

UNANCHORING (A STATEMENT)

Entering my work place
collected papers brushes paints light darkness
Girded with trust in a gathered lifetime of
knowing acquired the
hard way.

blood and guts
rights and wrongs
war and peace
power gender
race age
histories
ethnicities
injustices wrought
ingrained
or newly mutated
fascists
frankensteins resurrected
And our battered Earth.

My anchor armour
a lifesaver
taught learned
against
the rising nameable tide
You shuddering
see it too
look away preferring
whatever
belief system buoys
the spirit of your daily life.

Opening the door now
carefully undress removing
armour life vest gently
slowly lift the great anchor
set it aside and

step out of these trusses that carry
binding infinite fragments
together
lift the brush and begin!

Series is my method
buoyed by unanchoring
from conscious will
to surrender
thinking before
lifting brush pencil
following one uncharted step
to another in
exquisite unknowing.

Threads of metamorphosis
follow
valley and summit
zenith or nadir
flesh out
resolution and clarity
eye and hand
brilliant chance
sought caught in time
skimming time's surface
one step at a time
one shape forming
finding its way to another
thread of time
exposing
gestating
synchronosities
revelations
of intent
of function
of significance.

Later
again
exchanging brush for anchor,
shrug into the beloved

armour that carries
these fierce dark days
take up again the
mortal scrutiny of
life.

Resuming after
work is spent
confident that translations
occur on their own terms
carried and cast by
a voicing of deepest felt
knowledge
connectivity
entirety
oneness of
picture.

- Diane Sophrin
Vermont (3.20.23)