Art Collaboration with Elizabeth Created in Spring 2021

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Round 1

Susan's Art (Summer Green)



Elizabeth's Response

Morning

Along the edge of the thorny pasture He hustles, morning, down toward The creek the missing kids bleating--Stop to untangle his shirtteil from The greenbrier which in his rush He left one edge untucked. Too late The vine gobbles up the hem--He sees himself attached To the dappled parcel of untended Grass. It's a lost cause -- he grabs A handful of indigo cotton and Slices the fabric away, a knife From his drop-leg sheath. Behind Him the sun lifts over the barn And catches on the wavering gloss of Birch leaves at the stream's edge. He hiccups, tasting the morning coffee Once more and jams the shirt into his jeans. The kids cry out again --Boot pushes into the pliable Earth -- a tender blue flag Cheers him on.

EH 03/29/2021

Elizabeth's Poem

Up above me the moon watches over me.
A half wink but she is attentive.
This is the first time I've noticed her.
This is the first time I've noticed
Anyone watching over me.
I am resting on top of the
Undulations at Punta Cana-On top of the moon's breaths
As the tide nudges the day
Forward. I am spread eagle on the

Bends of the surface-For this moment, Mother and I are
Here together -- I feel her
Careful gaze and I close my eyes
Against time -- against the pounding
Insistence of tomorrow and
What he wants from me.

Mother holds me. I lay here and wonder

What is blue -- the sky or the ocean? -- And the thought goes only that far. It slithers out with my breath and

I know what the gull knows as it Does nothing -- feet aimlessly dangling -- as it sits upon the crests. I had no mother, none like this one Before, none that knew me so well

One that didn't need to count My heartbeats or worry after Them. I knew no mother

Like this before who holds me

And watches over me and Wants what is best.



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Theme: Storefront

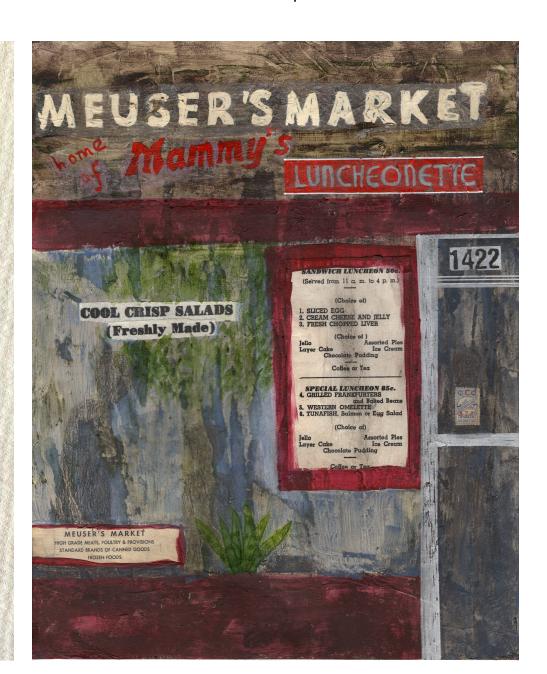
Elizabeth's Response

Susan's Response

storefront

objectively, I must be pretty-otherwise you walk on by so Zoe primps my windows the eyes of my soul but you don't know what I have seen -- today a high-end knick knackery for Mwomen wanting anything infused with essential oils -but this slender corridor was Kathleen's before amazon ate her where islands of minds drifted in touching spines, cozy with a book pile on leather chairs before making off with one-- was Charley's, where wayward tacks rolled and caught in the floor boards, the hammering soles in time with Margie's machine, she offering alterations out the back -- was before the war a furrier a Mr. Nelson and his partner Mr. Rose who both wore their wares everywhereon a road once rutted, one destination, skirts bustling by from train to home with stops along the way and here I am, watching the progress such as it is

> e. howard 13 april 2021



Round 4

Susan's Art (Entered into Not Knowing)



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Elizabeth's Response

At No Remove

What form do I take? What shape?

I am of the earth Placed in this body

Yet my soul sails It goes without

Mantenido sin remover En profundo soledad

"Held at no remove In profound solitude"

St. John prayed -- each day I find myself here again

(Perhaps here), such Is the unknown.

Faced with one truth I wake again to quiet

The I I know myself to be Transforming, and yet

Still. Naught changes. The light fixed

Yet color shifting Re-shading the landscape

A hill erodes yet Still earth rising.

Sun sets. Moon up I fall into shadow.

> Enter the Unknowing 16 May 2021 E. Howard

Round 5

Elizabeth's Poem Susan's Response

Plain

Out here it's all mostly nothing. It's a line of scrub trees; A chain link fence to divide that Patch of yard from this.

Out here the horizon is a friend: She doesn't have much to say, Her mind filled with a run-on, tension Wire conversation that never ends.

Out here an oak tree is true love; And a water tower stands sentinel To all the children's dreams of Falling, and flying away.

Out here, the overpass goes to The softball fields, and the Casey's, And the driving range and to Plain spoken hellos at an amble Speed.

Here along the sidewalk
The bike path the road the drive
That heads out
Home.

