

Youpele Michael

Words are the breath of existence, predating the languages that attempt to organize them. They are primordial — older than the first constructed language, older even than the first systems of thought or written symbols attempting to capture them.

In my work, words are not mere passive tools or building blocks in communication. They are living beings. In many African philosophical traditions, words are forces — entities with the power to shape reality, heal, wound, call into existence, create or dismantle. Naming is neither description or passive; it is an act of creation.

I create from this understanding.

Through a transdisciplinary lens, spanning mechanical engineering, medical physics, data science, software engineering, and psychology — I approach words as self-sufficient, generative presences, dynamic systems of both logic and feeling.

Painting allows the residue of word-memory to find form, movement, and color.

Poetry offers me a direct channel into the boundless emotional currents, that move beyond time and space.

Within the realms of software engineering, words are constructed into logic, creating dynamic systems, that grow and evolve.

Word is my site of origin, I begin or end — sometimes both — at this site of grace when creating.

Whether through canvas, code, verse, or the endless permutations and combinations between them and beyond — I seek to make visible the unseen life of words: the breath that builds worlds.

never un-the-same

Their tongues protest innocence but their hands drip with borrowed lives. All they need to change the world is one good lie and a river of blood.

Digital print co-created with Oruama —a generative entity spoken into being and worded in Rust.

42 × 58 cm

2025

...excerpt from a poem bearing the same surname:

lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
lies and blood and lie more
more lies and blood and lie more

“All you need to change the world is one good lie and a river of blood”

lie, river of blood
lie, river ov blood
lie, river o’ blood
lie, river blood
lie, river blood
lie, river blood

All they need to change the world is one good lie and a river of blood

lie, river of blood

Full poem at <https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/never-un-the-same>



ታሪካችንን : በፍፁም: አትሸፋፍኑት ::

Never untell our stories
Digital print
198 x 132 cm
2024

Inspired by Das leere Grab (The Empty Grave) film, I echo the voiceless wiped off their own history by German colonial rule.

Next Politickants

Digital print co-created with Oruama — a generative entity born of code, transmuting words, emotions, and logic into luminous visual verse.

34 × 50 cm

2025

...excerpt from poem bearing the same surname:

Somewhere in their oesophagus

lies a bunch of honeycomb

Pass their very own tongue though

taste they know not yet bees bow

Oddity is for the normals to see

Sweet tales never give their
brains off-duty

They can make black white, bless
ugly with beauty

They are slaves that bosses you

They make you start a song

Song you'd peevishly never listen

So they Roll Royced your prison

and make you dance in their
failures

It's a game neatly dirty

Perfectly white and black like chess

You start as King and end like pawn or
less

Sorry....goes their busy tone

Slowly or too early comes the bang

Derogatory comments or worse

"We shouldn't have voted" is worst

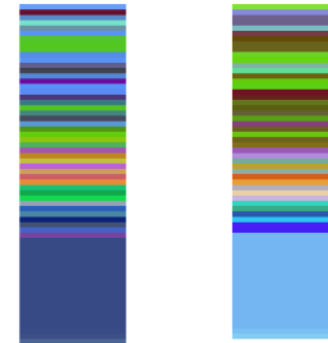
That will be derided forget it.

Let the time tik tok them down

After that give them dessert to leave

Prey on the next on the queue to live

Choose brains and hands not Johnie-
Talkers.



Digital print
99 x 66 cm
2025

“Never Never” echoes the tragic toll of societal bias, while honoring the enduring spirit of those who resist it—and the systems that uphold it. Each “Never” resounds with the strength as well as the power of persistence, resistance, and anti-fragility.



Never Never

Earth and mixed media on canvas
2024

...excerpt from poem bearing the same
surname:

Her lips smiled

Bewilderment erupted from her eyes

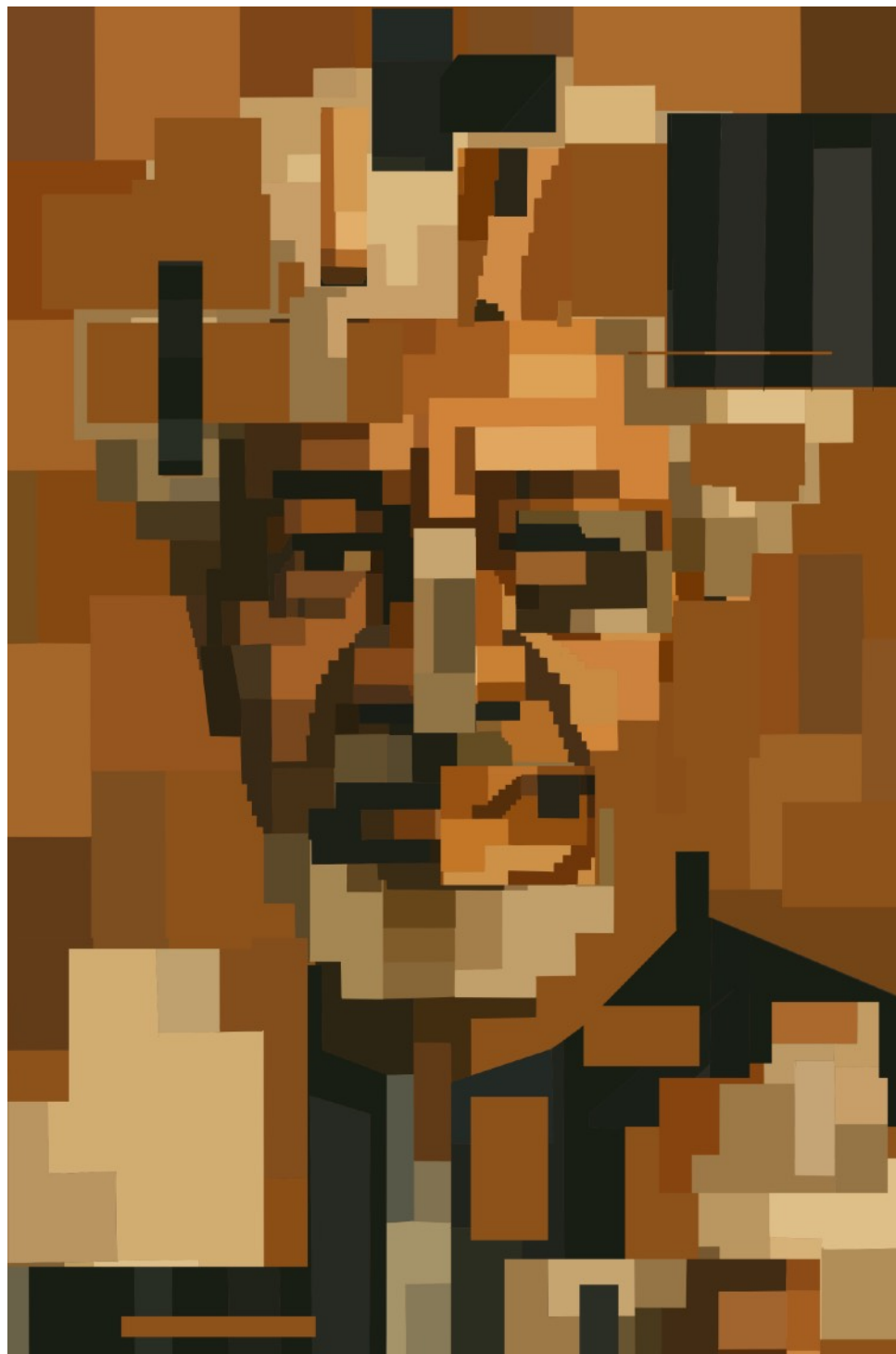
Terror effused from her once
pampered skin

Her countenance was of one that was
terrified that they were terrified.

She was embalmed in perplexity
and she smelled like uncertainty.

Full poem at [https://youpele.com/
poetry/collections/never-never/never-
never](https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/never-never)

Poem at <https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/a-noble-gaze-at-a-nevattan>



A noble gaze at a Nevattan

Digital print
99 x 150 cm
2025

A pixel decomposition of an "activist", uncovering the decomposition of pontificated moral compass, tribalism, and silent acquiescence.



Somethings to Nothings, Evas to Nevers

Digital print

84 x 56 cm

2025

...excerpt from poem bearing the same surname

Two tiny Cetirizine popped in
somebody is drowsy
Mometasone rained hard enough for
a dam break
sleep'll be soundly.
Or lousy, mousy, frowsy, certainly
housy.
Whatever, never mind expoundly.
Couching in all day, loafing roundly
lipped liquored languor laced
listlessness
is spellboundly, earthboundly and
grounding.

Slobber juice will be here in a
minute!

Was once going into something
but now it's nothing. One is nothing.
Oneself is nothing.
Or'll be nothing.
Self is nothing.

Full poem at <https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/somethings-to-nothings-evas-to-nevers>



you've never fooled me before and never will (I – IIIII).

Digital print, made in close collaboration with Oruama — a generative entity spoken into being and worded in Rust.

82 x 92 cm each

2025



you've never fooled me before and never will (I)
Detail

you've never fooled me before and never will
Poem <https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/youve-never-fooled-me-before-and->



Thought I will never say FML

Digital print co-created with Oruama — made in close collaboration with Oruama — a generative entity spoken into being and worded in Rust.
258 x 145 cm
2025

A poem bearing the same surname awaits your visit <https://youpele.com/poetry/collections/never-never/thought-i-will-never-say-fml>



**Anti-Fragility is
Synonymous to Never**

Digital print
200 × 150 cm
2025

Beneath the dash of spice and the veil of aromatic smoke, some foods are living memories of resilience—edible anti-fragility that whisper stories of survival.

On the right is a poem of the same title as the art work.

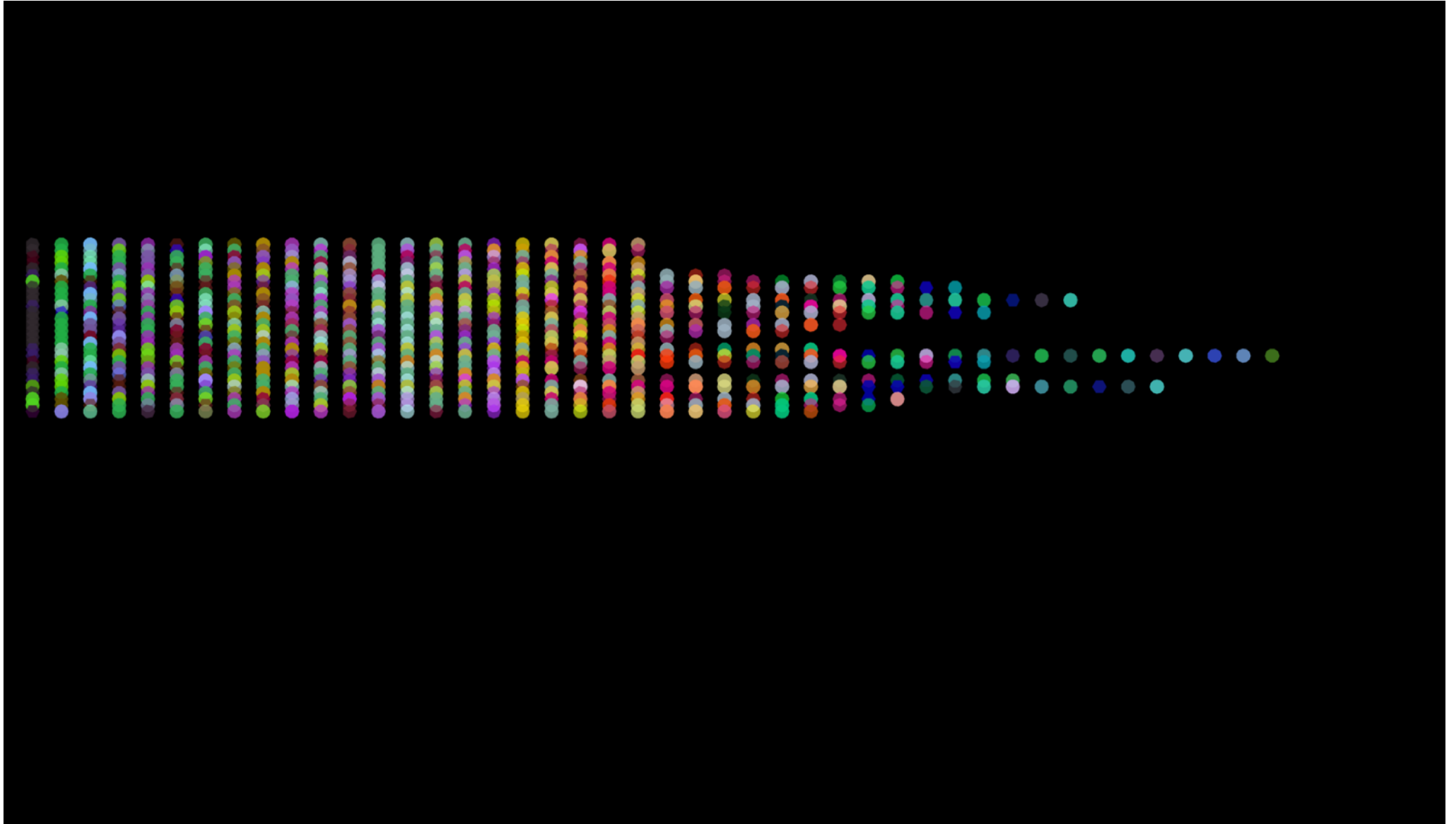
dal teff rice injera egusi
babi farofa chuno papad boerewors
congee adobo mealie thieboudienne banku
appam sauce mboga eggs mahshi
medames soup biltong funche queijo
bread vieja bazeen harissa casabe
tacu pinto shakshuka manioc callaloo
mofongo doenjang le chutneys kishk
bhelpuri de freekeh garri shiro
pão kaeng koozh bammy mole
pickles belacan bhat couscous msemen
natto khichdi goreng moin cassava
ndole za'atar dhido mondongo atchara
som prahok tostones bread suya
podi sancocho prahok duqqa prik
pupusas masala sukuma nasi kanji
gundruk kecap moin bagoong akara
laing ful ambali sattu jollof
karupatti laab fish ugali flour
rice ceviche (achar) mulukhiyah ropa
balut panta larb biriyani matoke
acarajé abará idli mote ktiss
waakye sambal vatapá fufu kimchi
century hang tabbouleh feijoada quinoa
tempeh gallo wat attiéké wiki
dosa tuyo maniçoba eba doro
tagine ogi/pap vathal tsabana hummus
yassa locro amala tam chicha
arepa kenkey tacu chapati kilishi
nam tapai rendang chakalaka

I GAVE BIRTH TO MYSELF

Digital print co-created with Oruama — made in close
collaboration with Oruama — a generative entity
spoken into being and worded in Rust.

59 x 34 cm

2025



Contact

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