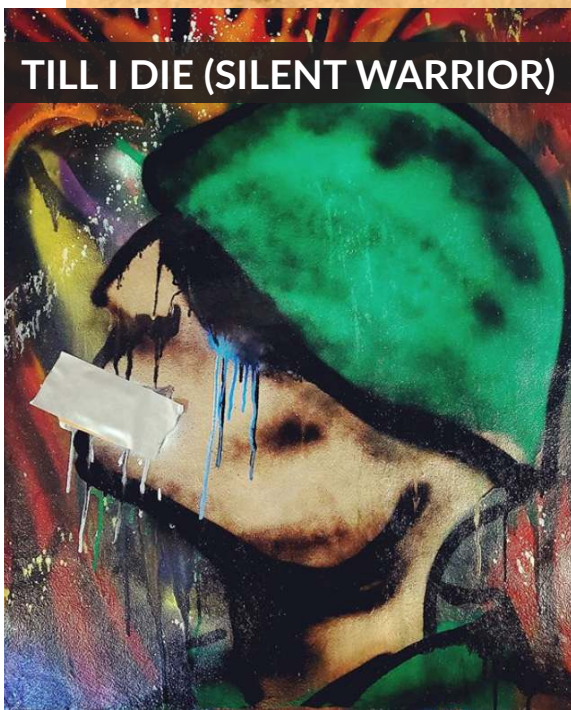


VAINUPO AVEGALIO (AV)



TILL I DIE (SILENT WARRIOR)

For years we've been silencing our military, feeding the lie that it means you are weak if you break the code of silence. We are asked to take a knee and think about those that have gone before us. When will the military and civilians alike understand that it's the silence that is killing our veterans. Shellshock, War Neurosis, Combat Stress, PTSD, doesn't matter what you call it, if these veterans die it's not suicide, it's murder. Sending those veterans to early graves without hope. Cast aside, shunned, abandoned by the military, misunderstood, overlooked, forgotten by a grateful nation, remembered 2 days out of the year if that.

Vainuupo Avegalio (AV) is an amateur poet and visual artist. He has performed his readings throughout the US most recently entering many homes by way of documentary called We Are Not Done Yet. Both his poetry and his art deal with war experience and trauma. It places the bloody and uncomfortable story of his truth, in your face. Art and poetry are his way of dealing with, guilt, anger, depression, and suicidal ideology which coupled with multiple injuries sustained while serving overseas ended his military career. He now travels the United States and its territories conducting art and poetry workshops with at risk youth, current and former inmates, first responders, veterans, and those suffering from mental illness in hope's to better their quality of life.



DO YOU REMEMBER NORTH & SOUTH TOWER

I'M ALL OUT OF HEART, DAMAGED AND EXPOSED.



4 in 10 homeless live in places NOT intended for humans. **LIKE THIS BOX.**



HeroHomes

IS HONORED TO BE PROVIDING AV WITH HOME OWNERSHIP



THIS IS MY PATH TO REDEMPTION.



HOPE



WELCOME TO MY BEDROOM

AV'S STORY

WWW.INSTAGRAM.COM/VAIS_ART/

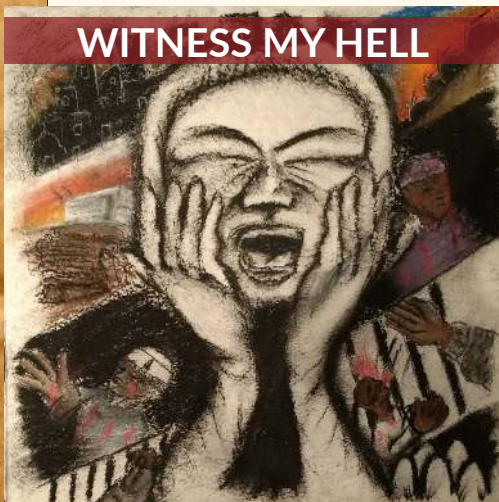
The Military life has been a blessing and a curse. It has taken me to places I could have only dreamed of growing up on the Samoan islands. I have seen horror, destruction, merciless acts of inhumanity. I have seen gallantry and heroism. I have sent and welcomed many good friends' home. I have been shot at by enemies and spit on by the people we have fought to protect. Through 12 years of service and still counting, a battle deep within grew stronger with each breath and every thought. A battle with myself. This battle eventually took its toll, leaving me gasping for air, drowning in my own shallow grave.

The feeling of regret and hate left me unable to love, feel, or care. Unable to look my mother in her eyes and tell her I love her. The emptiness and pain inside took my wife, my friends (dead & living), my family and almost my life. I needed an outlet. Art & Poetry have become a highway to healing. I love working with acrylic paint, but I consider myself a mixed media artist. Experimenting with

new materials constantly expands my practice: printmaking, oil painting, plaster, clay, glass, resin and spray paint just to name a few. I love the flow of each type of medium and how everything takes its own course. I believe that Art & Poetry are my therapy and reveals much more than I could ever express in words; pain, sorrow, depression, repression, aggression, healing and eventually, one day joy.



NO ONE IS SAFE



WITNESS MY HELL



GUERRILLA WARFARE