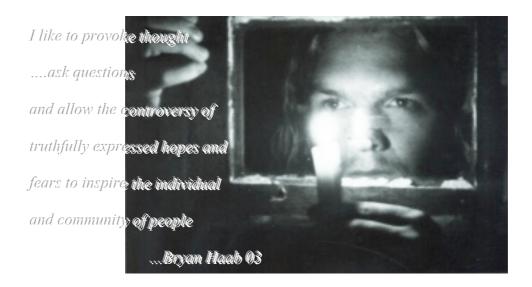
## Who am I?

My name is Bryan Haab and this is just one question of many that I attempt to confront in my art and my life. Striving to explore and express truths that I find around me is a lifestyle that has grown to incorporate many different medium styles and a unique interactive participation of people who want to be involved in their creation.



## The True I am

who am I to you?
Who are you to me?
The hidden I am
So hidden am I
It sounds so mysterious
But, really is shallow and superficial
Oh, the retched fight
To complete the cycle of life
To live full
To live long

To live love
There I stand with a candle under my eye
A light to the people
But still behind the doubting glass of my religion
Now you see me now you don't
At just the right angle, I disappear in your reflection
I am blinded by the light,how about you
It causes me to squint, but
My struggle is my hope and
Besides I have never looked for satisfaction in the simple
My eyes search to feel authenticity
And taste the fullcomend faith of the Saints.
The eye is the lamp to the body
The eye is the lamp to the body.  If your eyes are good.
If your eyes are good.
If your eyes are good.  Then your whole body will be full of light.
If your eyes are good.  Then your whole body will be full of light.  But if your eyes are bad.
If your eyes are good
If your eyes are good  Then your whole body will be full of light  But if your eyes are bad  Your whole body will be full of darkness  If then the light within you is darkness
If your eyes are good
If your eyes are good.  Then your whole body will be full of light.  But if your eyes are bad.  Your whole body will be full of darkness  If then the light within you is darkness  How great is that darkness  In the darkness I have become suspicious

Eyes that cry
Eyes that fly
Eyes of wise
Eyes who despise
Eyes alive
And eyes that are not
What do you spy with your little eye?
Don't you know that the devil rejoices,
In the spy of our eye?
Because blessed are those who have not seen
And yet believe

Bryan Haab 2000

I find poetry a good way to explain the abstract thought that plagues and inspires an artist mind. I think it is important to look deeper than the surface, and besides, half the fun is finding out things for your self and drawing your own conclusions.

This is a piece of who I am.