

TRESPASSES

a chapbook to accompany
the EASE Gallery show

February 13th - March 14th, 2015

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The Greater Columbus Arts Council*

special thanks to Saint Stephen's Episcopal Church

Wendy McVicker & Jena Seiler

Security 1

Poemlets, from Two Bibliographies

Security 2

Lines, not things

Security 3

We were working with the idea of borders and border-crossings...

Poemlets, from Two Bibliographies

Wind and water
cross borders
every day.

They are ~resources~
with ~mobility~

* * *

Peripheral permeability
is what I feel when
your fingers brush
my breast —

Electric

* * *

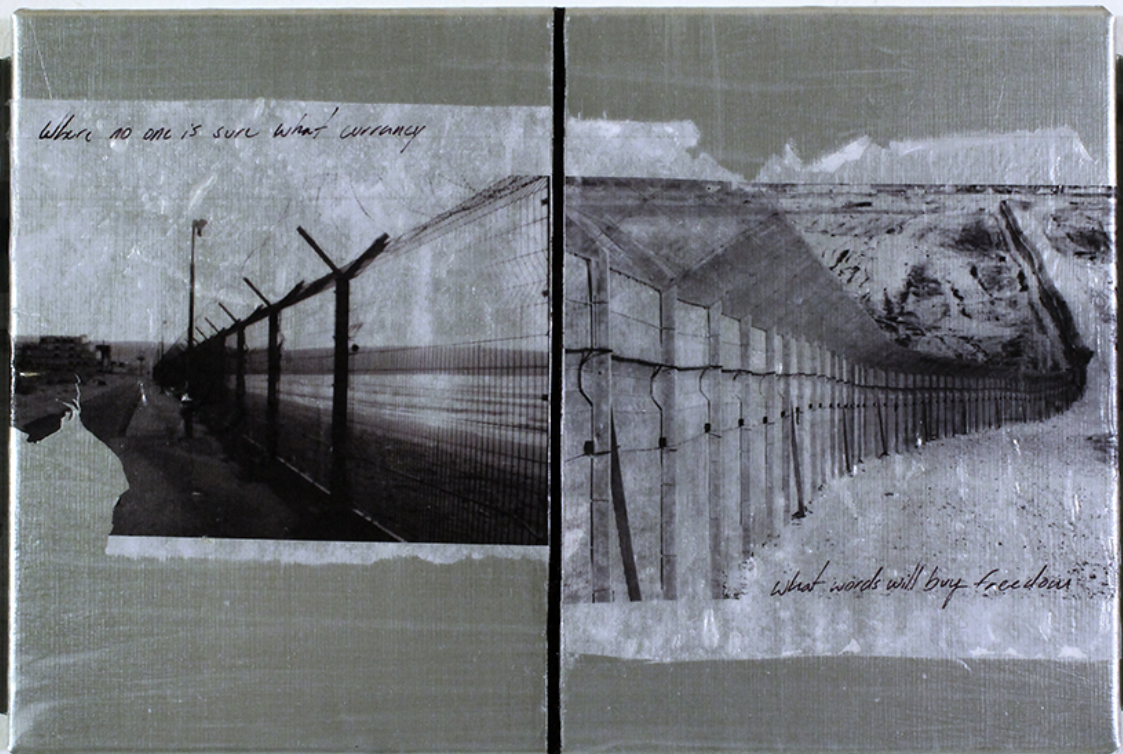
Within the word apparatus
lives the word apart
lives the word us
apart us

* * *

The earth's boundaries
are sea and sky.
Who struggles
to control those borders?

Where is the edge
of the air?

Wendy McVicker



"Security 1," Jena Seiler



"Security 2," Jena Seiler

Lines, not things

Edges of things, not the things themselves —

Borders, border crossings, not
the flat countries, all alike.

Boundaries, places of possibility
and want —

where no one is sure what currency
to use, what words will buy freedom,

where we (orphans, all) can slip
like shadows, or dreams

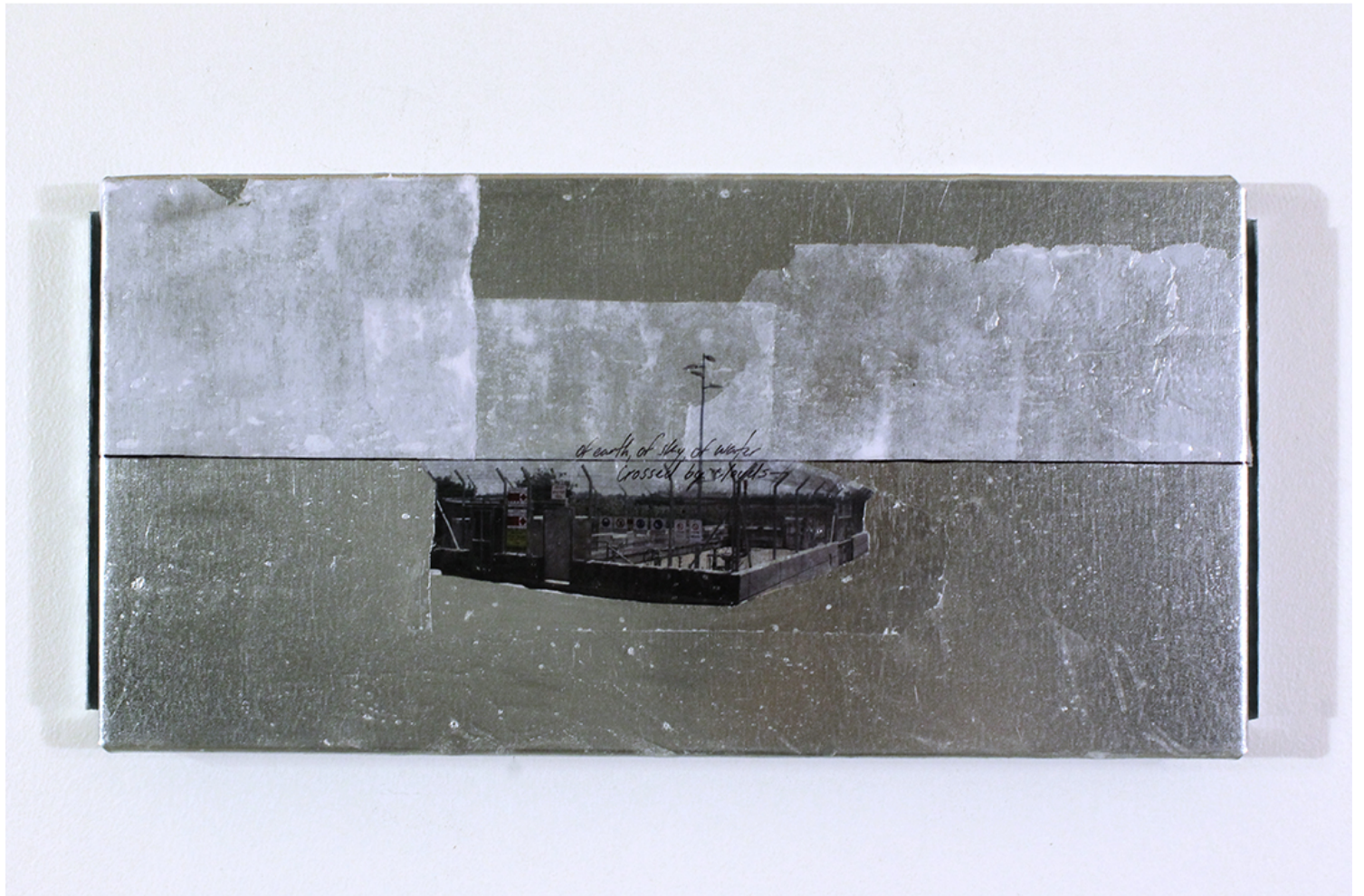
from one world to another, forgetting
nothing —

all we need, carried
in our eyes: eyes the color

of earth, of sky, of water
crossed by clouds —

weighing what words matter,
and what words to leave behind, wrapped
in silence

Wendy McVicker



"Security 3," Jena Seiler

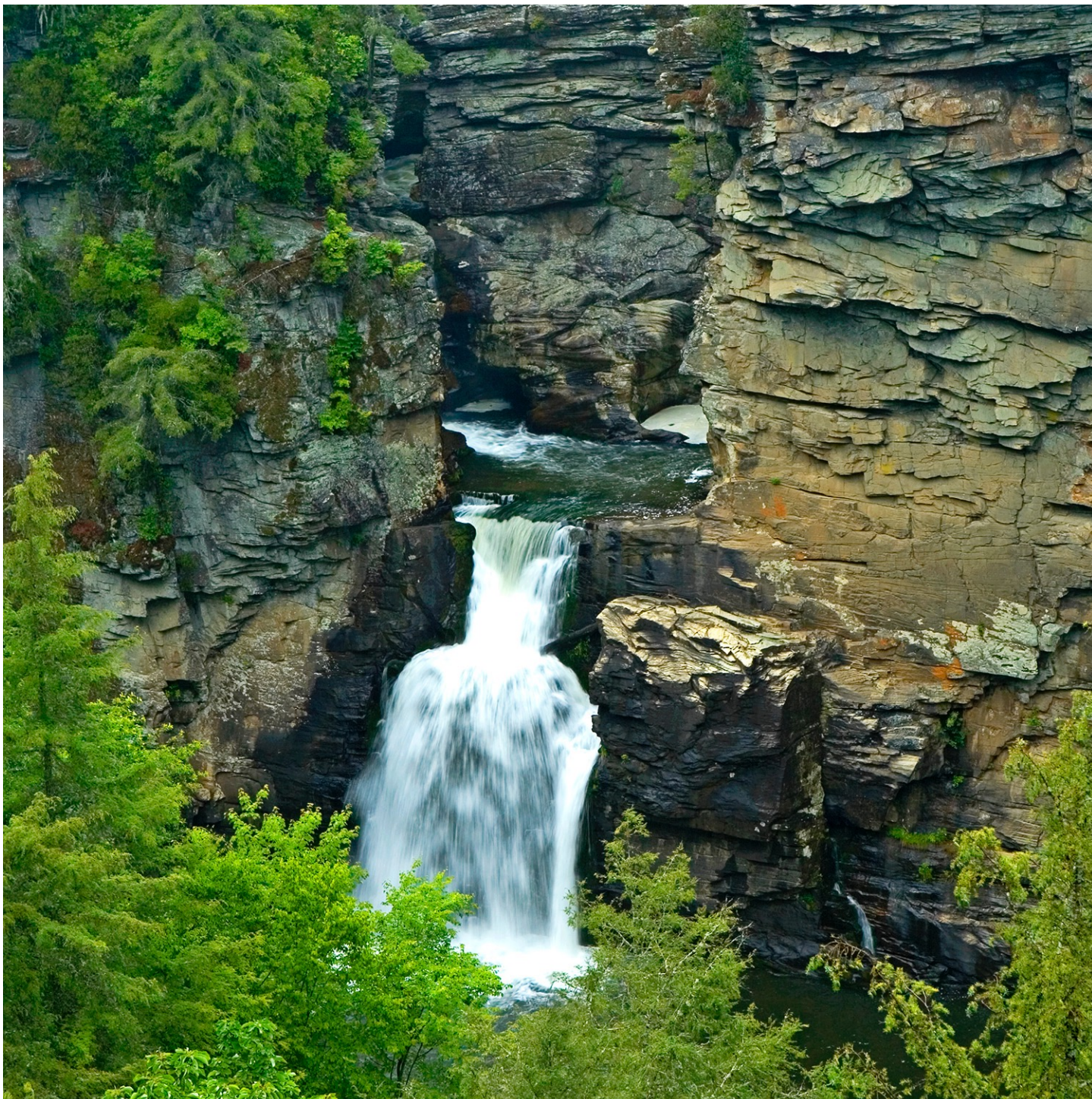
John Holliger & Ellen Fox

The Linville Falls

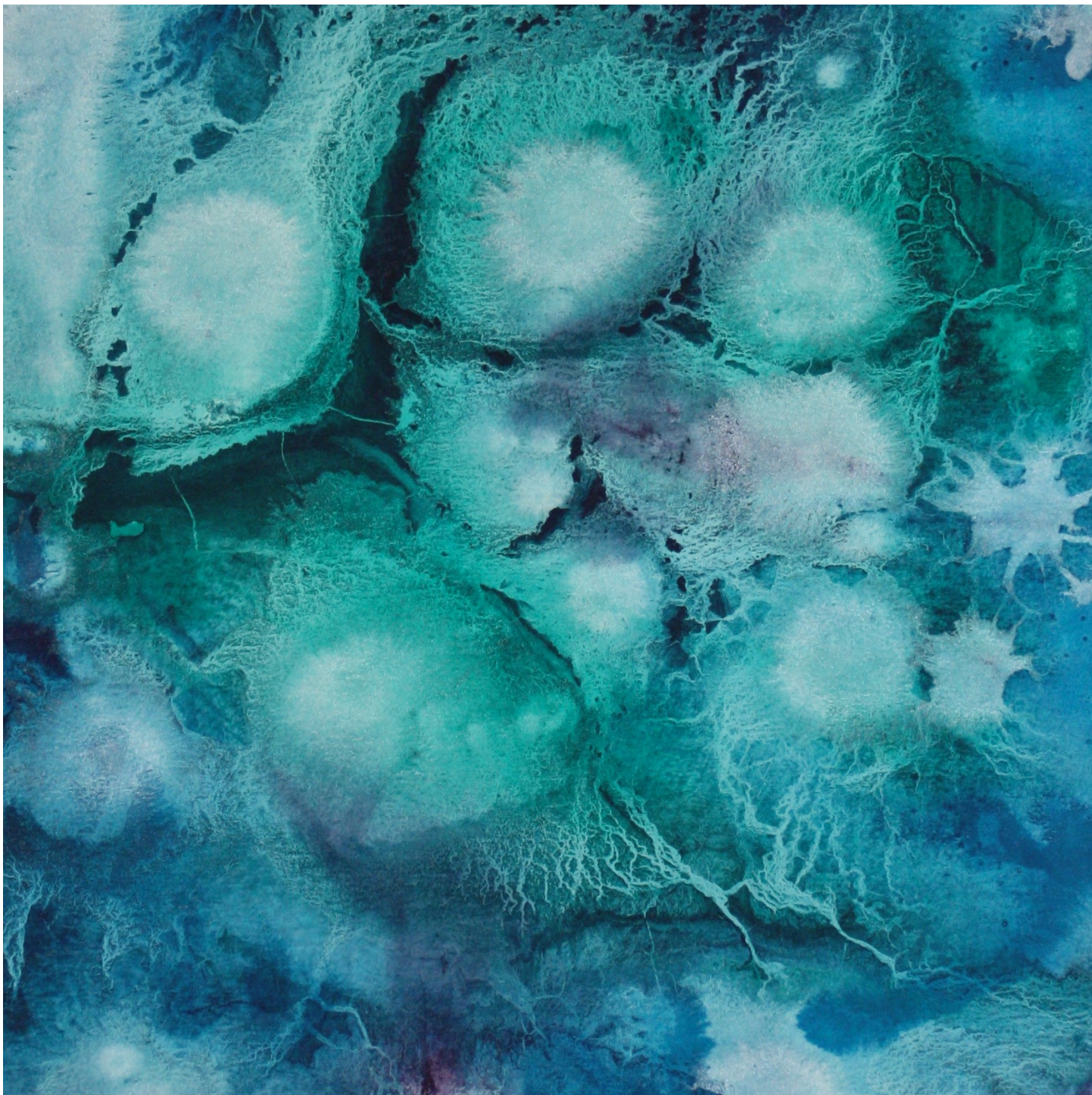
And Entelechy: The Dynamic Purpose Coded in Each of Our Souls

John: The Linville Falls, partially hidden in mysterious fog, is 45 miles northwest of Asheville, North Carolina. Here are granitic rocks overlain uncomfortably by sedimentary and volcanic rocks of the Grandfather Mountain. The Linville Falls fault line is thirty miles long, exposed here when the Blue Ridge mountains thrust up about 1,100 million years ago, causing all those cracks and fissures and an opportunity for spring waters to search for the sea by gathering and falling 600 feet down to the Catawba River. Such chaos and beauty following an upward thrust of one centimeter a year. The effect is cumulative and slow compared to our life span.

Ellen: If Linville Falls is an example of how creation works, it's only good for rocks. There are human beings falling through those cracks. That mysterious fog hides the children abused, suicidal transgendered youth, men, women, and children with AIDS and Ebola; human beings caught in the midst of war and terror; mothers trying to feed their children in drought stricken lands; black and white cops and kids lost in chaos. Blood and bone, we are moving toward eternity. We are beings of light, of energy, of cells constantly changing, dancing deeper into life and death. Sparks of neurons firing, thoughts and feelings feeding dreams and dread, we are flying toward the stars and falling into gravity. We are heart-pumping, lung-breathing persons full of contentment and longings, love and hate, depression and joy. Such chaos and beauty!



"Linville Falls," John Holliger (detail)



"And Entelechy: The dynamic purpose coded in each of our souls," Ellen Fox (detail)

Jim Miner & Craig McVay

Fratricide

Leaving Home, My Brother & I Drive West 1968

Autumn Lynching in Ohio

**Sweet Gum (“*Liquidambar styraciflua*/And Heaven
and Nature Sing”)**

*We started our conversations cautiously in a coffee shop on High Street. For these first two poems of Craig’s, Jim produced “Sweet Gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*/And Heaven and Nature Sing” and “Fratricide.” In response to figures Jim had previously carved, Craig offered two poems, “Quarter Man” and “Black Jaguar” (pages 53-57). We decided, however, that these two ekphrastic exercises did not adequately explore “trespass”: Jim had not invaded Craig’s writing table, nor had Craig entered Jim’s workshop. We began again with a shared project, in which text and carving would be integrated in a single work. Looking at an exterior door in the coffee shop, we decided upon the theme, “Exit.” During the course of our collaboration, the theme and dominant metaphor changed several times. Craig wrote and discarded poems whose appropriateness for the project he and Jim doubted; Jim developed - and put aside - several sculptural concepts. Craig needed some convincing that Jim’s last carving worked with his poems. The final product (final probably only because the deadline for submission came upon us) is Jim’s spare, minimalist kolrosed wood panel uniting and dividing two of Craig’s thematically related yet antithetic poems, “Into the River” and “River of Dreams” (pages 37-40).*



"Fratricide," Jim Miner

**Leaving Home, My Brother and I Drive West
1968**

My hair flowers red on my shoulders,
his is as short as the thorns on Jesus' crown.

I am stoned,
and I sing, as if underwater, to the Stones,
as they sing to me;
my song as longing as a virgin's smile:

*I can't get no satisfaction;
And I try and I try and I try . . .*

His eyes, too hard to blink, stare ahead,
silent as the instant before the staccato of thunder hits the roof.
He stretches his right arm,
its love cold as winter's unmined coal,
to the radio.

A click to the left.

Craig McVay

Autumn Lynching in Ohio

Shrilling in full-throated, well-practiced harmony,
they skip the skinny boy
over the slick gray clay,
toward the sweet gum tree
on the river bank.

They grab his shirt and spin him
like a bellowing, galloping gelding
pulled short by an angry general.

The blood of the red and purple star-shaped leaves
blanches.

The resin crawls like brown-gold caterpillars
down the black and gray furrowed bark
and sours,
unfit for loving lynchers' children
to chew, come Christmas.

Craig McVay



"Sweet Gum (Liquidambar styraciflua/And Heaven and Nature Sing)," Jim Miner

Asa Killion & Karl Stevens

Letter to Cathy

The Trespasses collaborators gathered in October to talk about their works and their approach to art. Asa read three letters, written to friends at the end of college, two of which were never sent. Karl talked about his obsession with The Rothschild Canticles, an illuminated prayer book that a medieval spiritual director created for a nun. He was excited about the idea of creating art for an audience of one. They decided that Karl would write a letter to a friend, send it to Asa, and Asa would create pieces of art from it. The letter itself would disappear into the ether. But in the course of their collaboration, they became attached to the letter itself, and altered their plan, trespassing on their original idea. The letter itself is also a trespass, for who has the right to share private thoughts in public in this way? So in the pages to come it's partially obscured, so that Karl won't trespass onto his friendship with Cathy too deeply.



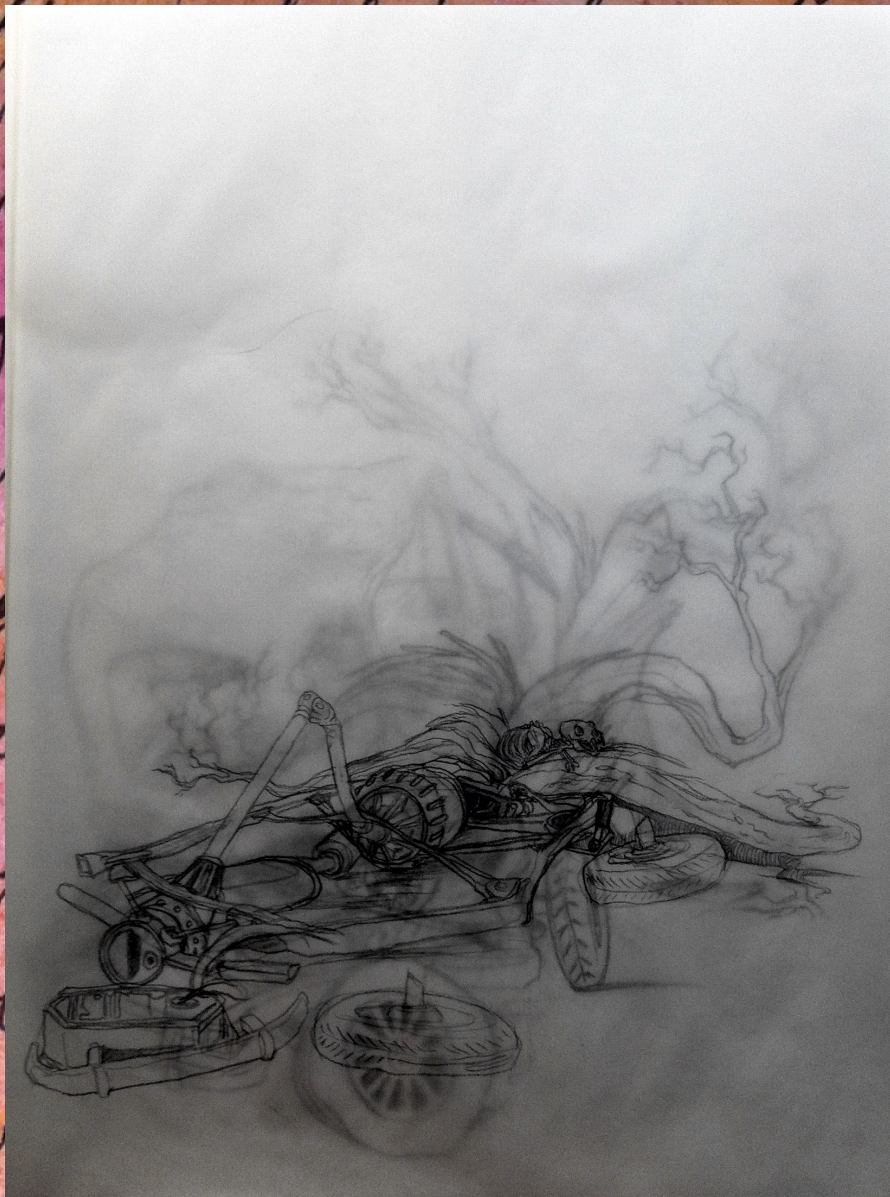
Dear Catherine

that's just been
it for a moment,
he was injured, the
the water, & you
They looked water-
skin was very
old hold one hand
the skin together
that weren't the
but you seemed aware of their bursting.
I remember how ^{the street} you fussed, as your
mother was driving. I remember the piles

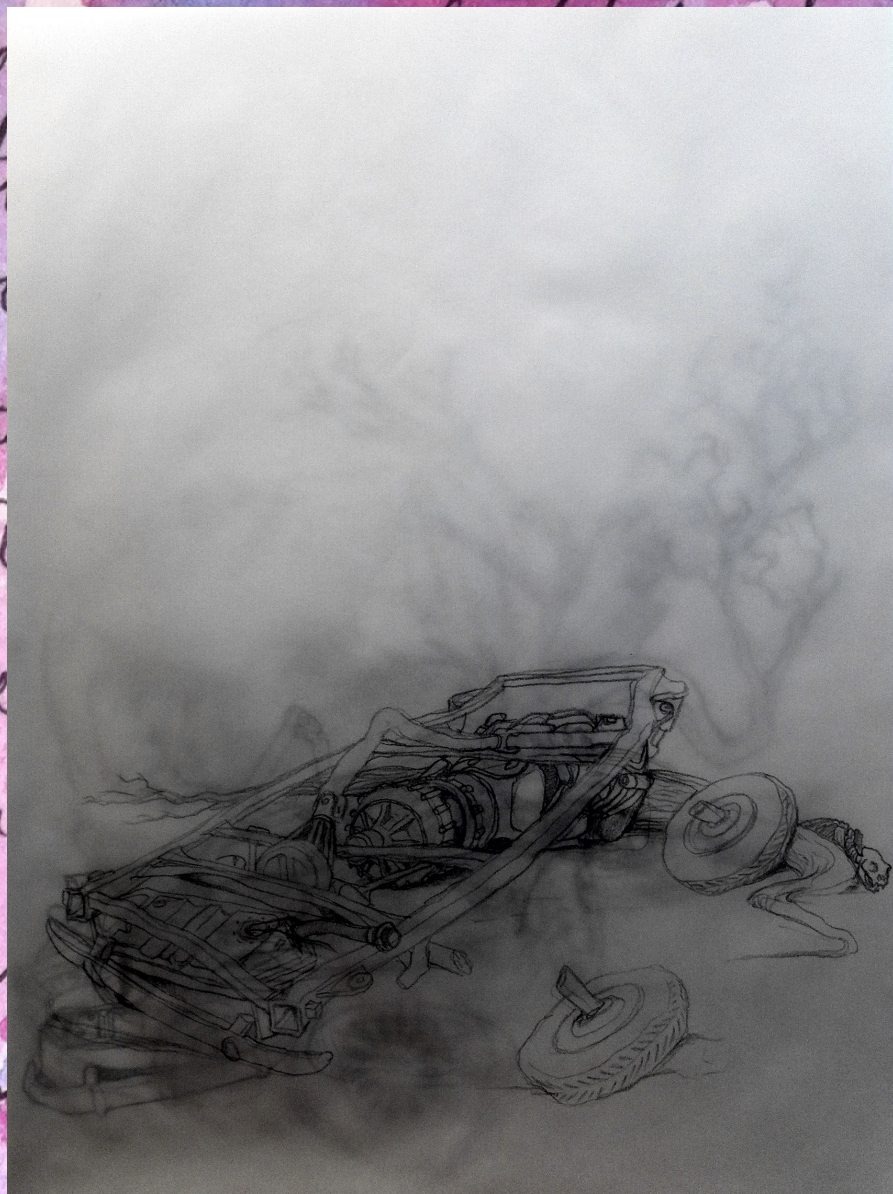
could look for ~~seems~~ ^{things} that weren't there,
you seemed awa
remember how ^{the} you
was dying, 1
y on the floor.
ed to his brea
^{are} ^{all} about the ho
they started dy
through the field
vision, when y
your brothers rode bikes on the country
You became a championship swimmer,



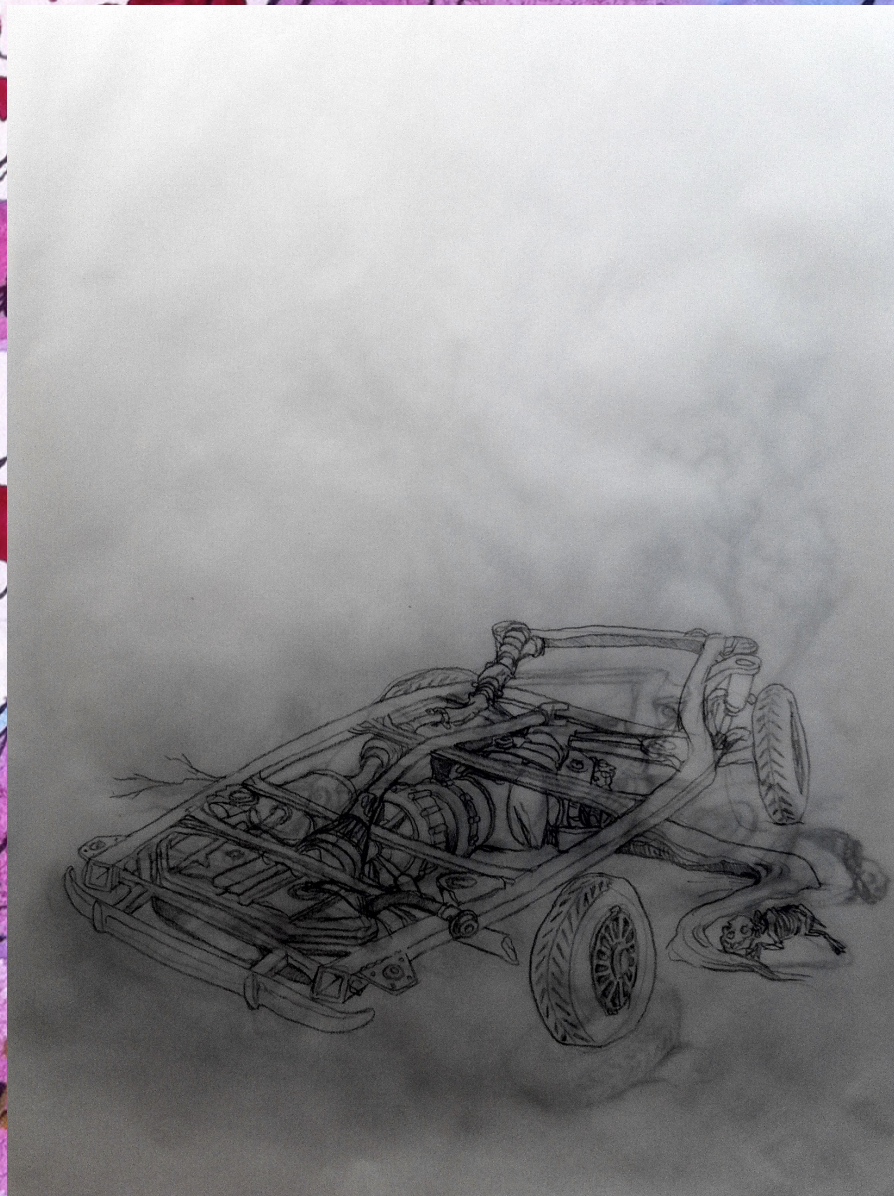
went on dates with boys, sat on picnic
tables outside of little country recre
shops. In the summer
the summer
winters long
gas station
different age
You were
slow with
her by mo
house, mo
overheard your brother at a party, comp



Cathy, you had another house, in North Carolina. One night you went out on the porch, and you were a good mother was cold. You were in one of the free. You were can pulled at you from the house. You came. But you came, and your hands were always fragile and eroded.



where for hours. The ocean pulled at you
you could see the lights from the boat
on shore. Someone finally came. But
shoulder was a
hands were a
Cathy, what did
the ocean? :D
memories?
away from
the ocean, pa
from place to
Perhaps the
accretions of
those who



Agnes Burris & Brad Modlin

My Golden Chimera

On Chimeras and the Cost of Selling Loose Cigarettes in New York

Agnes gave Brad three small lined paintings and jotted down the names of the colors she'd used. Garden of Paradise, Blindfold, Blush, Blaze Orange—these names became a word bank for him. Golden Chime in particular stood out to him. If you add an –ra, you've got a three-part mythical beast. When he looked at Agnes's three pieces side by side, they indeed looked like a lion's head, a goat's body, and a serpent. When he reported this to Agnes, she wrote a scene about rooftop chimeras, onto which Brad trespassed when writing the poem. Agnes then took the poem and made a brand-new, full-sized, lined picture and painted a line to represent each line of poetry. She asked Brad to pick three random numbers between 1 and 116. She wrote the corresponding lines on the canvas in their appropriate places.



"My Golden Chimera," Agnes Burris

ON CHIMERAS AND THE COST OF SELLING LOOSE CIGARETTES IN NEW YORK

1. Mane of a Lion

This is not a happy myth.

When the chimeras swam to shore, they were too many for us. We reached for our shotguns. We aimed at their lion heads. They had the torsos of goats, and their tails were whole serpents. They swallowed the bullets we fired. They swallowed the mayor. Someone produced a TV show about it, and we watched it every Tuesday night until it became a comedy we fell asleep to. Our loveliest towngirls were named for flowers—Lily, Daisy, Violet—the town was a garden of lovely girls. One night a chimera ripped out Daisy’s hair and tossed her into the sea. The mayor’s son opened a gun shop. On the playground, the townboys stopped playing tag and started playing *kill-the-chimera*, each taking a turn at pantomiming a mauling, the others bloodying him with sticks. The first week the chimeras built their fires on the beach and lived in caves. But then they camped on the edge of town. The gun shop sold out. Some people took naps. The girls kept indoors. The chimeras started sleeping on our front porches, their paws in plain sight. We recognized their faces as familiar—if we had worn blindfolds, we wouldn’t have blushed so. A new gun shop opened. Another child went missing. The chimeras climbed our roofs, and our homes became theirs. They ate our weathervanes, and we didn’t know which way was east. They swallowed. We said, “There’s nothing we can do.”

2. *Stomach of a Goat*

I have had emotions for 32 years.
On my birthday, we speak
of current events. Speaking
them only makes them more current.
My father, whom I remember
as having more empathy says, "Maybe
the boy had once held up a store
with that toy gun,"
as if that makes his dying
more okay.
When he says *the boy*,
he means the twelve-year-old,
which is to say, someone young
enough to play with toys.
The editorial in the paper said,
"Maybe he would have grown up
to commit crimes with a real
gun," which is to say, maybe
he would have grown up.
I have had emotions for 32 years,
but today I am noticing
a brand-new one—a mouse-trap anger,
do not talk near me.
My brother calls—*do not, do*
not, but he does: he says, "Only
people in Ferguson need to worry
about Ferguson." When I asked

the artist for a painting with lines,
I thought repetition
brought peace. I drive away,
drive between the white
lines. I turn up
the radio to listen
to the news—to the names
of victims—
to be angry
at everyone. This feeling
is not a mousetrap.
It is licorice candy. It is a gum
I will keep chewing.

3. The Fangs of a Serpent

My bartender
said, "Well,
people shouldn't
backtalk
to cops."
I said,
"What about
the Boston
Massacre?"

The man in line
told me he was afraid,
generally speaking.
In general, he is afraid.
The woman last year
at lunch said, "I have a pistol
in my purse
and now I feel safe."
The morning after I see the video
of the chokehold on the NYC sidewalk,
I see someone in my town has chalked
a wall with *FTP, FTP, Fuck*
the Police, FTP, and I want to applaud.
And I like to call myself peaceful, but.
And I say, "Don't clump people together," but
I come a half-second close to flipping
off the next cop I see, and I
have friend who is a cop, her name

is Marge, she has a generous fiancé and
two dogs, but in this minute I am
blaze orange.
The place you feel safest in your town
is supposed to be your kitchen—
we are all chopping carrots,
we are mashing what is mashable.
We set the table with a salad and listen
to the folk station as it plays murder ballads.
“Little Sadie
never spoke another word,
I only beat her more.”
“I threw
the Knoxville girl
in to drown. And I watched
her as she floated down.”
I admit to turning up the radio.
“I drew a saber through Rose Conelly
It was an awful sight.”
The DJ
calls it
traditional American music.
This is not happy, this is not a myth:
the chimeras came,
eating the weathervanes
and we said,
“There’s nothing we can do.”

Brad Modlin

Evan Dawson, Paige Phillips, Elizabeth Roberts, & Stephen
Takacs

Hook and Loop

*4 artists = 2 dancers + 2 wallflowers = 4 egos = 2 pairs = 2 Velcro suits + 4
cameras = pushing and pulling and not letting go = 1 project*



*"Hook and Loop," Evan Dawson, Paige Phillips, Elizabeth Roberts, Stephen Takacs
(image taken from video art piece)*

John Sherer & Karl Stevens

Afternoon

Karl asked John to write a poem that he could illuminate.



"Afternoon 1," Karl Stevens

Afternoon

Here in an old apartment,
I sit at the feet of masters, trying
to scrape a few insights from their words
and patch them into my memory. My life
progresses like a car on the other side
of a highway, inching closer to the next one,
compacting the jam, the driver's hope
renewed by the gain of a few feet
after you have passed, five minutes ago,
a heap of trucks improbably mangled
and thousands getting out for miles
to salute the horizon and stretch their necks.

Some years ago I wept for losing her,
but the loss was not like drowning.
Her face flickers before me
for the first time in months. Dust gathers
around the books on the table.
The refrigerator hums, measuring out
time's rightness and time's wrongness.

John Sherer



"Afternoon 2," Karl Stevens

Jim Miner & Craig McVay

Dreams and the River

Kolrosed

Into the River

Dreams and the River

*We are such stuff as dreams are made of,
and our little life is rounded with a sleep.*

(W. S., Tempest)

The fists of the river's ice-gray winds
grab my pellucid dreams,
which smack like brown hailstones -
and drown.

I am old, and I've forgotten my dreams.
I've forgotten those whom I've loved.

* * *

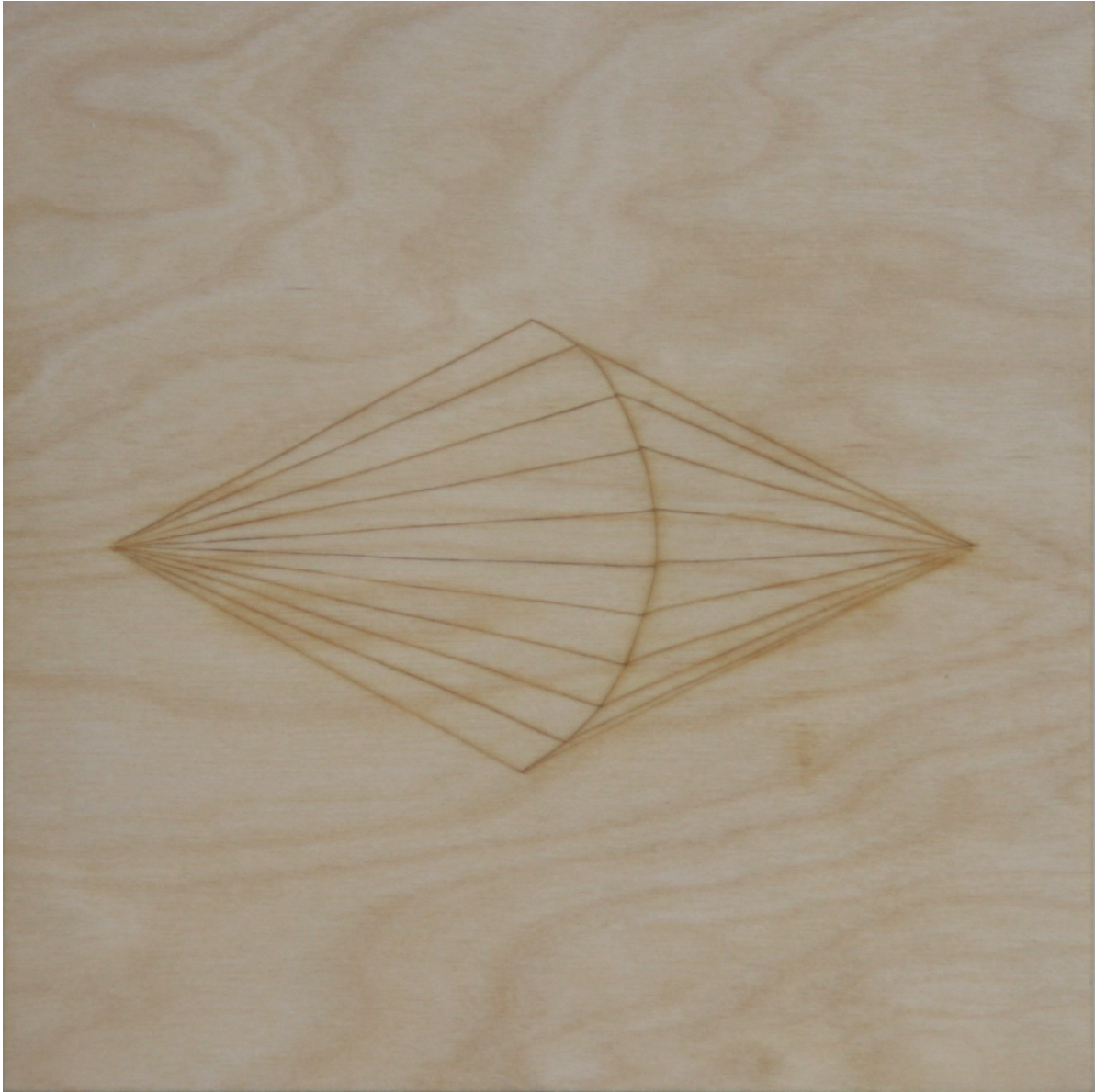
But now, you and I, dear,
will make soft and silver poems
in the river's light.

We'll swim rhythmically
through the white wind
of calling dreams remembered and new.
They'll clarify us
in primary, secondary, and tertiary colors.

We'll remember our dreams, dear.
We'll remember those whom we've loved.

When I fall asleep in the sweet river,
dear,
may there be poetry -
and you.

Craig McVay



"Kolrosed," Jim Miner

Into the River

I am old,
and I walk into the river,
under the gray stone floeberg.

I am tired, and my eyes are dark.
I lie down, and the sludging water rolls
over me, slowly.

I am old and tired and very cold.
My eyes are dark, and my brown dreams
stagger as if to drown.

The shadows of those I've loved
sweep quickly past me. I see
only their black river backs. I have forgotten
their names.

I can't remember
the greens and blues of their waking eyes,
which I won't see again.

Nor will I see again
the snow-geese flying over the ice.

Craig McVay

Ellen Fox & Bobbi Gill

Coin: I Am Who I Am/I Am Becoming Earth

We met about 25 years ago. In spite of an almost instantaneous recognition that our personalities were very different, we became close friends because our values were so similar. Ellen also longed to learn from the poet and artist that Bobbi is. Ellen acknowledges that she often feels like too much while Bobbi often feels as if she is not enough. Too much and too little both lead into not being “right” for a situation. We started joking about being two sides of the same coin. In our collaboration on this art piece, we have attempted to illustrate this by each presenting a visual image of who we are. We needed a large coin that is easily flipped to show you. This experience has thrown us both into not enoughness. What do we think we’re doing with all of these artists? Who do we think we are? How do we interact with each other with respect as we work on the same piece?

Bobbi: “The world has gradually been taking on light and fire for me until it has come to envelop me, in one mass of luminosity, glowing from within. The purple flush of matter fading imperceptibly into the gold of spirit, to be lost finally, in the incandescence of a personal universe.” - Teilhard de Chardin

Ellen: I Am Who I Am.



"Coin: I am who I am," Ellen Fox



"Coin: I am becoming earth," Bobbi Gill

John Holliger & Karl Stevens

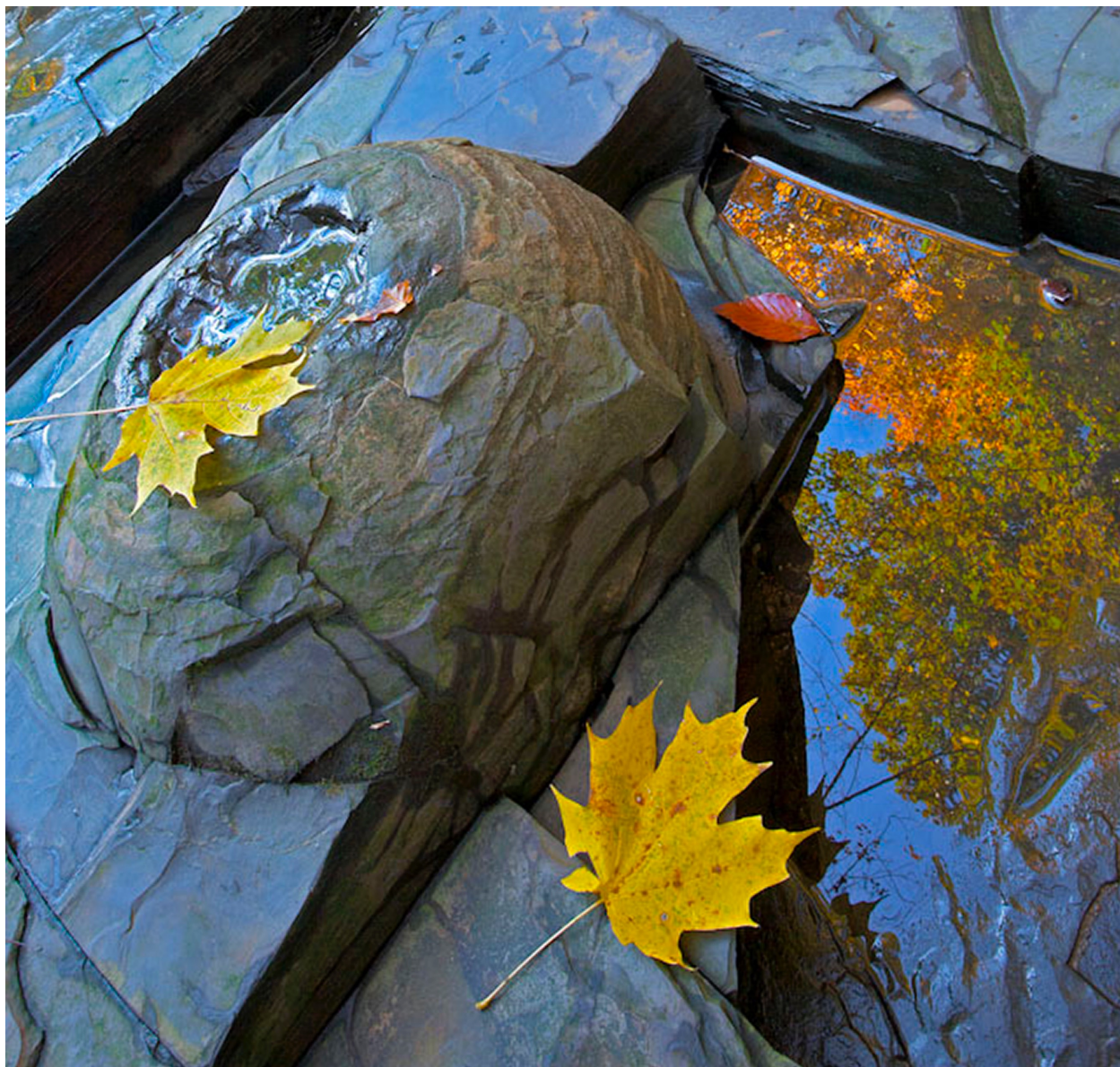
Jaunty Hat

Longing

The Moon's Way

**Three Poems Written While Looking at
Photographs on the Internet**

Karl was thinking about mediation and reading Basho. Matsuo Basho, the great seventeenth century Japanese poet, is famous for accounts he wrote of his travels. When he would visit a place, he would write a poem on a piece of wood or a cave wall and leave it for future visitors to enjoy. This was a regular practice among Japanese poets at the time. While looking at John's photos, Karl was keenly aware of the fact that he couldn't travel to the places John had gone, and even if he could, he couldn't see those places with John's eye. The experience of the rocks, the river, and the moon were all mediated by John's camera, and Karl could only enter into the experience of the photos, not the places themselves. His three poems reflect this. He uses the original titles of the poems on John's website, which John has since renamed.



"Jaunty Hat," John Holliger
A concretion after a rain in High Banks Metro Park, Columbus.

Earth's Crust 3

Water breaks the stones
and sharp leaves into glass shapes,
shows a film of sky.

Neither I nor the wet sky
know to shudder like the breeze,
know to capture light
so it can't be forgotten,
or dry, like a leaf.

Memory is wet and blue.

My friend, choose its cold colors.

My friend, stand alone
with the things you see. Lonely,
this reflected tree.

Karl Stevens



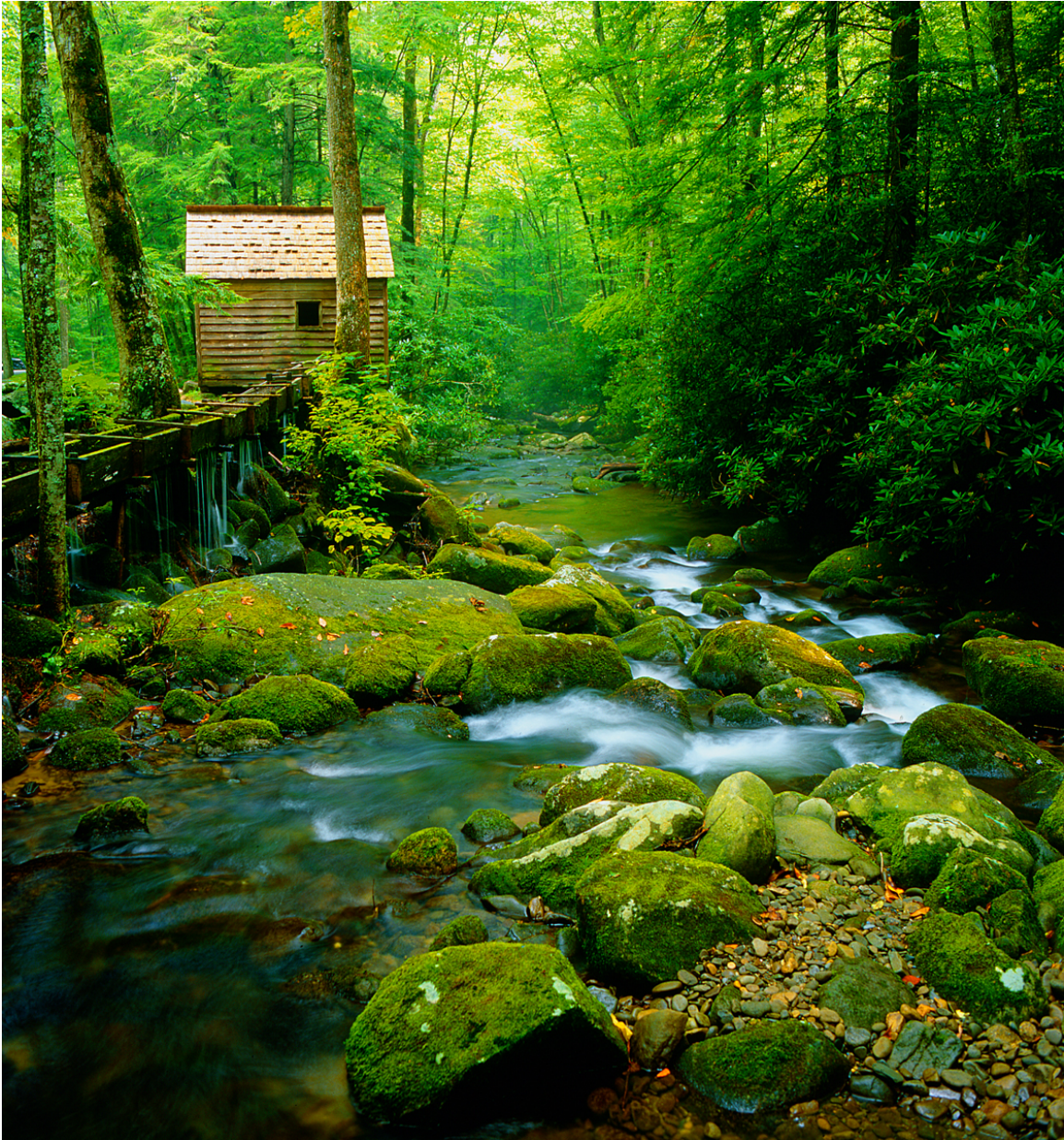
*"The Moon's Way,"
John Holliger
The Hermitage on Beaver
Run, 1:30 am, near
Warsaw, Ohio*

Dusk to Dawn 16

In that dusk you saw
two moons. One like a crow's eye.
One sky and vapor.
One was rilled with tree shadows,
the other was the Milky Way.
True, there were three moons,
two in the dark where you stood
with your camera,
both broken into the pond
and the sky - the world outside -
and the moon in you
that saw the vapor spiral
and pinhole its light.

And another moon, of course,
the moon in me, now, and dusk.

Karl Stevens



"Longing," John Holliger
A modest, restored water driven stone mill and sluice along the Roaring Brook Stream, Great Smoky Mountains National Park.

Summer 1

This, your native place,
this vision-inhabited
house, river outgrowth,
this is the place you should live,
my friend. Be green as water.
Be opaque like glass.
Mothers give birth to corneas,
lenses, and filmed sight.
This river heaves over stones.
Light heaves, heavy, in your eyes,
white with the white sky,
with the pale roof, its pale boards.
Be this solid house.

Karl Stevens

Jim Miner & Craig McVay

Quarter Man

The Black Jaguar



"Quarter Man," Jim Miner

Quarter Man

Mornings, Quarter Man, red hat tilted over eyes no one sees,
holding tight to the quarters in his pockets,
floats from his home underground, through the dirty rain,
into the glass house of buzzing white bulbs. Waiters
in white tuxedos welcome him with French fries (*pommes frites*,
he's proud of his accent) and coffee, black.

He talks loudly to no one all day until the kids come in
flirting after the game. He wants to tell them how, Fridays, years ago,
his jump shot rolled into the net like a white apple in the grass.

Home, he watches the trains sprint like Olympians through the tunnels.
If only he could tell how, strong as Jesus, he pulled the many-colored cars
with taut rope from the foundry through the city to the station
and painted the maps that, smiling like white street signs, point
through dark to light.

If travelers speak, he essays the quietest of words, in harmony
with black steel wheels on black tracks. Sweeping his hat, he bows:
Adieu, Monsieur, he mouths, and kisses the hand of Madame.

He slides into the dreams of the beautiful men and women
whose young girls will bring them white bouquets
of baby's breath when they get home; and whom,
like his daughters - *les belles jeunes filles* - God drives to mass
each morning in the deepest red of red limousines

He stutters as he tries to explain to invisible friends,
why, pacing the platform at midnight, he'll take nothing but quarters
to stick in his pockets. He'll abide no offering,
but quarters.

Craig McVay



"The Black Jaguar," Jim Miner

The Black Jaguar

Out of the dust, the question springs like a black jaguar
at the three men:

"And what is the of meaning life?"

The man in yellow hat and red shirt smiles
and settles in, happy as a crow in the grass.

It's easy, he's known for many years,
since, a little boy in blue bow tie,
he sat in church each Sunday and nestled
at his mother's side;

a Bible verse for every second:

A twirling finger, eyes closed, landing
on the magic verse. *Voila!* Truth!

The professor in gray hat and yellow tie stands,
hands in pockets, and looks out from his round
and ruddy face. He smiles, tilts his head
and squints: *To be or not to be?*

He'll never know, he knows,
but he revels in the asking.

The third man, in the yellow cap and green shirt,
sits, and, like a brown rabbit
frozen in the grass, says nothing.

He coughs and watches the jaguar leap.

He doesn't ask the question.

He only gasps and runs.

Craig McVay

Ellen Fox & Asa Killion

Where the Wild Things Go

After Ellen painted this picture, it didn't seem finished. Asa sent her pen and ink drawings of wild animals and now it is obvious that this is where the spirits of animals go, roaming and flying forever. And we are glad.



"Where the Wild Things Go," Ellen Fox & Asa Killion (detail)

Agnes Burris & Bobbi Gill

Little Altars Everywhere

When Agnes first gave Bobbi her watercolor, Bobbi had no idea what to do with it. It felt like such an intrusion to begin marking it up with her own ideas, let alone cutting it up. Laying it on her dining room table for nearly two weeks, it slowly began to appear to her as the earth at the dawn of creation – before flora and fauna emerged. Much of it appeared to be large gray boulders with little niches where one might seek shelter. She began to think of these as small places where one might pray. As she worked, highlighting these “altars” with gold, she intuitively began to believe that the earth itself was sacred – not needing human interaction to make it so. Perhaps animals and plants have the capacity to sense the sacred. The lines Agnes had created spanning her painting became golden rivers of the sacred that inhabited all of matter. “Holy the firmament,” says Psalm 150. “The purple flush of matter turning imperceptibly into the gold of spirit,” says Teilhard de Chardin. Then Bobbi began to cut and paste, accelerating the process of evolution. Trees and animals joyfully participating in the joy of the earth. She named the piece “Little Altars Everywhere” after a novel of that name which she read many years ago, because it seemed to her that anywhere in the natural world creatures might stop, breathe in the beauty and holiness of place and give thanks.



"Little Altars Everywhere," Agnes Burris & Bobbi Gill