

Great Lakes: Image & Word

PATRICIA CLARK
HOON LEE
ALICE FULTON
KIM CRIDLER
DAN GERBER
GRACEANN WARN
JIM HARRISON
JILL EGGERS
ANDER MONSON
NAYDA COLLAZO-LLORENS
AIMEE NEZHUKUMATATHIL
SALLY ROSE
KEITH TAYLOR
DAVID GREENWOOD
CRYSTAL WILLIAMS
MIKE REBHOLZ

CURATED BY:
PATRICIA CLARK
JINNY JENKINS

GVSU ART GALLERY
PERFORMING ARTS CENTER
JANUARY 19 – APRIL 1, 2016

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This book is published in conjunction with the exhibition “Great Lakes: Image & Word”, curated by Patricia Clark and Jinny Jenkins and organized by the [Grand Valley State University Art Gallery](#), Allendale, MI.

A strong liberal education serves as the foundation for [Grand Valley State University](#)'s wide array of undergraduate and graduate programs, fostering critical thinking, creative problem solving, and cultural understanding. Through personalized learning enhanced by active scholarship, we accomplish our mission of educating students to shape their lives, their professions, and their societies.

EXHIBITION SCHEDULE

Grand Valley State University Art Gallery
Performing Arts Center, Allendale, MI
January 19 – April 1, 2016

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Pleasures of Collaboration

Patricia Clark & Virginia Jenkins

Since living in Houston, Texas in the 1980s while working on my Ph.D. in English/Creative Writing, I've been very interested in the visual arts. Somewhere in that period, Houston's Glassell School of Art mounted a collaborative exhibit: writers and visual arts. It was called "1+1: Collaborations by Artists and Writers". I didn't see the exhibit—it happened after I had moved away, but I heard about it from Cynthia Macdonald, my dissertation advisor and a well-known poet at the University of Houston, who talked about sitting for her portrait. Since coming to [GVSU](#), my interest in the visual arts has grown. A number of my friends teach in the [Department of Art and Design](#), I frequently attend their openings, and I was asked to serve as interim chair of the department from 2007–2007. I was chair when artist Steven Sorman was hired as the first Padnos Distinguished Artist, and we had great fun collaborating on a small book with fourteen of his prints and fourteen of my poems.

The idea of a collaborative exhibit had thus lain dormant in my mind a long time, and when Jinny Jenkins was hired something in our discussions about art and writing caused the idea of a collaboration exhibit to resurface. Another spark for this exhibit was teaching a GVSU honors class called How to Love the World with Jill Eggers. Modeling close observations of the natural world, Jill and I enticed students to do the same with their poems and art. Since Grand Valley State University is making a mark in the West Michigan region with its [Annis Water Resources Center](#), and with the Great Lakes under various environmental pressures in this time of global warming, the Lakes seemed an appropriate focus for the exhibit.

~Patricia Clark

Creating and crafting something out of nothing is one of the most essential skills that involvement in the arts has taught me. It starts with an idea and making connections to and from it, extending threads and sequential linkages, extrapolating and developing iterative, thematically connected thoughts. Through this process, an idea that only exists as a concept, not as anything material, can be crafted into something with a tangible presence, a truly transformative process. Sharing this process with another like-minded person only enriches the process and the experience.

Collaborating and co-curating with Patricia on her idea of pairing artists and poets and asking them to create collaborative works based on the idea of the Great Lakes, has been one of those experiences described above—together we made an idea grow from nothing to something. Our collaborative process has involved hours of conversation on many topics including but not limited to: the Great Lakes and how to define them as subject matter for this exhibit and also celebrate the region, limitations and parameters for the exhibit, criteria for inviting artists and poets, goals for the project, communication with the artists and poets, and many other aspects of this collaborative curatorial process. My work on previous collaborative projects has included serving as facilitator for the “Turkish American Projects”, 2006–2008, a collaborative faculty/student cross-cultural project in Graphic Design and Art Education between art departments at the University of Minnesota–Duluth and Baskent University, Ankara, Turkey, and acting as curator for the “Schoephoerster Collection of Works by Clementine Hunter Exhibition”, exhibited in the Mariani Gallery at the University of Northern Colorado and the Tointon Gallery, 1997, both located in Greeley, CO.

“The pleasures that Jinny and I have found in working together has come from seeing an idea take shape, but it also has been thrilling in the midst of administrative tasks (...) to take a break, in a sense, and return to the sources of our initial career delights: making art and working with another person to create something.”

~Jinny (Virginia) Jenkins

The pleasures that Jinny and I have found in working together has come from seeing an idea take shape, but it also has been thrilling in the midst of administrative tasks (since both of us are chairs of our respective departments) to take a break, in a sense, and return to the sources of our initial career delights: making art and working with another person to create something. After three years, or more, of work planning this exhibit, it is wonderful, now, to see the works come in. We are eager to share all these riches with [GVSU](#) and the Grand Rapids community at large.

~Patricia Clark & Jinny Jenkins



Patricia Clark

Patricia Clark is Poet-in-Residence and Professor in the [Department of Writing](#) at Grand Valley State University. Author of four volumes of poetry, Patricia's latest book is *Sunday Rising*. Her work has been featured on *Poetry Daily* and *Verse Daily*, also appearing in *The Atlantic*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Poetry*, *Slate*, and *Stand*. Recent work appears in *Kenyon Review*, *New England Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *North American Review* and *Plume*. From 2005–2007, Patricia was the poet laureate of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Patricia has also published a chapbook of her work titled *Given the Trees*. She is currently chair of the Writing Department at GVSU.



Jinny Jenkins

Jinny (Virginia) Jenkins is a Professor and Department Chair of the [Department of Art and Design](#) at Grand Valley State University. She has a B.F.A. degree from Michigan State University and an M.F.A. degree from the University of Utah, both in Painting and Drawing. Her areas of specialty are painting, drawing, and mixed media work, and her work is found in private and public collections in the United States. Landscape forms and images have been the primary focus of her work for over three decades. Other areas of research have included: history of women artists and artists of color, women studies, mythology in art, science and art connections, collaborative art projects and exhibits, and faculty governance.

Collaboration

Henry Matthews

Great Lakes: Image & Word is a collaboration between individuals in two departments at [Grand Valley State University](#): guest curators Virginia Jenkins, Professor and Chair of the Department of Art and Design, Patricia Clark, Professor and Chair of the [Writing Department](#), and with the [GVSU Art Gallery](#) staff. Regional writers and artists were invited to jointly create work which reflects the impact of living in an area defined and dominated by one or more of the Great Lakes and eight pairs of visual artists and poets ultimately agreed to participate.

Once identified and paired, the artists began their dialogs to produce a unique collaboration of image and word to be presented as an exhibition mounted in the Performing Arts Center Art Gallery, located on GVSU's Allendale, Michigan campus. The exhibition will be presented from January 21 through April 1, 2016 and is accompanied by a catalog designed by [Vinicius Lima](#), Assistant Professor in the [Department of Art and Design](#). The exhibition design and its graphic design components were created by Curator of Exhibitions David Newell, and Project Manager Alison Christensen, staff members of the Art Gallery.

The complexities of transforming a diverse group of works of art into a coherent exhibition, included shipping, unpacking, documenting condition reports, installing the art and pairing it with poetry, and finally lighting it beautifully was the collaborative effort of the entire Art Gallery installation team, including, Newell and Christensen, Nathan Kemler, Curator of Collections Management, and exhibit Preparators Dru King and Chris Smyka.

(...) multidisciplinary collaborations are the very backbone of exhibitions and accompanying programs that engage and challenge students.

The exhibition will be complemented by a series of public education programs to be held at the gallery, collaboratively designed by the guest curators working with Art Gallery Program Coordinator Stacey Tvedten. These offerings include both a lecture and a panel discussion with several of the guest artists. Finally, [GVSU](#)'s nationally acclaimed New Music Ensemble, comprised of students from the [Department of Music and Dance](#) under the direction of Composition Professor Bill Ryan, will take inspiration from the exhibition on the evening of February 25th. Students will create sixty-second music compositions, to be performed by the Ensemble in a public music competition with awards underwritten by Larry and Elaine Rutowski Shay.

Never simple, multidisciplinary collaborations are the very backbone of exhibitions and accompanying programs that engage and challenge students. Grand Valley State University is pleased to present this richly textured multi-media exhibition and related programs, wishing its visitors an enriching and rewarding experience.



Henry Matthews

Henry Matthews is Director of Galleries and Collections at GVSU. He organizes exhibition and related diverse education programs, manages the university's extensive art collections and seeks ways to connect the university to art communities around the world. He was formerly Director of the Muskegon Museum of Art and Staff Member of the Detroit Institute of Arts. A native of Austria, Matthews has conducted dozens of world wide tours over the past 25 years.

Acknowledgements

Patricia Clark & Jinny Jenkins

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[Department of Art and Design](#)

[Department of Writing](#)

[GVSU Art Galleries and Collections](#)

Art Gallery Staff:

Henry Matthews, Director of Galleries and Collections

David Newell, Curator of Exhibitions, Exhibition design

Alison Christensen, Project Manager, Graphic design components

Nathan Kemler, Curator of Collections Management

Dru King and Chris Smyka, Exhibit preparators

Stacey Tvedten, Program Coordinator

Special thanks to [Vinicius Lima](#), Assistant Professor, Department of Art and Design for catalog design.



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POETS & ARTISTS

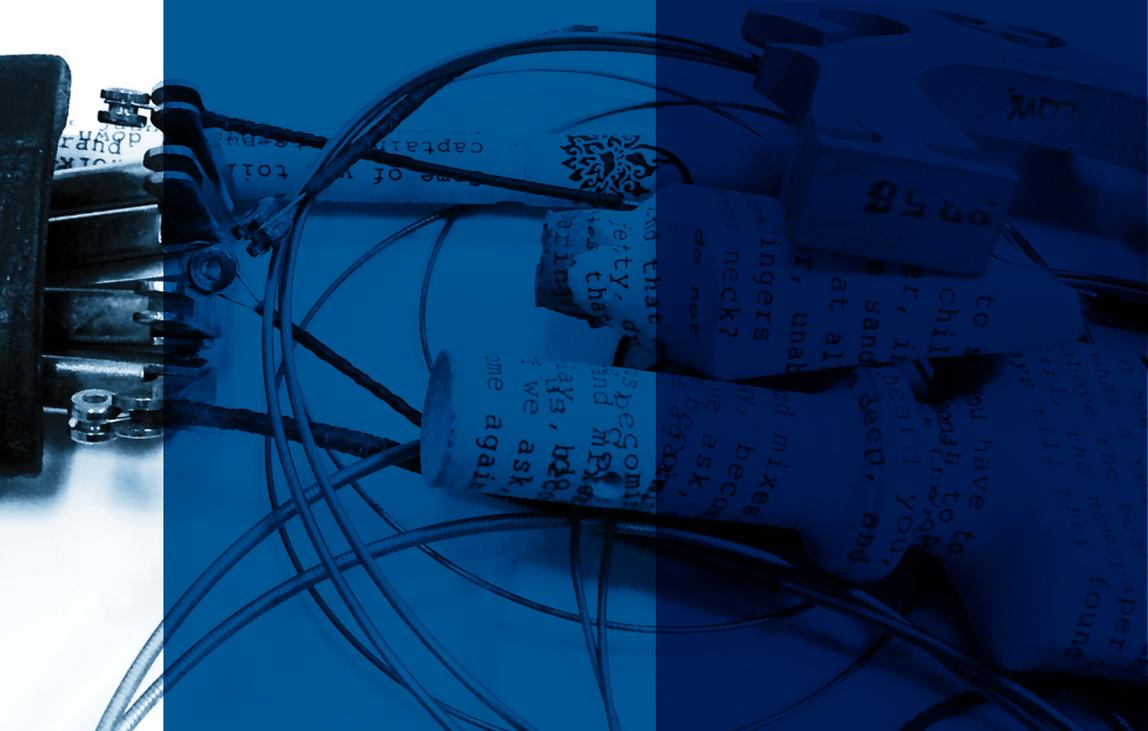
- Patricia Clark
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- Aimee Nezhukumatathil
- Keith Taylor
- Crystal Williams
- Nayda Collazo-Llorens
- Kim Cridler
- Jill Eggers
- David Greenwood
- Hoon Lee
- Mike Rebholz
- Sally Rose
- Graceann Warn

The lakes and water systems of the Great Lakes are a majestic natural resource too little known outside of our region. This exhibit features sixteen poets and visual artists — each with a connection to the Great Lakes — in artistic pairings designed to result in new collaborative works with a Great Lakes theme.

Patricia Clark Hoon Lee

Our collaborative project for the Great Lakes: Image & Word exhibit took a focus very early on the harsh music of the lakes: nature's sounds of wind and waves intertwined with voices of those lost in shipwrecks, drownings, accidents. Patricia Clark's roots in the watery Pacific Northwest and Hoon Lee's roots in peninsular Korea make an obvious thematic and psychological match, if you will, with the waters of the Great Lakes. In Clark's mind, there were howls and broken words, incomplete sentences. These became, in Lee's mind, a broken cello.

If music is the most universal of the arts, needing no translation, coming in as it does with maximum immediacy into mind and heart, then hear in our collaboration the broken cello, shipwrecked parts, voices all lamenting and emoting together. There is not one lake here, no distinct one of the five, but a chorus of sounds and beginnings. There is also the twining of black and white—black the color of mourning in the Western world and white, mourning in the East.



Music along the shore, wind that moans
passing lighthouse, jetty, snow fence,
shoreward pines. And pebbles rolling
in the surf, colliding, roaring, hitting.

I wonder if you see now that words are not
enough to bring you back
from the other side—.

Sand mixes with the lake becoming
clay, becoming ash.

Along the high-water mark, discarded items
of the lost—bracelet, shoe,
particle of a life, a song, word, note.

If we ask, do not haunt us, do not
come again.

We have heard you, voices
from the deep—now we let you go.

The writer and the artist



Patricia Clark

Patricia Clark is Poet-in-Residence and Professor in the Department of Writing at Grand Valley State University. Author of four volumes of poetry, Patricia's latest book is *Sunday Rising*. Her work has been featured on *Poetry Daily* and *Verse Daily*, also appearing in *The Atlantic*, *Gettysburg Review*, *Poetry*, *Slate*, and *Stand*. Recent work appears in *Kenyon Review*, *New England Review*, *Southern Humanities Review*, *North American Review* and *Plume*. From 2005–2007, Patricia was the poet laureate of Grand Rapids, Michigan. Patricia has also published a chapbook of her work titled *Given the Trees*. She is currently chair of the Writing Department at GVSU.



Hoon Lee

Hoon Lee is currently the Ceramics Program Coordinator and Associate Professor in the Department of Art & Design at Grand Valley State University in Michigan. He has a M.F.A. in Ceramic Art from The New York State College of Ceramics at Alfred University. Lee has had over 20 Solo Shows/Projects and has been an Artist-In-Residence nationally and internationally. Recently, he participated in The World Ceramic Biennale Korea as an invited artist for both the International Ceramic Workshop and The International Society for Ceramic Art Education and Exchange Symposium. In 2009, Lee received the Contemporary Korean Ceramic Artists of the Year 2009 Award from the Santiago Gallery in New York, NY.



**Alice Fulton
Kim Cridler**

The effect of the Great Lakes extends well beyond their specific boundaries; their vast watershed feeds into such distant ecological systems as the St. Lawrence Seaway and the Atlantic Ocean. Our collaboration takes the form of a metalwork vessel with a bobbin/wreath circumference. Thread-like streams extrude from the bobbins into a shallow basin, forming patches of poetry and rough-hewn “lace.” Some of these areas are marked by pins, as in bobbin-lace making, and the surface speaks to interconnectedness, as lines enter the vessel and morph into new patterns. Handmade lace evokes anomalous, biomorphic forms rather than inert, mass-produced ones, and the tension between bobbin and pinned pattern suggests the uncertain ground between synthesis and dissolution. The poem, a recombinant linguistic structure that can be read from various angles and in different orders, also enacts the instability of the natural world and its resistance to transparent legibility.

The figures of traditional lace are held together by tiny joining threads that resemble two equal signs ==. The embedded poem includes this glyph == as a means of invoking abnegated presence; it lists wildlife species once indigenous to the watershed that are now extinct as the vessel’s openwork invites meditation on the permeable fragility of the watershed. Its abstraction of the Great Lakes basin includes kettle lakes: bits of buried glacier ice that melted and formed small, deep bodies emblematic of transience and emergence.

The Lakes are at once a catalyst for change and a repository of cultural and natural history. By positing a craft traditionally associated with women as a powerfully pervasive, connective tissue, we hope to query stereotypical notions of women’s art as decorative or marginal. Finally, we are grateful for the chance to collaborate on a work that deeply enriched our understanding of the complex watershed in which we live.

Vessel

*== eastern elk eastern cougar carolina parakeet
black fin blue pike long jaw short nose cisco
harelip sucker scurf pea passenger
pigeon leafshell round combshell
thismia americana ==*

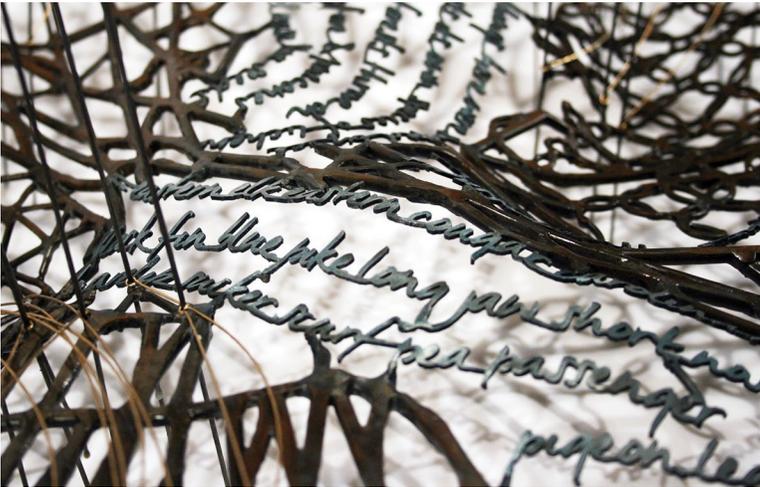
Muckland tanglewaters
wilderness that is
wild church with waves
like rocks come to life & fathoms teal to bruise

I believe your shallow passages
are more dangerous than your deep

that most things here were shaped by ice
that each tree hosts its own species of lichen
while forests thrive on
fire & pinecones
need it to release their seeds

I believe in spring
the boreal forest frogs
will thaw from inside out
heart==brain==liver==limbs

that we can be here when it happens
underlain with rift
& punctuated with granite
at this level of happy
in this interglacial age okay
with contradiction lifted
into sunlight part of
the time & shaded at others



Kim Cridler

Basin, 2015.
Steel
50"(w)x30"(d)x8"(h)

The writer and the artist



Alice Fulton

Alice Fulton has received fellowships from the MacArthur Foundation, Guggenheim Foundation, Ingram Merrill Foundation, and the National Endowment for the Arts as well as the American Academy of Arts and Letters Award in Literature. Her book *Felt* was awarded the Rebekah Johnson Bobbitt National Prize for Poetry from the Library of Congress. Her most recent book of poetry is *Barely Composed*. She also is the author of *The Nightingales of Troy: Connected Stories: Cascade Experiment: Selected Poems*; *Feeling as a Foreign Language*; *The Good Strangeness of Poetry*; *Sensual Math*; *Powers Of Congress*; *Palladium*; and *Dance Script With Electric Ballerina*.



Kim Cridler

Kim Cridler is a metalsmith whose practice is inspired by the patterns of nature and the way objects record and extend our lives. She has a B.F.A. from the University of Michigan, an M.F.A. from the State University of New York at New Paltz, and studied at the Skowhegan School of Sculpture and Painting. Her work is in public collections including: the Arkansas Art Center Decorative Museum of Art, Chazen Art Museum, Museum of Fine Arts Houston, Racine Art Museum, and the Scottsdale Contemporary Museum of Art. Large-scale public projects and commissions for public spaces include a recent project at the Mamaroneck, NY Metro North Station for the Metropolitan Transportation Authority Arts & Design program. Cridler has taught in several art programs, most recently as an Associate Professor at the University of Wisconsin-Madison.

Dan Gerber
Graceann Warn

We have corresponded for several decades
about our affinity for each other's work—
Dan seeing a poem made visible in structure and paint—
Graceann seeing an invisible painting in a poem—
an exchange about beauty, terror and
our world—too swift to stop—too sweet to lose—
as Willa Cather so elegantly inscribed her art—
finding our materials in a conversation
of eye and ear and heart and mind.

Summers with Martha

I spent those dream-like summers with Martha
in a cottage on Lake Michigan,
the year Ike beat Taft and the awful
summer they killed the Rosenbergs.
Martha smoked her Chesterfields
and knitted through nights of crickets
and whispers along the shore
while Jack Eigen talked on the radio
broadcast from The Chez Paree
across the water in Chicago—
and in the morning, *Seems Like Old Times*,
the trombone glissading its soprano,
into Arthur Godfrey and His Friends.

She appeared and vanished
according to my mother's curious compass reading
of where my affections might lie.
She talked to me about my mother's anger,
the way women are and the mysteries
men and boys could never understand,
about her childhood in Escanaba—
her, not-unhappy, long, unmarried life,
and about Doug who appeared
from the adjoining room
at The Drake when she took me to Chicago.

Doug astounded me
while we sat one night by a campfire on the beach,
stabbing himself and laughing
while the jack-knife quivered in his prosthetic thigh.
“He needs my care.” she explained about
her empty bed in the room we shared.
“Doug's illness,” accounted for the cries

and whispers through the wall.
Then slowly, there was less of Doug to love.
The following summer in Detroit
he dragged himself on crutches—
both legs dead-wood now—
and the summer after that he was in a wheelchair—
his empty coat sleeve pinned to his lapel—
Then the summer we went nowhere,
and there was no Doug.

I never told my mother about Doug
when she quizzed me on my travels with Martha,
because Martha and I had our secrets,
because I didn't want to lose those summers,
and finally because
there was nothing more to tell.

A summer came when Martha didn't return,
another summer, and another two.

Then a small package arrived from Seattle
with a letter—
from Doug's little sister it said—
an Inuit, stone carving of a woman's face
emerging from the dorsal
of a dolphin with a chipped-off tail—
"Martha asked me to send you this,"
the letter said,
"She said you were someone she loved,
that was all, and that you'd love this little stone fish.
It keeps a secret she said."



Graceann Warn

The Beauty of Mystery, 2015.
Oil, encaustic and paper on wood
30"(w)x2.5"(d)x25.5"(h)

The writer and the artist

Dan Gerber's most recent book, *Sailing through Cassiopeia*, published by Copper Canyon Press in 2012, won the 2013 Book of the year Award in Poetry from The Society of Midland Authors. His work has appeared in *The Nation*, *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *The Georgia Review*, *Narrative*, and in numerous anthologies as well as being selected for *Best American Poetry*, and been nominated for three Pushcart Prizes. A volume of his selected essays, *A Second Life*, published in 2001, was a finalist for Best Nonfiction Book of the Year Published by an Independent or University Press.



Dan Gerber

Graceann Warn decided to take a leap of faith to become a full time artist in 1985, although her academic background was in urban design and classical archaeology. Warn has worked as an oil painter and assemblage maker. A 16-month long commission to design sets for *Orfeo ed Euridice*, a major opera production, led to a shift in medium (as well as in scale) in her studio work. Present work reflects the structural logic of her architectural beginnings as well as her abiding interest in archaeology and science. Warn's work has been exhibited nationally and internationally and is in the collections of Yale University, Museum of Art and Design, New York, NY, U.S. Embassies in Nairobi and Sarajevo, Pew Charitable Trusts and many others.



Graceann Warn



Jim Harrison Jill Eggers

I have long been a fan of the paintings of Jill Eggers. When I go to my studio to work here in Montana in the morning, the first thing that meets my eye (I only have one) is a very large painting by Jill that I commissioned of a Michigan thicket. Montana is too high and dry for a good thicket and they have been high in my affections since childhood where you are always trying to sneak away from the rest of the world. In fact, I will have to admit I prefer thickets to the snow-capped mountains I see from our house here. In Jill's painting there is the desire to walk into the painting and stay there for a while. —Jim Harrison

My collaboration with Jim takes place mostly from a distance—in the past years, when he visited GVSU and stayed at my house—on walks in the woods, in the studio, or at home, we talked about our work. It takes place in a close relationship to Jim's work, and in time spent climbing around in the forests near Lake Superior, that Jim wrote from and about. Now Jim lives in Montana and our collaboration on this project mainly consisted in my working with two new poems he sent to use: Solstice Litany and Moon Suite. The focus of this project turned to Moon Suite.

During the summer solstice this June, at the full moon, I went up to the UP and stayed in a cabin in the forest, not far from the one Jim writes about in these poems. I crawled around in the forest by day and night. There's a resonance for me in those wild places and the way self, words, fall away. Name, identity is lost into the wild energy of place. In a place that is not dominated by one species, where the moon rises and the stars are seen, there is some possibility of remembering what it is to be. I wanted to break up the painting into pieces like the Suite. —Jill Eggers

Moon Suite

*The moon came to the forge
with her skirt of white, fragrant flowers.
The young boy watches her, watches.
The boy is watching her.*

—Federico García Lorca

The full moon is rising from her nest
high in the Absaroka mountains—
a miraculous cliché
shining down, glistening,
on thousands of acres of hay.

* * *

The new moon, how I loved it
out over the still lake in childhood.
It meant a fresh start whirring
in from the sky with the nightjars,
bullbats and ten thousand swallows
to eat the mosquitoes you were breathing.

* * *

Seeing the moon the loon began to call
and a few stars seemed to hiss.
When we were young on the lake the night
was alive, bobcat yowl, buck deer snort,
a thousand irritable birds, the hum of night
herself holding her weight of stars and moon.
Dawn only came when the night was exhausted.

* * *

Brother said the moon was a mushroom
feeding on light until it got white and fat.
Astronomers say this is true.

* * *

The moon was sitting on the hill
behind the house
so I walked right into it—
cold and soft and not bright white
as you might think, more cream-colored
with a warm wind.
I thought I might see John Keats.

* * *

The big moon rose
through the forest fire across the river.
I had a primitive fear she was aflame.
An older man was caught camping up there
and had to hike with his old dog Brownie
across the divide ahead of the chasing fire.
They made it in the burning moonlight.

* * *

“Walking in Jerusalem just like John”
but farther east in the desert.
In the moonlight you could see mating vipers.
They were everywhere in old Bible pictures
at the feet of the saints but didn’t strike them.

* * *

In the Far East we worried about immense tigers
eating the moon, its pieces falling from their jaws.

* * *

You can't rearrange the heavens to suit
yourself. Even the gods are powerless
with sun, moon, and planets. Wildflowers
listen carefully to the gods and also sea lions.
Perhaps the gods want us to be wildflowers.
Surprises on earth, these wildflowers.
We can't seem to change anything anywhere.

* * *

The stars have been getting too large lately,
big white loose splotches in a liquid sky.
Can I handle this jigsaw puzzle
of the universe? I'll need a thousand
dog teams and very long ropes.
There'll be no seating for the audience
they must stand in the nation's backyards.
Earth will be at peace again through dog power.
The International Dog Church will be founded.
The moon will be called Holy Dog Moon,
the sun called Sun Dog.
The gods are now called dogs and are much happier.
Marching is permanently banished in favor of trotting.

* * *

The bear broke free from his constellation
and loped through the cosmos thinking
he scented a female in a distant world.

* * *

Our difficult selves are cast in iron.
Only the most extreme heat makes us malleable.

* * *

All my life I've been a night bird.
Thousands of evenings looking at thousands
of acres of black windows. What's out there?
Everything from murderers to ghosts
and gods who are safe from us in the dark.
The gulley is full of big green willow bushes
waiting patiently for the tiny migrant warblers
due in a few weeks. The stars don't
know who we are. The slim new moon
rising strains to capture Venus in her
curve. Sometimes I'm inside and
outside at the same time. Blackness is a friend
concealing my disfigurement from private wars.

* * *

Last night the big moon carved me up
with her invisible white knives. In the dark
yard I chanted and flopped. Where is my
straitjacket when I need it? I held onto
a willow so as not to be taken up in the air.
I can't leave earth tonight, I pleaded.
We always say not yet to the gods,
who get irritable when they can't kill us.

* * *

A new moon with Venus nearby
though not in the moon cup as I'd prefer her.
So hard to organize these things.
Yahweh is the God of galaxies
while the moon rolls freely to help the oceans
and to haunt us with our life before birth,
in a different kingdom far away.

* * *

We swam at night
under the moon's reflection
and tried to catch her.
She slipped through our fingers.

* * *

The moon stares at me impolitely
through the fir trees and the willow and window.
She's like that. Staring back
you can trip in the yard.

* * *

The full moon caught herself in the contorted rose vines
beyond the window. The rose is called Madame Alfred Carrière,
bred for climbing castle walls. We only have
a little casita, a gate house, but the huge rose
is here just the same for peasants.
I am not strong enough to disentangle the moon.

Nobody is.

* * *

We were frightened last October when a big wind
from the north scudded the moon back south
where it was prayed for, needed by Día de Muertos.
What fun to dance, get drunk in a cemetery.
An immense angel died, fell draped over the mountains
imagining snow. We missed the full moon.

* * *

Once I heard wolves in full moonlight.
A huge storm visited the cabin, also green northern lights.

The sky split open in the west, and beyond the storm
the wolves were howling within the thunder.
The earth was forcing me to not forget her.
I never recovered from that night.
This all would never happen again.

* * *

The last moon will be black in the red sky.
The last girl will weigh two sparrow feathers.
At my age you don't think about the future
because you don't have one.

* * *

Up close
the moon
fills the world.



Jill Eggers

Moon Suite Paintings, 2015.
Oil on canvas
63"(w)x58"(d)

The writer and the artist



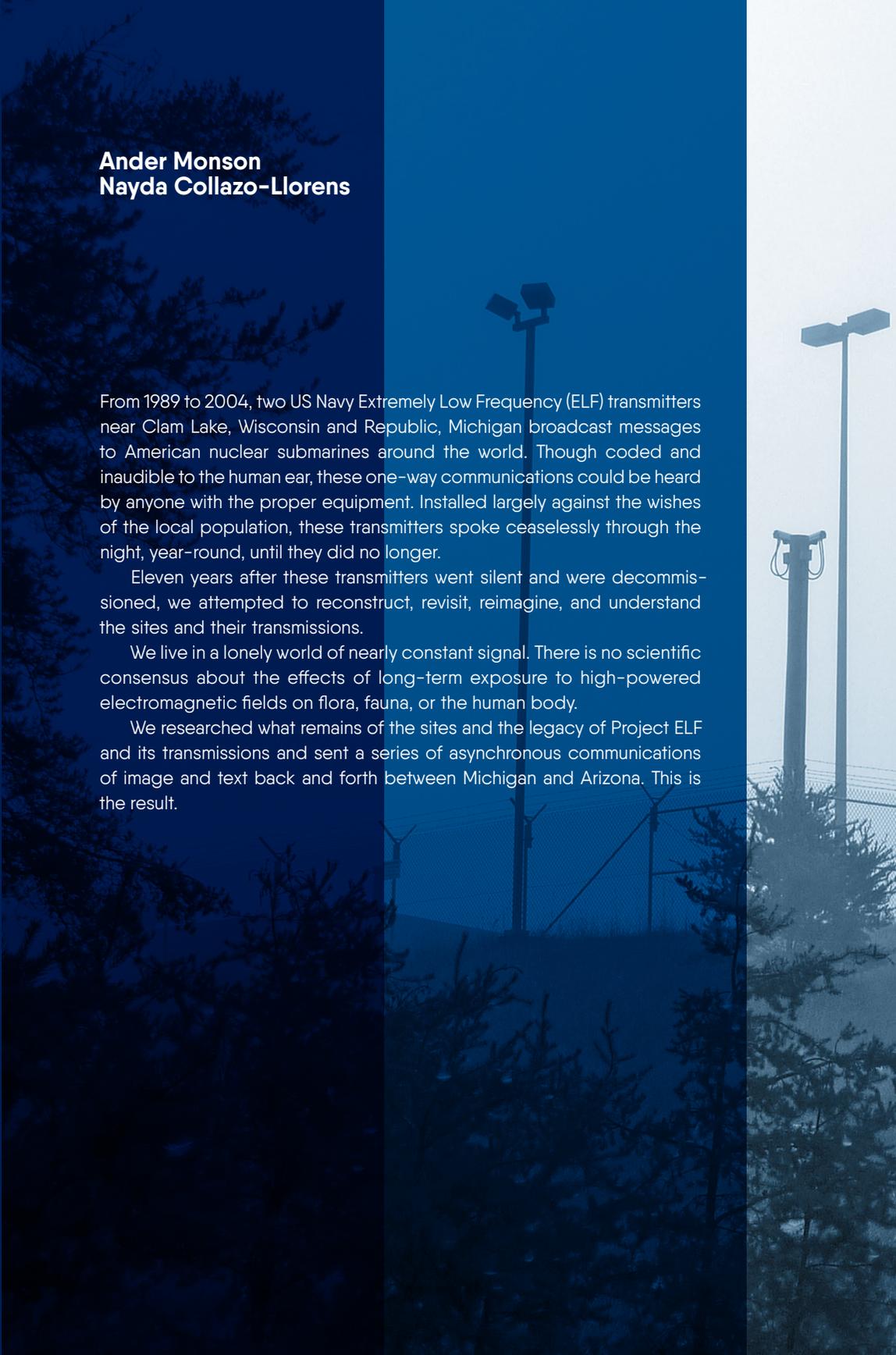
Jim Harrison

Jim Harrison is an American author known for his poetry, fiction, reviews, essays about the outdoors, and writings about food. He has been called "a force of nature", and his work has been compared to that of William Faulkner and Ernest Hemingway. His most recent book of poetry is *Songs of Unreason* (2013), and his new volume, *Dead Man's Float*, is forthcoming early in 2016. Harrison is a native of Michigan; he currently divides his residence, living in both Patagonia, Arizona and Livingston, Montana.



Jill Eggers

Jill Eggers is an Associate Professor at Grand Valley State University, where she teaches painting and heads the painting program. She has a Bachelor of Fine Arts degree in Painting and Art Education from Western Michigan University, and a Master of Fine Arts in Painting/Printmaking from Yale University. She also studied at the School of the Art Institute of Chicago. Her work is exhibited nationally and is held in many private and public collections.



**Ander Monson
Nayda Collazo-Llorens**

From 1989 to 2004, two US Navy Extremely Low Frequency (ELF) transmitters near Clam Lake, Wisconsin and Republic, Michigan broadcast messages to American nuclear submarines around the world. Though coded and inaudible to the human ear, these one-way communications could be heard by anyone with the proper equipment. Installed largely against the wishes of the local population, these transmitters spoke ceaselessly through the night, year-round, until they did no longer.

Eleven years after these transmitters went silent and were decommissioned, we attempted to reconstruct, revisit, reimagine, and understand the sites and their transmissions.

We live in a lonely world of nearly constant signal. There is no scientific consensus about the effects of long-term exposure to high-powered electromagnetic fields on flora, fauna, or the human body.

We researched what remains of the sites and the legacy of Project ELF and its transmissions and sent a series of asynchronous communications of image and text back and forth between Michigan and Arizona. This is the result.

ELF INCANTATION /// 12

NAMES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE SIGNS FOR *THINGS*
BUT WHAT IF *THINGS* ARE ACTUALLY THE SIGNS
OF *NAMES* WHAT IF *WORDS* POSSESS A /SPIRIT/
POTENTIAL TO THEIR NATURE AS *WORDS*
/// SUSAN HOWE

SO THE PLACE NOW SINGS ITS NAME
BUT DOESNT CHANGE OR IT SHIFTS
IN THE WAY PLACES DO
WITHOUT OUR WATCHING

WE MOVE FORWARD IT SEEMS
TO RECEDE WE MOVE AWAY IT STAYS
UNHINGED BY TIME
THE MISSIONS END LEFT LINES

IN LANDSCAPE WHERE THE WOOD
WAS CLEARED IT APPEARS
NOW LIKE A RUNNING TRAILS
SWALLOWING ITSELF

THE MORE I TRY TO HOLD IT IN
MY GAZE IT GOES GAUZY I SEE TO SEE
IS NOT TO HOLD FOR LONG
NOT TO SING AND NOT TO SIGN



Nayda Collazo-Llorens

Elf, 2015.

Installation

Dimensions variable

The writer and the artist



Ander Monson

Ander Monson is the author of six books of poetry, fiction, and nonfiction, most recently *Letter to a Future Lover* (Graywolf, 2015). Originally from the Upper Peninsula and a former faculty member of the GVSU Writing Department, he now lives in Arizona. He is the editor of the magazine *DIAGRAM* (thediagram.com), the New Michigan Press, and the website *Essay Daily* (essaydaily.org).



Nayda Collazo-Llorens

Nayda Collazo-Llorens, born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, is a visual artist engaged in an interdisciplinary practice incorporating multiple mediums and strategies. She received a BFA from the Massachusetts College of Art and Design and an MFA from New York University. She was a Pollock-Krasner Foundation Fellow in 2012, and a Visiting Fellow at the Arcus Center for Social Justice Leadership in 2014. Her work has been exhibited at LMAK projects in New York City, Bass Museum of Art in Miami Beach, Richmond Center for Visual Arts in Kalamazoo, Museo Universitario del Chopo in Mexico City, The Mattress Factory in Pittsburgh, El Museo del Barrio in New York City, and Art Museum of the Americas in Washington DC, among many other national and international institutions.



Aimee Nezhukumatathil
Sally Rose

Collaborations can take many paths. As an admirer of ekphrastic poems, I was delighted to read Aimee's response. In the best sense of what a collaboration can lead to, it certainly opened my eyes and expanded my sensory experience. The rhythm of the words washed over me as I waited for the next phrase.

Celebrate the Silence

In my village, it was impossible to wash clothes just right. We are ready to fly. The smell of salt is so strong, even if you are eating smiles and smiles of juicy melon. We collected scallops and yellow cockles in the bucket of our skirts, left them to dry on the patio. We are ready to fly. Ghost rings of shell salt stayed in the fabric all week. All the fresh water is from the mainland. We are ready to fly. Everything else is liquid salt, tears—what's already inside us. And here we learn to love the quiet of each other: grateful for the books we have and have not yet read together. Grateful for having mouths that can still kiss a whole field, meadow, and skyscraper. We shall celebrate the quiet ache, the wait, the song, the psalm, the palm of every hand you ever held. And if you remember to celebrate the silence, you will discover a new language not found in any dictionary, no translations available for anyone else. Celebrating the silence will be as easy as it is to love whatever small light bees bestow on fallen leaves—easy to love the light they give just before they crawl into a honey-hungry sleep, just before the first sweetness of snow.



Sally Rose

Unwavering, 2015.

Handmade paper from kozo (*Broussonetia papyrifera*,
paper mulberry tree), shiboru dyed with indigo
48"(w)x4"(d)x40"(h)

The writer and the artist



Aimee
Nezhukumatathil

Aimee Nezhukumatathil was born in Chicago, IL to a Filipina mother and a father from South India. She is the author of three poetry collections: *Lucky Fish* (2011); *At the Drive-in Volcano* (2007), winner of the Balcones Prize; and *Miracle Fruit* (2003), winner of the Tupelo Press Prize, ForeWord Magazine's Book of the Year Award, the Global Filipino Award and a finalist for The Glasgow Prize and the Asian American Literary Award. She is Professor of English at State University of New York-Fredonia, where she teaches creative writing and environmental literature. She lives in Western NY with her husband, Dustin Parsons, and their two young sons. She is at work on a collection of nature essays and more poems.



Sally Rose

Sally Rose is Head of the Fibers program at Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant, MI. She has a B.F.A from Colorado State University in fibers, and an M.F.A. from Indiana University in textiles. Rose states, "From dry Colorado to wet Michigan it was a process to appreciate massive waters as much as massive mountains." Handmade paper has been a primary material used in her art practice for thirty plus years... "and it takes lots of water". She has exhibited nationally and internationally in Hungary, Korea, and Switzerland.



Keith Taylor
David Greenwood

There are many different kinds of possible artistic collaborations – from people who work in an almost symbiotic way, often for years, where the artists don't know where one began and the other stopped, to people who find an overlap of interests and metaphors and find a moment or two within that overlap. We were definitely an example of the latter.

We were both drawn to this project by the focus on the Great Lakes — since the waters of the region and the ways of navigating those waters have been a part of both of our endeavors for years. We share a sense of the metaphors of boats and water, the sense that all of this might lead us somewhere we haven't imagined yet — a refuge, a new of image, even an escape. David's long work with boats and the things they carry for us and Keith's fascination both with wilderness paddling and Constance Fenimore Woolson's almost forgotten nineteenth century story, combined — we hope nicely — with a paddle of discovery that might open up new spaces in our imaginations.

With the novelist Charles Baxter, Keith “discovered” the Woolson many years ago, and succeeded in getting the University of Michigan Press to reprint the book it first appeared in the 1850s — *Castle Nowhere: Lake-Country Sketches*. Luckily, David shared his enthusiasm for the title story, and thought it might fit with some of his preoccupations. Keith and his wife, Christine Golus, are making part of the sculpture and working the words of the poem into the fabric of the piece.

Castle, Nowhere

Constance Fenimore Woolson

Satellites have plotted
every wave that plays
across the surface of the largest lakes.
Sonar and submersibles
have mapped every centimeter and shipwreck.

*I won't come out one evening
unexpectedly upon a shore
with water stretching away
grayly in the fog-veiled moonlight,
won't hear the dip of light oars
somewhere out in the gray mist,*

a rhythm I could follow
to ship or castle or a cabin
on an island lush with thimbleberry,
low-bush blueberry,
wild strawberries and an apple tree,
a few trout in streams that never freeze,
some books, enough timber so I could
glean downed wood all through winter,

a place sketched in the corner
of a rain-soaked page
in an explorer's notebook, centuries back,
just that once, and then forgotten.



David Greenwood

Starting Over (Searching For Castle Nowhere), 2015.
Wood, paint, mixed media, found objects
16'(w)x6'(d)x10'(h)

The writer and the artist



Keith Taylor

Keith Taylor has authored or edited some fifteen books and chapbooks, including his most recent small collection, *Fidelities* (Alice Greene and Co., 2015). His next poetry collection, *Acolyte in the Birdwhile*, is under contract to Wayne State University Press for release in 2017. His poems, stories, reviews and translations have appeared widely in North America and in Europe, and he has received Fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Michigan Council for Arts and Cultural Affairs. He teaches at the University of Michigan where he also serves as Associate Editor of Michigan Quarterly Review and director of the Bear River Writers Conference.



David Greenwood

David Greenwood is an American sculptor working primarily with wood, and frequently with other materials. Boat forms have been a major theme in his work, oftentimes used as a metaphor. He earned a B.A in Fine Arts with a concentration in ceramic sculpture from the University of Massachusetts, an M.F.A. in sculpture and ceramics from the University of Kansas, and has been the recipient of several Fulbright Grants. His work has been exhibited internationally and nationally. In 2015, he had a solo exhibition, "David Greenwood: Stop Action" at the Grand Rapids Art Museum.



Crystal Williams
Mike Rebholz

We shared our respective work, we reacted to what the other made and came to a place that respects the darkness and joy we each sometimes see in this world.

At the Water

~For A. Van Jordan, from Detroit's RiverWalk

Fifty feet in front of their mother
they lurch towards the dog sitting at your feet,
an eruption of "Yeses!", hands & arms
like new branches twisting skyward.

Their mother calls, "Don't touch that dog!"
& because they are good kids, smart, they heed & halt
three feet from me as she makes her slow way towards us.

All morning I've watched some version of this birthing:
what parents give & cost their children.
But history is nothing more

than a chronic transfer of limitations,
a way of understanding
who we might have been. & who we are

is bodies born of shackles, water.
What these children do in the moment of desire
when the world offers beauty

is an anchor, a shackle forcing them
to yield & gawk at the dark tongue of "no,"
at the foot of a tenacious history circling the edges,

snapping its warnings, making their mother leery
of even a dying, toothless poodle. & so
it's always the white children who claim the dog's body,

their branchy limbs & excited eyes
free of history's shadow.
& Oliver is all possibility:
patient & giving. Here, in the soft fur, in the Yes

is where so much, perhaps everything
is lost.

But then there are two brown children still standing
three feet shy of me, bodies tremorous, humming.
Their mother, her eyes the world's closed doors,

moves past like a storm warning, snips:
“No, I said!
‘Come on!’”

The girl is older, already her hands have rubbed
history's back, her body turns towards the storm.
But the boy's eyes move slowly,

take in every bit of the dog's beautiful mountain, as if
because he understands something about his mother & sister
& self, he must savor, as if he *will* relent to the fact of

his David
& their Goliath—
but he will not bow.

His sister grabs his hand.
Their mother is getting too far away.
Maybe she is seven. He four. Static

for her pull & his tug. But outside of history's reach,
he rallies, moves closer.
“His name is Oliver,” I say.

The boy considers me then looks down the River Walk,
says quietly to his mother's dark, moving back:
“I want to say ‘Hi’ to Oliver.”

& I am broken with imaginings:
the many corner stops, ways of knowing, cops,
the times this black boy will be forced to call out

his innocence's intention to the world.
& oh, Lord do I want him to be making himself before me,
place-marking this moment,

deciding against the murky back of history—
the keen-tongued mother, the soft pull sister—
who he will become. *It can be done*, I think,

but say, "Oliver knows you do, Baby,
& on another day you two will be *great* friends."
He considers me again, nods & then leaves me with

those wide, black orbs, the young, quiet hands, how he grew
small & small, sprinting towards the dark back of history,
calling, "Here I come, here I come!"

The writer and the artist

Crystal Williams is the author of four collections of poems, most recently *Detroit as Barn*, finalist for the National Poetry Series and Cleveland State Open Book Prize. Widely anthologized, her poems also appear in journals and publications like *The American Poetry Review*, *PEN America*, *Ploughshares*, *Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Tin House*, *The Northwest Review*, *5AM*, *The Sun*, *Ms. Magazine*, *The Indiana Review*, *Court Green* and *Callaloo*. She holds degrees from New York University and Cornell University, and has since received numerous fellowships, grants and honors, including a 2009 United States Artist nomination, a 2010 appointment as the Distinguished Visiting Professor of University Writing at DePauw University, and a 2012 appointment to the Oregon Arts Commission. Currently she is Professor of English at Bates College where she is also a senior level administrator.



Crystal Williams

Mike Rebholz is a photographer living and working in Madison, Wisconsin. He was born in Milwaukee, Wisconsin in 1954. Rebholz's photographic interests are the recording of vernacular architecture, the built landscape and portraiture. His projects range from documentation of ice fishing in Wisconsin, vernacular architecture as a reflection of idiosyncratic individuality and a portrait project where he photographs scars and the aftermath of surgery. Rebholz works full time as an architectural photographer, and in the past has taught photography at the Milwaukee Institute of Art & Design.



Mike Rebholz



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they lurch towards the dog sitting at your feet,
an eruption of "Yeses!", hands & arms
like new branches twisting skyward.

Their mother calls, "Don't touch that dog!"
& because they are good kids, smart, they heed & halt
three feet from me as she makes her slow way towards us.

All morning I've watched some version of this birthing:
what parents give & cost their children.
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than a chronic transfer of limitations,
a way of understanding
who we might have been, & who we are

is bodies born of shackles, water.
What these children do in the moment of desire
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small & small, sprinting towards the dark back of history,
calling, "Here I come, here I come!"

Mike Rebolz

At The Water, 2015.

Photograph

55.5"(w)x4.5"(d)x23.5"(h)

The lakes and water systems of the Great Lakes are a majestic natural resource too little known outside of our region. This exhibit features sixteen poets and visual artists — each with a connection to the Great Lakes — in artistic pairings designed to result in new collaborative works with a Great Lakes theme.

