

ATTILA KOVÁCS

OIL PAINTINGS FROM 2025 TO PRESENT

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.”



Under interrogation

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
50 × 60 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

Now we want to rummage in your memory,
Because we have the right to make you speak and silence you.
And you only have to choose between lived and lived,
Because a wedge is a word, a torture is another word.
Every aggression is another word.
And truth becomes evident from pain.



Angular invasion

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
50 × 60 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

Triangles are brutally aggressive shapes,
I always try to defeat them (unsuccessfully).
If triangles are losing, pyramids rush to help them.
And then the bar shakes under my feet.
The concept changed.
If I can't defeat them,
at least I try to make them see reason, maybe I can round them (they resist strongly).
Neither round nor surround.
As long as I live, these thorns will be in me.



Dimension shift

Oil on canvas stretched on cardboard
50 × 60 cm · 2025

Artist's Prose

I started to suspect when the old bastard said
what shitty consequences relativity would have.
Something still sticks to me!
Then came the 5th, 6th and 7th dimension.
And I can't get from one to two.
And I don't even know if there's existence without dimension.



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.



I will lose you

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

Artist's Prose

I sit up to my neck and wait for them to look up at me.
Though I could never paint cemeteries in color.
With cheerful songs I couldn't make the wailing wall laugh.
I couldn't even turn wine into water,
Now I already feel,
I will lose you too.



+/-

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

Artist's Prose

Your future still sparkles in your eyes, but your face has turned gray with the past.
For you are stretched tight in time, with the Star of David around your neck, with a red star on your chest.
And I am fighting for the medal, for the perfect practice of idiocy.
With all my precision I try to create artificial chaos!



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.



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