**INVOCATION, CONVOCATION, CONSTELLATION**

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**(this table has been blown to hell because I tore everything apart and rearranged in the last 6 hours/Ignore it)**

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*A lineage holder who significantly influenced my thinking*

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**Endnote: Excerpt from an unpublished interview with Louisiana native Bruce Wayne Morgan,** a Louisiana native, contemporary southern New Mexico bon vivant and barefoot philosopher.

**INVOCATION, CONVOCATION, CONSTELLATION**

*Our urge for possessing is constantly nourished; again and again throughout history it has been an underlying cause for war. We will have to be more sensitive to the effect of things on us and be aware of the implications that come with possessions. For things such as tools call for action; objects of art, for meditation. Things of our more passive existence, those which protect and serve us, give us rest and ease; others may burden and annoy us. They fluctuate from unassuming servitude to challenging sensationalism. We shall have to choose between those bringing distraction or those leading to contemplation; between those accentuating anonymous service or self-centered individualism; between the emphasis on being or on having.* ***- Anni Albers***

**I. Forwards and Orienting Poems**

**a.) The role of compassion and imagination in unifying experiences and expansive worldviews. (will be a new section)**

b.) In the complex of moving parts, food scraps, unexcavated ore, an avalanche of snow and stone, hushed songslice of one page of paper praising the air as it is turned toward the next one that lies before or after it, in the space of one book;  I do not believe in a superior or inferior, the possibility of a master narrative or single line that progresses from here to there. I am the perpetual witness to all that I observe and do.  I see impersonal logic expressed in gestures and constants that belong to no individual action in one place in time. The results are never discreet. I offer this orienting poem from my collection of written works entitled UNDER TAKER.

**Stepping Back from the Threshold**

Not what to paint, what picture,

not what to write, what word

but what surface to prepare, to preserve.

How do we position ourselves

to anticipate the predecessor?

The long step steps back and sees more.

The panorama of the future,

the horizon viewed

from an unfurled

unfurnished distance;

an as-of-yet unwoven willow basket

 filled with contemplation.

Depopulating

 for abyssal meditations

on heavenly bodies.

.

c.)  A unifying element of my work is a coloratura and tonality that remains constant across methods. It emerges from my study of and preference for aesthetics that represent a subtly and sensitively blended mood. My internal experience is a pedestrian ecstasy filled with poetic aching, which I attempt to deliver in a good-natured and loving tone. *Plethora, SCAPE GRACE:*

**Plethora**

watch

the rain

 fall through bays

of sunlight

 in a grove of willow bending over

to the water

at the bottom

of the valley

*afterharvest*

*voiceguides*

realms of study

the faint but

 discernable frequency

that sighs relief and praise all day long.

skin

carries a quiet sadness.

dwells in trust content

to have passed the keys

between

burgeoning

and falling away

carrying devotion

to the world

in the sacred

mundane overcoats

and mushroom frilled

petticoats

of ceremonial procession

d.) While not centered on a close critique of any particular philosophical position, my creative practice invokes ecological systems as a method to dematerialize and rematerialize biologically and historically encumbered ideas such as gender, species, race, being, and nonbeing.  These ecologically grounded projects atomize and reconstruct collectivist keystones of ecofeminism and innumerable religious and theological perspectives.

My creative practices are the lens through which I examine interconnections between environmental encounters and webs of qualities within environments: the successive waves of reality that follow organisms as they create, change, or destroy habitats. I consider myself a student of beavers as they remove old, dead trees to build their dams, inviting new trees and plants to repopulate. Beaver dams also gradually redirect the flow and course of water, creating fresh wetlands for other species.

My work is highly transensory, cross-referencing webs of light, sound nets, and spatial topography structures:  I see systems of elements and beings that promote shifting circuits of being, materials, and space.  This comprehensive, complex context of organic, societal, and symbolic environments is intrinsic to my perspective.

Ecological perspective generates insights and adds the tang of realism as I observe plants, predators, prey and mutualisms. My creative practice offers a system where I can be an ecosystem engineer, considering the mediating links as I witness, support, and monitor impacts.

In my focus on life and death cycles, I see how we are all the key to survival for others. This generates the continuum of grazers that form, shape, and maintain habitats and predators in a food web that balances another species’ population.

I behold the enmeshment of relationships between tiny beings such as krill, who provide nourishment for the largest whales. Whales are the krill, and krill are the whales.

### In my devotion, I have a particular passion for plants as the cornerstone of ecosystems and sanctuaries. As I work with fiber and poems, I imagine the labyrinth of mangroves lining spiritual and intellectual coastlines, filtering the water, and protecting landforms from erosion. Their roots of dreams and poems serve as nurseries for smaller fish and other creatures.

### My interdisciplinary creative identity as a mutualist ensures that I am never alone. I am connected to species and materials by endless arteries providing each other service or partnership. Each idea I have is a symbolic coral that relies on a type of algae for food and protects the algae in return.

**II. Notes on a Hybrid Style of Thesis/Portfolio**

*I have chosen a* ***hybrid thesis/portfolio model.*** *My final work will* ***merge*** *selections from my* ***fiber portfolio****, presented via photos and videos with corresponding selections from my* ***poetry manuscripts.*** *These offerings will be laced together via a* ***thesis essay.*** *This manifold of collective practices retains fidelity to a palette of materials and approaches that travel emotional and ecological distances. These ecologies include the dimension of the mind.*

*The combinative approach of co-presenting fiber works, poems, and mythopoetic and cultural influences highlights the following: (this list is getting refined and reordered,....stay tuned)*

*1.)* Practices that thematically complement one another across disciplines;

2.)Interdependencies present in coeval life cycles;

3.) Acknowledgments of and gratitude for the ancestral, academic, and more-than-human lineages encountered in my life studies;

4.) Explorations of retreat and eco-spiritual perspectives that emerge from my Central European/Slavic heritage;

4.) Translations of creative mediums speaking to multiple languages and neurodivergent experiences.

**IV. Context of Chosen Title**

The title **INVOCATION, CONVOCATION**, and **CONSTELLATION** refers to the structural and conceptual intersections within the thesis that connect systems that call, gather, and illustrate energetic co-engagements in my work.

My work is **INVOCATION**, a ritual recognition, and orisonthatnames natural and supernatural forces, petitioning them for guidance and inspiration.

The intersections of threads and verses I call into being form a  **CONVOCATION**. In completing my own thesis, I reference welcoming incoming students and acknowledging a graduation ceremony. In the assembly of many voices united for spiritual and scholarly purposes, I divine a tender and violent synchronized gathering of beings; an all-embracing complex of seeds, spills, dust motes, mushrooms, old luggage, forgotten songs, and earthquakes is welcomed.

My practice unites energetic points of reference and strands of fiber in symbolic **CONSTELLATION:** as recognizable positions and locations forming [star](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Star) arrangements upon the [celestial sphere](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Celestial_sphere). I contemplate how the relational structures form perceivedpatterns or outlines, often associated with animals, mythological subjects, and everyday objects. Superimposing meaning from constellations roots my muses in [prehistory](https://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Prehistory), lineages of people who related distant points of light to their beliefs, experiences, or mythological narratives.

**V. CREATIVE STATEMENTS: GENERAL AND SPECIFIC**

**A close up of a drawing

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Image 1. Sketchbook detail,  pencil, ink, and watercolor on handmade cotton rag paper,  2022

This sketch is a transverse view into rotating desert landscapes, as seen from above. It confounds any determination of which aspect may be ground and which is sky. The banners puzzle together like strips of a quilt made of rags. The striations lean and push gently, guiding the viewer to a patient looking in.

**Interdiciplinary Artist Statement**

My work offers contemplative landscape views of compound environments, emphasizing relationships between materials, mediums, and deep time. These works bear careful observation but do not demand it.  They present themselves in muted, though dynamic expressions. The work illuminates the organizations, disintegrations, struggles, and tenderness of human encounters with the more-than-human world.

The works translate natural energies through fluid alliances of materials, tactilities, processes, and sounds, from handmade paper to handspun and handwoven yardage to written texts. All works are transdisciplinary arrangements and incubations invoking mythopoetic themes. Inherent is an understanding of how loss, sorrow, illness, and separation can, over time, bear fruit. These works are the incubations of shadow,  germinations from realms of creativity that become exposed in response to tribulation yet sing sweetly.

These works compress traditional and modern perspectives by maintaining relationships to heritage practices and contemporary art and living. To the greatest extent possible, I spin the fibers I use, weave my own cloth, and make my paper, dye, and ink.

 ( IMAGES WILL BE BIGGER, BUT FOR NOW, I AM TUCKING this HERE)

A group of balls of yarn

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Image 2. Balls of hand-spun churro wool and angora goat fiber, 2022

A close up of a pile of dirt

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Image 3. Hand-beaten home-grown yarrow stalk pulp preparation for handmade paper. 2022

A close-up of a piece of paper

Description automatically generated

Image 4. Handmade sheets of yarrow paper made with hand-beaten pulp. 2022 Black pages were tinted with iron oxide, and a small addition of recycled cotton pulp and Japanese kozo fiber were added for structural stability.

I have defined my works as *Creative Heritage Practices* that orient my written, poetic linguistic forms and physical fiber work as devotional exercises. The energy of my chosen work is to pay respect to the ancient poets and creatures whose efforts and materials keep reweaving the world.

Situated between the terrestrial and transcendental threshold, I draw, weave, and write to reveal transits between meditation and materiality. The pencil, pen, and brush strokes on paper and the shuttle transfers, modulations, and tensions on the loom are attenuated, embodied movements lending sustained views of natural, physical, and spiritual situations, long-form narratives that invite awareness and witness.

**Weaving statement**

Weaving belongs to the natural order. The beings who weave — birds, beavers, humans, spiders, and tent worms — work within ongoing processes of methodical preparation, careful attenuation, and maintenance of physical tension. These engagements require devotion. Weaving unifies practical and spiritual well-being. Weaving is a moving mediation.

Human and more-than-human weavers share the same material considerations, submission to structure as weaving abides by fiber materials' rules, tensions, and natural capacities. My work acknowledges the complex trajectories of materials originating with sheep, goats, grasses, reeds, yaks, nettle, cotton, and trees. To be with textile processes teaches humility and shrinks conceptions of self-interest.  This work integrates the weaver's energy into the fibers of the universe, both their spinning and their unraveling or deterioration.

**Poetry Statement**

A subtle shifting arc of constellations of quotidian and symbolic imagery, my written compositions are built on archetypes resonating with folklore and folksongs. I see the poet as a pilgrim traveling a long path of changing circumstances: a disciple to the act of devotion itself.

As a writer, I seek to stabilize, destabilize, and re-stabilize the reader, to join them in their private world while remaining a natural force outside their control and comfort. My written work investigates rites of passage nested in daily life's textures and repeated resonances and seeks the abundant peace provided by careful observation. My poems fall into complex relations embodied in musical syncopations and physical sensations that hold the reader harnessed as a witness.

Often, floating in equanimity is the extent of the volta. There is no rhetorical shift, only a gentle, insistent urging toward acknowledgment and assent.

My creative language is a cosmovision describing shared universes. I illuminate the external relational dynamics and counterbalances in concert with the inner perspectives of discrete beings and knowing. My poems regard trajectories of bodies and matter, heed gravitational forces and adjacencies, and interpret them as oracles or astrological views. I write of the spinning motions of individual lives within greater orbits of cosmic activities: resplendent ornamented bodies, turning in galaxies, rotating in their regalia upon the moving dance floor of sky.

**STRUCTURAL ROOTS AND FOUNDATIONS:(would appreciate feedback as to a possible ordering of the topics below)(I believe each section will have its pages, and the sections will not run onto one another. This will bring a cleaner structure to the document.**

**DEVOTION:**

My creativity is a practice of devotion that acknowledges and responds to joy and distress. It highlights how all disciples of our other selves and futures are co-faceted beings and materials.

My work champions an infinitely expressive, more-than-human universe, hosting a cascade of synaptic feedback loops that communicate the urgency I experience within ecological devotion.

My fiber-based and written works express devotion to intersecting plant, animal, mineral, and human lineages, illuminating intangible histories and spiritual possibilities present in materials whose specificity disappears in the exchange process.

**COSMOLOGY:**

This thesis describes how my ideas of cosmological intercession take up strands that lead to many cultural thought traditions and ideas associated with the deep ecology movement and transpersonal ecosophies.

As a person who practices astrology and is informed of astronomy's mythological and scientific dimensions,  I consistently work to embed cosmological redescription into environmental thought and generative creativity.

Across all disciplinary engagements, I have a consistent cosmology that *reflects and attends to* the natural world complex.

*Generating Endless Heavens*, NIGHT SOILS

**Generating Endless Heavens**

To distinguish between the giver, taker, poet, scorpion,

a djinn, and an empty chair. Here are twins: a laborer and a brass belt buckle.

I remove the roof of the house nightly as I must see the sky crowded with souls

riding the back of a glittering serpent as the bats appear in the fullness of their true day.

I am climbing out, my ladder built of small feathers, a featherpede

with many legs, and rungs that tremble softly in the night wind.

I build this, awake with eyes closed, holding the down in place with intention,

hold the contents of a pillow within my head, suspended in space.

The dome of the universe silently erupts in my face, the one unified constellation

of hither and nowhere that is everywhere, that is snow on sand.

The sunless part of the day watched by the cool eye of the moon,

I am a waking, dreaming serpent.

I leave a crisp skin behind, between two sharp stones,

revealing a new skin to the stars, counting myself among them.

Ambulatory viewer, know the moving sky, turning

as we turn, even when we do not move and also when we do.

Fixedness,  an impossibility, the galaxies are of us: participating audiences.

Within the shrine of our minds, we look out at open wordless star worlds.

There are no shrines.

Everything has left and left again.

Time will soften what else is left to rot and relief.

It will be all attended to by forgetting.

Carrion beetles turn death to feast,

chewing stardust and choirdust,

Clearing the dust of dancing,

time is the broom of all time.

Find the universe by swallowing

simultaneously dying as we are

still and climbing the stillness,

in endless heaven: an exploded view.

**NEURODIVERSITY**

While I hold hands with somber realities, I do not revel in torment. My work experiences zeal and energy because nature is its indispensable nourishment and inspiration.

I am ever determining if what I see around me is real or if the timbre and chemistry of the scenes I witness exist solely in the inner chambers of my neurodivergent spillways of perceptions. I consider that obsessive-compulsive behaviors emergent from heightened sensitivity to detail are more asset than a hindrance in the jungle of my mind. There are more hook-ups and plug-in points as my hyperactive mind holds hands and spins with endless concepts. I am needed as a greater sense of play in the world. I tolerate the harassment of an embarrassment of riches.  The present interruptions and Interpositions are more oracular intercessions than destructive rifts.

My work demonstrates the world I see in rebus form, ornamental devices, and equations that jump from ditch to ditch. I hope to bring irrigation to many fields: to join intention and capacity to accept the shifting circumstances of being rather than be devoured by the demons of introspection.

The work is a product of extra-sensory perceptions and aloneness that spins out new universes, searching for relatives and awareness in other beings. It shimmers and shifts to the possibility that that oasis you see before you may be a mirage. And yet, if you are in the desert, you will become kin with sand.

**INTERDISCIPLINARITY AS MUTUALITY AND TRANSLATION:**

I spend a great deal of time considering now mixtures of materials and sensory experiences encourage our attention.

My work involves intentionally employing interdisciplinarity to generate a sensorium that echoes fundamental tones and voices perceived all around me. It involves constantly overlapping narratives that neither interrupt nor exclusively listen to nor follow a single thread.

 I feel beholden to granular and highly overarching forces that are ever proximal and hidden in plain view. In this crossfire, there is an absoluteness of transfer as we pass the particles of one another back and forth.

**Returning the Beginning**

*A living striped flame with teeth settles upon me.*

*A tiger may eat my hands, my head, my thigh.*

*We will travel together for a time*

*I will escape out of the back*

*door of the tiger after I travel*

*the labyrinth of a tiger's intestines.*

*I am a small scat; I am a large mountain cat,*

*I am a small green tea sea in white porcelain me.*

**ROTATION AND SUCCESSION**

As a poet and craftsperson alternating between universal and granular perspectives, I consider the narratives of beings who traditionally make and maintain the materials and furnishings we wear and use close to our bodies and in and around our homes. As living beings and materials *cede place and potential to one another in dizzying exchanges* that are alternately performative, coercive, generous, violent, or effortless,.

My mythopoetic compositions and devotional abstract fiber sculptures aim to evoke an orchestral experience replete with natural symbolism, an interplay of variation, and repetition. An endless flurry of handwritten paper drafts of poems and torn-apart sketches can become a sonicperformance, physical transformation, and eventual sorting of scraps threaded onto a thread and needle, interlocked into an ammonite of fossilized poetry.

A close up of a rug

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Image 5. Ammonite study. Torn drafts of poetry and sketches, interlocked in spiral rotation. 2022

The wheel that turns from sunrise to dark of night and back to dawn again…

I behold ritual expressions implicated in **more space than we see**. There is a visible continuum in our homes,  gardens, and our plates. Yet there is another sepulchral zone linked to all that has seemingly departed.

 I feel beholden to granular and highly overarching forces that are ever proximal and hidden in plain view. In this crossfire, there is an absoluteness of transfer as we pass the particles of one another back and forth.

**Returning the Beginning**

*A living striped flame with teeth settles upon me.*

*A tiger may eat my hands, my head, my thigh.*

*We will travel together for a time*

*I will escape out of the back*

*door of the tiger after I travel*

*the labyrinth of a tiger's intestines.*

*I am a small scat; I am a large mountain cat,*

*I am a small green tea sea in white porcelain me.*

A spinning wheel with a yarn on it

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Themes of rotation/circulations/flow appear in my drawings and poems, and also corresponding to my working with a drop spindle. Although a spinning wheel would be faster, I spin all of my fiber in this more prototypical archaic method.

**APOTROPAIC PRACTICE:**

My works emerge as apotropaic practices that multiply and consolidate experiences of sublime spiritual identification and sensual physical experience while entreating the audience/reader/viewer to preserve what is sacred.

**For They Were But Pagans, And Therefore Ignorant**

A carnelian carved with care,

rendered into a winged she-wolf

in a bramble crown

riding a red lion

*baring her teeth,*

*trampling a flag.*

The word talisman is a talisman:

an aegis, a shelter, a rite:

an umbrella of salvation:

a bulwark of divine protection:

*scrap of matted fur enclosing*

*fierce claw.*

What rope is the conduit to fasten close

 the assurance and deflect the danger of sickening?

*I affix* you my *pendant, suspend you:*

*necklace, ring, and blessed shirt.*

*I carry* you: *a pouch, a portable blessing,*

*folded letter.*

Your wardship, my shield,

safeguard, defense, and sanctuary.

I install you within my fear.

Amulet, fulfill the role of helper!

*You sentinel for love, fertility, and fields:*

*you fat lamb bleating.*

I, falling snarling angel,

Thorned, helmed, and hooved,

horned in the truth of my will,

here for my purpose.

*Keep harm at bay*

*so that I may gather berries.*

This prayer guides snakes and scorpions elsewhere,

fostering sleeping grandmother, pretty goat, and healthy babe.

*Do you, safeguarding stonewall, beaded bonnet,*

*hear my protest?*

*I ask only for enough, so stand guard. Give me scissors and needles.*

*Give me barley. Sugar beets! Water. Give me dreams of millet rain.*

Allow me the basket that captures what runs afoul,

and fends away the stingers of wasps, bathes me now in honeyed grace,

speaks sternly to uncertainty,

and opens the gate to sanctuary, refuge, and immunity.

*How may we dwell and hear the bell chime?*

*Show me the camouflage.*

In acknowledgment of the unknown

place me, moth, against tree bark: hidden in the harbor of plain view

the hedge of the possibility

of a favorable outcome.

Here is a tally of horrors and hidden gems. In all of life, a constant wandering and homecoming. From the perspective of my aesthetics, keening is a consistent drone that flavors all of my comprehension and softens my perspectives with humility.

**HUMILITY**

The work of my projects is thematizing the attitude that no one being has particular importance that would elevate them above another.

**To Wait Here, To Stay Here, To Sleep Here, In This**

without asking

for a title,

the deedholder,

or name that belongs to a paper:

better to braid the grasses

in a crown, to add leaves

to add nothing more

to a circlet of green,

the woven rush mat,

the place

needs no permissions;

is *before* permission

I brought so little

with me and so little

would be built,

 so light would be

my footfall I would say

I  never took even one step.

I am still

between steps

These works are framed by echoing synesthetic call-and-response cycles that engage cosmic order and material laws within intersecting narrative webs and social fibers.

My meditations evaporate the possibility of detached personal expression. For this reason, my creative encounters with hungry creatures, bolting plants, and capricious, ever-moving planets are ambivalent to exclusively human audiences. I wonder what the sticks and sand are thinking and how the sun watching over the scene considers fleeting gestures. As illustrated here,  in *XXX*, in the collection *SCAPE GRACE*

XXX

Kneel upon one

knee,

carve us

a wavering line

into

damp sand

with a stick of wood.

I will step

to one

side

not to block

the sunlight.

Now we all can

see the trace.

**COMMENTARY OF MODERN PRODUCTION METHODS:**

My work comments on the impact of modernization and globalization on traditional practices and considers the role that traditions such as poetry and fibercraft play in preserving cultural heritage, especially concerning environmental stewardship.

An approach that juxtaposes time-intensive creation and meditation with ephemeral materials to interrupt conventional production and modern consumption patterns. The work encourages contemplative engagement with craft and being, offering symbolic, bountiful layers of meaning and engagement with shimmering motifs of possession, the natural world, and the heart of being.

From the perspective of commercial concerns, I do not engage with publishing, art openings, exhibitions, and frameworks of human visibility as often as a twenty-first-century artist is encouraged to. My urgency resides in understanding the proximity of coeval audiences, demonstrated by the dependability of maggots appearing upon necrotic flesh or hummingbirds called to attention by the scent of certain flowers. *Humming Gods*, from the collection entitled COVER SONGS, engages this: EDIT AND UPDATE TO EDITED Version

**Humming Gods**

**I**

The loudest thing in this desert morning

is a hummingbird, three hummingbirds,

who vibrate the world into attention.

A boasting triune god, a frisson of disquiet, not inhaling or exhaling,

coming or going,

not arriving in the middle of all of this something.

Everywhere is within

the where

here.

**II**

Listen to the broadcast boasting

over their triumvirate territory,

a chorus of, *“We are sugar drunk! Ours is the sweetness!”*

Now they move

 into a new formation

and claim inebriated solos:

*“My feathered throat is orange!”* says one mirage blur.

*“This honeysuckle over here!”*  proclaims another.

Says the third, *“I am a moving monk that does this, then this: now THIS.”*

And again,

they reconvene

and harmonize:

*“All of this,*

*we three,*

*present as the milk of the morning,*

*The waking gold*

*soaking the terrabread*

*On whose behalf are we tasting?*

*We do*

*not ask this*

*question.”*

My work expresses all I notice through sustained long-form meditations composed of ideograms of poetry and fiber materials that pendulate between grief and praise. I often wonder what conditions encourage people to take the long view or if it can be taught. There is a traveling journeywork that remains ever the witness. The more persistent the looking, the greater the gradual discovery.

I often play with images and materials that play with modulations and camouflage. The more subtle work is not an unhappy one. It questions what more somber awareness might be hidden or embedded behind bright expressions of joy. Modern life is so saturated with light, and this perceived illumination, in fact, strips away certain mysteries in our lives, stripping away the very shadows attached to all of us that make experience imminently dimensional. Much of my work calls the darkness back and deepens the eaves of our shelter.

My work remains far from the lure of temporary ease that certain modern materialism affords. It has been defined as obsessive or labor intensive, yet from my internal perspective, it is a devotional practice that collapses the distinction between the confining dualism of process and arrival. In my written fiber-based work, grief and loss coexist with bounty and celebration. Here, a poem from **XXX** discusses the embodied risk that is living: (poem removed selecting another)

In the transfer of the weaving shuttle and the funeral pyre, there is a processional pageant and cyclical ritual that neither departs nor arrives. Somehow, we have collective anonymity within the plurality in the way that a chorus becomes a tide that washes everyone together.

The modern normalizing of convenience systematically occludes the sources of materials and relies on hidden labor. Through observance, loyalty, and daily activity, I am a devotee of allegiance. My work pledges fealty to reverence and moves meditatively, often soaking, waiting, fermenting, and stitching for hundreds of hours. I, too, am a minute body, like a grain of pollen, seed-bearing and influenced by insects, water, and wind. I am the site upon which fertilization occurs.

**Expository Framing / *Creative Hermitage Practices (THIS section will need to be renamed, and I believe it comes much earlier in the document. Not sure where yet.)***

My work is nestled in carefully chosen ideograms embodying deep reflection and an ecological and cultural stewardship ethic.  I witness the overwhelming impact upon our shared viability being carried by collaborative populations perceived as invisible or beneath consideration as kin. Broadcasting the double, triple, quadruple entendre and theme variations feels like a universal form of play. It shifts from a fraught, anxious mentality of ecological challenge to a much lighter, inspired preservation of more-than-human-cultural heritages.  I refer again here to apotropaic practice and a psycho-spiritual technology where creatives use their aptitudes to circumvent, drown out, and metabolize their blockage and make it a new generative and compassionate power. Here the *Proem*, from NIGHT SOILS:

**Proem**

earthworms, when held in the palm, do not disappoint

they bear the exposure of their admiration in the light

containing the mystery and magic of eating soil and wigglement

that survives their contemplation and handling

you turn them this way and that and expect something

even when you are not sure what it is

this creature, translucent in parts and opaque in others

understands more about progress in a dark tunnel than you do

I am invested in places that hold or store meaning and help humans consider the histories and narratives of life. We need these places of sanctuary to call forth new days and eras from the remains of the departed ones. In the diaspora's endless life and death story, I see my creative practices as the caravanserai, a simple roadside inn where I rest and recover from the day's journey. These *Creative Hermitage* resting places support the flow of my cosmic information resources and gather beings across the network of trade routes in the interrelationship of grief and praise.

Our perceptions, memories, waste, and ancestral wealth are embedded in significant vessels and locations. These include the baskets that hold our grains, the blankets that cover our babies, the beads that adorn our necks, the gardens that grow our food and flowers, the clothes we wear, the stories and poems we share, the pits we dig under outhouses, and the shrouds we use to wrap our dead. These locations represent the intersection of sorrow and celebration, as they hold our most cherished and meaningful experiences.

I investigate the identities of people and materials who gather and transform stories, skills, and materials in quiet, labor-intensive stewardships.  I call these contemplative labors and sanctuaries that these beings engage in  *Creative Hermitage*. To live within *Creative Hermitage* is to engage with ecological and cultural offerings, considering how to maintain the world in expressive acknowledgment and ongoing viability. I also consider how fiber practices cultivate private inner richness, often circumventing forces that normalize female servitude. Perhaps in the quiet pulsing of poetic and subtly twisting fiber, there is a modulation that becomes a form of self-camouflage, a restful disappearance from that which would otherwise devour us.

In a practice that pays homage to bodies of water, craftspeople, creatures, celestial bodies, land, plants, stones, and weather, I highlight the numinous resources and attentions that reweave our shared world daily.

A person holding a painting in front of a lake

Description automatically generated

Image 6. This *selves-portrait* refers to all beings that, at any moment, comprise my perceived whole. The frame of the folk painting (a gift from my mother) refers back to the sketchbook drawing in Image 1. The water, mountain, and horizon shapes flow, as does my own shadow. The clouds echo the tufts of juniper and rabbitbrush and the small tassels on my sarong.

My praxis is a container that holds action, reflection, and theory of cosmology related to agriculturalist and pastoralist histories. I am interested in what conditions encourage the long view and a more persistent form of observant engagement that leads to gradual discovery.

My graduate work's meditations, research, and observations frame the creative devotions that tether us to transgenerational botanical, creaturely, and cosmological relationships. Creative practice takes the form of stewardship and attention we manifest upon the living altar of daily life; the rituals and intentions we repeat that fortify chains of interdependent lives with an awareness of our lineages and those beings yet to come.

Investigating the grief and praise in daily life, my poems and fiber sculpture search for ways to describe the intersections of material pathways and spiritually founded regenerative actions.  I consider how to illuminate the vessels that protect and propitiate what is vulnerable and of value. Reaching far beyond the action of humans, my perception of energetic holdings includes the presence and activities of waterways, gathering and redistribution of pollen by wind and insects, and gathering sediment by beings known as stones. I also consider the archetypal holdings represented by luminous heavenly bodies and their literal overarching presence in our lives.

**EXAMPLES ONE: Fiber Sculpture DAPHNE, Poem entitled *Current***

An introductory example of my mythopoetic explorations of *ceding place and potential* is illustrated by my sculpture titled ***DAPHNE:***

A white rectangular object with leaves on it

Description automatically generated

Image 7. DAPHNE, 38" x 2" x 3.75”,2022, Hand spun, hand dyed, braided, green wool, #8 Czech ceramic Preciosa Beads, cotton thread, and bay leaves, Laurus nobilis

Include detail images here as well. Also, **discuss the installation: to push the pedestal out over the edge of the plinth for more tension**/**Gangplank. Should the installation discussion be a footnote or appear here?**

Antecedents of the title *“DAPHNE”:*

The laurel plant has a psychoactive effect and has played a role in ritual soothsaying. Pythia, the oracular priestess of Apollo, was said to chew laurel leaves so she could utter prophecies. It was used to protect against lightning and evil spirits in Mediterranean cultures. As an evergreen, bay also has folkloric associations with eternal life. It has historically been grown in cemeteries and used in funerary rites. The term “poet laureate” derives from this symbolism of the bay laurel. This holds implications for the poetry of transcendence.

Bay laurel also represents victory. Wreaths of bay leaves given to heroes were made by braiding wool and tucking the bay into folds of the fiber. This connects the bay to war, violence, and pursuit. In *Compendium of Symbolic and Ritual Plants in Europe*, the authors Marcel de Cleene and Marie Claire Lejeune describe the history and imbued meaning of bay laurel in the cleansing and regenerative properties used by Greek generals who wore it, hoping to *"cleanse themselves of the bloodshed resulting from their conflicts."*

The mythological origin of bay laurel holds the story of the naiad Daphne and the Olympian Greek god Apollo. As told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*, Apollo ridiculed Eros, mocking his skills in archery. In retaliation, Eros shoots two arrows, one hitting Apollo and filling Apollo with insatiable arousal and the second hitting Daphne and filling her with abhorrence for being trapped and losing her wildness.

Daphne flees as Apollo chases her with the force and the heat of his excitement. When Apollo does catch Daphne, she pleads to the river god Peneus for aid, in response to which she is transformed into a laurel tree. Apollo embraces the tree and says, *“My bride, since you can never be, at least, sweet laurel, you shall be my tree.”* (Ovid *Metamorphoses*).

Thinking and making of Daphne: (placeholder)

Another elemental example of addressing the *ceding of place and potential is* explored in my poem *Current,* which comes from my FLOOD PLAIN collection.

The title  holds the double entendre of the word *current* as  both an adjective:

*belonging to the present time; happening or being used or done now.*

and a noun:

*a body of water or air moving in a definite direction, primarily through a surrounding body of water or air in which there is less movement.*

**Current**

A stone in a river.

What is size?

Stone in a river.

River pushing past

and towards.

Moved unmover

tumbles from time.

Top or bottom?

Eye for everywhere,

ass toward heaven.

Forgotten to form, never.

Always not here.

Never gone.

What washes away,

calls itself water now.

Fall from sky

stones and droplets together.

Roll, stones, and droplets!

No hand in no hand:

Tumble exposed grey.

Soaking stone and wetting water

An uncentral center full.

Shapeshifting.

I note how life requires the living to contain and release resources in revolving. cycles, often with great effort and little consideration of perceived fairness. The wheel simply turns. Walking, talking, reading, learning, and working are coeval leaps of faith and risk, where we hopefully drink or drown in forgiveness, compassion, and redemption and look carefully at the offerings our ancestors and kin present to us to examine.

**Extended Studio**

I work in a migratory fashion, foraging for materials over large distances and carrying the materials with me as I explore. I do my best work outside.

A pile of papers on a wood surface

Description automatically generated

Sketchbooks, handmade papers, and work on the pier, Lage Aititlan, Guatemala

A long wooden path in the desert

Description automatically generated

Section of antique handspun, handwoven Slavic dowry linen yardage, hand-dyed with walnut and Kakishibu persimmon dye.  Graphite drawing and casein paint. 2022, Taos, New Mexico

I also create the work in a migrating fashion, carrying it in baskets from interior to exterior spaces. My idea of a studio is highly plastic, and I do my best work outside of prescribed zones such as artist studio. This references *Creative Hermitage Practices* in that a steward or ranger tours, examines the places they care for and maintain, and considers the larger ecosystems and relationships of interdependent beings. There is also a nod to the capriciousness of divinity, as the steward or ranger often acts as the *deus ex machina* and makes intercessions of balance that may invoke aesthetics, preference, and mood. There is no ultimate impartiality; inspiration and judgment can appear as a flash of lightning or an instinctive bite with potent consequences.

**EXAMPLES TWO: Fiber Sculpture Avalokiteśvara**

Antecedents of the title “Avalokiteśvara”:

The work’s title, *Avalokitśvara,* refers to the Buddhist bodhisattva of compassion variably depicted as either male or female. The name's etymology refers to *“the cries of sentient beings that require help.”* Avalokiteśvara is often referred to as the thousand-armed, thousand-eyed Buddha. The many heads, eyes, and hands represent the countless skillful ways Avalokiteshvara can see, hear, and benefit all sentient beings.

*Avalokiteśvara* is the second examplein which I applied Czech rocaille beads.

A red thread with beads

Description automatically generated

Close-up detail of one of the work's hand-spun, hand-dyed and hand-beaded tentacles.

Thinking and Makingof *Avalokiteśvara:*

*Avalokiteśvara* holds a tension of materials and considerations, representing several weeks of meditative making during the mass defoliation that resulted from an influx of Japanese beetles that devoured the rose garden I tend and much of the ornamental trees and shrubs in the town  I lived in at the time.

The beetle species (Popillia japonica), perceived as invasive, was brought from Japan to the United States in the roots of plants to be featured in the 1916 World's Fair. As I acknowledged the problematic nature of the beetle overpopulation, I was guided not to frame their life energy as a "pest." I attempted to cut myself off from frustration or regret when working on this piece. I worked to allow and accept present reality. This process was living-with, thinking-with, being-with, and making-with a network of beings.

Below, I pan out to begin to reveal the sculpture and show the beads, wool, and folded rose petals that enshrine Japanese beetle bodies.

A close-up of a red thread

Description automatically generated

As the thousands of beetles arrived, swarming and overwhelming the roses I cared for,  I froze, puzzling through grief,  a series of slow-falling dominoes that tipped over around me in all directions. Layers of embedded meanings kept shimmering into the work, illuminating shifting hierarchies and situations in which particular lives were prioritized in relation to others.

A table with a table runner

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AVALOKITEŚVARA, 37” x 72”, 2022 Handspun, hand-dyed, red, braided wool, #8 Czech Preciosa rocaille beads, wings of *Popillia japonica* and *Sternocera aequisignata* beetles*,* cotton thread, folded rose petals of *Rosa Floribunda* and *Rosa Rugosa varieties.* 72” long, with a central spine with a dozen tentacles on either end, each individually beaded. 24 tentacles in total.

Accompanied by rose petals, insect bodies, red beads, hand-spun hand-dyed wool, and iridescent black rocaille that echoed the beetle coloration, I explored possible territories of compassion.

The experience of connecting so directly with the natural phenomenon of the iridescence on the body of these beetles and the luminescence of the human-made surface of the bead felt highly relevant. At every step of working on these sculptures, I have felt led by some more significant story pointing in all directions, yet having all the directions also point back to an internal sanctuary.

While meditating, I braided and carefully beaded many-tentacled arms of consideration. I wrapped the bodies of dead beetles in rose petals, joining their spiritual and material realities. I carefully strung these memorialized packets between Czech Preciosa rocaille beads.

*There is nothing casual about witnessing the end of worlds, even small ones, yet the world continues to begin again.* Endeavoring to hold even one rose garden and a swarm of destructive insects in a loving and kind presence challenged my idea of completion and possibility. There was both struggle and generative expansiveness. The resulting work retains a message of living in stewardship and acknowledgment of death, *often without consistent rhetoric or answers.* The pains ferment to give rise to new forms of life.

There is more to the story than lost material or being; there is also a collective decomposition and recomposition activity. A second example of addressing temporality inherent in the *ceding of place and potential* is explored in my poem, *The Invisible Path of the Deities,* from UNDER TAKER:

**The Invisible Path of Deities**

*poem for a turtle child, a bodhisattva, a small mountain*

In the grove of groves: Butoh

Of Butoh: Butoh of No Butoh.

The dance

of no dancing,

the go

of not going.

The prayer:

How many pears

do you place

on the altar,

and for which green

and yellow god

in a temporary

festival shrine?

**Chosen Methods:**

Mechanized commercial production has eroded the natural limitations of autonomy and scale. I address this by engaging time-intensive processes and ephemeral materials to create fiber-based sculptural work that embodies an experiential wealth of care and attention.

*Creative Hermitage Practice* orients physical fiber work and woven poetic linguistic forms as a devotional daily **practice**.  Central is the idea of **undertaking** acts of fidelity to the world, which takes time and patience. There is a pendulating relationship between decomposition and reintegration in disassembly and reassembly: labor-intensive edits and carefully wrought ornamentations.

In the heavy engagement with natural materials, I find an expression of **communion** with dualityand many points of grief and praise. The deeper thematic content of my work often questions the possibility of reconciliation between beings and forces that undermine one another. It is an ongoing process of witnessing and beholding, folded into a somatic engagement with the tension of the materials and my inner discipline.

On a cultural level, I explore the idea of retreat and eco-spiritual beliefs that emerge from perspectives of my Slavic heritage, hidden or blurred aspects of my identity, aspects of which appear as an ascetic maker, that focus on theoretical and formal exploration.

Endnote:

*“If you wish hard enough and long enough, you can be somebody else. If you feel hard enough, you can see yourself like you’re in a mirror, and your reflection is you, and you’re the reflection. You look around a corner to see yourself looking back. If you can see yourself in a mirror, naked, hiding nothing by starting out admitting that you’re hiding everything, you can start to see yourself in other people.  You can see them doing what you would do for the same reasons if you had their experience and loved what they love and hate what they hate… and fear what they fear. And you remember your things that must equal their things because right now you would be and do and feel the same as them.  Different nouns, different adverbs, different adjectives, different names, same painjoy. And you know when they’re lying because you’d lie, too. You already lied inside, but you made the truth come out of your mouth instead because you knew that if you were told the lie, it would hurt, and you don’t want to hurt yourself because they’re no different from you; therefore, they are you.  And so you love them like you love yourself so that you can love yourself because they are you.  And then you never see them again, but you see them again every day..” -****Bruce Morgan***