

SPOL

We are not tight and polished braids - bits and pieces that can be wrapped up like a tasty sausage or a pleasing christmas wreath hung upon some door

- identifying....something? We are rather fractured and wondering beings who seek out our beginnings outside these earthly narratives. We yearn to be unique. We exist not in spite our familiar connections, but merely informed by them. Our childhood histories are oddly in conflict with feelings of a deeper connection to the world we encounter. As we venture outside our home, despite fear, we find mirrors to us which appear to resemble more archaic cellular siblings than our beloved parents can provide. There are signs and signals sent us to our maybe-us which keep us away from home rather than taking us back to home. Why is that? Why don't we just go home? Our stories open up. Our history is not merely genetic.

Our histories extend beyond the address of our parents, and the world whispers that to us beginning at a very early age. So as terrified castaways, we start to notice everything, Our friends are everywhere. And as we gain a sense of security from the unknown, we acknowledge that our vulnerability informs us while insulation does not. Inevitably, and dutifully, we are drawn to and will seek the original us, the original material from which we are made.

We live in the forrest

The wood we find to make these objects are generally sourced by chance - as we make our beds among the trees, dragging away the undergrowth, certain burls and old fallen bits are more appealing than others. Rather than casting them away, these become, over time, the material from which our expressions are muttered. Our poems are etched out among the detritus of our daily existence - what would make better sense? These old trees provide us with what we need, one way or the other.

This wood is squirrelled away - here and there. And as we wind our way back, together, or individually, we recall them. There are houses about, cottages and proper homes - new folks and old folks intermittent homes, both historic and new, belonging to families who just want to be away. It's not hard to imagine why. As they come and go (or more precisely, go - leave for a primary residence, probably a city), they may leave some tools behind, outdoors aside the shed, or in a box on the porch. There are many weekend whittlers amongst the homeowners in this area. And thanksgod. It's with these tools that we manage to manipulate these bits to create our needed useful objects, our necessary hard utilities and our poems.

Some of these creations exhibit our ethos and heritage. Our neighbors provide for us the pens with which we write our story. Known to them or not (and I suspect a good number of them are well aware), we could not tell you anything without the dominant culture entering our space - the real world trains our voice and puts the verse on the solid material surface. The final result of this is the evidence we provide. It is not an interpretation. It is what we have seen. Our own eyes have mapped these forms - vivid memories transformed to the material. Everything you see here, exists.

What exists?

1. The sky
2. The earth
3. Our friends

What we see?

- remnants of the past
- creatures who thrive in the nighttime - frightening at first - but who have become our friends
- archaeological truths - events, objects, energy which deny accepted truths, stuff that history has either never noticed or bothered to document (for reasons unknown to us)
- occurrences - interactions with life undocumented - living wisdom hiding in plain sight
- the story of our lives

Land:

....chewing trillium nettle thursle ferns angelica

Genug