

BROADWAY

Sky Hopinka
Unforgiven Souls Sing Hymns
June 27 –August 2, 2024



Sky Hopinka

Hiharuwqkeja, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV
treatment, framed

41.5 x 81.75 inches

When we were young and full of fearlessness of
futures long distant and unknown and faraway.
Where we thought we'd lay we lie no more.

When we thought we'd rest instead we're hurried
towards an end that is damned and damning.
Unforgiven souls sing hymns without worry of
sacrament and sin.



Sky Hopinka

Hihizqkicušgynjeja, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV treatment,
framed

52.25 x 124.75 inches

Left

And here we are laughing again and again. Let yourself go
and let yourself free and let yourself out because at the
end of the end it's you and it's me. The you and the me

Middle

and the "we" we choose when there's no one left when the
bodies are hot when the bones are dry gone buried and
dug up taken from the light underneath and above.

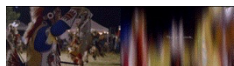
When we're done wandering I'll bury you again, Passenger
Ghost,

At a fork in the river

Right

where the red oaks grow. Make yourself a lodge in
preparation for a long winter. We'll say hello and I love you
and I'll see you sometime soon when the songs are loud
and when aunty is loud and when we're singing trashy
songs loud and when we're talking about the old way loud

BROADWAY



Sky Hopinka

Subterranean Moon, 2024

2 channel 4k digital video color, stereo sound



Sky Hopinka

Wijop, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV
treatment, framed

41.5 x 41.5 inches

Light blindingly fluorescent and air stagnant and dead give
a sense of permanence not known since the early days of
life.



Sky Hopinka

Hikerepaŋqiz̄qija, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV
treatment, framed

91 x 82.5 inches

Bottom Left

The land turns away from the sun and the twilight of a
young and angry abundance falls away to the silhouetted
figures found crouching crushed beneath the weight of an
indifferent earth.

Top

The light of the moon waning and still shining gives
guidance to the hidden hopes of an occupied notion of
nation's and their miserable dreams

Bottom Right

Quiet again and it's quiet again and it's quiet for you on the
Mississippi, on the Illinois, overlooking bluffs writ red with
the clay of your skin and the dust of your voice.

BROADWAY



Sky Hopinka

Wiisacq, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV
treatment, framed

81.75 x 41.5 inches

I'm still drunk in Ohio and the roads are cold and the sun is high blue and gold above the white plains tempered with the winds from east blowing towards a mountain against some kind of buttness.

The radio is static in between songs and stations posted delivering news, sermons, and songs aggrieved of lost opportunities and hapless wonderings of then and when.



Sky Hopinka

Hocekjjra, 2024

unique

inkjet with hand scratched text and UV
treatment, framed

41.5 x 41.5 inches

But that's a memory of a memory and the line lingers in space as we all shuffle forwards looking towards the back of the neck of the person in front of us as they wonder and wander through thoughts of their own and think of their moment of warmth and sounds heard when we're not alone.