



## PoARTry: A dance of poetry and art

An intriguing Carnegie Gallery exhibit\*  
of visual art and fine craft inspired by poetry.

This multimedia choreography of word and composition  
includes: textile, painting, pottery, stained glass,  
photography, prints, clay, and jewellery.

Immerse in layers of inspiration!

A collaboration between Tower Poetry Society  
and ten local artists.

*\*PoARTry was featured in the  
Carnegie Gallery's Barber Atrium Gallery  
during June and early July 2021*

*We invite you to experience this unique exhibit  
in the virtual presentation which follows*

## PoARTry

a dance of poetry & art



**Teresa Seaton**

*Everywhere in One Place*

stained glass

17" x 20"

\$1,100

**Poem by**

**Jennifer Dunlop**

*Every Place*



## *Every Place*

by Jennifer Lynn Dunlop

there is a place  
the wind peals louder and  
trees listen closer

a place where clouds of birds  
in a colour you can't describe  
shelter the wild wind

an earthen path  
curves, thronged  
and canopied  
with knotted trees

branches pattern  
the azure life of the sky  
while petals  
of bark bloom

inside the birdsong  
whales sing  
and crickets chirp  
infinite octaves

enfolded in the moss  
creeping across roots  
is every spring that has ever  
rolled across the earth

within the massive trunks  
are wavy whorls of colours  
swirling palettes  
and inside the blues  
galaxies sprawl

swathes of universe  
soar, arms wide open  
and inside each small  
stitched leaf, glittering  
fires of light spin, lakes  
of stars

a violet gleaming  
to glide into



**Paul Simon**

*A View of Topaz Lake, Killarney*

photograph  
8" H x 21" W  
\$275

**Poem by**

**Stella M. Preda**

*I Touched the Heavens*

## **I Touched the Heavens**

by Stella Mazur Preda

I scale the highest mountain  
touch the elusive heavens  
Spirits speak in hushed whispers  
invite me to witness nature's mysteries

An eagle tailgating on the wings of wind  
skims the electric-blue wilderness  
Water spilling from the cliff  
falls on boulders sculpted by time  
as water nymphs skip the rocks  
A musical interlude in stereo  
intrudes on my reverie  
*The Flight of the Wild Geese*

I stood on the highest mountain peak  
the heavens nourished my soul

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 59, No.1, 2010)*



**The Turning of Leaves**  
*for Liisa*

by Eleanore Kosydar

I have stood in a grove of aspens  
and heard trees tremble

*playmates: our paper dolls  
and little girl dreams*

heard their leaves turn freely  
*cartwheels and hopscotch*  
on slender flattened stems,  
flipping green to silver to green.  
*the way our roller skates careened*

I've quickened to the silvery song  
*silly laughter!!*  
of leaves in motion, thousands  
of leaves twirling loops/  
circles/spins flipped sideways

down and up by a dancing wind.  
Leaves turning and tumbling  
*Dad flying us through autumn,  
bounced around  
in the leaf-filled wheelbarrow*  
but not falling. And I have heard

green/silver leaves slip into yellow,  
*sisters grown to womanhood,  
our ups, downs and turnarounds*  
turning golden beneath  
a southward migrating sun ~

*walking, running together; the laughing*  
greenness returned to sunshine  
mellow as a languid whirl of wind.  
*conversing...shared confidences;  
the spiritual and the everyday*

I have heard aspen leaves turning  
*your staggering illness, relentless  
pain and slow decline*  
heard them turn to gold and fall,  
swirl slowly toward silence . . .  
*your voice quieter now,  
and low*

We, dear sister, are that grove of aspens, golden  
leaves flipping and turning. Listen . . . *we tremble*



**Peter Kirkland**  
*Their leaves turn freely*

oil on canvas, 40" H x 60" W, \$3,000

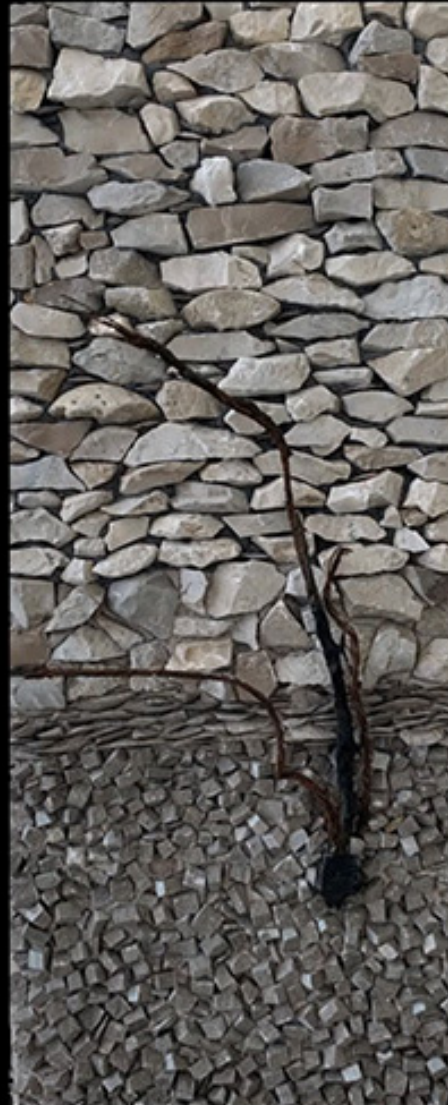
**Poem by**  
**Eleanore Kosydar**  
*The Turning of Leaves*

**Heather Vollans**

*The Sepia World Stretches  
Lingering on the Banks of Spring*

mosaic  
11" H x 4.5" W  
\$220

**Poem by  
Fran Figge**  
*Brown Promise*



## Brown Promise

by Fran Figge

The sepia world stretches  
lingering on the banks of spring.

Bent legs of ecru stalks  
stand above winter's ravages,  
their feathered heads mocking  
the jaundiced prostrate snow.

Bare bronzed arms of hickory, chestnut, hazel  
thrust reliably through taffy-pull of muck,  
undefeated.

Defying the carnage of winter's blade,  
walnut, maple, ash  
steadfastly raise tanned faces.

Russet leaves stubbornly cling to oak limbs,  
their laughter a rebellious crackle.

Earth,  
a wet pelt of sable,  
sun soaked taupe patches  
puddle beneath each tree and tuft.

Matted hair of flaxen grass,  
dappled swirls of honey, beige and blonde cover  
the comforting terra cotta bed  
with drab soothing serenity.

Butterscotch slurry streams  
between slippery mocha thighs,  
swollen belly of mounded mud  
leaching sustenance.

Unnoted beneath the crumbled umber  
and beetled crawl,  
in peeling spread of protective leaf mold,  
the ingenious friends of fester and flush,  
the secreted signs of life  
slither and creep.

In sheltered dreams of seeds  
warmed by breath of fertile decay  
sensual bulbous ideas uncurl.

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 63, No.1, 2013)*



**Lorraine Roy**  
*Anticipation*

textile  
28" H x 11" W  
\$575

**Poem by**  
**Gertrude Olga Down**  
*Anticipation*

## Anticipation

by Gertrude Olga Down

Between the passion and the promise  
of a stirring spring,  
in the cool of an afternoon  
with sharp winds waking,  
an indifferent road glides past  
the apple orchard –  
where squat bodies lie wholly exposed,  
trim rows upon rows,  
pristine palette of perfection;  
arms stiff from pruning  
welcome the sun's beneficence.

But, there, in the midst  
of the imposed conformity,  
one lone untamed tree  
feverish with buds – plump, prescient,  
heavy with waiting.

(*Tower Poetry*, Vol. 62, No. 2, 2013-14)





**Ralph Heather**  
*Moonlight in the Orchard*

woodcut, linocut, ink  
20" H x 9" W  
\$550

**Poem by**  
**Jennifer L. Foster**  
*Wild Apple Tree*

## **Wild Apple Tree**

by Jennifer L. Foster

Inside  
an apple's core  
a ghostly orchard stirs  
by crimson harvest moon cajoled  
to seed

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 62, No. 2, 2013-2014)*





**Marcela Prikryl**  
*On the Beach, Sanibel*

acrylic on canvas  
11" H x 14" W  
\$150

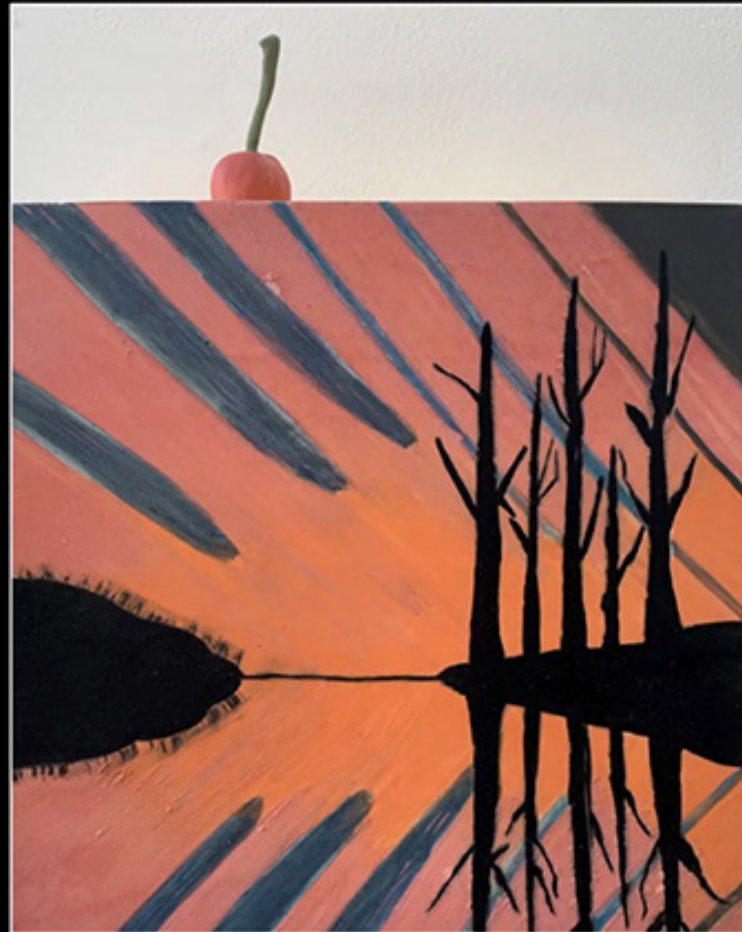
**Poem by**  
**G. W. Down**  
*Bright Reckoning*

## BRIGHT RECKONING

by G. W. Down

Gnarled prongs of an aging rake scrape through mounds of gathered green;  
It does not tax his strength to shift the spoils from place to place.  
Drawing closer, those fists of fortune slide through  
Collected coin of the realm and filter its essence  
As it were the fine sand of Florida's beaches.  
Grinning with exuberant self-congratulation,  
He lifts a shining face when I inquire  
The source of this plenitude, and  
With a winking nod he utters  
One instructive word:  
Ottawa.

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 47, No. 1, 1998)*



**Catherine Weir**  
*The Cherry on Top*

ceramic and gold leaf  
10" x 10"  
\$225

**Poem by**  
**Nicola Schneider**  
*the cherry on top*

## the cherry on top

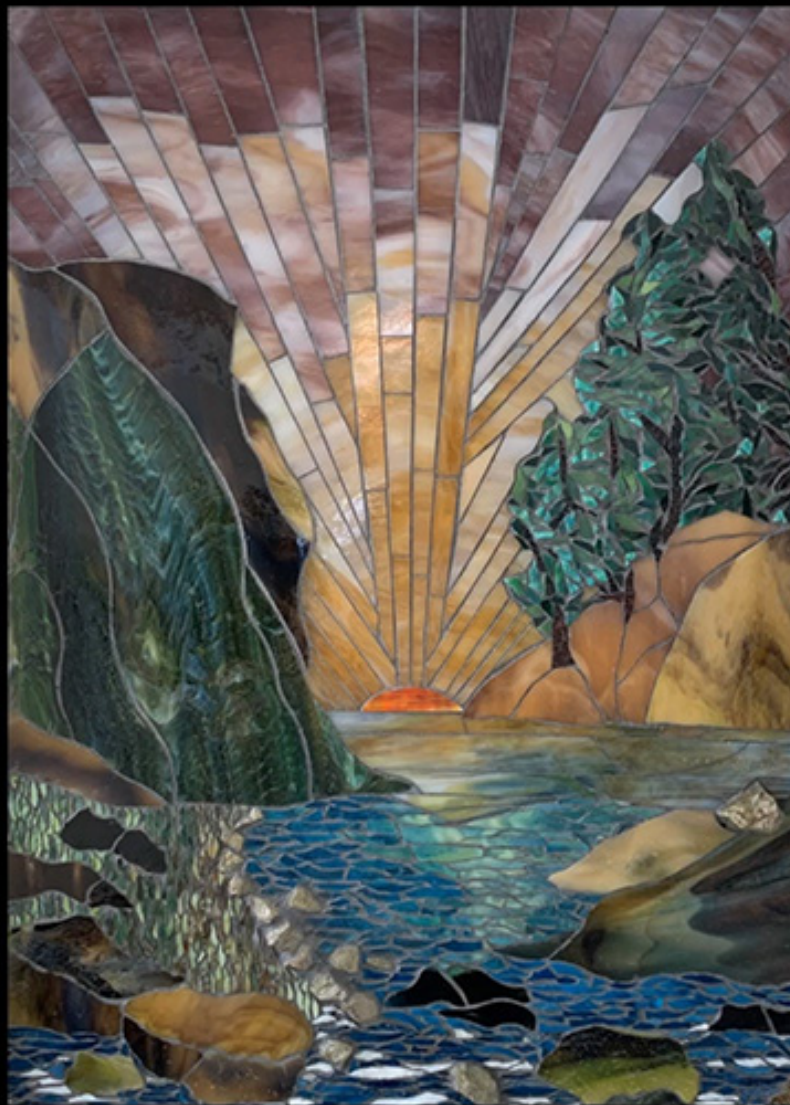
by Nicola Schneider

fruity skies cascade  
ribbons of hot pink and fire  
competing for space  
this momentary effervescent display  
swirling amongst bare tree shadows  
like soldiers at attention rapt in awe  
this hoopla doubled in the mirror below  
the icing on the cake of the day

**John Highley**  
*Towards Light*

mosaic  
26" H x 20" W  
\$2,400

**Poem by**  
**Jennifer Tan**  
*Landscape*



## LANDSCAPE

by Jennifer Tan

sorrow

pours like rain  
through a hole

threads  
a pattern of woes with a needle

rolls on rows  
of recollections

runs and slips  
through  
a shroud of trees

on slopes

rocks are losing their grip

where the lake collects  
magic stones and mirrors

it fails to cure neuroses  
and confusion

in the shadow of clouds

and yet

in the middle of the landscape

a river escapes at last

towards light

and home



## Ashes

by Jim Tomkins

Her grey ashes sit  
in a pressed board box  
on an attic shelf  
next to light lace doilies  
with lavender scent.

Below a trunk's contents:  
sepia family photos - known to her  
stamps from a bygone era  
sleeved in cracking plastic,  
crocheted samplers, musty address book,  
her favourite sherry glass

I'm happy that this is the scene.  
No need for a flashy urn  
to adorn the mantel.  
She is far from discarded  
her memory's embedded  
a bond from the womb to life's end  
Mother to son.

**Elisabeth Soppelsa**  
*Endings*

jewellery  
2.4" x 4"  
Frame: 9.5" H x 11.5" W  
\$700

**Poem by**  
**Jim Tomkins**  
Ashes (Mother's Day)



*More Inspiration...*

## **credo**

by Norman L. Brown

there will be squirrels

there will always be squirrels  
up wall and down bark tree to tree  
branch to branch rooftop to railing  
there will be squirrels

after all the fences have fallen  
the last shingle curled and leaking  
sidewalks buckled

after the Day of Judgment when the sun turns black  
and the moon bleeds and the burning seas  
give up their dead

after the very face of the planet  
has been scrubbed clean

there will be squirrels

## THROUGH TIME

by Gaiyle J. Connolly

Trysting in New Mexico  
just below Santa Fe  
we see a children's chapel  
that honours Infant Jesus  
who watches over them.

Everything is kiddie sized  
so we enter heads bowed low.  
We view baby shoes and booties  
of young departed souls  
still kept alive in memory.

We are moved, feel peace,  
happiness engulfs us.  
Bathed in light  
we exit, stand full height  
and are amazed to witness that

once again we're First Communicants  
partners then,  
partners now,  
time-travel lovers  
whole-souled for our next encounter.

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 66, No. 1, 2017)*

## *The Hawk*

by Teresa Hall

*Come back my Hawk,  
my soul has soared with yours  
above the windswept heights  
and nearly reached the edges  
of a cloud filled sky.  
Even though your prism'd eye  
is filled with images of  
mice and vole, still,  
my fingers long to touch  
your red-barred wings  
as if I too could learn to fly.  
Soft on a downy breast  
I'd float upon the slipstream  
to follow you, dive into the  
vortex just for the thrill,  
but with each new twist  
and turn, you gracefully  
glide far from my view,  
and I am left here standing  
on this dull and earthbound hill.*

*(Tower Poetry, Vol. 65, No.1, 2016)*



## DRIVING THE SLOW ROUTE

by Rhoda Hassmann

takes a little extra time  
and I feel a little un-macho  
not getting there and back  
in the minimum number of minutes

But last week

I saw blue mist  
still asleep on the fields  
a slope of yellow green  
greeting me around a bend  
white ankles on a group of black horses  
unexpected golden cattle

a small pond with a sign, "Williamson Lake,"  
and clouds over the hillsides, like the ones  
I used to watch, over the canals, in Holland

And I saw a mother in her housecoat  
coffee in hand  
waiting with her tall young son for the schoolbus;  
further on, girls playing, boys slouching,  
as the early morning set in

and a small shop, not yet open,  
through the window  
a woman  
quietly turning newspaper pages

(*Tower Poetry*, Vol. 54, No. 1, 2005)

## The First Snow

by Joanna Lawson

Cold wind teased the Courtyard  
blew red and rust leaves for days  
shook bird nests empty of flying young  
rained on dogs walking familiar paths

Now promised snow descends  
spruce and pine grasp clumps  
flecks of white tip leafless bushes  
stretches like icing on bare maples  
footprints track lone walker in morning calm

Winter's brush brings quiet white  
dons world's first winter coat  
Don't think of coming ice storms  
closed roads and working shovels  
just drink morning beauty  
and think of tomorrow's snowman

## Faith

by Nancy McMartin

I do not walk alone

I may appear to be just one

But around me they watch; they hover

Souls of loved ones gone before

Angels softly on my shoulders

I feel their goodness and their peace

I pray my thoughts of gratitude

I do not walk alone

## Moon Moments

by Valerie Nielsen

Last night the moon rose

Full and glowing

Low between the trees

Led me through the dark

Showed the path home

This morning it still shimmers

Early in the west

Rests softly on the shore

Days begin and end

In beauty

(*Tower Poetry*, Vol. 66, No. 2, 2017-18)

## West Meets East at Dharavi Slum

by Kathy Robertson

You glare into my van's window  
laden with Dharavi's privation  
pressing face-to-pane  
your eyes haunting my soul.

I recoil as if struck by cobra  
shamed by the sting of your anguish.  
The horror of your suffering frozen in time  
to torment future dreams.

A destitute beggar  
vestige of untouchable caste  
your ghostly body – skeletal, emaciated  
wrapped in mummified rags.

We are two women  
partitioned by glass  
each predestined by fate  
one entitled, one condemned.

(*Tower Poetry*, Vol 62, No. 2, 2013-14)

## Poetry

by Sandhya Seethamsetty

The wings of poesy doth  
Take me to new heights of joy,  
A joy that is ephemeral.

Dear music fill my soul  
With sweet musing  
Great is the happiness, thus.

Joy is the food of the soul,  
Oh! Fill my heart  
With love and happiness.

The strain of music, doth  
Fill my heart with glad tiding,  
Renew my sense of joy.

Love! love! Sweet inspiration  
Fill my heart with tender yearning  
On a dawn lovely and awakening.

Poetry, thou winged bird  
Thou art and will be  
An expression of inner joy.