

SOREN STOCKMAN

Apples

Failure is the temptation of the strong, the bones of the weak, and everything to everyone in between. The clamor as we enter into silence. Failure must be perfect, perfection the salvation offered under the beaten table. When I fail, I fail as the perfect incarnation of myself.

It is the trust I have constructed, like a summer home for the poor. The apples for free in the orchard, the wealthy ordering them from across the country. Two ways to approach failure, from either side. The solemn retreat into it, and the aggressive advance.