

Blackstone Valley Art Association

Art –Poetry Pairing

2017

With the

Worcester Writing Collaborative

&

Sutton Writing Group

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~ b5 ~

INTRODUCTION

“Painting is silent poetry,
And poetry is painting that speaks.”
— Plutarch

The Blackstone Valley Art Association paired up with the Sutton Writing Group and the Worcester Writers Collaborative to present an intriguing pairing of art and poetry. The in-person venue was the Worcester Public Library main branch on Salem Street in Worcester, Massachusetts. The dates were the entire month of March, 2017. It was an adventure in creativity!

Here’s how it worked. Each visual artist was teamed up with a poet. The artist gave that poet a work of art. It might be a photograph, a watercolor, an oil painting, an acrylic, or anything else. The poet then had to write a poem about that work.

Happening at the same time, the poet wrote an original poem on anything they wanted. It might be an ode to snow. A haiku about raindrops. Whatever the poet chose to write, the artist now had to represent those words visually. The artist was allowed to interpret that poem in any way they wished.

The resulting pairs were put on display!

In some cases the artist did their best to literally portray the scene laid out in the poem. In other cases, the artist explored the mood or feeling of the written work. The same was true for the poets. Some poets described what might be happening in the visual image. Other poets delved into the feelings that the piece of art brought about.

Please visit the Blackstone Valley Art Association’s website at BVAA.org for more information on this show. You’ll also be able to learn more about the artists, poets, and the works as well.

And now, on to the pairings!

Carol Dandrade Initial



Patty Cahill Response

REFLECTIONS

As the Gull looks into the water

It sees its own Reflection

Carefully looking for his new found dinner

Standing on his long legs

The female Sandpiper not far away mimicking him

At dusk the waves silent



Patty Cahill Initial

HOLLY-BERRY

My Holly-Berry, a Christmas Gift for me
A wonderful surprise from my grandchildren
Overwhelmed this little Golden ball of fur
A bow around her neck
She looked so precious, timid, and small
Her face captured it all

Carol Dandrade Response



Linda DeFeudis Initial



Christine W. Beauchaine Response

Love without measure
And friends to treasure
Small moments of pleasure
 Cookies and tea
Friends you've known forever
Time well-spent together
 Surviving the weather
 Come share with me
The warmth of the kitchen
 You talk and I'll listen
Like new snow, words glisten
 Cookies and tea

A time now for sharing
A time now for caring
Love all things bearing
Come spend time with me
 So happy ever after
Talking and laughter
And during and after
 Cookies and tea.

Christine W. Beauchaine Initial

Leaf

Yellow-veined and orange
The autumn leaf
I picked it up because it was beautiful
I carried it
As I walked with my love
And talked with my love
But at the bridge
I painted another picture
I let go and it fell
A symbol, if you will
For strife, for confusion
“You’ll write a poem about that leaf,”
He said
And took my hand

Linda DeFeudis Response



Sue Dion Initial



Mary McDonald Response

For an Artist in Her Studio

when early morning finds you standing at your easel
with a juicy paintbrush in your hand
and you wonder why you are here, why you paint, does it
matter at all.....
what do you know?

when you play with color
when you dabble in purple-plum blotches
and you pull clementine orange through woven canvas threads
and you drip drip drop your small blue dot.....
what do you know?

do you know that by crisscrossing wet, sticky lines
you cross the miles between you and me?
that there's a wall somewhere that crumbles just a bit?

when you stand at your easel and you stare at empty
whiteness,
and you doubt if you can ever paint again,
and you think that you are the craziest person you know
and you really ought to get a real job.....
what do you know?

do you know that every leaf on every branch of every tree
in every land feels echoes of your pain?
do you know that the waters that run down mountainsides
hear your call for sheltering arms?

when your back aches from long hours on your feet,
and you have been alone for hours,
and you are surrounded by teal and seafoam green and
lavender
and electric blue pieces of your excavated self.....
what do you know?

do you know that the world weeps for you, begs you,
requires you to stand at your easel with your juicy paintbrush
and aching back and pour all the colors
of your insides out for all to see?



Mary McDonald Initial

Worry Not

sit quietly

worry not of the cares of your day

listen to my voice, words that tell

of clear water rushing a mountain creek

that whisper of glimmering rays at sunset

that tell of warmth and coolness,

melody and silence,

impulse and stillness, water and earth

sit quietly

these words come from love.

Sue Dion Response



Bob Evans Initial



Kevin Paul Saleeba Response

Supernova

Lysergic fire spirals

Through the limpid midnight blue

Stars dance out of sight

In psychedelic destructive hue

Sudden gravitational collapse

A violent outburst of atomic core

Interstellar velocity

A shockwave of prehistoric folklore

Interstellar velocity

A shockwave of prehistoric folklore

Degenerative brilliance

Catastrophic Astronomy

Cosmic evolution

Celestial Domine

Kevin Paul Saleeba Initial

a moth trapped in a light fixture

fluttering wisps of tiny white wings
springing from their dark cocoon
a bouncing blur of insect life across the brisk fall sky

charming rays of Lunar Light which prance before ocellus eyes
calling flyers of the night as they dance across the nocturnal sky
restless winds whisk a moth away
from Heaven's blissful astral orb
the bewildered bug tumbles blindly away from the illusive sky

emptiness traps the moth in limbo on the ground
as shades of clouds hide the bright ambassadors of the night
no Moon to see nor Stars to guide as a void spreads across the open sky

small eyes are suddenly mesmerized
the enticing shimmer of synthetic shine
quivering wings stretch, flap, and spring the moth into the vacant sky

slipping through a crack in the glare
the moth smashing and bashing its head
crashing against the plastic walls; restriction from the joyous sky

melting beneath the warmth of bright death
tired wings cease to wave
unimportant to all, the moth takes its last breath

Bob Evans Response



Carol Frieswick Initial



Linda DeFeudis Response

Privacy

Pensive she stands
morning sunlight, alone

The curtain drawn, open
Let sunlight in; shone

The ocean behind, distant
Solitary the wave

Like nature of quiet
The woman, it gave

Comfort robed listening
Perhaps for the sound
Or maybe still, silent
Thoughts only, mind, found

What is it she's thinking?
A question: a clue?

Why peaceful,
Just standing
Like morning
Anew

Wistful in thought
What about?
Pose a guess

Hands balance the table
Her posture,
At rest

Her face whispers "private"
Known only to her

A lost love?
A memory?
A dream?
A new man?

Guess, if you will,
"Good Luck,"
If you can

Her freedom,
Her solace,
Her thoughts
All her own

To keep
For herself
To others
Unknown

A mystery she'll be
Standing still by the sea

A woman,
Hands steady,
Holding table,
Her stand

Her voice,
Her thoughts,
Silent

We can't understand

Linda DeFeudis Initial

To Todd and Cristy

Upon a hill
A sunlit sky
The stillness blue
With white of cloud

Their endless love
To each
Has vowed

The beautiful bride
The handsome groom

A love too large
For any room

The world stood still
To listen in

Two hearts are one
Their lives begin

Unable to share
Your marital bliss

Todd, Cristy
To each, a kiss

Love,
Aunt Linda

Carol Frieswick Response



Libia Goncalves Initial



Tracy Vartanian Response

Breathless until divine light descends
She is porous allowing His gift whispered into her soul
Absorbing its purpose
The winged column
Guiding her into accordance with higher will
And sacred intention
Inwardly aligned and
Outwardly lambent
She exhales the shadows that never belonged there
Sorrow, fear, ignorance
No longer her limitations
The darkness altered into infinite illumination
She is hope
She is faith
She is the light

Tracy Vartanian Initial

Lullabies and Dragons

Windswept forms and watered eyes look upon the heaved and open
ground
Waiting to receive the gnarled and lifeless guest

Her thunderous bawl trails behind the soul
Barely done with lullabies and dragons
Flown with angels much too soon
Beyond her touch beyond her sight not beyond her heart

The second and the third watch with fearful eyes
The one who bore them crumble into a new reality
Too young to comprehend
Unable to grasp the finality of this demise

He's not there they urge
And bid her stop her clinging
Being torn with urgency and care from his limbs
Her legs refuse to be restored
She makes no apology for her position
And none expected

Sorrow marks the moments the days the weeks that follow
Time nor even the hand of God will heal this wound
Her soul shattered
Her womb deceased

The crows return cannot fix this thing
Or provoke a new beginning
Moonlit shadows conjure lies
As she reaches and finds empty air

Her haunted rocking pervades the night
Through no reprieve
Tears dissolve the sweet youthful fragrance
Of a towheads tiny blanket

Ignorant of those still living
From beneath her darkened veil she never sees
All that they require
Within mourning's gloomy depths she cannot attend
Her only illustration at response
Her anguished recurring murmur
Seeks hopeless resolution
Please oh please bring back lullabies and dragons

Libia Goncalves Response



Sarah Beth Guimond Initial



S. M. Nevermore Response

Lady of the Sea

Lady of the sea
You can't tempt me.
With your song so graceful and sweet
You enchant all you meet.

Your grace the waters so blue
Underwater enchantment too good to be true.
For those who claim to see
You would gladly disagree.

For you are a fleeting shadow
One with the waves drifting to and fro.
Hide amongst the fish
For you are a hunter's greatest wish.

Luring sailors to rocky shore
They have no idea what's in store.
A beacon of darkness
A lullaby trap oh so heartless.

Queen of the sea
You tempt sailors that see.
With your song so graceful and sweet
You keep all that you meet.

S. M. Nevermore Initial

It's Too Late

Your kind have no respect.
Can't you hear my cry?
You tear at my hair,
You rip at my skin,
You blacken and drain me of my tears.

Oh creatures of hate and destruction,
Your time is coming to an end.
I rage and I fight,
I'll take back what's mine.
You have no say.

I will protect my children.
The ones you beat,
Abuse,
Torment.
They can't speak but they can feel.

Leave us alone!
You think only of yourselves.
You kill,
You destroy,
You take but never give back.

Your time is near.
Your time will end.
I will protect myself.
I will never nurture you again.
You don't deserve me anymore.

I will be free.
Like a lioness ready to strike,
Like a wolf I'm ready to bite.
I am a Goddess.
I am life.

I am the Earth you killed.

Sarah Beth Guimond Response



Donna Manley Initial



Karen Elizabeth Sharpe Response

Days End Dance

Billy Idol pulls my hair into pointy blonde
spikes
throws a collar on me and I'm grooving

even before my eternal voice went bankrupt.
Suddenly, I'm thinking this poem wants

to be a love poem so bad.
I'm not saying my father abandoned me.

He just died, stranding me on the flip side of
13
when I was a needle ready for a vein.

I back-fill over and over in search of him.
I push my way into a scrum of boys

dancing to the radio on the patio.
I want to be a part of their music.

You look like a hooker. It's my mother
standing in our orange and yellow kitchen
phone cord twisting round her fingers, you
can't
go out like that, she says. But I'm trying

to look like that, I say.
I could, if I wanted

hang Madonna's crosses round my neck
make them want me even more.

Karen Elizabeth Sharpe Initial

Soon Silence Will Have Passed Into Legend

The sounds of the city
are cars that need mufflers
church bells and sirens
a restaurant's happy hour kitchen
bass lines bubbling from porches and windows
a fountain of beats spilling
from the sunroofs of cars
and this, too, the moment in the bar
when my husband needs the bathroom
and not recognizing the glad hand
of an old acquaintance reaching for him
he blurts out the way he leans
on the horn at Kelley Square

"I have cancer"
having just come from the hospital
"I have cancer"
like he's got his foot on the gas
riding hard to get to the other side
"I have cancer,"
blaring, like the noon fire alarm
in our small town on Saturday afternoons
"I have cancer,"
his martini half gone
his shaker of ice just beginning to sweat
its steely perspiration the only thing
keeping silent in the din of it all.

Donna Manley Response



Carole Plante Initial



Sarah Beth Guimond Response

On barren branches
thin, sits a choir
Dressed in blue,
One director

prepares to lead
the hymn.

Behind
The winter sky
Gathers a pastel fire,
Like an opal eye
That winks at warmer weather.

We are all born
with a song in our throats,
automatically knowing
all of the notes,
and all the harmonies,

We have only to open our mouths
and there is music.

And from our perches
in the tree tops high,
from a long way off,
we can see
spring coming.

Sarah Beth Guimond Initial

A Last Love Letter to Van Gogh

I want to tell you I love you,
but I should just shut my mouth.

I want to tell you that no one has ever used yellows
quite as brilliantly as you, not in a hundred years.
That I can't even look at a night sky because the stars will pale
in comparison to the complexities of your canvas.

That I would have cut off my own roots,
and my life short
to have been the subject of your still life.

To have been as a vase upon your table,
that you would have looked upon me with such focus,
and learned my every detail so intimately
as only a painter can;

I want to tattoo your fingerprints
in a banner across my chest & ribs,
The way they have been
re-surfacing there

in the dust of my
soul for years, rising like
suns over the foreign landscape
of my forgotten flesh.

I want to cut out my heart and send it to you,
like a school girl's paper Valentine, so anatomical
and precise— beautiful in a way
that only nature & the things unseen
inside us are beautiful; to
uncage this injured bird & let it fly to you—

In
my note
I would say
“My Darling,
Here is the heart
That has always been yours,
Send me your ear
and I will whisper to you
with my last breath,
of all the things I was afraid to say
in life.”

Carole Plante Response



Frank Robertson Initial



Lisa Shea Response

Swirls of color.
Salmon, violet, blonde,
twists of cornflower blue,
flutters of lavender.
Incandescent light
glows from the
curl of a petal.
The shine in bright eyes.
The warmth of a smile.
Playful joy
shimmers in each ruffled flower,
in the sparkle
of a woman
who has found
contentment.

Lisa Shea Initial

Like soft, billowing moss in
gold, rust, and deepest crimson,
the autumn foliage nestles around
the mirror-still lake.

Shafts of white birch –
earth-locked craggy lightning –
are crowned with a glow
as if a thousand amber-hued
prayer flags
fluttered in the gentle breeze.

An ancient fallen log
settles more deeply into the Earth,
nurturing the soil.

Cascades of turkey tail mushrooms
blanket its length.

A cloud drifts.

A heron calls.

Frank then added this line:

Her mate responds.

Frank Robertson Response



Bob See Initial



Bob Marrone Response

Brant Point Lighthouse, Nantucket Island, MA

It stands alert, a patient guard
An ocean fence, an island yard;
The elements attack at will,
But there it stands ever still

It's epic pose a luring sight
Its constant vigil through the night;
Its ruby wink, far distant reach,
Warns the traveler from the beach

The years have passed; the changes came
And still the endless frightful game
No simple structure made by man
Has ever worked a nobler plan

Bob Marrone Initial

The pencil is a wondrous thing
It gives us art and written speech
It scribes in earthy tones of gray
Or vivid colors rainbow bright

The pencil comes from lofty trees
And earthy clay from deep below
Empowering children young and bright
And artists skilled and in the know

What can we do to sing its praise
To make the world see all its splendor
To show the tribute it deserves
And share the joy that it can render.

Bob See Response



Lisa Shea Initial



Jane Nozzolillo Response

The Beach

I walked on the beach begging
The ocean to hear my
Plea
I look down as a wave slapped
Against me
An accident changed my life
When it took my love
Away
It left me wandering aimlessly
Every night and every
Day

My eyes fell upon a little
Snail moving slowly in the
Sand
I reached down, picked it up
And held it in my
Hand
The little head disappeared into
Its shell escaping every
Strife
And I wonder if I was doing
The same thing with my
Life.

Jane Nozzolillo Initial

Around the Corner

Guess what came around
the corner the other
day

Old age, and no matter what I said
it decided to
stay

The first hint that I had that it was going to
attack

was when I bent over
Oh! The pain in my
back

I looked in the mirror, at my wrinkles
and my
double chin

I vowed to exercise
This horrible creature was not going
to win

Lisa Shea Response



Pamela Siderewicz Initial



Kara Emily Krantz Response

Your words are barren drifts
against my heart.

I feel them press upon my
chest. Cold reminders of
promises gone by.

The shadows dance black
against white, and I lose
myself in all the grey.

And I absently wonder
at what point you took
your love
away.

Kara Emily Krantz Initial

Falling Foliage

I love you with a deep tide in my soul,
ebbing and flowing with the moon.

I ache for your understanding,
want to pick the berries of your branches,
but you leave
a bit too soon.

Hungry.

I am hungry for the earth, for the trees, for the sky.

Hungry for a look (I never see) in your eyes.

I'm aching, bereft,
hungry for me.

I love you but I must leave you,
as leaves bid farewell to the trees.

I just pray that you hold on
to the fallen pieces of me.

Pamela Siderewicz Response



Becky Smith Initial



J. Marechal Response

a clutch of stars
in blurred high mist
the quick caught breath
and clenched tight fist
I know the world is purpling
just outside this kiss
trees reaching high
while the wind whistles low...
the cat sidles by,
grey slope of snow
trees bleeding high
wind whipped whistling low
a moment in my pocket like
candy for the show

Becky Smith Initial 2

(due to timing issues, Becky provided two images to J. Marechal)



J. Marechal Response 2

Paint

some wounds
are a haven
a carved out room
in pretty cut
pain in a dress
of frosted cotton
like thunder tucked
in a snowstorm face
it's raining bruises
but i sail on
behind this savior curtain
sleeping deep
between
the knife
and the hanging
wall

Dennis Smith Initial



Liz Decaf Response

millennials

we gather
trusted companions
intertwined souls
sisters
friends
partners in crime

we talk
venting
laughing
worrying
plotting
loving
dreaming

we soak up the sun
every ray,
every beam of hope
bottling up the light
to hold onto in the darkness

we are quiet feminists,
whispering of change
living
breathing
empowered

we enact change
simply
by our existence

we persist.

Liz Decaf Initial

rain sticks

fingers outstretched and spinning, spinning
rain pirouetting on eyelashes and arabesque
drip-drop to puddles drumming beats into the
sky

muted notes of slipping aquatic
songs that line the pages of the
pavement

and the world keeps spinning, spinning
madly on, to piece of mind and peace of
quiet, a crescendo to the
rainbow

lullabies from the clouds, piano
to earthen tones beneath your
feet

and your words will keep on spinning,
spinning
out of ashen skies and mellowed harmonies,
chords to rest then hold, rest and hold –
dawning.

Dennis Smith Response



Verne Thayer Initial



Andrea Lettic Response

This moment in time,
by the swoosh of the brush –
under the leaves of a nearby tree
stood your apple.

Like two streams turning into one river, our shared journey –
once quick and youthful, has matured.

Our thinned skin eroded with lines holds our stories safe

As we move onward out to sea.

Andrea Lettic Initial

Tranquil placid pools do bore
So pirates take to the ocean for a mate.
Suffocating and lowering each other,
away from sun-kissed bliss
into stormy seas of alcohol
where only bottom dwellers with thick shells survive.
Dry salted tears
fall in cycles as frequent as the tides.
Sick to death of each other,
but too tired to deal with the strangers
who would be willing to walk the plank next.

Verne Thayer Response



Al Weems Initial



Jody Zolli Response

Dance Lessons

She taught me to dance
Her lessons inescapable, undeniable
Started early in wordless arabesques
I cringed and curried favor
Learned to agree, wild-eyed
When she proffered her litanies:
I could never understand how hard her life was.
Proffering my wit, my wisdom, my wonder
Each time she stormed in
From a Long Hard Day
I would stand at attention
When I heard the key in the lock
Every nerve a raw antenna
For her unspoken demands.

What steps would defuse her, dissuade her?
What pirouette would please or placate her?
I would bear the scourges
Determined to prove myself worthy
Of her love, her sacrifice, her tolerance.
I was born difficult, placenta praevia
The cord around my neck
Delivered caesarian while my sister
Underwent hip surgery halfway across town
My father shuttled back and forth, exhausted,
And my mother slaved for months over
My newborn self, my sister in a half cast
As her sutures healed.

I always knew I was inconvenient
So I danced daily to please her
What steps would work today, what knots
Would be best to tie myself in?
Knowing full well that if she had to tell me
I'd already lost the game.
I was to be quiet, agreeable, unquestioning
Cheerful, witty, clever
To work hard, justify my existence
Everything must be earned
So I paid the piper daily, dearly.

That was the start of the choreography.
Next we removed my needs from the equation
I learned to bite my tongue
Much easier that way to please
She was always always always right
So I learned to do for her, care for her, live for her.
In the end, I no longer noticed
That I was being danced
Day in and day out
Encores endured across the decades
Her demands the tune that drove me, tirelessly
In new and complex directions
For which she, of course, took credit.
The music stopped when she did
Leaving me lost and breathless
Continuous motion in a pair of red shoes
I can neither still nor silence.

Jody Zolli Initial

Slow Wheel

What drives the seasons' slow wheel across the year?

How do barren February trees sprout small red cocoons
To silently burst feathered leaves in spring?

Rooted in moist, fragrant moss, what
Furls and unfurls ferns over time
Like slow motion party favors?

What inflates the spongiform flesh of mushrooms
Without benefit of sunlight or even the smallest blessing?

What mystery sends insect-seeded galls to sprout
Among branches that reach a full foot further than last year?

How does a finely petaled flower exude
The delectably soft swelling
Of an improbably large plum or peach?

Is it some concealed mechanism? An inner clock
Pressing hidden hands forward? Or a magnetism
That invigorates all things?

Is it just the moon's vast intangible pull
That causes sap to rise and roots to run?

Perhaps a sacred underground estuary
Pumps life through stems like straws.

Whatever causes the silent sizzle of the sun
That lifts leaves and fronds and fescues
And summons twigs and needles from nothing

Also beckons brambles and spiky thistles
Combs cockleburs from the ground, reminds us
Nature demands only obedience, not beauty.

AI Weems Response



Mike Zeis Initial



Trisha Wooldridge Response

Photographic Salvation

She kneels before a photo.

A fragment of film.

An artifact—

Corners frayed, curled, buckled.

Color worn, lines blurred.

The holes where ancient reels made magic movement reveal orange flame flickers of time.

The picture—

Brick building, stained glass, wide doors—

a silver cross above the windows, beside the doors.

Bigger than people.

She kneels and prays.

Outside is dark; curfew.

Inside is safe; hidden.

The photo lives beneath the false bottom of a disguised hollow in a desk made by a grandfather
more greats ago than she can count.

The photo is illegal.

They say it represents oppression.

They say people killed for its secrets.

They say it destroyed the world, separating people by fire and sword.

They say it needed to be eradicated,

dismantled,

every brick toppled,

each and all of its books erased,

its remains burnt—ashes scattered to the oceans and winds...

(things that could potentially be measured and calculated).

She could be killed, burned, and scattered for having this photo.

They failed their mission.

The rhythm-murmured words they sought to silence still creep from hushed mouths.

Beads and cards and scraps of paper live inside drawers, under mattresses,
and between breaths.

Silent gestures meet subtle nods.

Contraband blessings.

Yes, there was death, and yes, there still is, and yes...

death still happens in the same shadows as prayers and psalms.

Sometimes correlation; sometimes causation.

The quantifiable dead bodies haven't changed.

She breaks the law to pray before an outlawed image.

Because It also represented

Freedom,

Secrets that were Truth,

Creation from ash and metal and clay.

It made a covenant It would never be destroyed.

And in this safe-promised new world where even a photo of It is forbidden...

There is oppression.

There are deadly secrets.

There is destruction with fire and sword.

So every night,

she takes her illicit picture from its hidden home...

She risks her life to kneel and pray

before a photo of Salvation.

Trisha Wooldridge Initial

Unfinished; perfect

Gaudi's La Sagrada Familia, Barcelona

Gaudi died before completing his masterpiece basilica.

Scaffolding obscures the beauty
in unfinished lines, uncarved faces, unmarred stone.

Nautilus stairs
spiral tighter and tighter
the higher you climb—
Squeeze you out before you can finish your Tower of Babel

I could not have met her at a different time—
my body too imperfect to navigate her sharp curves
and unsupported sections.

Though I was still far from perfect then,
I was perfectly prepared
to be made more complete by her architect's design.

Lesser workers may try to follow
the physics of his curve
the cut of his sculpture
the meaning of his blueprints—
But they are not the master architect who drew the plans.

The Truth of the final opus hidden forever—
meant to be seen, intact, by human eyes
inasmuch as the
Word
it symbolizes is
meant to be Fully Known by human minds.

Before Phoebe's Service, Ayer

It hasn't happened yet, so I haven't seen the body laid out in final rest.
And I don't know if it will be an urn of ash.

But I packed away the neatly handwritten drafts of novels not ready to be read,
put in boxes the outlines and production plans for plays never to be performed,
sorted through to-do lists with items still to be done,
and caressed the spines of books that may have gone unread.

I'll never know.
But I knew you.

You worked to save the whales,
better women's rights,
promote the arts to one and all, protect the environment...
So much left not done.

In animal rescue,
something we shared,
we say,
"You may not be able to change the world, but you can change the world of
one dog...cat...horse..."
Person.

How many worlds did you change,
make better,
even with
so much work unfinished?

Transferring files, Starbucks

My travel computer is dying.
The files tucked within need safe passage to their newer home.
Uncorrupted.

In basilicas of 0s and 1s
live confessions
I alone
have been allowed to read.
Sacred manuscripts of authors,
“clients,”
who may go forever unnamed,
unremembered...
But for how those unfinished,
roughly hewn,
stories would design my being.
In those blessed bits live also
my own sins,
failures,
crayon-scribbled nonsense
notes of love and hate.
They needed to be written,
and need never be finished,
for their work has been accomplished.

Treasures all.
Dated, filed, saved.

In perfect digital reproduction.
Unfinished, but no less True.

Mike Zeis Response



Biographies

The following pages provide biographies for each participant of this show.

To learn more about the three organizations involved, please visit:

Blackstone Valley Art Association

BVAA.org

Worcester Writers Collaborative

WorcesterWriters.org

Sutton Writing Group

SuttonMass.org

Christine Wheeler Beauchaine

My name is Christine Beauchaine. I grew up and still reside in the Blackstone Valley. My great-grandmother, my grandmother and my uncle were all painters. I had always focused more on writing than art but a few years ago, I picked up a paintbrush. I wanted to see if I could do it. I loved it. It was fun and relaxing. I like painting with acrylics. I paint whatever I find visually interesting, especially animals and landscapes.

Painting has made me look at the world through different eyes. I try to be more mindful and present. There is beauty everywhere and anything could become art!

Patty Cahill

Patty Cahill was born and raised in Weston, Massachusetts. She was married at the young age of twenty. She moved to Grafton, Massachusetts at the age of twenty-two. She gave birth to three children and became widowed at the young age of 29. She had a junior college degree and later went back to Worcester State College for a Bachelor Degree in Psychology. She started working for the State of Massachusetts in 1990 as a social worker and went to Framingham State College for a Masters Degree in Counseling Psychology.

She continued working as a social worker for twenty-five years. She is presently retired and working part-time as a substitute for the Grafton School System.

She is a grandmother of seven and a great-grandmother of two. She enjoys dogs and has had many. She presently owns a lovable Golden Retriever.

Patty has recently started writing and enjoys it very much along with photography, knitting, and time with family and friends.

Carol Dandrade

Carol Dandrade was late to photography, beginning after retirement, and is primarily self-taught. Viewing life through a lens has allowed her to see light, people, places and things with fresh eyes. This new-found creative outlet brings her unparalleled peace. She is especially drawn to capture waterscapes and any foggy morning is sure to find her traipsing about our beautiful New England. Creating images that evoke emotion is what moves her to try new techniques.

Carol's photos have been displayed and awarded in area art exhibits. Her work has been published in the New England Wildflower Magazine, three Blackstone River Valley Corridor calendars, the Mused Literary Review Magazine (including two covers), several area newspapers and on WCVB-TV. She is a member of the Blackstone Valley Art Association and the Stony Brook Camera Club where she enjoys learning from friends and professionals as well as sharing her work.

Liz Decaf

Liz Decaf is a poet who was paired with Dennis Smith for this project.

Linda DeFeudis

I like to write especially poetry from personal experiences. I have written both happy and empathetic poems.

I have recently published a book of poems called “Life Is Beautiful”, regarding my personal experience with Breast Cancer. In this instance, poetry was a therapeutic process; helping me deal with my feelings.

I also wrote a series of poems when grieving for a friend who died of Huntington's Disease; again a therapeutic process.

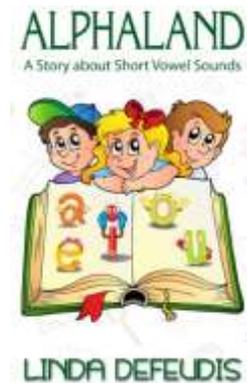
I have also written personal happy poems for Birthdays and for individuals I know. I've also written on general subject matters that interest me or from experiences that trigger a particular thought or subject.

Recently I have ventured out into writing Essays on personal experiences and have completed my first Children's book, “Alphaland”, a teaching tool on the short vowel sounds.

Life is Beautiful – Poems of Survival after Cancer

Alphaland – A Story about Short Vowel Sounds

<https://www.amazon.com/Linda-DeFeudis/e/B01M023GVK/>



Sue Dion

I'm Sue Dion, an artist living in Uxbridge, MA. My art has always been the language through which I have felt best able to express myself. Little in this world motivates me, or excites my passion more than creating a painting. It is my joy of painting flowers that ultimately brought about the series, "The Dance of Flowers". For me, there is a correlation between the beauty and joy of dance and the beauty and joy of flowers. It is this relationship that I endeavor to share through this work.

When painting, I typically begin very loosely, playfully mixing colors, and spontaneously applying them to the canvas. I find myself constantly stepping back to evaluate my progress assessing the forms as they take shape and relate to one another. When the sense of communication begins to become apparent in one of my paintings, I feel an instant connection to it and an unbridled sense of joy. It is often, at this point that I find myself beginning to work much faster, and the fear of a misstep or stray brushstroke ebbs, often with the sense that the painting is creating itself through me.

I hope that while viewing my art, people experience the subject of the painting on a different level and develop a more intimate connection to it. It is this emotional response to my work which I value. It is this emotional connection which drives my art.



Bob Evans

A late comer to art photography Bob spent his early career working in engineering designing lifesciences equipment and then latterly moving into general management. During this time he and his family have lived in England, Florida, New York and latterly in Massachusetts. Bob travels frequently on business and always takes a camera with him as you never know what that perfect image will appear.

During this time he had a very active interest in photography, probably coming from his father who is also an accomplished photographer. Over the years as he honed his expertise he found **that what could best be loosely described as 'landscape' was his metier. Particularly in the** abstraction from reality of key elements helped by almost exclusive use of black and white.

Early influences were Fay Godwin, a very accomplished English landscape photographer, sadly no longer with us. Her work evokes a deep empathy with the land and her keen eye and technical skill inspired him greatly. (http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Fay_Godwin).

Please visit my website at www.ArcKArts.com

Carol Frieswick

The world of art has been a wonderful journey for me. I generally paint daily, learning with each painting session. My inspiration comes from the landscapes of a day well spent.

I became inspired to paint with the works of former BVAA member Marilyn Rocks. I took classes from her for several years. As time allowed I soon became passionate about the craft. I try to paint daily, learning with each session. Although I painted in watercolor for years I now paint in oils and pastel. I have continued my education at the Worcester Art Museum, going to many workshops and local demos. I participate in many local art shows and attend as many New England shows as possible.

My artistic goal is to share a wonderful day that I have had. Nature is ever changing, and you only have a small window to capture its magnificence.

Libia Goncalves

Libia A Quintero Colombo-American artist.

I am mostly a self-taught artist, therefore I have many many questions. I have been painting off and on all my life, my first cows, (in kindergarten) were purple. As a child I was told I must study and become “Somebody” and to study art wasn’t a choice, Therefore in 1984 I got a bachelor degree in Science from Catholic University in Colombia. Around this time a friend of mine introduced me into watercolor and I try few of them.

In 1989 I came to USA, got married and have 2 children. 1994 Became an USA citizen. 1997 Bachelor degree in Medical Technologist at Newton Wellesley Hospital and since then I have worked as Clinical Laboratory personnel at UMASS-Memorial Hospital until 2009. 2003 Introduction to watercolor course at the Worcester Art Museum. I tried my first portrait following book directions. 2008 Release of my first book of poems in Colombia: A ti Sueños y Poemas. 2009 Introduction to Portrait at Worcester Art Museum and also introduction to oil painting with Kathy Herbert. March 2009 I dedicated myself to paint in the peace of my basement.

Painting is for me an urgent need to express myself in color. Long ago, I learned that a good design can sustain a bad painting but not vice versa, so I saw the need to know more, to investigate more, and to spend more time practicing.

I have learned that when a hobby becomes a passion then there is no way out but to know it, taste it, conquer it, own it; consequently with it, I am now in the task of knowing the color, form, and light which gives me unknown joy and drives me to create and to be at peace with my surroundings and myself.

As an artist I like to use my Maiden name Libia A Quintero, since the desire of expressing myself in color manifested itself when I was just a little girl. Goncalves is my husband’s name.

Sarah Beth Guimond

As a 'jack of all trades, master of none' sort of artist, I enjoy having as many pots in the fire as possible, always working multiple projects or processing multiple ideas at once.

I particularly enjoy acrylic painting, usually of quaint area buildings that catch my interest. Stylistically speaking many pieces I create reflect "folk art" in that they are unique pieces, each to their own. I also do found object 3D collage, drawing and photography. I like immersing myself in the creative process and getting my hands dirty. I'm always up for experimenting with, and learning new forms and techniques.

Kara Emily Krantz

Kara Emily Krantz is a poet, photographer (www.karaemilykrantz.com), and playwright/screenwriter from Worcester, MA.

She earned her Masters in Counseling Psychology at age 22 and is currently earning her MFA at the New Hampshire Institute of Art for Writing for Stage & Screen (projected graduation date of June 2018).

She aims to pursue the quixotic and infuse the world with light, beauty and compassion.



Andrea Lettic

Andrea Lettic is a poet who was paired with painter Verne Thayer for this project.

Donna Manley

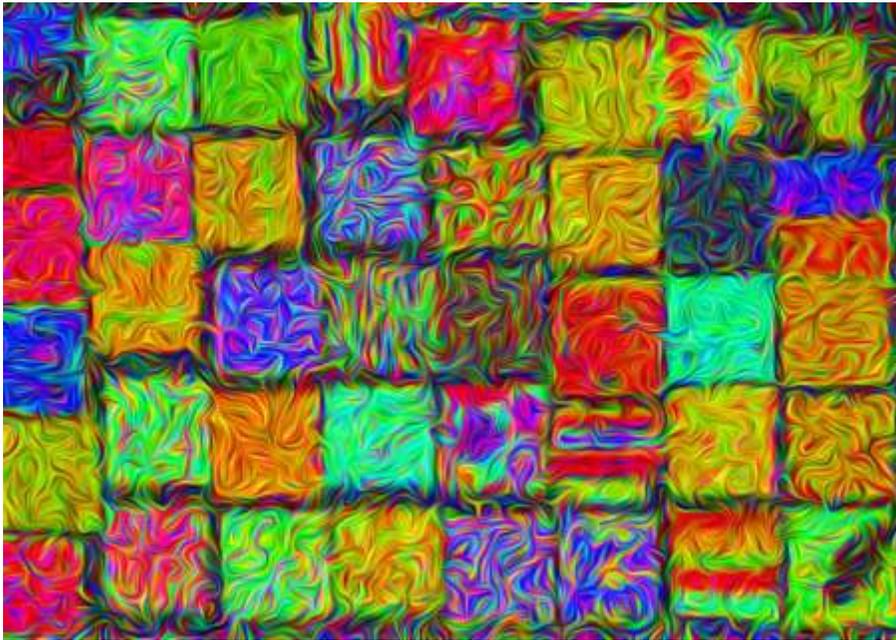
As a retired empty nester I decided to bring back the interests I focused on before life got busy.

After attending Hallmark Institute of Photography in Turners Falls, MA, workshops have given me the opportunity to travel and photograph diverse subjects. I have attended workshops at Lime Rock Park in Lakeville, CT with Rick Dole, a former Getty photographer, now an independent motorsport and golf photographer. Onne Van der Wall, an award winning nautical photographer, conducts on the water workshops and taught me how to shoot sailboat races. I have traveled with a company, owned and operated by the photographer for the Marlboro cigarette magazine campaign, to the ranch where the campaign was shot in Moab, Utah. On another trip we traveled to Cuba to explore Havana and the countryside in the western and southern territories of the island.

Although my passion lies with equine, landscape and motorsport photography, I have found new and unusual subjects through travel opportunities and continue to learn.

J. Marchal

J. Marchal is both a poet and an artist. Her poetry can be found in this exhibit; here is an example of her artwork:



Bob Marrone

Bob loves film noir stories and is working on a classic private eye novel.

He has also written stunning short stories evoking fishing off the Massachusetts coastline.

Mary McDonald

Mary McDonald is a poet who was paired with painter Sue Dion for this project.

S. M. Nevermore

S.M. Nevermore has had a passion for all things paranormal from a young age. Her writing style and chosen themes heavily represent her interests in everything dark and spooky.

She lives in a small town in Massachusetts with her familiar, a very lazy orange cat, and her family. She has a passion for reading, crafts, DIY's, and a love for animals that includes horses.

She is currently working on other short stories, a Werewolf romance series, and a larger novel that will become a trilogy.

A Demon's Game: A Maliciously Wicked Short Story

<https://www.amazon.com/Demons-Game-Maliciously-Wicked-Story-ebook/dp/B01NB9WI69/>

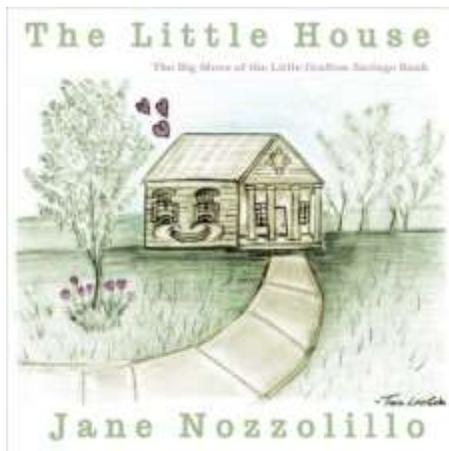


Jane Nozzolillo

Jane is the author of

The Little House— The Big Move of the Little Grafton Savings Bank

<https://www.amazon.com/Little-House-Move-Grafton-Savings/dp/1539461904/>



Frank Robertson

My goal is simple. I want to create attractive paintings that you will be proud to display in your home ... with images that continue to please your eye and lift your spirits.

I want my paintings to help viewers celebrate the splendor of the world in which we live.

This, I believe, is the power of art.

The proceeds from the sale of my paintings are donated to St. Jude Children's Hospital.

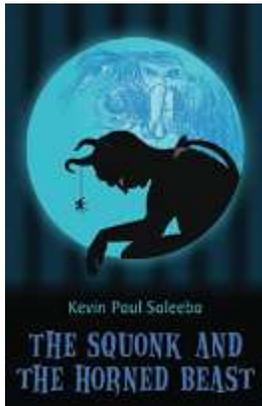
Thanks for your generosity!

Kevin Paul Saleeba

Kevin Paul Saleeba (1975-present) was born in Providence, Rhode Island, to Lebanese parents and grew up in Seekonk, Massachusetts. For the last twenty years he wrote for various local media and taught English Language Arts to special needs kids for Massachusetts schools and coached age-group and high school swimming in Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

His first book, “The Squonk and the Horned Beast,” won the Bronze Award from the 2014 BellaOnline eBook Awards.

<https://www.amazon.com/Kevin-Paul-Saleeba/e/B00OD1HDJS/>



Bob See

I grew up in a world of film photography, where attentiveness to f-stop and aperture were an intimate aspect of every photo. I enjoyed the challenges of air shows where split-second decisions made the difference between success and an empty blue sky.

Digital photography has brought many changes, but the fundamentals remain the same. Evaluate the composition. Remain aware of the lighting and contrast. Then wait for that one, perfect moment, and press.

<https://www.facebook.com/BOBSEEPHOTOGRAPHY/>

Karen Elizabeth Sharpe

Karen Elizabeth Sharpe is a poet and writer from Sterling, Massachusetts.

Karen was selected by Marge Piercy for the sixth annual Marge Piercy Juried Poetry Intensive in June 2015, and the inaugural Marge Piercy Returning Poets group in October 2016. She is finalizing her second book of poetry, *Geography of Ruin*.

Karen's work is forthcoming or has appeared in the Art with Poetry Exhibition 2017, Worcester, MA, Verse Virtual, Columbia Journal of Arts & Literature: Catch & Release, Canary: The Journal of the Environmental Crisis, Silkworm, The Worcester Review, the Sprinkler Factory, Triple Moon Arts, The Sow's Ear Poetry Review, Poetpourri, The Comstock Review, the Ledge, Yankee Magazine and in her collection, *This Late Afternoon*. She is a past first place winner of the Worcester Review's annual poetry contest, the Frank O'Hara Prize (judged by Hugh Ogden) and the Prentiss Cheney Hoyt contest at Clark University. She has been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Karen is a regular workshop leader for the Mass Poetry's annual Student Day of Poetry and has recently joined the editorial board of the Worcester Review as a poetry reader, and is a member of the PoemWorks workshop group in Newton, MA.

Karen was a journalist for many years, writing for Worcester Magazine and the Boston Globe, and later was the editor and associate publisher of the independent newspaper family of The Lancaster Times Inc. She was named Journalist of the Year by the New England Press Association. She holds a BA in English/Creative Writing from Clark University and a MS in Applied Communications from Fitchburg State University. She is certified by the Celebrant Foundation as a Life Celebrant and is a graduate of the two-year Priestess Path Women's Mystery School apprenticeship.

Karen is the Assistant Vice President of Development and University Advancement at Worcester State University in Worcester, Massachusetts.

Lisa Shea

I was the organizer for this 2017 Art-Poetry pairing project. I am both a writer and artist; I belong to all three groups involved. It was a great joy working with these talented individuals and watching the results come in.

I wrote poetry in conjunction with painter Frank Robertson. His urgings that we try this kind of a project are the whole reason it began. I had a great deal of fun writing the poem for him to paint, as I adore his painting talent.



I had devious thoughts of having the poem read: “And the landscape was so intricate, so stunning, that the trees looked as if they were done by Renoir, the skies by Van Gogh, the stream by Dali” and so on ☺. Luckily for Frank, better sense prevailed and I gave him a more reasonable poem to work with.

For my artwork, I paired up with the talented Jane Nozzolillo. When she gave me the poem describing Old Age, the literal response would have been to show an elderly woman staring sadly at herself in a mirror. I tend to resist that sort of thing. So instead, I strove to portray an older woman who still sees herself, in her mind’s eye, as young and vibrant. I used a photo of my own mother from when she was a teenager. My mother is currently in her seventies - she thoroughly adores dancing, exploring the world, and having fun. I’m sure in her mind’s eye that she sees herself as full of life and energy, whatever the outside world might see.

I’ve published over 300 books; most benefit battered women’s shelters. Visit me at LisaShea.com

Pam Siderewicz

Creating art in many different forms has always been part of my life. I remember my first lesson that my father gave me since he was working on portraiture in his spare time. I learned how to draw an eye, nose and mouth at the age of five. I was hooked on drawing.

Then came color and composition and I knew I would do this the rest of my life. Through the Guild of Creative Art located in Shrewsbury, NJ, I had the opportunity to study with Evelyn Leavens, Betty Hart and Mary Sheehan. Carol Petzutti Lenehan fresh out of college introduced me to portraiture that supported my art supply purchases drawing coworkers' pets and children during the holidays for many years. Other than a few electives of art classes in college, my creative process was put aside to pursue a career in various chemical and scientific industries for many years.

Moving to Massachusetts and having the mountains, several major cities and the many beaches and parks so close sparked the creative spirit. Initially my photography was to serve as reference material for future paintings. I've found my association with photographers has me refining that aspect of my work. I also have gone back to pastels, oils and acrylics for color in my life. My best efforts at this time are my pencil drawings and that's my focus over the next year.

I attempt to replicate that moment I see whether it's a soft, misty morning or hard, crisp edges reflecting the midday sun. I want to convey that "Wow!" moment with one work or evoke a relaxed sigh by the viewer thinking about a peaceful time in their life with a serenity piece. I want you to have emotion viewing my work. Enjoy the view

Becky Smith

Hi! I'm Rebecca Smith, a professional artist and curator based in New England. I have a track record of success in museums spanning over 20 years working on art, history, and science projects. On this website I'm excited to share highlights from my curatorial portfolio.

I add value to projects with my skills in:

Artist-Organization Relations

Project Management

Curation/Collections

Research

Editing

Educational Programming

Advocacy

Please visit my LinkedIn profile for more information:

[linkedin.com/in/rebeccasmithcurator](https://www.linkedin.com/in/rebeccasmithcurator)

Instagram: [instagram.com/onecafineart](https://www.instagram.com/onecafineart)

Twitter: twitter.com/onecafineart

Dennis Smith

I create images of life and nature to fulfill my need to experience, share, and preserve what I find beautiful.

My Dad started teaching me photography when I was eleven. I learned composition and technique on his Rolliflex, developed film, and made prints. After music and corporate careers, four kids, and thousands of snapshots, I returned to photography in 2009.

Painting entered my life in 2014. When visiting beautiful places, only rarely is the light perfect, the weather beautiful, and the season peaked. In a painting, I can perfect the scene.

I favor Pictorialism over Modernism, a preference that is evident in both my photography and painting.

My home is in Uxbridge Massachusetts adjacent to the Blackstone River Valley National Historical Park.

Verne Thayer

I have been surrounded by Art and Nature starting from my early childhood. My father, Elton V. Thayer, was an artist and we lived on a farm in Vermont when I was young. He only passed on the basics to me due to him being so busy and died when I was a young adult. So basically I'm self-taught. My influences were my father, Robert Wood, Earl Daniels, and George Cherepov. I tend to be drawn to the Hudson Valley style. But the best part of my adventure in art is that I learn or see something new every day. I'm never as happy as when I have a paintbrush in hand and a canvas in front of me.

One of the important lessons my father did teach me was, "Paint for yourself, and to hell with everybody else". It has been that rule that has allowed me to enjoy my art without a lot of guilt or depression. Oh I have made many mistakes and still do. But I don't let it hold me back. And I'm free to try something new or different.

I've been fortunate to have people like what I am seeing and feeling in my oil paintings. My paintings hang in the homes of New England and Australia. Though my paintings have been in shows, it is not my goal to paint for galleries or shows. As my father taught me, "Paint for yourself".

There is no divine intervention or deep metaphor explaining my art as some artist have. Art is special and meaningful to me period. People who buy my art, see or feel what I have captured on canvas. And for that I am grateful. Anything more than that is their good fortune and nothing that I have done.

Tracy Vartanian

Tracy Vartanian was born in Holden, Massachusetts. After living in Tenant's Harbor, Maine for a brief period, she moved back to Massachusetts. She resides in Hubbardston with her husband and two children.

Tracy has released two children's books, "Is God in the Mailbox?" and "Please Don't Close the Puddles!" both inspired by her children. Her current projects include work on her first romance suspense novel and furthering her other passion working as a semi professional photographer.

Is God In the Mailbox?

<http://www.lulu.com/shop/tracy-vartanian/is-god-in-the-mailbox/paperback/product-13212643.html>

Please Don't Close the Puddles

<https://www.amazon.com/Please-Don't-Close-Puddles-Tracy-Vartanian-ebook/dp/B00BGI4196/>



Al Weems

A professional with over two decades of experience in capturing images to represent a wide range of clients including Fortune 500 companies and some of the largest organizations in the region. With a background in business management along with a creative and award-winning style, clients are offered a unique combination: an understanding of the business world presented with a sensitivity to corporate requirements, schedules and availability, an appreciation for the importance of timely service and a mission to keep his client's best interests in mind.

An ability to create a vision and capture a moment, personality, room or landscape allows him to best represent his clients. This combination sets Al apart in the world of photographers and it's precisely why his clients return to him again and again.

His goal is to allow his images to speak for themselves and his sense of versatility offers clients an opportunity to create a unique vision for their company. Ranging from culinary to portraiture, events to architecture, Al will work with a client from project initiation through completion to create images with a professional approach that ensures satisfaction.

<http://www.AlWeemsPhoto.com>

Trisha Wooldridge

Trisha J. Wooldridge is the current president of Broad Universe and a senior editor for Spencer Hill Press. She's also a member of New England Horror Writers, the HWA, and SCBWI. Under her full name, she writes grown-up horror short stories that occasionally win awards, like the EPIC 2008, 2009 for anthologies BAD-ASS FAERIES 2: JUST PLAIN BAD and BAD-ASS FAERIES 3: IN ALL THEIR GLORY, and you can also find her in EPITAPHS, WICKED SEASONS, CORRUPTS ABSOLUTELY?, HOLIDAY MAGICK, and ONCE UPON AN APOCALYPSE.

She has co-produced the Spencer Hill Press anthologies UNCONVENTIONAL and DOORWAYS TO EXTRA TIME.

In her child-friendly persona of T.J. Wooldridge, she's published three novels: THE KELPIE, THE EARL'S CHILDE, and SILENT STARSONG.

As if she weren't busy enough, Trish is also the writing partner for the webcomic AURELIO at www.thevampireaurelio.com.

Find out more at www.anovelfriend.com.

Mike Zeis

Even though I keep my eye out for pretty scenery, and even though I have taken shots of rainbows and lighthouses and wildflowers, what drives much of my photography is an interest in how we learn about who we are from the things we use or produce. A hand-made bait sign tells us about the bait seller. Lawn ornaments say things about the homeowner, especially in quantity: lots of pink flamingoes in a yard are of more interest than just one or two. Age increases my interest, too. Weather adds texture to surfaces, as colors fade and paint cracks. The more bluster there was in the message on a roadside sign when it was new, the more ironic the message seems when the sign is in decline.



Abandoned buildings have special appeal. In an abandoned home, dishes left on a kitchen counter and Christmas decorations left behind in a closet signal a rapid departure. Such objects raise all sorts of questions, but provide few answers. Notices tacked on the bulletin board in an abandoned mill give clues about both the mill owners and the mill workers. Rows of sinks and toilets in an abandoned asylum invite us to imagine the lives of patients who once lived there, and the workers who cared for them.

These days, I shoot mostly digital. But I always carry at least one film camera with me. And even though I have examples of some of the finest film cameras and lenses, most often I load film in a Kodak Brownie from the 1950s or a plastic camera I found at a yard sale. Some of these cameras have been modified to add distortion to the photos they take.

You can see my photos on Flickr, at www.flickr.com/mike_z. The basic presentation is in reverse chronological order, but if you want to follow a thread, I have assembled many photos into albums.

My web site is www.zeisphotos.com. E-mail: mike@zeisphotos.com

Jody Zolli

Jody Zolli has enjoyed writing poetry since she was seven. Poetry runs in the family, though, as both her mother and grandmother wrote poetry, and had a knack for doggerel verse.

Jody has enjoyed being a technical writer for thirty years, and feels it is the perfect marriage between creative writing and engineering.