. It is one of the few times to see the person you are or have been talking to without some sort of obstruction so nearly everyone bends down to peer out at another human face.

BEAUTIFUL BLACK WOMAN

The sensuous lips of the dark skinned sista…I was thinking she had been at the beach in her bathing suit and had her yellow towel over her shoulder and I wanted to have some bright color next to her dark skin to make her look even darker.
There is so much beauty in contrast.

REN

To be and be loved. To experience love as a verb. To feel its warmth and shine in its glow. It makes the eyes sparkle and puts a smile in the heart that's mirrored on the face.

YELLOW OCHRE CURTAINS (PART OF THE ABUSE PAINTING SERIES)

I can't remember what my room in this apartment looked like. I don't recall the bathroom. But with accurate clear detail I can remember this living room. This was such a sad space for me. It was this apartment that my mom was shot in.

QUEEN OF THE SOUTH

Inspired by the Gospel of Matthew 12:42 The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it: for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here. The Queen of the South refers to an African queen from Ethiopia who will rise up on the day of judgment and will have the power to condemn this generation. Most miss this. A woman with such power. A Black woman who has the power to condemn... Rasta see women as equals in different roles.

SISTERS

Your sister. Your words. My picture.