POEMS FROM THE VON SCHLIPPE GALLERY

BRANFORD HOUSE AT AVERY POINT

TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 2011

FEARLESS FIVE PRESS
CONTRIBUTORS’ NOTES

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Thomas Alfred Weaver - 3 poems:

*Scrap Metal Luxury*
*Sunflowering*
*Polynesian Shore*

Kelly Blanchard – 3 poems:

*Ralph Levesque – / Bridges 2 –*
*Lusien Dimitrov – / Masquerade –*
*Alexey Von Schlippe – / Stormy Landscape –*

Nathan Mei – 3 poems and end notes:

*On Barbara Busutil’s “Tsunami Day” / Doppelgänger*
*On Barbara Busutil’s “Fire” /
*Homeland Burning*
*On Bjorn Olson’s “Aria”*

Graham Scott

*Ralph Levesque*

Spencer Strittmatter -- 7 Poems

"Umbrella"
"Letting Go"
“Tsunami Day”
"Let's go surfing now"
“Flamingo”
“South Beach Living”
"Cell"

David Pugsley – I poem

Alexey von Schlippe / Stormy Landscape
Bjorn Olson-Gavotte

**Scrap Metal Luxury**

Such wild mash almost random scrap
Welding the metal in many ways
Almost defying gravity
A leg in the air to keep balance
What does green show in cover of rust?
The message projected
Determined by viewer
In the audience, there are many eyes
Many views

Barbara Busutil—Fire

**Sunflowering**

The burning energy of stars
From the delicacy of flower
Bursting glow of fire
Does burn onto plants
Yet these petals will burn
And will soon burn away
But not by heat

Thomas Alfred Weaver – 3 poems

Thomas Alfred Weaver
-Curved Palm

Polynesian Shore

Calmness of flat shadeless shore
With noise of gulls
Or crash of waves
Out there is a lonely island
Some want to call eternal home
Why does this empty space
Fill our void
Cause it is alone
In nature’s beauty
Instead of alone
In man’s home

Kelly Blanchard – 3 poems

Ralph Levesque –

Bridges 2 –

(painting)

You stand
Sharp like shards of glass
Piercing the horizon.
You stand
Strong yet smooth and soothing like steel
Welcoming my presence.
You stand
Cold, dark and grey
Beckoning me into the depths of another world.

A bridge to a world
I dare not go.
Kelly Blanchard

Lusien Dimitrov –
Masquerade –
(painted wood sculpture)

Who are you
With your painted body
Of geometric shapes
And soft colors?

Who are you
With your huge mask
Of a giant nose and eyes
And clown like grin?

Who are you
With no face, no emotion?
No answers.

Your toes
And arms above your head?
What secrets do you keep
Deep within
A body that stands
So tall and proud?
Alexey Von Schlippe –
Stormy Landscape –
(painting)

Dark clouds in the sky
Blustery winds blow the trees
Thunder lurks nearby.

On Barbara Busutil’s “Tsunami Day”

Doppelgänger
Endless Sky and Blue Waves
crash onto me and take me away
Blanket me with unforgiving rage
and bring peace eternal to my heart’s cage
Free me of doubt and regrets
so that I repay my greatest debt
Pull me under, swallow me whole
Let not even light embrace my sinful soul
so that at last I may be free.
You are my shadow, my enemy
But what will be lost is not myself
What will disappear is you
What will die is the other me.
On Barbara Busutil’s “Fire”

Fire-related worlds: char/charred incinerate
  fire torch
  scorch blaze
  ignite combust/
  combustion
  burn
  heat
  flame

The heat of my soul exists forever.
Unknown to death, nor known to life
my passion burns eternal.
Yet these wounds will never heal.
So as I pray, I pray for unending flames.

Homeland Burning

I am the spark that ignites my desires,
Scorched is my heart, fire is my blood.
Nathan Mei

Make thyself known unto me.
Bestow upon me the power of the heavens.

On Bjorn Olson’s “Aria”

-Physical shape somewhat resembles a star or a star-like figure
-Its yellow color support the star-like shape

Space-related words: Infinite Space
                      Heaven Star
                      Galaxy Shine
                      Radiant Universe
                      Void Vast
                      Empty

Invocation
Through the emptiness of space,
I call upon your infinite gaze.
Guide us, O radiant light!
Nathan Mei

Graham Scott
- Creates illusionary effects by extorting the properties of the water from the lake
- This creates the image of an umbrella resting upside-down on top of another umbrella
- The distortion in the physical image of the umbrella and the ripples in the imagery give away the illusion

Ralph Levesque
- Paintings look like they have depth
- The sharp lines in the paintings create a type of ridge that makes the painting look like it’s popping out at you
- Paintings have a somewhat futuristic, yet primal design
- Ex. “Primal Wave”, “Wing”, and “Bridge”
Spencer Strittmatter -- 7 Poems

Graham Scott
(Photographer; creating unexpected undoctored images)

"Umbrella"
lifelessly floating umbrella
suspended to the sky
and water"

"Letting Go"
Caught in a leap for life
the lone gymnast
offers to the heavens a single gift
the blood red umbrella
hand still outstretched

Spencer Strittmatter

Barbara Busutil
(Photographer. “Things we see every day but do not notice,
*Notice not just See your surroundings”)

“Tsunami Day”
gargling white foam
the unforgiving essence of our being
crackles across the chalky suntanned sand
relentlessly pounding eternally

"Let's go surfing now"
Green, red, black'; straps
yellow glow secured
to the cartop
craving the sea
ready
"Flamingo"

A single water droplet

poised on the tip

of the beak

as the pink neck curves in the foreground

A solitary eye looks out to the water

in search of refuge

“South Beach Living”

Tacky. Gaudy. Opaque suntanned structure

with two circular openings

through which the palm trees

pass up

towards the bright blue sky

blanketed from behind

by the beige wall
Spencer Strittmatter

Ralph Levesque

(“Instinctively and unconsciously seek the essence of the universal beauty and the intrinsic force of nature . . . Discover the Hidden”)

"Cell"

(Mixed media assemblage)

Crusty antiquated discarded computer core fastened securely to a dismal grey resting place only comforted by the numerical symbols protruding through the bleak

David Pugsley – I poem

Alexey von Schlippe

Stormy Landscape

I look out the window and all I can see is rain
I long to go outside and play
but the rain will not stop
it's been so long that I have begun to forget
I can only imagine that I'm shooting on a hoop from my room
I go to bed with the hope that tomorrow will bring something new
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