

ATTILA KOVÁCS

FEATURED OIL PAINTINGS

PORTFOLIO



The victims of pleasures

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2026

Artist's Prose

Fog descends on the airport of my brain.
And yet the sunlight, the air, the water are beautiful.
But it leads from matter to visions.
Fake Cinderella's white powder
can be a final, deadly orgy.
Innocence—
the thing that makes life a miracle.
I chase it,
I think I will arrive somewhere.
Tears dripping with alcohol
make feelings come and go.
Pleasures on the small pillow—
spread out, spread out, my lady!
A spin of bliss on a swivel,
then a bloodbath on the river of pleasure.
Chasing lust, turning night into day—
you watch it pull you down.
And by the time you find the mistake,
this game is over.



The final farewell

Oil on canvas
100 × 80 cm · 2026

Artist's Prose

No matter how you try to scatter love toward it,
from passion only suffering remained.
The back□and□forth warmth slowly cools.
I keep running one step ahead of the breakup,
behind me bright and rough memories.
We clean out the shared spiritual trash
that both of us have made.
The Lady of Promise waves
a sad, final farewell.



The last wink

Oil on canvas
70 × 130 cm · 2026

Artist's Prose

The airship
It cast off its soul, worn into rags.
And behold, the Lord speaks:
“Do not think that because I am Creator,
all my works must be flawless.
For I too was taken from the secret of Being,
and I am a servant of order.
And the higher you heat your airship,
the merciless hand of time will pull it down,
until your strength dissolves like smoke.
Do not seek the beauty of your face
in the mirror of waters,
but watch the shadows of the days that passed,
for they warn you to see the road ahead more clearly.
You will weep back the better times,
you will laugh at the bad memories,
but however confused you find
your body’s earthly life,
still plant in everyone
Love and Peace.
For what is lost
may be the only perfect thing.”



A flower stem (shadow side)

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

Kiss-petaled flower stem girl.
Could recognize herself if she saw.
In wonderful flower-bodied dress.
The darker side is also seen beautiful
by who knew before-after.
Distributes experiences far and wide in the world.



My devil’s jester

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

I don’t even understand why I’m traveling on this train of life.
My devil is leading me down a dead-end track,
and the clown behind me is smiling at the switch.


Vírusok orgiája
Att

Orgy of viruses

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
70 × 90 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

I don’t know whether music touches the plants. Do they signal back whether they feel it?
Do flowers also grow in their souls? Or do they feel the whole world as madness?
And even the unicellular beings are cheerful, neck-deep in the art world.
I don’t know what their first orgy was like, but there will be no more day pointing toward the future when the viruses ask,
“How are you?”


Szutetes Att

Birth

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
70 × 90 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

Birth is the most beautiful moment of chance,
a series of chance events, before and after.
The windows of the senses open wide,
The door of possibilities
and you arrive in a ridiculous world,
but your ticket to oblivion is already in your pocket.


Egy szinkovari
(örületbe kergetése)
Art

A color mixer (driving into madness)

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
70 × 90 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

My colors are smudged,
huddling together like lovers.
I paint over the trash bin of my life,
coloring the gray canvas of time.
For I could be a true painter
if I took better care with my lines.
Only then can a color mixer's dreams come true,
and the colors will carry me into eternal rest—
or madness will hang me from the coat rack...



...then everything comes to light II

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
70 × 90 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

Let’s cheat with images, not spray smiles onto faces with a water cannon.
I am trying to arrange the shards of art’s mirror into pictures,
because the personal magic of a work,
Its fire and embers,
Is only a thought that
Perhaps they will pass on.



Spin with me

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

...and if all this is just a moment,
then pull out the nails from the cross
and spin, spin...
Spin with me!


VII
7
6
4
2
3
5
5
6
4
1
2
3
1

And that's that!

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Let's dig down to the deepest cellar of things.
So that nothing remains without a frame.
Because if we're tired of the boringly running clouds,
Then that's the end of the game, the prelude to the endgame,
When artificial genius will stand before us.



Bomb (reconsidered)

Oil on fiberboard
80 × 60 cm · 2024

Artist's Prose

Orgasm in my brain.
Bomb explosion in a brain fold.
My orgasm in a female body.
Explosion in the pleasure space.
From fantasy it escapes.
With force, wildly destroys and creates...



Revelations of our characters

Oil on fiberboard
54 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

We received the body, the character. We can start the journey.
Then I am filled with joy if we take the longest steps on the hamster wheel, to try to defeat Sisyphus.
And then sad is the last arrival, with sweet, bitter memory warehouse in our heads.


SIRON Att.

I cry

Oil on fiberboard
53 × 83 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

And the time comes when your soul squeezes your body
to wring out the tiny drops of pain from it.



(a numb) Self-portrait

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

A long road from the insensitive to the sensual.
Now back to the insensitive.
This is what I feel as I mix the colors.
The color of war with the color of peace,
The color of hate with the color of love,
The color of love with the color of nihil,
sensitivity with cruelty,
friendship with insensitivity,
and this is what I became.



Time presses

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
60 × 80 cm · 2023

Artist's Prose

Particles slowly come together.
Water brings to life.
Intelligence develops in the living.
Intelligence leaves the living.
And everything spins again.
Time presses me.
I rot here after being gifted my first white shirt.
And before they put the last one on me.



Lovemaking with eye contact

Oil on canvas
70 × 50 cm · 2022

Artist's Prose

Time stopped, space froze, there is no body,
the mirrors merged.
The eyes, the nerves, the game of the moment

This is sight robbery, sight lovemaking.
Then you never see it again....



I see everything

Oil on fiberboard
83 × 53 cm · 2022



Prostitute as a gift

Oil on fiberboard
60 × 84 cm · 2022

Artist's Prose

What happiness, that we possess the most beautiful feelings and then voluptuously plunder them...

Katarzis II

Catharsis II

Oil on fiberboard
51 × 82 cm · 2019

Artist's Prose

The whole world is within you,
"set it free..."
And if your fantasy mixes with a little madness, wonderful things can be born.
Because time runs away, the body crumbles,
"Only infinite emptiness remains."



Catharsis

Oil on fiberboard
56 × 62 cm · 1992



Vile innocence

Oil on fiberboard
82 × 89 cm · 1990

Artist's Prose

And it comes again,
Grays the colors, dishonors the fetuses.
And now it will be the lord of the earth,
The vile innocence.
Be careful a little,
Love a little.
The passed baton cannot be bloody,
make a bed for happiness, so that the legacy be joy.
Don't be afraid to laugh at passing away,
Once upon a time.
Once dead, but don't let it be wasted,
The plane that could have brought flowers too.



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