

trying to bloom as if it's wonder?
What is wonder if it asks for a sure thing?
It's funny, how circles help you feel
like you're getting somewhere
but they always bring you back
to where you began.
What if the shortest path is to sing:
There is something I want!
and let yourself want it completely?
What if you held your want
like a petal between your fingers, felt it
soften under full sunlight?
What if you gathered your want in a deep breath,
the kind reserved for dandelion wishes?
What if you exhaled like bluebirds do,
in a song that risks wonder,
a song that could mean:
*I'm not sure what this is, but let it be
love or something like it.*



WORD **VIEW** ART

ART INSPIRING ART

Presented by



Every time you enter,
another version of the flowers blooms
and un-blooms—if you are lucky,
the deadheading will not have happened yet.
The rose will be darker than before,
full in the work in becoming all of herself—
that shade of deep and deepening red,
the dark that is too often mistaken for dying.
Remember the rose if you like, but
what if the rose has no memory of you?

WHEN ART HAPPENS

WORKSHOPS
CLASSES
MUSIC
FESTIVALS
WRITING
THEATRE
CONCERTS
POETRY
ARTISTRY
COMPETITIONS
EXHIBITIONS
READINGS



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FESTIVALS
WRITING
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ARTISTRY
COMPETITIONS
EXHIBITIONS
READINGS

IT HAPPENS HERE

lowell **Arts**

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LowellArts is supported in part by:



LowellArts is supported by an award from the Michigan Council for Arts and Cultural Affairs and the National Endowment for the Arts.

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WORDVIEW

WELCOME

WordView is a juried exhibition of visual and literary artwork created by artists who were invited to submit original works consisting of both visual and textual components. Artwork could be created by an individual artist or by artists and writers in collaboration. On the following pages you will find the accepted entries including six award winning pieces. We are grateful to all of the artists who attended our workshops, lectures, and submitted entries. And thank you to the organizations listed below for their encouragement and financial support that helped make WordView possible. We also want to thank LowellArts for providing this beautiful venue, Project Director Janet Teunis and her Gallery Committee volunteers for their outstanding visual presentation of the art, Program Manager Laurel Jordan who kept us all on track, and Executive Director Lorain Smalligan who saw the WordView vision and assisted with the grant application and so much more.

WordView is made possible in part by:

a grant from the Michigan Humanities, an affiliate of the National Endowment for the Humanities



and is presented in partnership with:

the Poetry Society of Michigan and the International Society of Experimental Artists.



Where ART meets INNOVATION

WORDVIEW

JURORS STATEMENT

“See What I Mean”

WordView, as its name implies, is an exhibit of artwork that incorporates both literary (words/text) and visual (2-D/3-D) components in intimate and original ways. The intimate relationships between words and visual presentation has a long tradition, which can be traced from some of the earliest records of language (Egyptian hieroglyphs, Asian scrolls, the illuminated manuscripts of Medieval England), through the proliferation of periodical illustration and children’s picture books in the 19th and 20th Centuries, to the current explosion of digital imaging and website design via the internet. In proposing *WordView: Art Inspiring Art*, we had meant to further that tradition by challenging artists and writers to join a conversation about the ways text and image play off each other—how a poem may be inspired by a painting or photograph (for example), or how words may enhance a visual perspective in a sculpture or multimedia work of art—that is, we hoped to carry on the conversation about the interrelationships of word and image, by way of collaboration between artists and writers.

This exhibit is a mere summary—highlights—of that conversation, which is ongoing. We have selected works by individual artists and writers—or artist/writers, or writers and artists in collaboration—in which text and image serve each other in unique, original ways, providing the viewer an integrated, multi-sensual aesthetic experience. Six works that we think are particularly effective—for their subtly, nuance, drama, wit, or whimsy—have each received in recognition a Juror’s Award. We encourage visitors to spend some time with all the art presented here—read, look, listen, even touch in some instances—and join in the conversation. We challenge you to see what they mean.



Phillip Sterling



Gary Eldridge

WORDVIEW

EXHIBITORS

Colleen Alles | Benjamin Boss

Karli Aylesworth

Mary Bamborough

Patricia Barnes

Jack H. Bender | Cindy M. Bender

Daniele Petit | Karen Blanchet | Doris Charest

Cheryl J. Blodgett

Diane Carroll Burdick | Linda Nemeč Foster

Robin Church

Jennifer Clark

Nancy Clouse

Theresa Coty O'Neil | Rosanne Coty

Karen Culver

Hannah DenHartigh

Nellie deVries | Nola Nielsen

Madelyn Dickman

Nora Faber Overvoorde

Linda Nemeč Foster | Meredith Ridl

Jane Winders Frank

Laura Gajewski

Teresa Gaudino

Lisa Iagulli Geren

Patrick R. Gill | Kimberly Grace Gill

Susan Haddix

Ali Hansen

Michelle Helner | Jennifer Helner

Saralee Howard

Frances Hull

Liz Fronduti | Haley Joseph

Elizabeth Kerlikowske

Kim Kleinhardt

Patricia Clark | Stanley Krohmer

Bertha Bitterle | Jamey Limbers

J.P. McDaniel

Sandy Meyer

Michael Mitchell

Gerin Moblo

John Moglia

Richard Muller

Jane Wheeler | Alyssa Mullis

Jill Newhouse | Thomas Newhouse

Lindsay Nesbitt | Carly Norris

Emily Stoddard | Sharon Oleniczak | Charles B. Oleniczak

Miriam Pederson | Ron Pederson

Millian Giang Pham

Mary Jane Pories

Kendra Postma

Jerri Puerner

Berle Garrett Reiter | Jane Reiter

Patti Salka

Steve Scarborough | Linda Scarborough

Patti Sevensma

Jacob Koster | Carol Shirey

Sheryl Barlow Smalligan | Charles Smalligan

Monica Stegeman

Renee Therriault

Kelly Vander Kley

Svetla Walsh

Janice Zerfas

WORDVIEW

AWARDS

Six awards of \$400 each were awarded. They are:

Japanese Garden: Four Seasons

Visual by Nola Nielsen and Text by Nellie deVries

The Market West of Town

Visual and Text by Frances Hull

Nature Revealed

Visual and Text by Sandy Meyer

Paper Garden Trilogy

Visual by Sharon & Charles B. Oleniczak and Text by Emily Stoddard

Pins & Needles

Visual and Text by Kim Kleinhardt

Slips

Visual and Text by Mary Jane Pories

WORDVIEW AWARD WINNER



Misaki Lantern,
if I could skate to you
and start a warm fire in your heart,
would you lead me to tea?



gold midst cedar leaves
the finch warbles his three lines
trills five seven five

TEXT
Nellie deVries

VISUAL
Nola Nielsen

Japanese Gardens: Four Seasons
Mixed Media
\$800



Little cypress boat
tethered to the boathouse dock
for whom do you wait?



Over the North Waterfall
a maple tree remembers
the colors of peaches
and watermelon.



Lift to reveal text.



The Market West of Town

Every Tuesday they go down
To the market west of town
Where farmers sell tomatoes
Carrots, corn, sweet potatoes

With a little bit of luck
They'll have berries on the truck
Red and black and violet blue
Served in half a honey dew

Swollen sweet and pungent air
Eager faces everywhere
Filling sacks, sharing a tip
Warming hearts with fellowship

There is more where this comes from
Sun and seed, rich earth, green thumb
Farmers sow and rains come down
Fill the market west of town

TEXT & VISUAL
Frances Hull

The Market West of Town
Acrylic
NFS

WORDVIEW AWARD WINNER



TEXT & VISUAL
Kim Kleinhardt

Pins & Needles
Mixed Media
\$2500

WORDVIEW AWARD WINNER



TEXT & VISUAL
Sandy Meyer

Nature Revealed
Watercolor
\$900

WORDVIEW AWARD WINNER



TEXT
Emily Stoddard

VISUAL
Sharon Oleniczak
(Painting)
Charles B. Oleniczak
(Woodcarving)

Paper Garden Trilogy
Mixed Media / 3D Installation
\$1500

sing

You love me,
you love me not,
you love me,
you love me not—
it could go on like this for a long time.
You could go in circles around my head.
What is this caution of yours,
trying to bloom as if it is wonder?
What is wonder if it asks for a sure thing?
It's funny, how circles help you feel
like you're getting somewhere
but they always bring you back
to where you began.
What if the shortest path is to sing:
There is something I want!
and let yourself want it completely?
What if you held your want
like a petal between your fingers, felt it
soften under full sunlight?
What if you gathered your want in a deep breath,
the kind reserved for dandelion wishes?
What if you exhaled like bluebirds do,
in a song that risks wonder,
a song that could mean:
*I'm not sure what this is, but let it be
love or something like it.*
What if they are right?
What if it is better to sing,
even when you'd rather predict the future?

bloom

Is it possible to enter
the same garden twice?
Every time you enter,
another version of yourself
arrives to hurry the birds,
thrum the ground and alert the worms
to the weight of your body.
What if the sweetness
of a garden is not the bloom
but how naturally it gives
in to its changes?
Every time you enter,
another version of the flowers blooms
and un-blooms—if you are lucky,
the deadheading will not have happened yet.
The rose will be darker than before,
full in the work in becoming all of herself—
that shade of deep and deepening red,
the dark that is too often mistaken for dying.
Remember the rose if you like, but
what if the rose has no memory of you?
What if memory is carried off by the bees?
Every time you enter,
you are recorded in pollen—
a record kept offsite,
presided over by a queen,
compiled into honey.

bend

Bend in the direction of the ground
long enough, and you too will sprout
enough heart to survive in shadows—
even though these limbs appear fragile,
don't get too protective: I have been shaped
in the image at the center of everything,
never happier than when I am unguarded—
Here you are, in your layers, dreaming
each part and petal of me into something important.
And here I am, the garden's open secret,
reaching for the ground that is already between us,
thrumming just now under your feet.



TEXT & VISUAL
Mary Jane Pories

Slips
Relief Sculpture
\$425

Slips

For years I didn't see them
Blame it on
Youth
Denial
Distance
It was as it should be
Slips are meant to be hidden

She seemed better
I felt better
When she covered them

I see them now
Sometimes just a lacy edge
Sometimes a shadow
Sometimes a sheen
Sometimes they're out all together
Flung against chairs
Dripping from drawers

Sometimes a seam unravels
Exposes too much
Demands my attention
"Honey, I never noticed before.
Your eyes are blue."

Today my mother wears only slips

I long for the days of sundresses and bare legs



TEXT
Colleen Alles

Travelogue

I.

Beneath the pondweed & water lilies,
darkness amasses, thick as leaked ink—not unlike
the continent of moss spreading across the weathered bark
on the black walnut tree—not unlike the sandy banks
you'd dig into with your feet,

II.

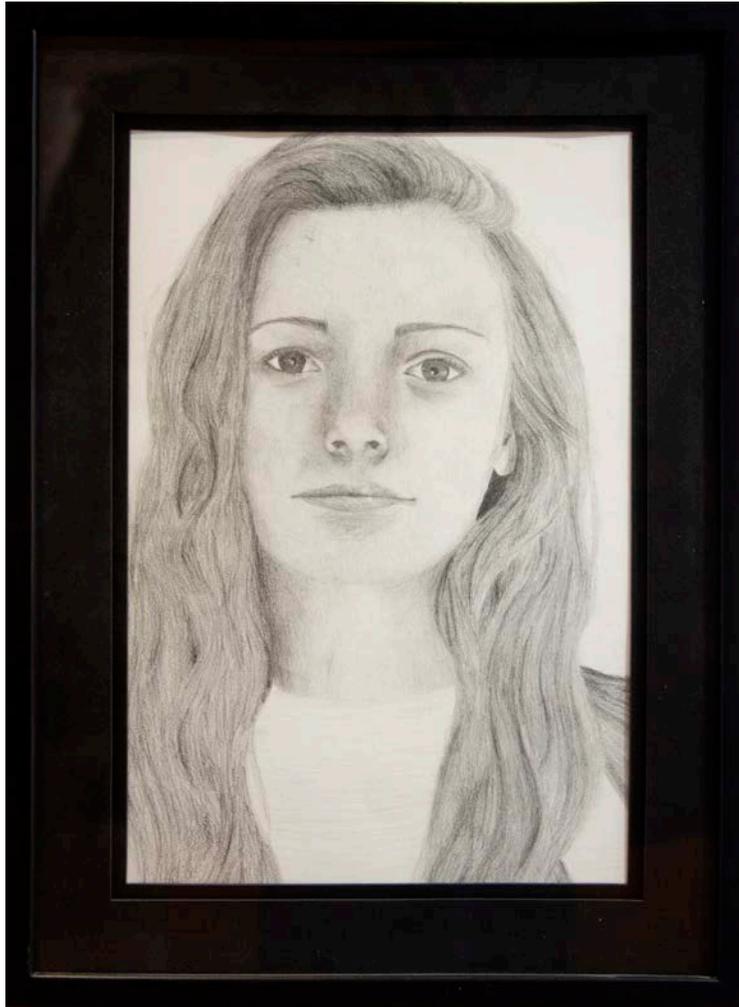
but to the shallower places, now, to see some light:
two dragonflies entwined, a stray echo of spring. By the shore-
line—the liminal space—beach grass intervenes. Deep-grooved shells
who don't know any better press themselves between the blades,
swearing they've seen the sea,

III.

when we all know at the surface—here, the real ecstasy,
the dance of all the exacting delights we've waited quite some
time to see. We've emerged for the coral stains, fresh among
a swarm of brighter days; a chance to tell our stories;
a travelogue of wanderings.

VISUAL
Benjamin Boss

Travelogue
Acrylic
\$1200



This Is Me

What I have learned about life,
Is that it's a journey of highs and
lows.
All you need to do is ride the wave,
Because the lows are the lessons,
And the highs are for you to enjoy your
BLESSINGS.
Nobody is perfect, and that's the
fun of it.
It's just a ride.
So keep creating and investing
in you,
Because in the end,
All you'll have is yourself.

TEXT & VISUAL
Karli Aylesworth

This Is Me
Pencil
\$5000



TEXT & VISUAL
Mary Bamborough

And So the Adventure Begins
Collage
\$225



TEXT & VISUAL
Patricia Barnes

Wild Woman
Mixed Media
\$600

Wild Woman

There ain't nothing sweet about me
I got grit and gall and gumption
all my music has a wild beat
my best color is bright red

like the blood I've bled to bring life
like the blaze of faith I'm burning
like the energy and anger
and bright dreams that fill my heart.

See me dance a trance around pain
See me push against injustice
See me laugh right through the darkness
See me keep hope's fire fed.



TEXT

Jack H. Bender

VISUAL

Cindy M. Bender

Consider the Moonflower

Watercolor

\$3500

Moonflower

Wonder of wonders—
the moonflower.

While the maple trees catch fire,
the moon flower quietly takes its leave.

The stalk, so tan and bleached,
gives back its moisture to the air.
The leaves have no pretense about age.
They close, shrivel and droop,

asking to be passed through the flame.

But the seed pods linger.

All are a delicate green.

Each pod is a silent fortress.

The royal hued stems lead
to the sharp spines which protect the seeds.

Hundreds of seeds. Hundreds.

But each pod knows, from its center,

all must be risked.

The pod must break apart

for the seeds to be flung.

It must become vulnerable.

To stay safe behind its spines
is to refuse everything.

Birth and death are

in this solitary being.

I sense an eternal cycle.

I feel the mystery.

And, for just one moment,

I understand.



TEXT

Daniele Petit

VISUAL

Karen Blanchet & Doris Charest

The Straw Hat - Le chapeau de paille

Acrylic, Ink

\$2000

Le chapeau de paille

Ce matin en ouvrant la fenêtre j'ai aperçu une jeune femme accompagnée d'une petite fille, elle promenait son chien.

Une image banale pour un beau matin de juillet.

L'extraordinaire, ce qui a accroché mon regard;

Son chapeau de paille.

Ce chapeau tout simple, l'image de ce petit groupe dans la lumière de l'été

suggérait l'image lointaine d'un monde disparu

un clin d'oeil aux tableaux de Monet, Renoir...

(Surprenant dans une province où depuis des décennies la casquette de baseball est reine)

Surprenant mais charmant.

The Straw Hat

This morning when I opened the window I saw a young woman accompanied by a little girl, she was walking her dog.

A banal image for a beautiful July morning.

The extraordinary, which caught my eye;

Her straw hat.

This very simple hat, the image of this small group in the summer light

suggested the distant image of a vanished world

a nod to the paintings of Monet, Renoir...

(Surprising in a province where the baseball cap has been king for decades)

Surprising but charming.



Connections

The golden hair girl stares in wonderment
Looking inside herself
She is the center of
Images
Of those she cherishes
Those who have touched her life
And become so much of who she is
And those hidden in déjà vu memory
Looking outside herself
The swirl of humanity
Of whom
She is only a speck
An endless compilation of
Her life affirming
Connections

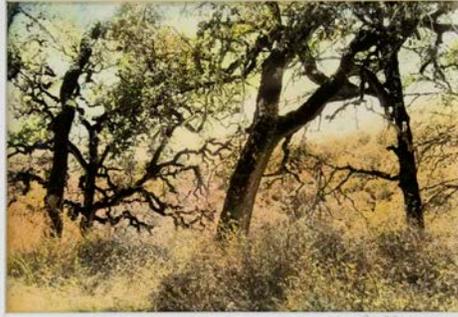
TEXT & VISUAL

Cheryl J Blodgett

Connections

Acrylic

\$2300



Dianne Carroll Burdick 2000

Dance

Shadows dance with sun

Outstretched arms that touch light once

And then, hold the air

Linda Nemec Foster

Dance

Shadows dance with sun
Outstretched arms that touch light once
And then, hold the air

TEXT

Linda Nemec Foster

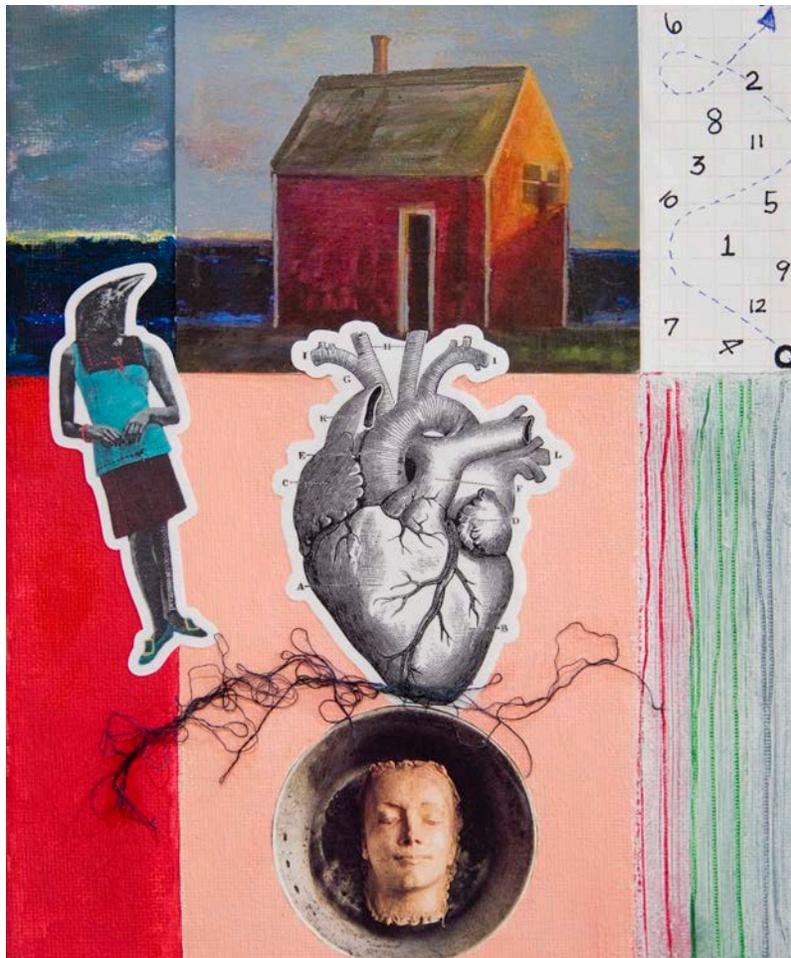
VISUAL

Dianne Carroll Burdick

Dance

Hand-colored Photography

\$400



TEXT & VISUAL
Robin Church

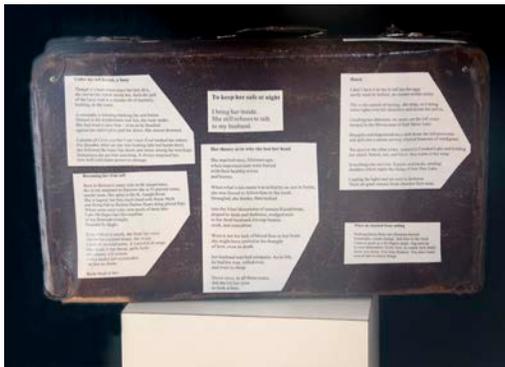
The Red House
Mixed Media
NFS

The Red House

She could not go back to the red house for a number of reasons: the windows were mounted so high she couldn't see the fields; the door was too narrow; even when the sun rose it was dark inside; she knew the crow woman in the turquoise blouse would judge her; she didn't want to sleep at night with her face in a steel bucket; the cabbages from the garden gave her terrible gas; the cement bird bath had crumbled. Everyone lived far away now - with so many ways to fool a heart she just didn't trust herself.

TEXT & VISUAL
Jennifer Clark

Sailing with Mannequin
Mixed Media
\$2900



from **Sailing With Mannequin**

Finding the mannequin during Westnedge Hill's Annual Garage Sale

She's one of a dozen seeking shelter in my neighbor's garage.
Tired of being on display, she's shrugged off her white gown.
My husband wheels her down the street, complaining loudly,
Why do we need this torso on a stick?
Feelings hurt, she refuses to come inside.
For weeks, she stays in our backyard.

Repurposing the self

So she can navigate into her next life,
I line up glue and brushes and promise
to help.

*Keep it simple, she says. I want to sail
for no occasion at all.*

She is pleased when I drag out soil surveys
and maps, yellowed songs and sketches stowed
in old books.

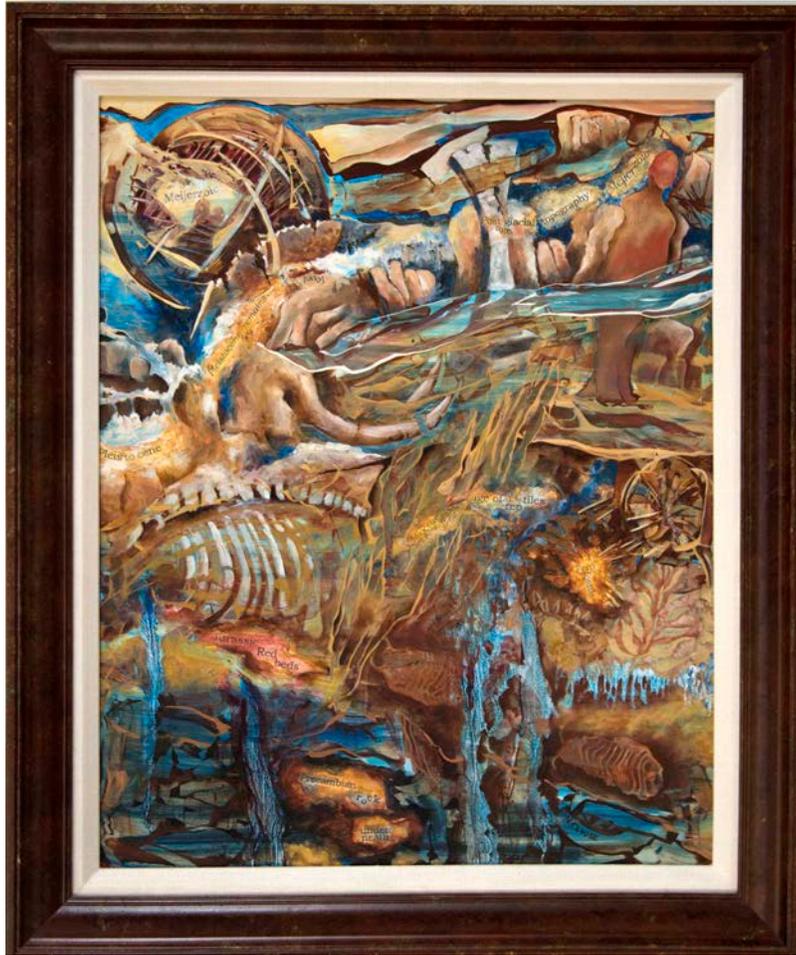
I untether a page of lake and loam, prepare to clothe her
in a collage weatherproofed to wick away water and my worry
that I might fail.

We enter uncharted waters.

What she learned from sailing

Nothing blows from one direction forever.
Eventually, winds change. Sail trim to the wind.
Come at goals at a 45-degree angle. Zag and zig
to your destination. Every turn, no matter how small,
slows you down. You lose distance. You don't need
eyes or ears to know things.

Note: "Finding the mannequin during Westnedge Hill's Annual
Garage Sale" was first published in *Slipstream Press*.



TEXT & VISUAL
Nancy Clouse

Embedded Geology at Meijer Gardens
Oil and Collage
\$280



TEXT

Theresa Coty O'Neil

VISUAL

Rosanne Coty

Sturgeon Moon

Oil

\$895



Sturgeon Moon

~ On our youngest leaving for college

The yellow apples hanging from our tree
are not as picturesque as they could be.

I blame the August light, its heat
and heavy air. Soon they will drop, bruise,
gather bees, turn sickly sweet to taunt us
with our failure to harvest once again.

Last night the sturgeon moon rose
through the trees that lined a barren
field. Dark limbs cradled, clutched,
released a radiant, ripening fruit
that inflated while ascending
towards distant, beckoning stars.

~ Theresa Coty O'Neil

Sturgeon Moon

On our youngest leaving for college

The yellow apples hanging from our tree
are not as picturesque as they could be.

I blame the August light, its heat
and heavy air. Soon they will drop, bruise,
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through the trees that lined a barren
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that inflated while ascending
towards distant, beckoning stars.



TEXT

Theresa Coty O'Neil

Arboresque

VISUAL

Rosanne Coty

Exotic Entanglement I

Oil

\$1800

Arboresque

Beneath bark sap
is fragrant and full
of secrets.

A dance in the woods
last night,
tremor of twigs
tangle of branches,
unripened fruit dropping
like hail.

Storm rocked
and reckoned.

Then stillness,
tree shyness

leaves turned outward
to shelter delight.

Star-dusted boughs
and wind-rustled
twigs strewn
on the floor.

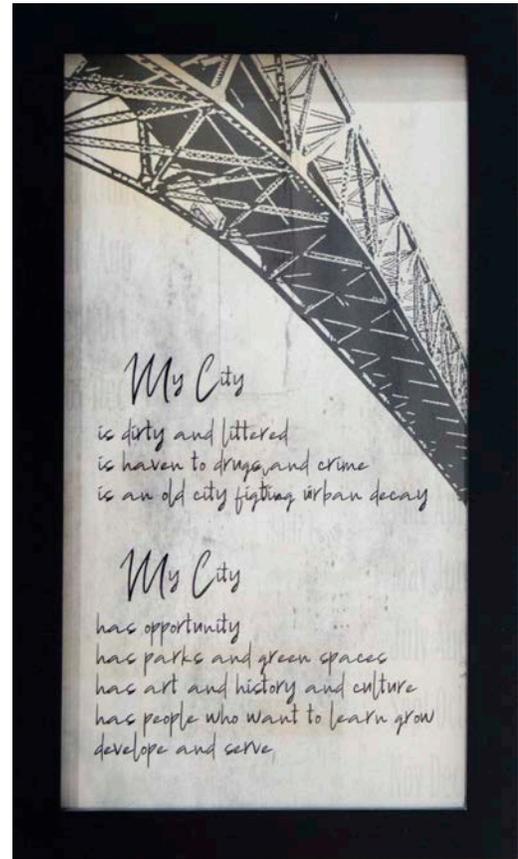
Whispers,
then hushes.

All that was loose
shaken
and
free.



TEXT & VISUAL
Karen Culver

My City
Digital Photo Collage
\$500

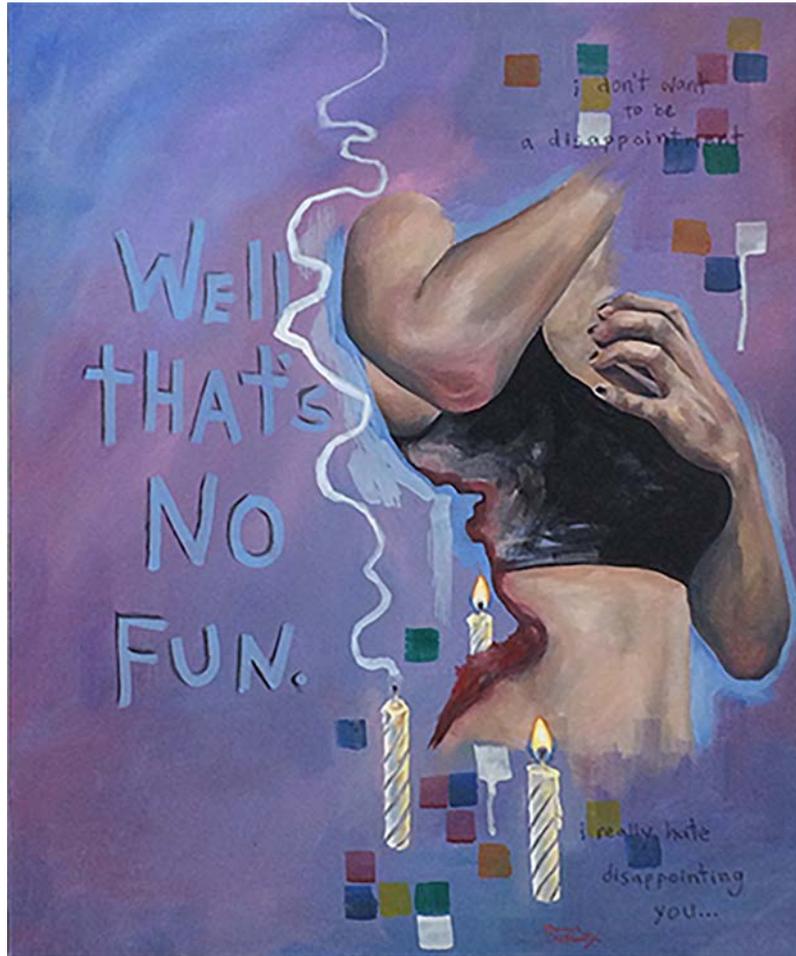


My City

is dirty and littered
is haven to drugs and crime
is an old city fighting urban decay

My City

has opportunity
has parks and green spaces
has art and history and culture
has people who want to learn, grow
develop and serve



TEXT & VISUAL
Hannah DenHartigh

No Fun
Acrylic
\$600



TEXT & VISUAL
Madelyn Dickman

Memories of a Former Home
Mixed Media
NFS

Memories of a Former Home

We moved houses
and your ghost is gone.

I think we left her behind somehow.

It's funny almost.
The way places change.

The way they grow like you do.

Sometimes you just forget to notice.

“Home is where your heart is”
That's what they say, right?

I wonder where my heart will go now.



TEXT & VISUAL

Nora Faber Overvoorde

The Battle Is Already Won

Mixed Media on Clay Board

\$850 each



The Battle is Already Won

Sinful oil drips through my soul, reminding me of the divided perspective I have because of my parent's divorce and their differences. I was 15 when my parents divorced.

The dragon, my mother monster, means to protect her egg but secludes, abuses, and neglects it instead. I sit inside the egg--the safety bubble my father tried to sustain.

My father, suspended like a balloon man from the false light of the moon, cannot protect me from the dragon's rage, but the eye of God is watching. The purple orb of grace lies above.



TEXT

Linda Nemec Foster

VISUAL

Meridith Ridl

Pause

Acrylic, Ink and Watercolor on Panel Box

\$350

Pause: Seasons of Pandemic

It started in winter: the long pause
of iced blue. A man gathers teal
for a face and counts bare branches.
Their natural separation becoming almost permanent.

Becoming almost permanent, since spring
was locked in the thin yellow
of a concentric sun. As if a woman's heart
was wound tight. Her face, a gray shadow.

A gray shadow that mimics summer
but gets lost. Is this how the world
has been reduced? An unanswered question
we ask ourselves in silence.

Our selves in silence, we begin autumn
or fall—as we still call it—
the season of falling away. A person's
outline holding fast to stay, to remain. Alive.



TEXT & VISUAL
Jane Winders Frank

Wind Carry Me
Mixed Media
\$275

Wind Carry Me above
the clouds
to dance and play



TEXT & VISUAL
Laura Gajewski

C is for Constance who was quarantined.

C is for Constance
Mixed Media Drawing
NFS



VISUAL & TEXT
Teresa Gaudino

Filled With Love
Mixed Media
\$800



TEXT & VISUAL

Lisa Iagulli Geren

Grandpa

Mixed Media

\$900



TEXT
Patrick R. Gill

VISUAL
Kimberly Grace Gill

From the Pages, I'm Still Here
Acrylic, Mylar Balloon, and Pastel
\$1100

From the Pages by Patrick R. Gill

As the pen makes its final sweep across the page, the last punctuation mark is put in place, and I am given new life. The first thing I see is the tired disappointment in his eyes. I know that it is because of this, he cannot judge my worth now. That will come later. It grows dark as the book closes upon me, and I am quietly placed in a drawer.

He has developed me in countless forms over the years, many of which like shadows of the influence of those who have gone before him. The ghost of Longfellow, Whitman, Dostoevsky, and even Jack Kerouac have been known to haunt my lines. But those are only a few, to those work my personality can be likened.

Despite the directions in which I have been swayed, I remain the collection of a plethora of his original writings. I am the tears of my creator; a trip through his assortment of memories and a series of imagery soaked sonnets. I am anything that can be written, spoken, put into words. I am a story of the highway, a surface-skimming journal entry from long ago, and a thousand essays from years of classes.

I represent the whole of his experience, talent, and energy. His soul thrives on my potential for greatness. Just as his thoughts are necessary for my existence, my quality will dictate his future. For it is I who will pave the road on which he is destined to journey. What I have yet to show will act as a new voice in the literary world. From the pages on which I lay will come a challenge to the standard style of contemporary writing.



TEXT & VISUAL
Susan Haddix

Don't Label Me
Mixed Media - Acrylic, collage, watercolor, ink
\$400

Don't Label Me

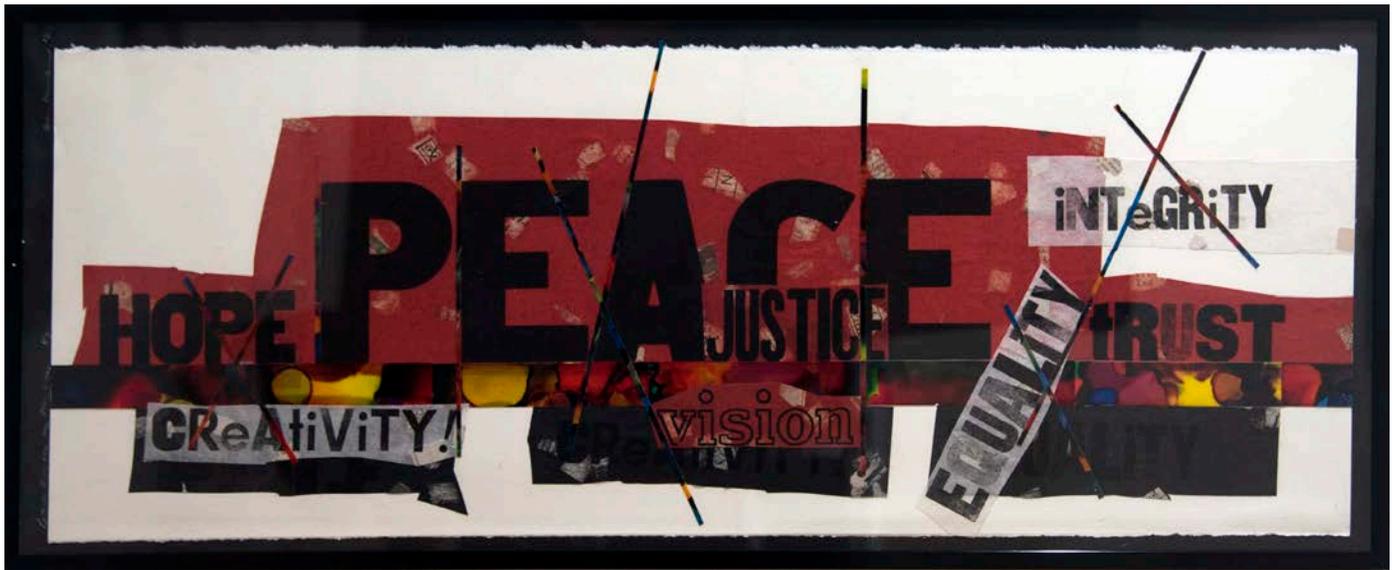
YOU LABELED ME NICE.
I BOXED UP MY ANGER.

YOU LABELED ME QUIET.
I SILENCED MY VOICE.

YOU LABELED ME PRETTY.
MY MIRROR DISAGREED.

I FIT,
FOUGHT,
NEVER ESCAPED,
YOUR LABELS.

DON'T LABEL ME



TEXT & VISUAL

Ali Hansen

Peace Sits on the Horizon

Letterset Collage

\$600



TEXT

Michelle Helner

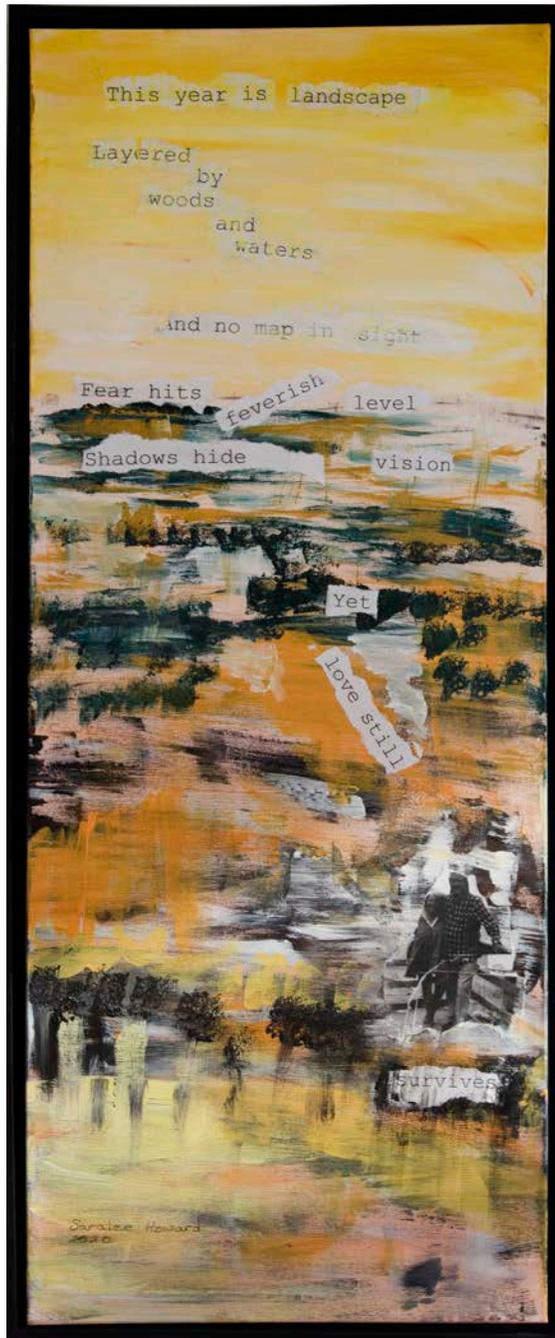
VISUAL

Jennifer Helner

Peaceful

Watercolor

\$375



TEXT & VISUAL
Saralee Howard

Love Survives / 2020
Acrylic and Collage
\$300



TEXT
Liz Fronduti

VISUAL
Haley Joseph

The Lost Diary of Aunt Unice
Mixed Media
\$450

Edge of the World

They say that the edge of the world is terrible and strange
Filled with wonders, siren songs
Only for the brave

They say at the edge of the world you'll never be the same
The voices of the empty sea
Calling out your name, calling out your name

We never knew how fierce the winds would blow
We never knew how much we did not know
But we know now

Chorus
So play me a tune, play me a tune
'Cause we're going down, this ship's going down
Falling fast or sinking so slowly
If you play me a tune we won't go down lonely

Here at the edge of the world it's terrible and strange
Filled with wonders, siren songs
Only for the brave

Here at the edge of the world you're still here with me
I can't believe we're standing still
We're so far out to sea, so far out to sea

We never knew how fierce the winds would blow
We never knew how much we did not know
But we know now
Repeat Chorus

Scan this QR CODE to listen to
Edge of the World



from About U: A Book of Hours



7 a.m.

Cigarette smoke ribbons supported
by air thick with sediment of burnt bacon.
Fried potatoes splash next and finally eggs.
Sunrise flings some brilliance through
the panes and all the oils catch fire.
Grease is a halo around the plate.
The goofy face that two eggs
and a slice of bacon make: is that U?

{ }

The floating hour is a crack
between the hours of U and living.
It arrives in a lined wicker basket
that accepts anything.

TEXT & VISUAL

Elizabeth Kerlikowske

About U: A Book of Hours

Mixed Media

NFS

We know it's our hour
because we don't have to explain
what we did with it to anyone,
not even U

Midnight

U gave us the fetal position.
We like it. It's what we return to
when all else is gone.

U gave us flannel and deep
pillows. U gave us six hours
of respite from the mess U made.

Sure, we might bear some
responsibility. I guess

I should give thanks,
but six is the least U could do.



TEXT

Patricia Clark

My Sister's Earth Day

VISUAL

Stanley Krohmer

Blues for Ginger

Oil on Canvas

\$3000

My Sister's Earth Day

That it was Earth Day and still the leading
edges of an iceberg fell into the sea with a hiss,
the center showing pocked ice.

And the plane that had flown us home
parked, taxied, and flew again.

From a distance, the remote camera had an eye
in her death room. It was our way
of holding her, can you see it?

That a tree flowered outside her room—
planted for her daughter, blooming pink each year.

That it comes in waves—the crashing rain,
the pains in her head, the grief.
That after speech goes, still breathing, seeing
and listening might stay.

That to mention selling the house caused tears.

And each of us, that we are not the body,
exactly, and yet through the skin, eyes,
hair, we love.

That the clothes are not the person, nor objects,
books. Memory is the fixative.

There she moves. There she stops breathing.



There's One Picture on My Wall

There's one picture on my wall
That I like the best of all
'Tis Jesus sitting by the sea
On the shore of Galilee

That novel form that's so divine
Filled with a fire so sublime
Is quiet now, his hands at ease
Resting quietly on his knees

The night is dark, but his face is bright
Lit by a holy shining light
A light that shines out from within
A soul that's free from any sin

I feel peace steal over me
Compassion and love, on his face I see
Fear and trouble fade away
And I'm ready to start another day

When at night I lie in bed
Filled with anxiety, or dread
I lay and look at that quiet form
Peace fills me and I sleep 'til morn

It gives me strength by day and night
I know that everything's all right
A reminder of his love and care
In that great love I have a share

TEXT

Bertha Bitterle

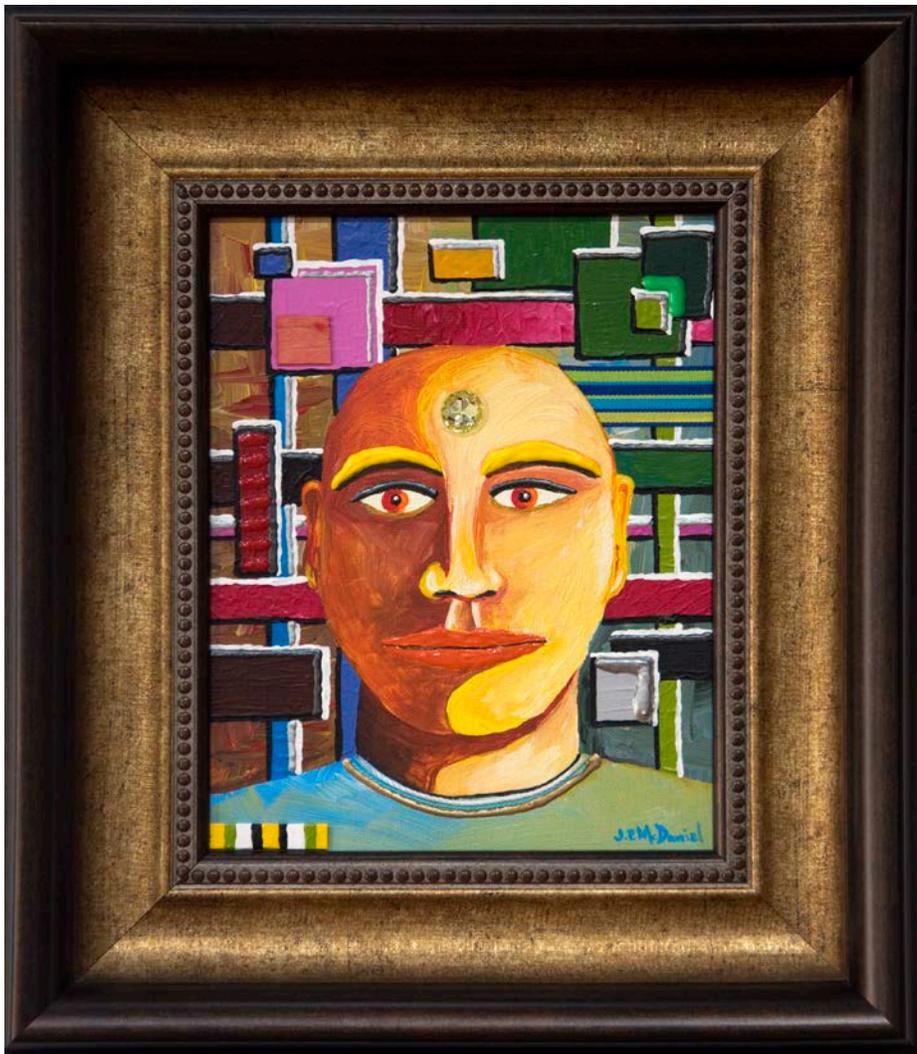
VISUAL

Jamey Limbers

There's One Picture On My Wall

Ceramic

NFS

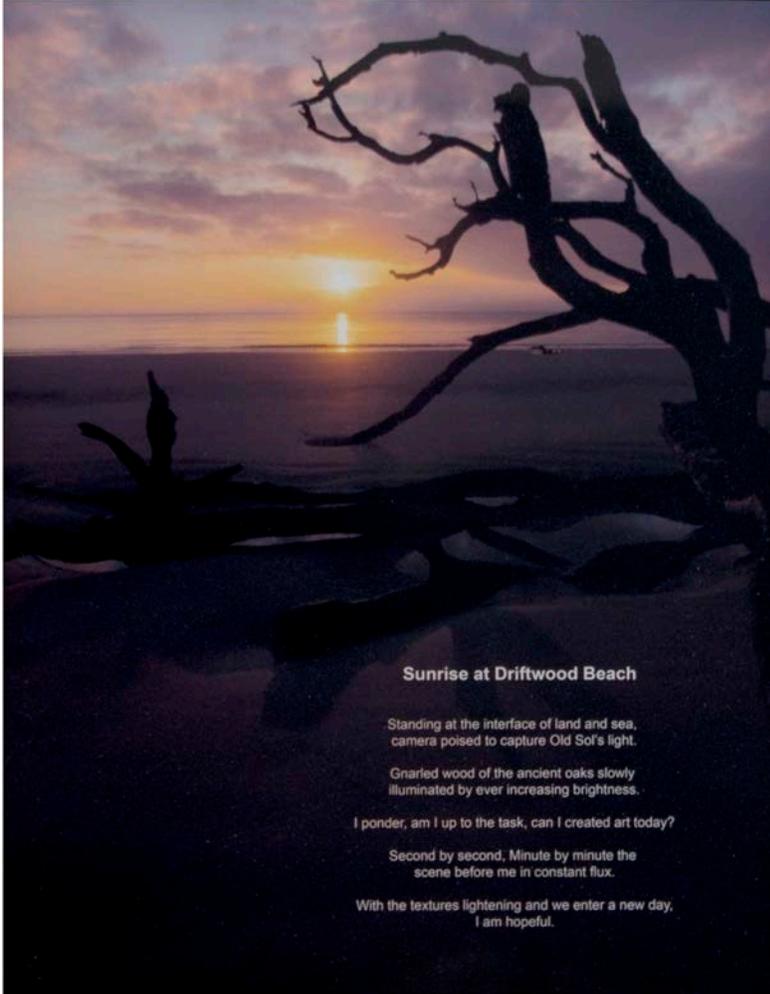


Visionquest

See the invisible,
One vision, indivisible,
Believe to be invincible.
Dream of the past, right now...
For there is no tomorrow,
Give me someone to follow.
Where am I going?
Where have I been?
Will I ever look in the mirror again?
The eyes are tired,
Intentions desired,
While the whole world is being rewired.
Give me the courage to unplug...
And step outside.

TEXT & VISUAL
J.P. McDaniel

Visionquest
Acrylic and Mixed Media
\$300



Sunrise at Driftwood Beach

Standing at the interface of land and sea,
camera poised to capture Old Sol's light.

Gnarled wood of the ancient oaks slowly
illuminated by ever increasing brightness.

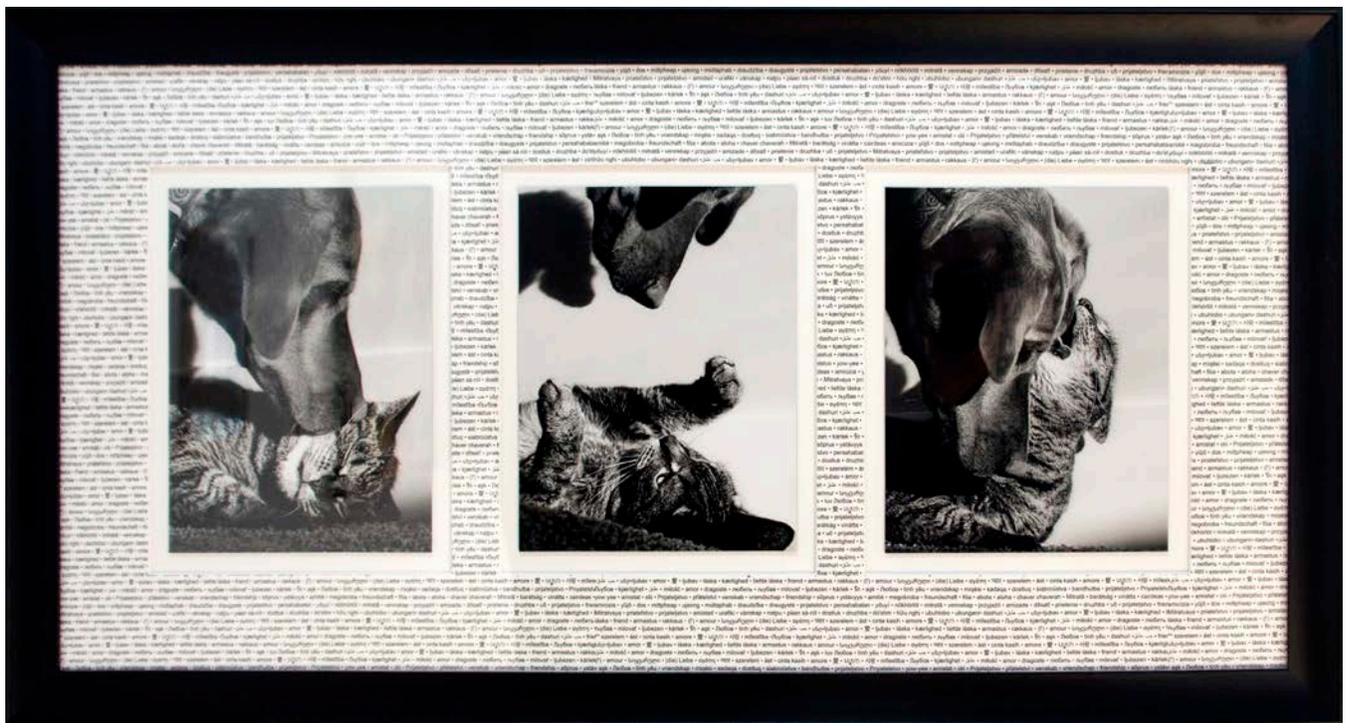
I ponder, am I up to the task, can I create art today?

Second by second, minute by minute the
scene before me in constant flux.

With the textures lightening and we enter a new day.
I am hopeful.

TEXT & VISUAL
Michael Mitchell

Sunrise Driftwood Beach
Photography
\$200



TEXT & VISUAL
John Moglia

Love and Friendship
 (in 60 languages)
 Photography
 \$750



TEXT & VISUAL
Richard Muller

Where Once Proud Fortress
Oil on Canvas
\$2400

Where Once Proud Fortress

Where once proud fortress stood against the sea
And marked her promontory in the night
With thousand torches, she in ruins lies,
Her arches dark, and darker still the halls
Where once bold courtiers sought to please a king.
And now in dark of night, no light has she
To call her own but what reflects upon
Her pale and vanquished walls, a light of moon
Itself reflected dimly, falling cold
And silent on what 'ere it deigns to touch.



TEXT
Jane Wheeler

VISUAL
Alyssa Mullis

Marlboro
Acrylic
NFS

Come to Where the Flavor Is

He remembers that first smoke—
hand-rolled tobacco stolen
from some worker's shirt pocket—
striking the match against brick
and praying the nuns wouldn't catch him.



TEXT
Jill Newhouse

Beauty Can Be Deceptive....
wildfire smoke at dawn in the Cascade Mountains viewed from Mount Hood

VISUAL
Thomas Newhouse

Beauty Can Be Deceptive
Photography
\$175



TEXT
Lindsay Nesbitt

VISUAL
Carly Norris

The Spirit Game
Mixed Media
NFS

The Spirit Game

On stormy fall nights
while all alone
your fear of Spirits
has surely grown.

Evil or friendly?
Both may be.
Find out with this game--
read on and see.

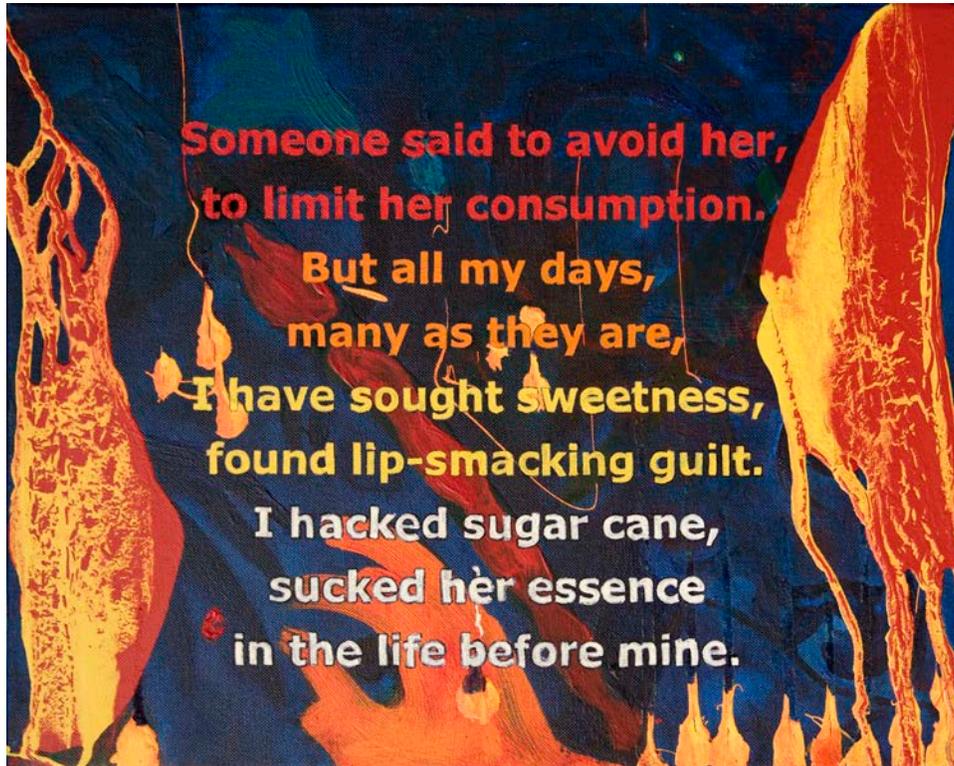
Play The Spirit Game

All that is required--
A deck of cards, two or more people, a table,
and an open mind.
Always begin by asking:
Is there a Spirit in the room?

The dealer must flip the top card of the deck for
each question asked and put it on the ACE of the
suit that is drawn.

Call to the Spirits

Ask them any question you may have, as long as it
requires a yes or no answer.
Break the barrier into another world.
But remember...
Only the dealer may touch the table.
To BREAK contact with the Spirit you have conjured,
Someone else must touch the TABLE.



TEXT

Miriam Pederson

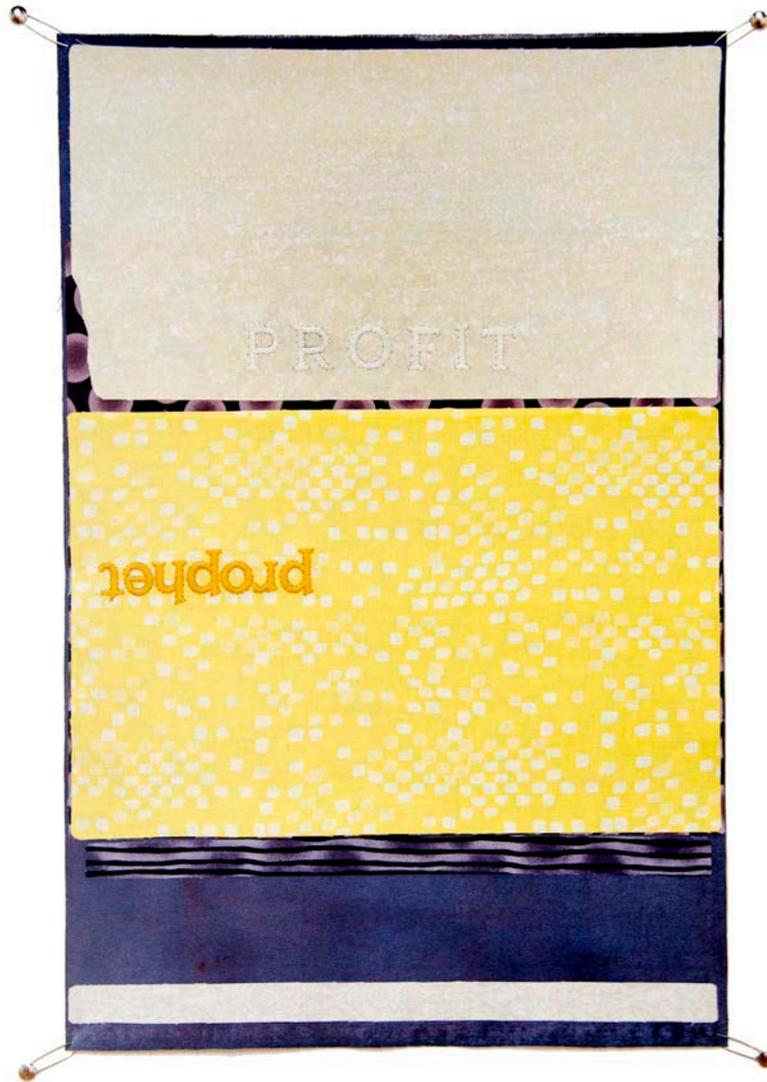
VISUAL

Ron Pederson

Sweetness

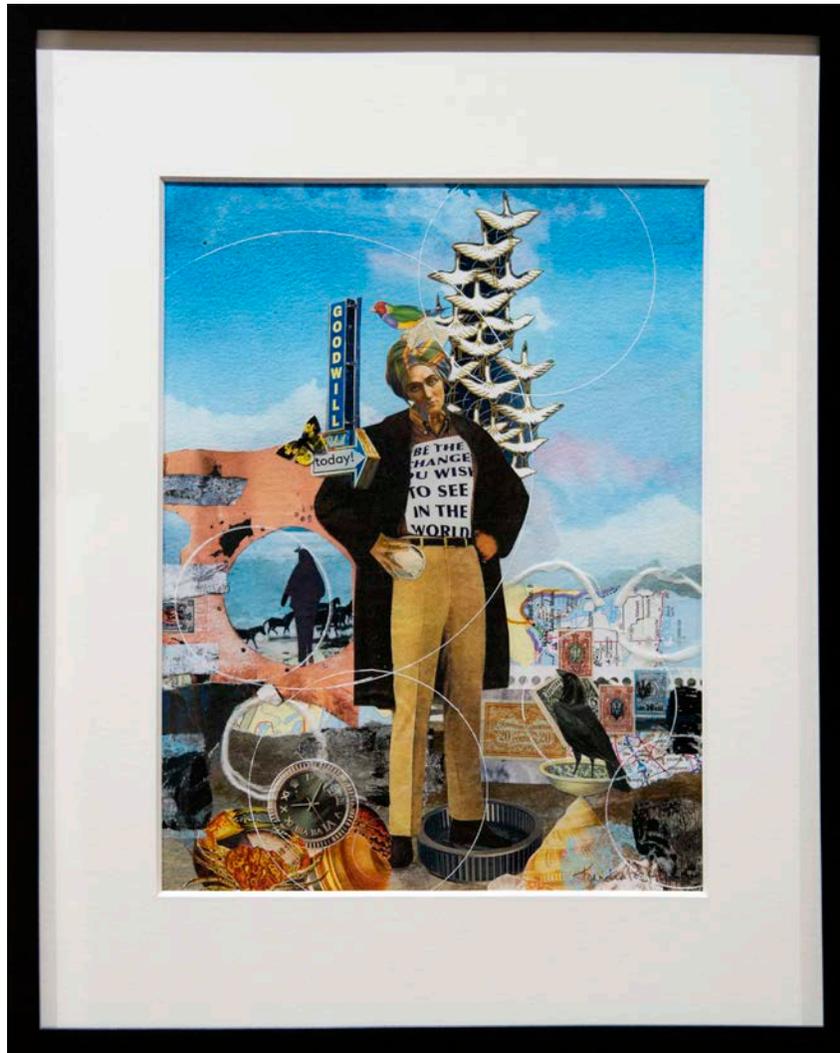
Acrylic on Canvas

\$600



VISUAL & TEXT
Millian Giang Pham

PROFIT PROPHEET
(Rothko No 10)
Mixed Media
\$4286



VISUAL & TEXT
Kendra Postma

Goodwill
Mixed Media
\$400



TEXT & VISUAL
Jerri Puerner

My heart is upside down / this is my heart

Ceramic

\$300



TEXT
Berle Garrett Reiter

VISUAL
Jane Reiter

Wish You Were Here
Mixed Media
\$50



VISUAL & TEXT
Patti Salka

Changing Seasons
Photography
\$300

Changing Seasons

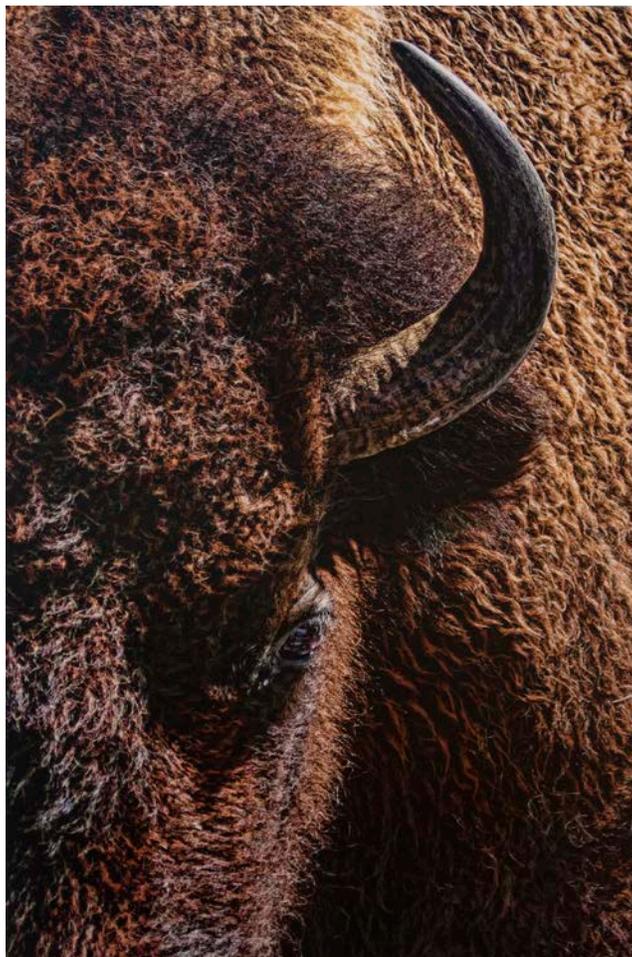
Standing alone
to weather the elements,
DEAD TIMBER--
A post on the deck,
Graced by the beauty
Of autumn's first frost.

By chance I find you
glistening in the sun
God's grace giving you new life,
a fleeting and borrowed beauty,
Marking your years,
highlighting your worth.

It is the heartwood I see
adorned by borrowed moisture
From the rain and winter's call.
How, like you, my hands have grown
wrinkled like your rings,
Marking our age.

I'm awed with gratitude
at finding, with pleasure,
This miracle
neither of us alone could make
Yet, both accepting a fleeting moment of grace,
from the hand of our Creator... and

Here I stand, alone,
talking to a post and thinking
That although old, tired, worn,
and weathered,
Neither of us has lost her sparkle.



TEXT
Steve Scarborough

VISUAL
Linda Scarborough

Remember
Photography
\$275

Remember

I have roamed this land, mighty and proud.
My brothers and sisters numbered in the millions.
We traveled far, running through rivers and thundering across the great plains,
leaving mountains of dust in our wake.
The ground shook from our mighty hooves and every man, beast and spirit
knew our name.
Now those days have ended.
We are few.
Circled by fences and stared at by the curious, those wondering about the past.
Don't let them forget we once owned this land.
Tell them to remember I was here first.



VISUAL & TEXT
Patti Sevensma

United We Stand
Photographic Montage
\$425

United We Stand

No one can visit this place and come away unaffected.
The hush was deafening.
Tears flow without warning, and you ask yourself “why”?



A Barren Rock

A barren rock circled the sun
Our blessed Gaia
gave it life sublime

With growing consciousness
humanity explored her garden
marveled at its complex beauty

We once lived in harmony with Gaia's riches
but have grown fat with greed and avarice
plundering her gifts

Will our indifference
and abuse
return us to a barren rock circling the sun?

TEXT

Jacob Koster

VISUAL

Carol Shirey

A Barren Rock

Clay and Other Natural Materials

\$500



The Wealth of Nations

Oil derricks nod their heads,
pushing black gold through lines
crisscrossing the land.
Ten-lane tentacles of auto exhaust
create webs entangling skyscrapers and
malls and air-conditioned suburbias.
Cruise ships and jets draw grids of pollutants.
Whalers argue about quotas,
throwing their nets indiscriminately
around the deep beauty of the sea.
Acres of oceanic plastic debris,
Flotsam and jetsam of greed.
The bottom line.

TEXT

Sheryl Barlow Smalligan

VISUAL

Charles Smalligan

Cost Analysis

Woodcarving

\$2300



VISUAL & TEXT
Monica Stegeman

Goddess of Beautiful Brokenness
Mixed Media
\$800



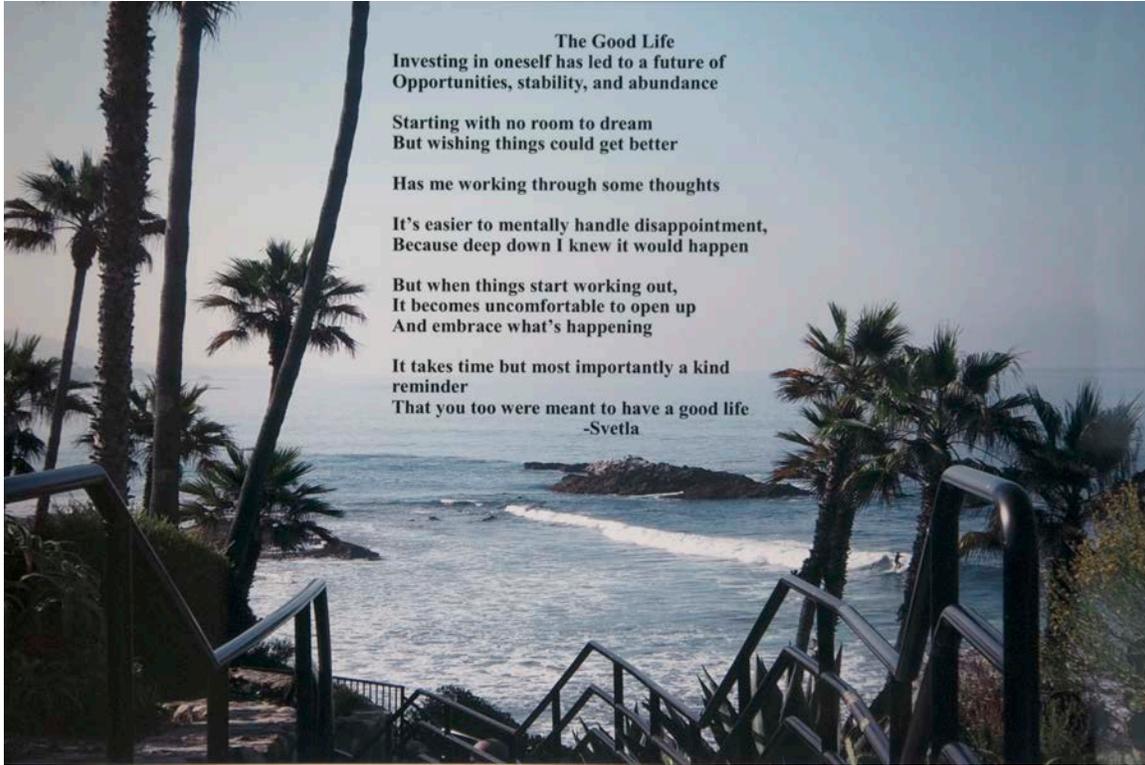
VISUAL & TEXT
Renee Therriault

hex
Welded Metal
\$400



VISUAL & TEXT
Kelly Vander Kley

The Words You Fed Me
Linocut Print
\$400



The Good Life
Investing in oneself has led to a future of
Opportunities, stability, and abundance

Starting with no room to dream
But wishing things could get better

Has me working through some thoughts

It's easier to mentally handle disappointment,
Because deep down I knew it would happen

But when things start working out,
It becomes uncomfortable to open up
And embrace what's happening

It takes time but most importantly a kind
reminder
That you too were meant to have a good life
-Svetla

VISUAL & TEXT
Svetla Walsh

The Good Life
Metal Print Photography
\$482

The Good Life

Investing in oneself has led to a future of
Opportunities, stability, and abundance

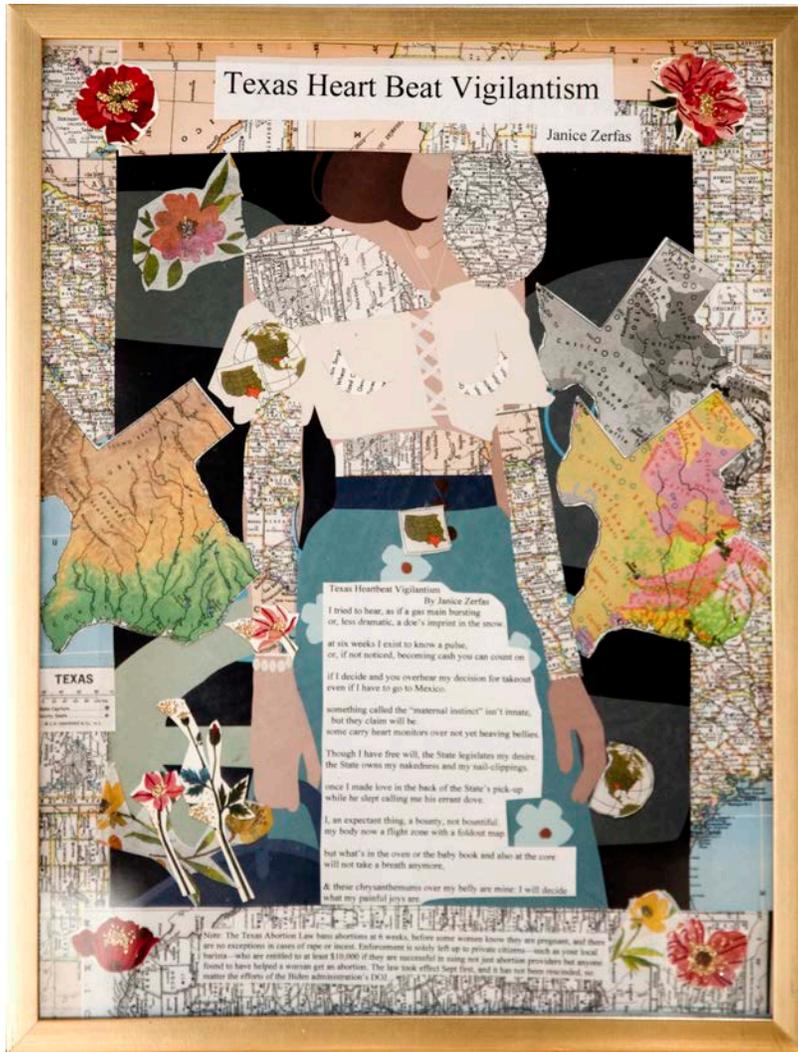
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Texas Heartbeat Vigilantism

I tried to hear, as if a gas main bursting
or, less dramatic, a doe's imprint in the snow.

at six weeks I exist to know a pulse,
or, if not noticed, becoming cash you can count on

if I decide and you overhear my decision for takeout
even if I have to go to Mexico.

something called the "maternal instinct" isn't innate,
but they claim will be.
some carry heart monitors over not yet heaving bellies.

Though I have free will, the State legislates my desire.
the State owns my nakedness and my nail-clippings.

once I made love in the back of the State's pick-up
while he slept calling me his errant dove.

I, an expectant thing, a bounty, not bountiful.
my body now a flight zone with a foldout map.

but what's in the oven or the baby book and also at the core
will not take a breath anymore,

& these chrysanthemums over my belly are mine: I will decide
what my painful joys are.

VISUAL & TEXT Janice Zerfas

Texas Heart Beat Vigilantism
Collage
\$35

Our Vision

Our community will be a vibrant hub for the arts, bringing audiences and artists together in quality environments



Our Mission

LowellArts connects artists and audiences through the visual and performing arts

www.lowellartsmi.org

Design: Gary Eldridge / www.garyeldridge.com

Art Direction: Janet Teunis

Photography: Dianne Carroll Burdick / www.dianne-carroll-photography.com

Printing: Hooper Printing