

I see layers in ---the

Way you’ve ---written

Your ----words

Shine - an art in writing a word, like Vicki moved them,

writing them can speak them differently.

I see these layers and I think of parallel lines and vectors

In the piece - is that sanskrit? It reminds me of how

I just taught students to reverse words and make “codes.”

The red one looks almost erased. Like it’s meant to be a secret.

I think of the colours of the piece - of how Helen

contemplates the colour of a word before making a stroke for it.

Did you contemplate each colour?

The jewels point in different directions.

Triangles. Curious. Sharp? Translucent. Directions.

Did you take one piece of wood and cut it?

How interesting to stack them back up - interactive sculpture.

The figure has a star at their heart.

A star, that shape that doesn’t really look like a real star,

but looks like a bright light looks when

I look without my glasses.

With squinty eyes. I remember playing with highway lights

on so many car rides. Not tall enough to see anything else.

You make do with what is there.

The paper - did you do the paper cutting?

What a careful and delicate and precise art.

Initially this re-minds me of Shigeru Izumi’s

floating disk in the speckled texture.

I wonder at a connection to Caroline McHugh’s talk.

That talk has captivated me.

I’ve pondered my own layers through it.

The outermost one most confounding me. Perception.

[The song the other day,](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=nnxPKY7NSoM)

“Just enough dark to see, that you’re the light over me.” has captivated me.

Mystery and ambiguity, but what is happening in the imagination as I listen.

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

“In the piece - is that sanskrit? It reminds me of how

I just taught students to reverse words and make “codes.”

The red one looks almost erased. Like it’s meant to be a secret.”

My covertly printed words

represent

six layers of Self

care fully excavated

peeled back

as I leaned forward into the murky spaces

embodying the outpouring of emotion and raw sentiment

My precious findings, my jeweled words

Glued on ~ then purposefully

tenderly

r e m o v e d

desrever ~ reversed

hidden in plain sight

from the all-seeing sightless eyes

To be revealed at the behest of my heartsoul friends,

those with inquiring tender full hearts

How insightful you are, my dear friend.

As if lightly perched on the brow of my mind’s eye ~L~

Colours created through

Touch

Texture

Fingers

~ mixing, pausing, listening, responding

My inner heartsong leading me to brush in round, upward strokes

Movement without forethought

Contem*play*tive notes sung from within

Textualizing with out

Contextual (i) zing

Wit(h)nessing

With in

My (s)heART

S P L A T T E R E D

Onto canvas.

“ I remember playing with highway lights

on so many car rides. Not tall enough to see anything else.”

Playing with lights during the long quiet nights of dark.

I smile at the image of young little Andrea

creating, squinting, playing, imaginative games only the young at heart can conjure

Connection to family road trips and the gamut of games played

Exhausted only by the body’s need for sleep.

“I wonder at a connection to Caroline McHugh’s talk.

That talk has captivated me.

Yes, again.

My heart

S

R

A

O

S

As it is seen.

Inspiration through *lectio divina*

Caroline’s TedTalk

Co-inspired this piece

As it replayed

I played

As I listened to the layers between her words

Her pauses became

my springboard

Her message

my action

Contemplation.

Meditation.

Round paint-soaked stroke up.

I’ve pondered my own layers through it.

The outermost one most confounding me. Perception.”

“Every object well contemplated opens a new organ of perception in us”

Yaaaas, Zajonc and Palmer.

Organs are growing.

To perceive.

To be perceived.

So much in the transmission

Lost in the waves of translation

Yet received in admiration

and love

Openness to being viewed

through the lens of Other.

On the

E

D

G

E

of BEing

Yet lingering

Clinging

to the lazy hazy highway lights

the spaces

b e t w e e n

here

there

&

heart pounding

traveling fast

viscerally

on the highway

to

BEcoming

Wke.

Where shall I join the chain I ask?

Choose a little bit from each, you tell me.

A fluid exchange in any way we are moved.

Weaving it all together

However we are inspired to do so,

Poignant,

Exciting conversation to have with you both, you tell me.

Fluid...organic...relaxed,

Whatever moves you,

No right way

You reassure me.

“Layers upon layers of self as we shine light upon Interiority

The layers excavated to reveal jewels”

I notice my attention goes up and down,

Back and forth,

So many jewels to look at.

So many layers within the writing,

So many connections

Rediscovered.

“In the piece - is that sanskrit? It reminds me of how

I just taught students to reverse words and make “codes.”

I am reminded of a game many children have played with me.

Each thinking they are novel and ingenue.

They tell me to watch, then look away,

As they bury treasure,

Glass jewels beneath the surface of the sand,

Then ask me to find them,

To excavate,

They revel in their ability to hide them deep,

Deep beneath,

Can you find what I have hidden?

Can you find me?

“I think of the colours of the piece - of how Helen

contemplates the colour of a word before making a stroke for it.

Did you contemplate each colour?”

This wish to be seen,

How nice to be discovered,

To be witnessed,

To Be-With.

“I wonder at a connection to Caroline McHugh’s talk.

That talk has captivated me.

I’ve pondered my own layers through it.

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To Be-With.

What am I missing?

I do not remember the layers in her talk,

So I am inspired to review,

To understand.

But before I do,

I find myself squinting,

Squinting into sunshine,

Rather than highway lights,

Oh yes, Little Andrea,

I see what you mean.

“With squinty eyes. I remember playing with highway lights

on so many car rides. Not tall enough to see anything else.

You make do with what is there.”

“Playing with lights during the long quiet nights of dark.

I smile at the image of young little Andrea

creating, squinting, playing, imaginative games only the young at heart can conjure”

Ah I see!

Interiority!

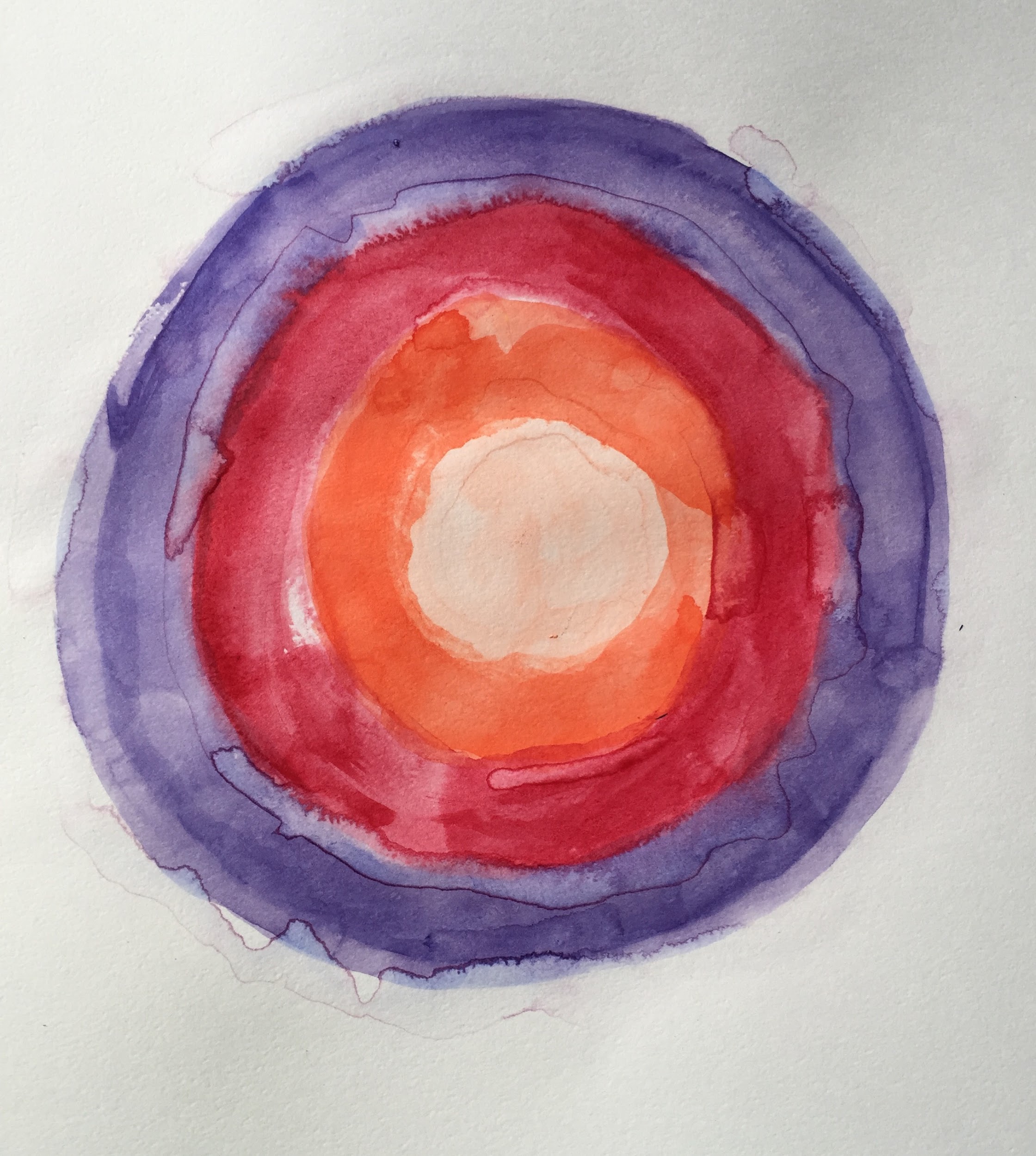
Perception.

Persona

Ego

Self

Like layers of an everlasting Gobstopper



Or perhaps an everlasting mirror.

True Mirror

Two Mirror,

Right angled and no seam,

Images bounce off one another,

See what others see,

When they look at me,

Disorientating,

Not straight.

Fix it.

Look for reassurance,

Don’t look *at* yourself,

Look *for* yourself,

Look for revelation.

This wish to be seen.

How nice to be discovered,

To be witnessed,

To Be-With.

“Openness to being viewed

through the lens of Other.

On the

E

D

G

E

of BEing”

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



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Each thinking they are novel and ingenue.

They tell me to watch, then look away,

As they bury treasure,

I’m reminded of a book we read recently

The character performs a magic trick

“Close your eyes.”

Reaches into pocket.

“Open them!”

“I pulled this from behind your ear.”

Delight,

As one by one I find them,

This wish to be seen,

To be discovered,

To be witnessed,

To Be-With.

“Yes, again.

My heart

S

R

A

O

S

As it is seen.

I’m thinking of this memory of

Riding in the car

Looking at lights

Playing this way for years.

And I’ve been thinking of this concept

Of the young

Dancing-

Twirling girls

And I never danced

That was really never

My jam.

But I sang

And sang and sang

In big empty houses

I’ve been thinking about

This way of playing-

Of singing

And how I lost it.

And how I sing Others’ songs now.

And I tried to sing the other day

My own songs.

And it was so hard to do

But it was exhilarating.

And I’m wondering what moments

My girls are awake to

When the memory will burn strongly

I remember getting picked up in first grade

There was something in the air

It had an electric quality

Windows down

I’ve always wondered why this one

Moment

This quality of being there

Burned in so brightly

To perceive.

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On the

E

D

G

E

of BEing

This art of writing words

How they take up space

On the page

I have a confession:

I haven’t been writing

By hand.

I did for days and days.

But I’ve been

At the computer lately.

Naturally, I’d been writing by hand.

But it’s almost as if

Given the rule

I want to break it.

I rebel.

Look for reassurance,

Don’t look *at* yourself,

Look *for* yourself,

Look for revelation.

I take this with me

Into my work

Contem*play*tive notes sung from within

This week.

Thank you friends.

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