

# Reimagined Poetry Invitational Art Exhibition

ARTWORKS INSPIRED BY POETRY

**JUNE 6 - 22, 2025**

Nina Zak Laddon, Curator

**Opening Reception**

6.6.2025 6-9pm

**GALLERY HOURS:**

6.7.2025 1-7pm

6.8.2025 1-7pm

6.13.2025 1-7pm

6.14.2025 1-7pm

6.15.2025 1-7pm

6.20.2025 1-7pm

6.21.2025 1-7pm

6.22.2025 1-7pm



**PIER PLAZA REDONDO BEACH:**

107 W Torrance Blvd Suite 204 **NORTH GALLERY**

105 W Torrance Blvd Suite 108 **EAST GALLERY**

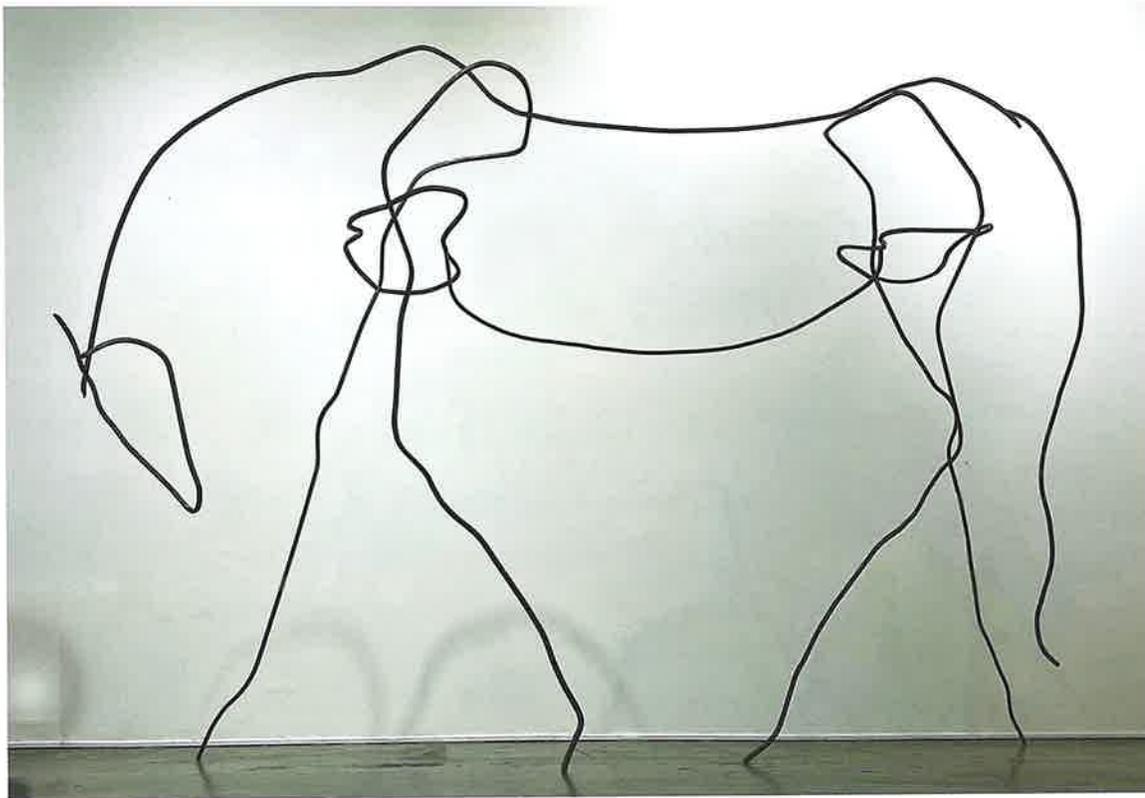
105 W Torrance Blvd Suite 106 **SOUTH GALLERY**

121 W Torrance Blvd Suite 201 **HORIZON GALLERY**

123 W Torrance Blvd Suite 201 **WEST GALLERY**

Front cover:

**Peggy Zask**  
Timeless



## The Horses

Edwin Muir

Barely a twelvemonth after  
The seven days war that put the world to sleep,  
Late in the evening the strange horses came.  
By then we had made our covenant with silence,  
But in the first few days it was so still  
We listened to our breathing and were afraid.  
On the second day  
The radios failed; we turned the knobs; no answer.  
On the third day a warship passed us, heading north,  
Dead bodies piled on the deck. On the sixth day  
A plane plunged over us into the sea. Thereafter  
Nothing. The radios dumb;  
And still they stand in corners of our kitchens,  
And stand, perhaps, turned on, in a million rooms  
All over the world. But now if they should speak,  
If on a sudden they should speak again,  
If on the stroke of noon a voice should speak,  
We would not listen, we would not let it bring  
That old bad world that swallowed its children quick  
At one great gulp. We would not have it again.  
Sometimes we think of the nations lying asleep,  
Curled blindly in impenetrable sorrow,  
And then the thought confounds us with its  
strangeness.  
The tractors lie about our fields; at evening  
They look like dank sea-monsters couched and waiting.  
We leave them where they are and let them rust:  
"They'll molder away and be like other loam."

We make our oxen drag our rusty plows,  
Long laid aside. We have gone back  
Far past our fathers' land.  
And then, that evening  
Late in the summer the strange horses came.  
We heard a distant tapping on the road,  
A deepening drumming; it stopped, went on again  
And at the corner changed to hollow thunder.  
We saw the heads  
Like a wild wave charging and were afraid.  
We had sold our horses in our fathers' time  
To buy new tractors. Now they were strange to us  
As fabulous steeds set on an ancient shield.  
Or illustrations in a book of knights.  
We did not dare go near them. Yet they waited,  
Stubborn and shy, as if they had been sent  
By an old command to find our whereabouts  
And that long-lost archaic companionship.  
In the first moment we had never a thought  
That they were creatures to be owned and used.  
Among them were some half a dozen colts  
Dropped in some wilderness of the broken world,  
Yet new as if they had come from their own Eden.  
Since then they have pulled our plows and borne our  
loads,  
But that free servitude still can pierce our hearts.  
Our life is changed; their coming our beginning.

## **Their Coming, Our Beginning: Peggy Sivert and Ben Zask**

*Inspired by **The Horses**, a poem by Edwin Muir, 1956. This 53-line poem describes in literal and symbolic terms the devastated world and the arrival of the horses. The narrative follows the collective mind of the survivors as they put the past behind them and look to the future.*

*Post apocalyptic landscape inspired by **The Horses** poem, personally living in active landslide and a world in crisis.*

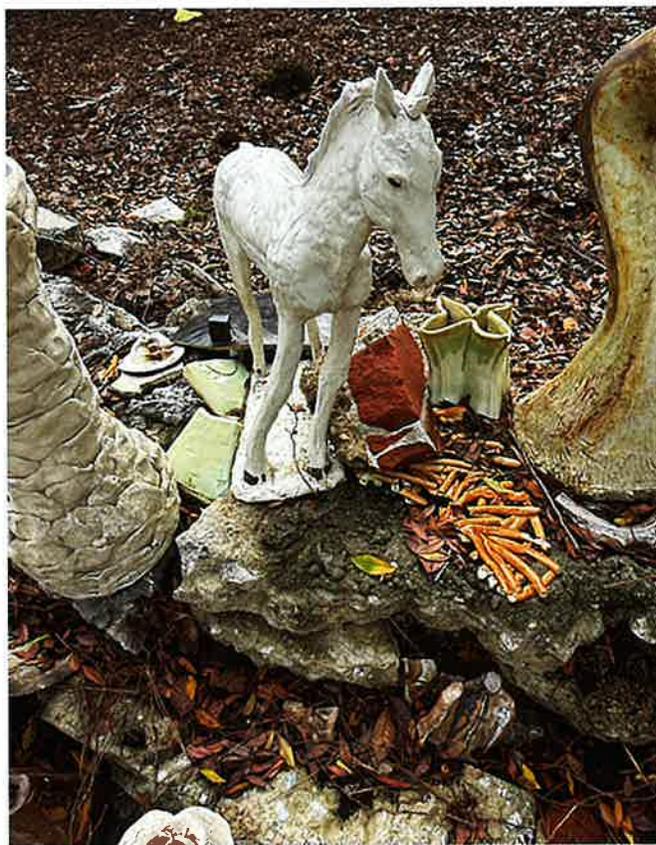
*Viewers enter the door and are directed left, down a hall into a small room that projects a video of live horses moving freely within various landscapes, both broken and beautiful. The darkened room is filled with various assemblage sculptures of strange horses on and around sculpture made of the detritus of broken civilization. This beautiful rubble of art objects leads into the main room awash with natural light from large windows. Here the viewer is surrounded by large scale sculptures of horses, plants and odd natural forms. The walls show artworks of assemblage and collage made of recycled objects and imagery demonstrating the rejuvenation of what has passed, as one flower dies, so a new one blooms*

*The Installation aligns closely with the feelings of devastation being felt today by humanity throughout the world. Once again civilization is reaching its Apocalyptic end. And once again, our survival needs and instincts are being called upon to restore civilization. For every Ying there is a Yang. Destruction may initiate our inner strength, resilience, and the rise of nature; destruction to rejuvenation / desolation to vitality. As the poem reflects, the horses representing nature, return. Their coming, our beginning.*

*Coincidentally 1956 correlates to:*

*The publishing of Poem, **The Horses**, The peak of the Cold War (US vs Russia) and The Reactivation of the Portuguese Bend Landslide by human development after being dormant for thousands of years*

*Living in harmony with nature and the spirit within human endeavor. As represented by the appearance of horses and resurgence rejuvenation of nature. Reproductive parts of flower The reality of an Apocalypse is upon us, and we are embracing the development of a Post Apocalyptic world.*



**Flora Kao** presents a new series of work inspired by the color blue and poetic musings on water and memory. Rebecca Solnit describes blue as "the far edge of what can be seen ... the color of an emotion, the color of solitude and of desire, the color of there seen from here, the color of where you are not. And the color of where you can never go." *Lines of Desire* is a blueprint amalgamation of the Los Angeles street grid. *Contemplating Hope* is a contact sun print of Kao's immersive net installation *Hope*. Both works are inspired by the poetry of Edward Cheng and made in remembrance ten years after his passing. *Tide* layers rubbings of *White Point Beach* in response to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem "The Tide Rises, The Tide Falls." As Margaret Atwood writes, time is "like a series of liquid transparencies, one laid on top of another. You don't look back along time but down through it, like water ... Nothing goes away."

**The Tide Rises, the Tide Falls**  
**Henry Wadsworth Longfellow**

The tide rises, the tide falls,  
The twilight darkens, the curlew calls;  
Along the sea-sands damp and brown  
The traveller hastens toward the town,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

Darkness settles on roofs and walls,  
But the sea, the sea in the darkness calls;  
The little waves, with their soft, white hands,  
Efface the footprints in the sands,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.

The morning breaks; the steeds in their stalls  
Stamp and neigh, as the hostler calls;  
The day returns, but nevermore  
Returns the traveller to the shore,  
    And the tide rises, the tide falls.



Tide

## Tia Magallon

### Restrict, Censor, Banned...

Thousands of titles have been removed from public schools across the country in 2025. PEN America has documented nearly 16,000 book bans in public schools nationwide since 2021, a number not seen since the McCarthy era of the 1950s.

This censorship, mobilized by conservative groups, has spread to nearly every state, primarily targeting books about race and racism, individuals of color, LGBTQ+ topics, and books for older readers that contain sexual references or discuss sexual violence.

In response, I created these vibrational paintings sandwiched between collage layers. I placed these panels on a speaker and poured liquid acrylic paint while each reading was being played. The vibration of the spoken voice influenced the flow of the paint.

In addition to selecting semi-transparent pearlized paint that occasionally obscures the image, it hints at censorship.



**"The Hill We Climb,"** Amanda Gorman's poem written for President Biden's inauguration, has been restricted at a South Florida elementary school after a parent complaint.

A parent affiliated with the Proud Boy movement, claimed that the poem "indirectly" contained "hate messages" and expressed concerns that it could "confuse and indoctrinate students." Consequently, Bob Graham Educational Center, a public school in Miami-Dade County, has decided to limit access to the poem for elementary students and remove it from the elementary library.



**"Milk and Honey,"** a poetry book by Rupi Kaur, has been banned in several school districts across the United States, particularly in Texas and Missouri.

The book delves into profound themes such as love, trauma, and healing, including the author's personal experience of sexual assault.

These bans are frequently driven by conservative parents who find the book's content objectionable.



**"And Tango Makes Three,"** by Peter Parnell and Justin Richardson, narrated by Neil Patrick Harris, is a book based on the true story of two male chinstrap penguins, Roy and Silo, at the Central Park Zoo, who raised a chick together.

It has been banned or restricted in multiple locations across the nation due to concerns about its depiction of a same-sex relationship.

The book's challenges and removals have been linked to concerns about age appropriateness and perceived promotion of a specific lifestyle.



**"Howl,"** a classic poem by Allen Ginsberg, was banned in 1957 due to its explicit sexual language and candid exploration of mental illness, drug use, and queer identity.

U.S. customs seized copies of the book, labeling it as "obscene." The poem became the subject of a notorious 1957 obscenity trial.

Despite its historical significance and widespread availability, it is surprisingly absent from many Florida classrooms today.



The Hill We Climb



And Tango Makes Three



Milk and Honey



Howl



**Emerge and Rebuild**

### **Lynn LaLonde Allen**

*Creating art is an emotional response—each piece begins with whatever I am feeling in that moment: joy, grief, anxiety, insecurity, elation, or fear. My work is a mirror of my internal state.*

*As a native of Los Angeles, the recent wildfires struck a deeply personal chord. At the time of the artist call for this show, my city—my childhood, my memories—was burning. Homes, landmarks, parks, schools, even my brother's home were consumed. It wasn't just loss; it was violent erasure. The LA we knew was forever changed.*

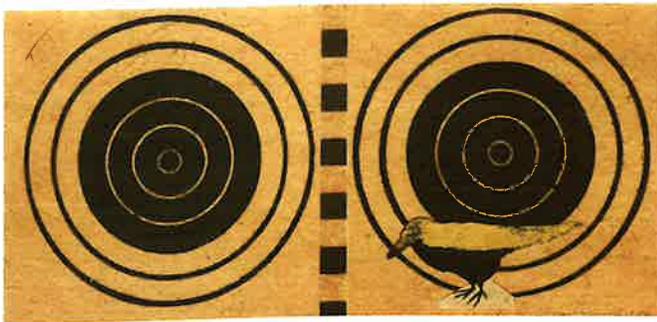
*In the face of such devastation, I couldn't dwell on whether healing was possible—I had to believe it was. Amanda Gorman's poem *Smoldering Dawn* resonated with me, especially when she speaks about mending and reclaiming our city. That call to action became my anchor.*

*I began exploring fire—something I had never painted before—through sketches. It was terrifying, like confronting a killer. And yet, fire in its contained form is also mesmerizing, almost comforting. I approached the canvas with chaotic brushstrokes and raw emotion, hoping to express not only the destruction but also the flicker of recovery, of light returning.*

*This work is for those still on the road to healing—those who lost homes, loved ones, or a sense of safety. The path is long, but we must reach inward and begin.*



**Heal From The Trauma**



1. The Pandemic Comes to Town

The Coronavirus Fable

**Ann Stromquist**

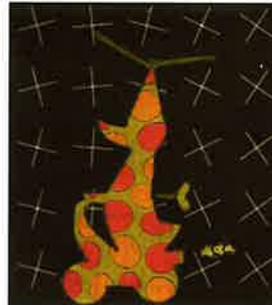
*This series of ten collages is a poetic description of the Coronavirus Pandemic that began in 2020.*



2. We Shelter



3. It's Hit or Miss



4. President Bozo Runs the Show



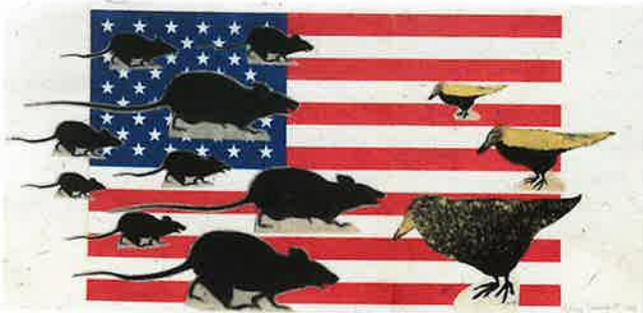
5. Six (Feet) Is The Luckiest Number



6. Many Have Died



7. There is Economic Devastation



8. There is Anger and Violence



9. A Proverb of Our Times



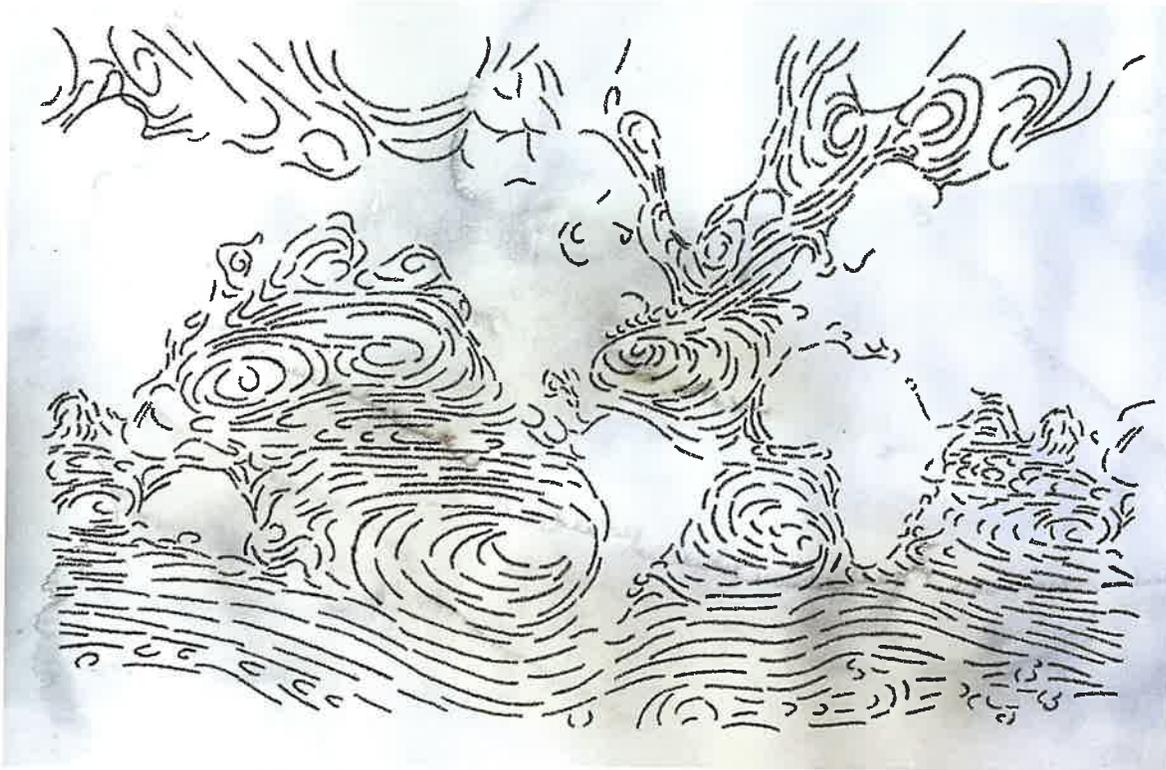
10. When the Pandemic is Over (Tree of Life)



Dead to Me

### **Patty Grau**

*My art, whether 2D or 3D, is a concept realized. I think a lot. I ponder. I feel. Hurt and grieve. See and have joy. Hear and laugh and sing. I challenge myself considering the most effective way to communicate an idea, a feeling, a sense. It's not always pretty, much like feelings, are not for the faint of heart. I've been told my art is dangerous. Isn't that funny that feelings can be that way. Don't be afraid, art won't hurt you.*



Ghost Ocean, Invisible Fish

### Patricia Liverman

*Drawing on maps, topographies, and geological events, my work contemplates the changes that occur due to the passage of time and the ruptures, shifts, and forces that shape our present landscape.*

*I'm interested in uncertainty, states of being that may be less permanent than they appear, and the readjustments that occur in response to forces outside our control.*



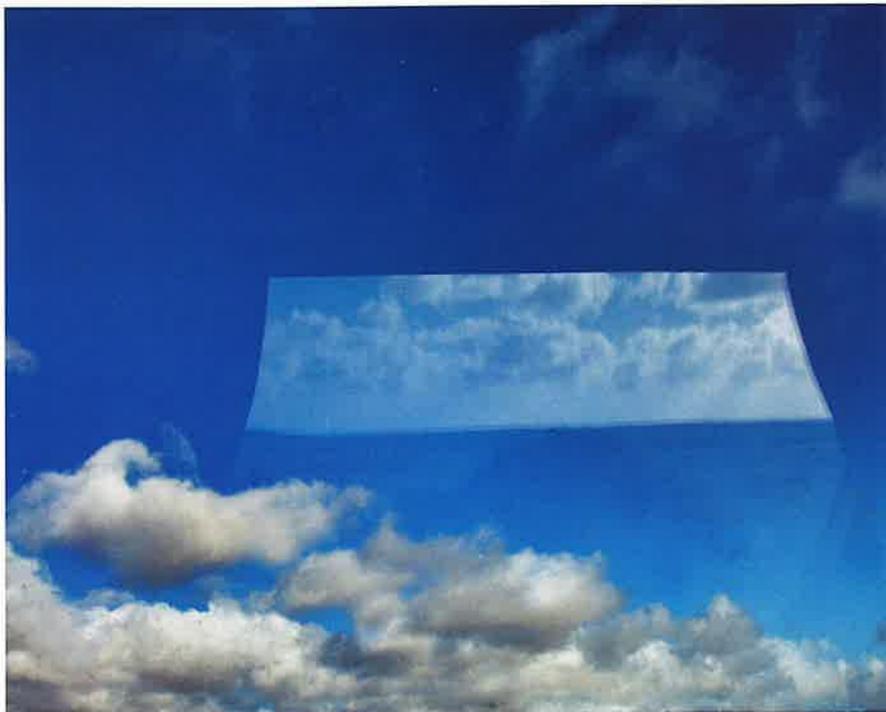
Balance

## Beth Shibata

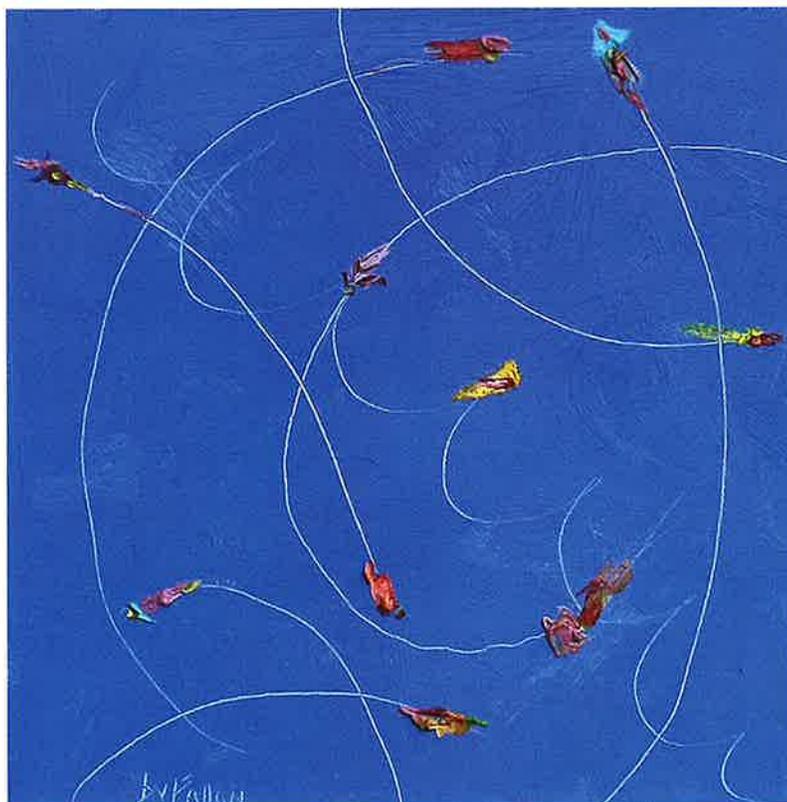
*My work often negotiates the boundaries between light and shadow, art and science, language and image, imagination and reality. This stems from a deeply held belief that everything is profoundly connected. These boundaries are highly porous and the interplay of ideas that thread through them often reveal patterns of varying scale and weave new and unexpected interconnections. This gives the artist and the viewer ways to explore and consider novel possibilities.*

*In this exhibit, we have a turn on traditional ekphrastic poetry, poems that respond to a piece of art. Here the task was reversed: create images that respond to a poem. This is the kind of project that inspires whimsical elements. Perhaps not surprising, the poems selected and works they inspired are intended to be simultaneously playful and thought provoking.*

*The images respond to the subject and its subtext which form implications I drawn from the poetic text. The resulting work encourages the the viewer to discover and create their own narrative, interpreting the work as a related visual poem.*



Sky within Sky



Kites

## Bernard Fallon

### Kites

#### Jonathan Chaves

These are the kites  
they slice the blue air  
like knives  
their lines  
swell with the wind  
as they bow to each other  
and rise again.  
They strive with the birds  
to see who can fly higher  
but sometimes fall  
clutched by trees like dragons.  
The children play with them  
and know they are alive  
when they flutter  
in the wind  
etching their lines of memory  
against the clear sky.



## **Karena Massengill**

*We are witnessing the loss of Birds and other wildlife.*

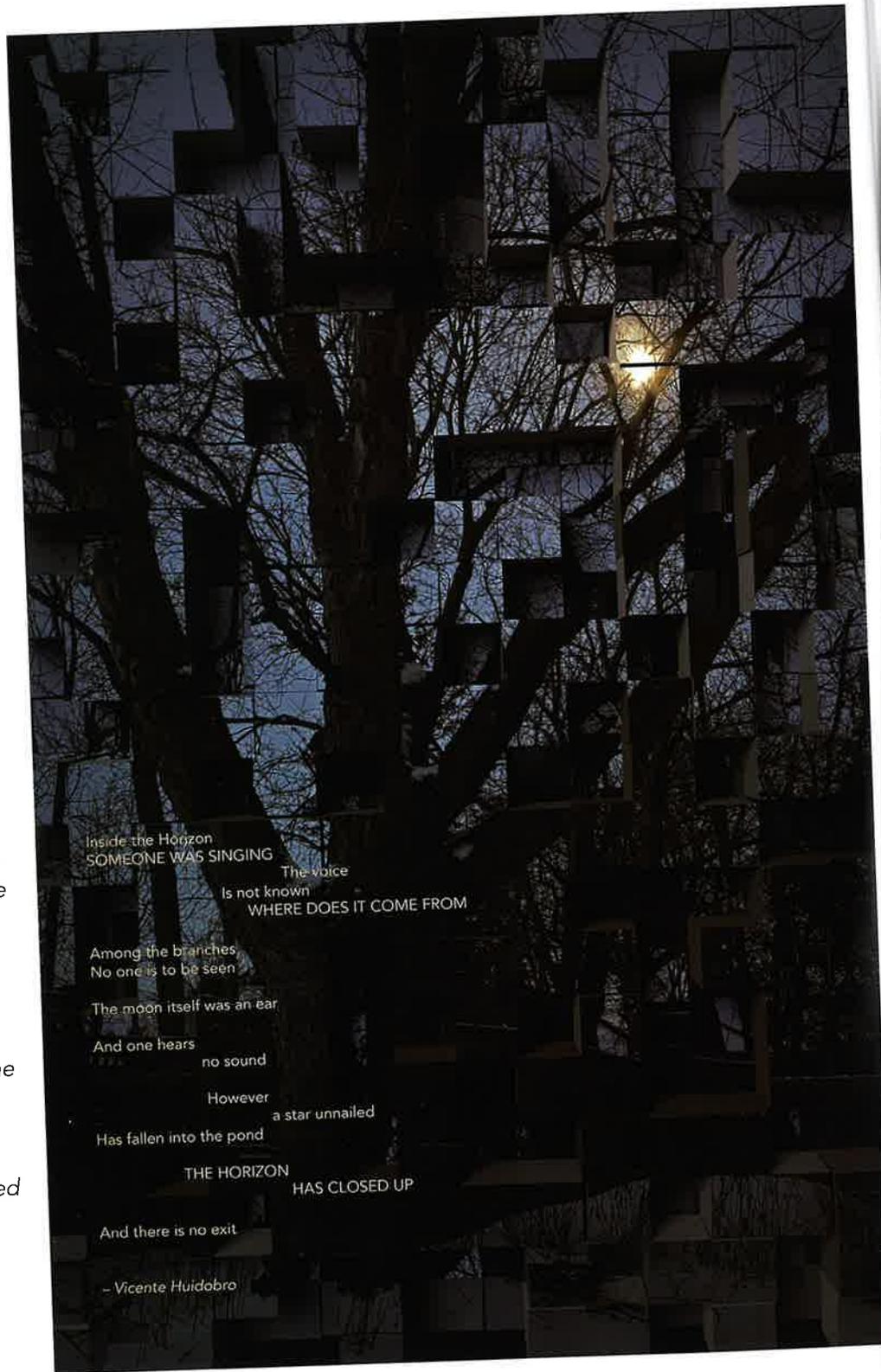
*My words reference these ideas incorporated in the background with the line work and mixed media on the length of watercolor paper attached to the 3 sides of the walls, embracing the steel and mylar installation. Linear steel sculptures have slow, turntables and lights that project their shadows along with the small birds, feathers, and mirrors. The installation environment is alive and active.*

## Paul Anderson

My artwork  
process transforms  
photographs into complex  
images that very loosely  
resemble the work of  
early 20th century cubist  
painters. The process uses a  
personally written software  
algorithm that puts a  
modern twist on this classic  
artistic style.

Certain poets were  
associated with the cubist  
movement, and in 1995  
L.C. Bruenig compiled a  
lengthy anthology of this  
poetry called *The Cubist  
Poets in Paris*. I chose two  
poems from this book as  
inspiration, one dark and  
haunting and the other  
witty.

The first selection was  
written by Chilean poet  
Vicente Huidobro. He  
published a book of poems  
called *Horizon carré* (Square  
Horizon) in 1917, and  
from this book I chose the  
poem *Nouvelle Chansons*  
(New Song). The second  
selection, *The Sun is in the  
Staircase*, was written by the  
French poet Pierre Albert-  
Birod in 1924. It is in the  
form of a "Poem Placard,"  
and was originally published  
in *La Lune ou le livre de  
poèmes*, in *Poésie*.



Inside the Horizon  
SOMEONE WAS SINGING

The voice  
Is not known  
WHERE DOES IT COME FROM

Among the branches  
No one is to be seen

The moon itself was an ear  
And one hears  
no sound

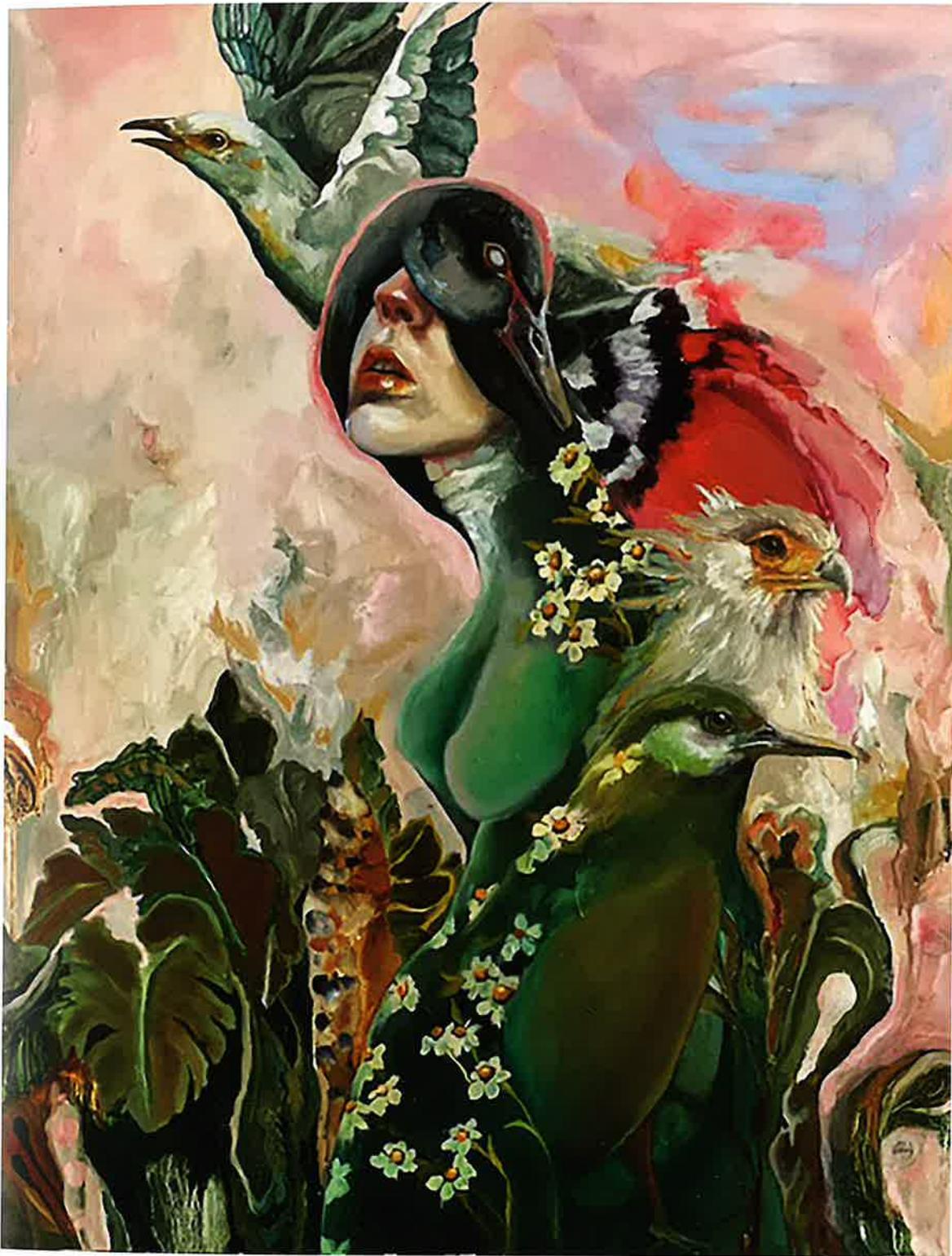
However  
a star unnailed  
Has fallen into the pond

THE HORIZON  
HAS CLOSED UP

And there is no exit

- Vicente Huidobro

## New Song



Love Song for an Apocalypse

**Laura Leigh** is a self taught artist living in Redondo beach. Her work is heavily influenced by poetry and literature- From Murakami to Henry Miller, Hesse to Camus, poets like Ada Limon, Mary Oliver and Dave Lucas who wrote " Love Poem for an Apocalypse " - which inspired the beginnings of these paintings. This poem describes living in this modern world tittering on collapse. The collapse of an empire and how to rebuild. It's a poem about uncertainty and uncovering, and maybe something about the necessity of endings. She uses animals to depict ideas of what it's like to be free. The birds and horses also represent a symbiosis with the breathing land and all the things that inhabit it.



It aint me

### Katie Elizabeth Stubblefield

The lottery scratcher, a tangible embodiment of hope and chance, serves as the central motif in this exploration of fortune's arbitrary hand. Echoing the sentiment of Creedence Clearwater Revival's "Fortunate Son"—an anthem of disenfranchisement in a draft-laden time—this work contemplates the inherent inequalities dictated by the "luck of the draw": race, class, sex, and social station. Gambling tools become a frantic language, representing our persistent yearning for an improved reality. Within this installation of discarded, losing scratchers, genuine winning tickets are strategically placed, acting as irresistible enticements. This deliberate inclusion invites viewers to participate in a search that mirrors our collective aspiration for upward mobility and a more favorable turn of fate.

## Fortunate Son

### Creedence Clearwater Revival

Some folks are born made to wave the flag  
They're red, white and blue  
And when the band plays "Hail to the Chief"  
They point the cannon at you, Lord

It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no senator's son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one

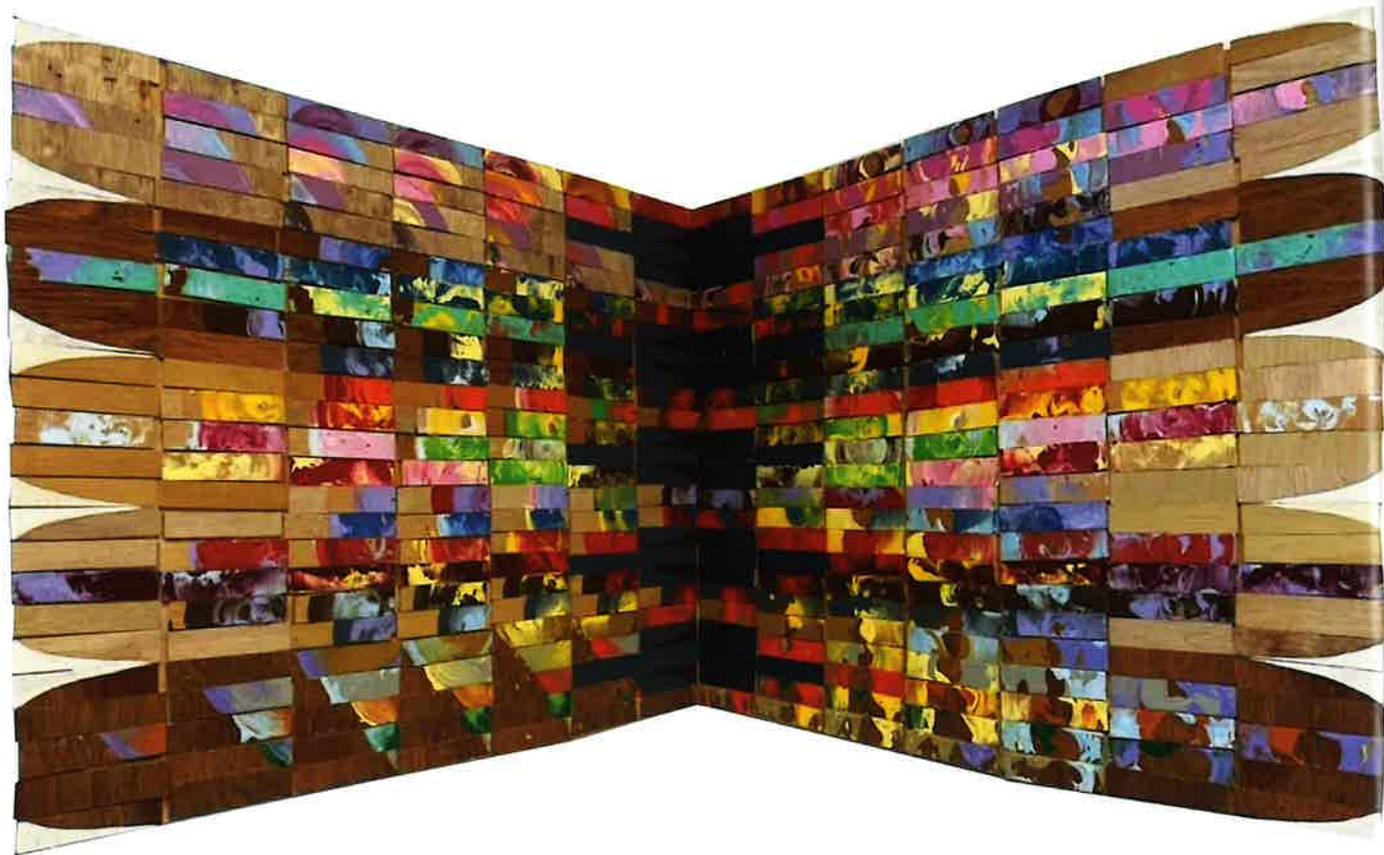
Some folks are born, silver spoon in hand  
Lord, don't they help themselves, yeah  
But when the taxman comes to the door  
The house look a like a rummage sale

It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no millionaire's son, no, no  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one

Yeah, some folks inherit star-spangled eyes  
They send you down to war  
And when you ask 'em, "How much should we give?"  
They only answer, "More, more, more"

It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no military son, son  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one, one

It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one  
It ain't me, it ain't me  
I ain't no fortunate one



**Order and Chaos Life Cycles**

### **Lynn Lee Wong**

*The general pursuit of the artist is depicting the sublime, not only in basics like nature and math but also in pop culture. Ms. Lynn Lee Wong is liberal in utilizing math, pop imagery, and non-traditional art tools such as jigsaw puzzles. She integrates symbols, pop culture imagery, and the creative process. People work with information via language and symbols, ex: numbers, graphs, and visuals 2D or 3D. The artist work with applied paint in between rectangular wood pairs and rotated the pairs about a nail holding them together (see video on website). The nail position is varied based on equations of the line (in the Pigment Series) and the circle (in the Sun series). The combination of opposites is a theme. She chose colors from the presence and absence of light, color pigments of human skin, and the changes of color in a life cycle from birth to death. The chaos of viscous paint and the order of math, irreversibly unify. Through painting, the artist explores unexpected deep meaning and expression about our relationship with the world, nature, and what lies beyond.*

## Did Eve Scream Like That?

A Spoken Word piece written and to be read/performed by Coco Cabrel, ©2024

Ba-dum. [to the "Jaws" theme] A great white.

Ba-dum.

A snake.

A woman, without blemish and free.

A great angel.

Oh, no, "God, help me" - a fake.

The woman giggles,  
she loves the chase.

It's all so innocent,  
nothing could ever erase

the Face  
of her God.

Ba-dum... ba-dum.

But there's a great white in the water,

in the grass -  
a snake.

In the dark, a great angel, lurking -  
The Fake.

A whole generation knows the two tuba notes that  
deeply plead:

"Get. Out. Of the WATER!" But the woman giggles  
because

the water caresses her godly skin;  
and without the knowledge of good and sin, she  
doesn't see the fin  
begin  
to rip her from her God.

A thousand generations know the pain from the  
flaming

sword that flashes:

"Get. Out. Of My Garden." But the woman giggles  
because

the fruit entices her snake-y nostrils;

and with her white teeth's first bite, she'd never felt  
such might  
delight  
in its win over her God.

There's no scream just yet. Just silent confusion;

Grandiose delusion, Contemptuous derision,  
A predator's sonar vision - The devil's subtle precision.

Ba-dum, ba-dum, Ba-dum, ba-dum, Ba-dum, ba-dum  
[getting faster] Too much knowledge

explodes the woman's brain As her guts fill the jaws

of the evil one's shame.

Oh, God help me, now the screams start

as she sees Death for the first time.

The woman clings to a buoy; Eve clings to Eden's gate.

But it's too late

to unseal her womb's fate with desperate debate

Because God doesn't DO that.

All the woman has left,  
as the creature silently

chuckles

is a blood-curdling "GOD! HELP ME!"  
Shwhhweh.

Be still and know.

Ba-da-dah! ["Jaws" theme ending]

Did Eve scream like that?

## Mike Saijo

*I had just moved to Redondo Beach in response to my new environment il wanted to make a series of the beautiful trees at Veterans Park.*

*One unusually foggy late afternoon, I realized that this was the perfect time to capture these photos before the sunsets. I grabbed my camera and rode my bike to the park and took these photos.*

*The fog was super dense, it blocked out everything distracting in the background, I enjoyed seeing less, and simplifying the image. I love the fog because it reminds me of my foggy memory and focusing on what's in front of me.*



Trees of Redondo Beach



The Long Street #1



The Long Street # 4

### Louise Ivers

For this exhibit, the "Reimagined Poetry Invitational," I created a series of four digital photographs that were inspired by Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "The Long Street." This poem talks about the universal street of the world where everyone exists. My photographs, which were altered to give the effect of grainy black and white film, portray old business signs on busy streets that date from the mid-twentieth century. I try to go beyond mere photographic documentation and create a sense of poetic nostalgia in my work.

## Joy Ray

In 2024, artist Joy Ray relocated from a remote tropical island to Lincoln Heights, a gritty urban neighborhood where multiple freeways converge near downtown Los Angeles. Her experience of the ocean, once a daily part of her life, became distant and hallucinatory, increasingly informed by memory and imagination. Ray investigates this psychological-sensorial shift in a new body of work.

Ray's new textile sculptures represent significant developments in her practice. Here, she leaves behind her previous black and white rectangular weavings for fluid, jutting textile assemblages in a brilliant swimming pool blue. These soft sculptures curl and hang, hogtied and splayed, languid and unsettling. They are shapeshifters, evoking images and meanings that refuse to linger or resolve, like flashes from a barely-remembered dream. The forms appear both seductive and dismembered, piscine and metallic, invitingly tactile and disturbingly alien. Mounted on razor-sharp fish hooks and fishing line, and accompanied by video and audio interventions, the installation suggests a parafictional environment that is part natural history museum, scientific laboratory, and abattoir.

Across the surfaces of these works Ray has painted fragments of text from Adrienne Rich's 1973 poem, "Diving Into the Wreck." This work posits the ocean as an altered state of consciousness where identities, genders and even species blur and multiply. These menacing and ambiguous waters reveal more profound realities: "the wreck and not the story of the wreck / the thing itself and not the myth." Like Rich's poem, Ray's sculptures consider what it means to descend into an unknown abyss, to discover lost histories, and to confront the aftermath of violence.

Entangled with love and loss, Ray's imaginal ocean takes on mythological and psychological dimensions, revealing itself as a vast unknowable realm embodying both the beautiful and terrifying aspects of the sublime.



the ribs of the disaster



the book of myths



### Off the grid

#### Melinda Barth

*My appreciation of ceramics was acknowledged early in my second year at the university of illinois. I asked my advisor to affirm my course selections before I headed to the armory to register. My course requests included 'Ceramics 101,' to which Dr. Squire replied, "you are an english major. You must intend 'chaucer' as your elective." "No, i replied, "ceramics," to which he repeated "chaucer." Nevertheless, i registered for ceramics, and he and i remained cordial for the five additional years of my BA and MA studies in literature and rhetoric.*

*I have retired after more than 30 years of teaching English at el camino college and an equal number of Years as a potter. I have no regrets for this balanced And fruitful life.*

*"Reimagined poetry" has inspired me to unite my Professional and aspirational joys and i have done so By imagining in clay both robert frost's poem "design" And jasmine lawrence's "off the grid."*



Soul

### Debbie Collette

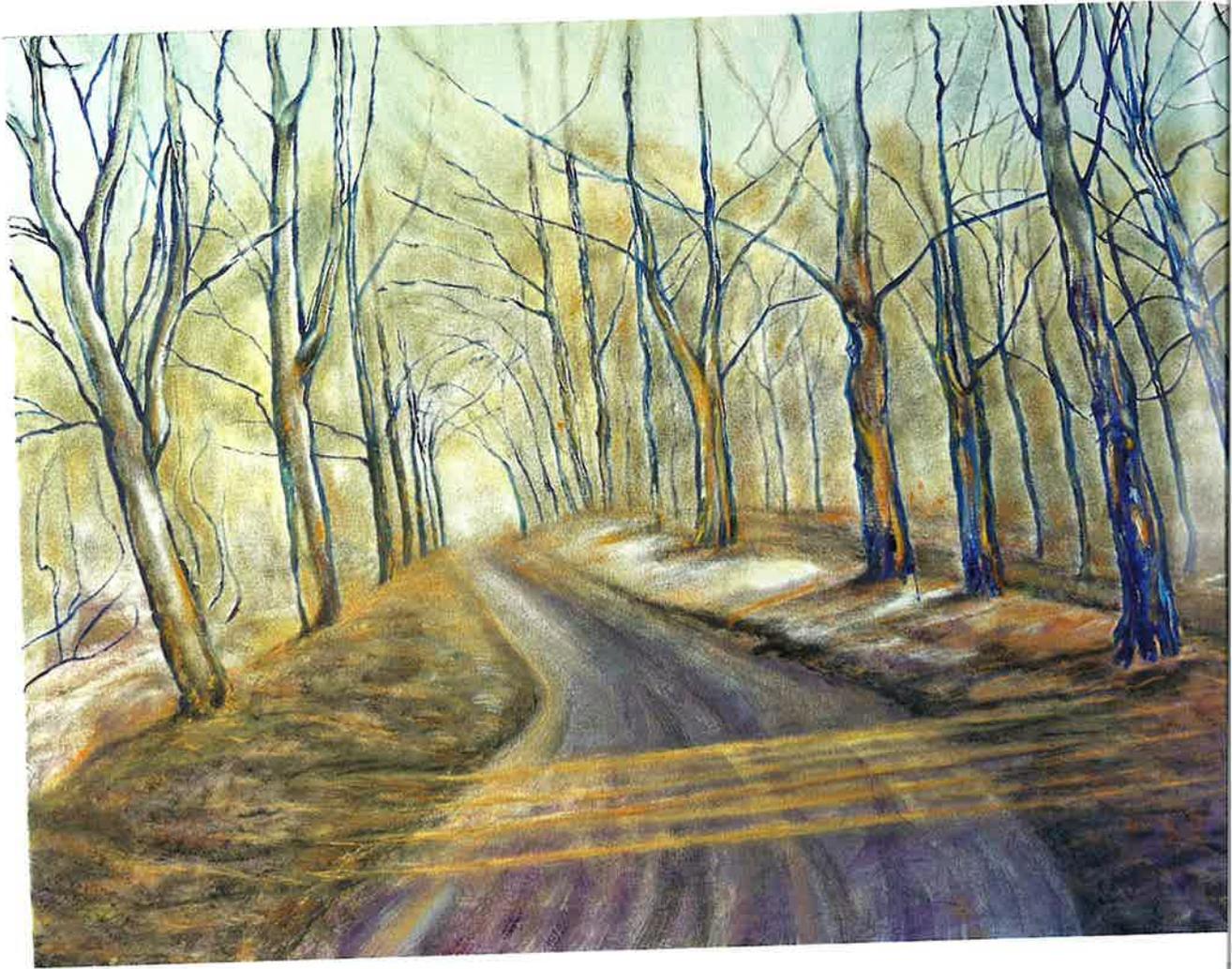
*The Poetry of Life*

*Dance. Heart. Soul.*

*Words that speak to me in the poetry of life.*

*The rhythm of the dance, my heartbeat to the soul.*

*Capturing a connection deep within me. I move to the sound.*



Look! The Trees Burned Down, Now I Can See

### **Eileen Oda Leaf**

*Creating art is like writing poetry in pictures with my intention of infusing beauty with emotion inspired by nature through the use of emotive color.*

*In 2018, I created a new style of oil painting I coined, exsculpting: 3-D oil on hand-cut canvas/es, sometimes underneath or on the backside. I have made landscapes, portraits and food art exsculptings that have been juried into exhibitions at art centers, museums and galleries where they have been seen and have found homes with many collectors.*

*When painting impressionistic 2-D paintings, I want to express a profound love of nature, of how all things are interconnected and allow light and color to allow you to experience what words cannot seem to say.*

## Holly Boruck

*This painting reflects my investigation of color, abstraction and nature. I think of this painting as visual poetry where color, abstraction, rhythm and complicated shapes form a playful whole. I'm interested in creating harmony, balance and emotional connections to a sense of place. Eliciting inspiration from nature's patterns and motifs, my hope is that this work will create an evocative pathway, taking viewers on a magical journey.*



Landscape Obscura- 16

## Anu Kumar

*A Cohesive Journey of Feminine Identity*

The three pieces submitted—*Grounded*, *Branching Out*, and *Tree Within*—are intended to be experienced as a unified poetic exploration of the multifaceted journey of womanhood. Together, they form a narrative arc that examines hope, struggle, and the complex interplay of ambition and responsibility. Each work offers its own voice, yet they resonate in harmony to evoke a deeper understanding of identity, freedom, and resilience.

*Grounded* serves as the prologue to this journey. This abstract painting, interwoven with words of hope and feminism, reflects the solid foundation of strength and self-awareness. It invites the viewer into a space where optimism and empowerment radiate, grounding the narrative in the ethos of feminine fortitude.

*Branching Out* portrays a woman confronting the challenges of growth and transformation. The branches erupting from her represent both the beauty and pain of personal evolution—the reach for something greater that is often accompanied by hardship. The final piece *The tree In Me*, This piece gives visual form to the tension between freedom and the trials that can fracture one's sense of self with what is considered by society as good such as 'roots' and domestic and social responsibilities.



**Grounded**



**Fading Words**

## Karen Baughman

I am a Southern California contemporary artist drawn to the quiet mystery of the ocean and the delicate power of orchids. My work invites viewers to step into a world where emotion and imagination take the lead. My ocean-inspired works explore the emotional spectrum through calm, meditative tones anchored by a horizon that always holds something just out of reach, not discernable, yet creates images that may be connected to conscious or subconscious memories. Whether evoking dreamscapes or merging contrasting worlds, each orchid piece carries an edge, sometimes soft, sometimes sharp, allowing space for personal narratives to unfold. Influenced by both street art and fine art traditions, I believe they can not only coexist, but enhance each other - much like the unexpected layers of life I aim to reflect in every piece.

Two Orchids embrace,  
spray can love on Concrete fades,  
hues drip, time dissolves

## Alexis St. John

I create worlds. The locations are unconventional, playful, and slow of pace. They offer viewers an escape from the mundane. They are inspired by dreams and meditations.

My latest body of work is painted on a ground of sand. I like the look of the textured surface, as well as the symbology of sand. I mix the oil paint from scratch, using earth pigments and walnut oil. It's important to me that the materials I use are non-toxic and as earth-friendly as possible.

My work is a manifestation of the qualities, values, and priorities I wish to see in the world. We become what we put our attention on. The paintings are a gentle reminder for us to keep growing.



Star Bridge

## Patrice Linnett

The Poetry of Life

Thrive. Shine. Hope.

The impact of words, spoken, written, or even just thought, hold power. If we listen or pay attention to certain words, they can have the ability to depress us, to make us feel emotions, to educate us, to lift our spirits, to elevate us.

These three words are words that have shaped my outlook on my circumstances, my life, my being. Be mindful what you say to yourself; you might be listening.



Thrive



Lunatic Shield 2



Lunatic Shield 7

### Linda Price

The Lunatic Shields protect because  
Change is the only constant

Black and White  
are not viable  
when shades of Gray prevail

Nothing is black or white —Linda  
Sue Price 1980 —Nelson Mandela  
1990

This is my inspiration and I wrote it.

## Amy Lyu

*This painting, titled Yes, I Can Finally Say NO, stems from a deeply personal place. I've always struggled with saying no to people, to situations, even to things that didn't align with my values. Over time, I've come to realize that "no" isn't necessarily negative; in fact, it can be a powerful act of self-care and clarity.*

*That's why I chose to express "NO" in bright, joyful pink balloon letters — a celebration rather than a rejection. Saying no can mean setting boundaries, choosing peace, and standing against unkindness, violence, and negativity. It's a freeing word.*

*The contrast continues in the presentation: the modern image is housed in a traditional gold frame, reminiscent of an old master's painting. This contradiction between form and content is intentional — it elevates a contemporary message into something timeless.*

## The Invitation by Orah Mountain Dreamer

It doesn't interest me what you do for a living. I want to know what you ache for and if you dare to dream of meeting your heart's longing.

It doesn't interest me how old you are. I want to know if you will risk looking like a fool for love, for your dream, for the adventure of being alive.

It doesn't interest me what planets are squaring your moon.

I want to know if you have touched the centre of your own sorrow, if you have been opened by life's betrayals or have become shrivelled and closed from fear of further pain.

I want to know if you can sit with pain, mine or your own, without moving to hide it, or fade it, or fix it.

I want to know if you can be with joy, mine or your own; if you can dance with wildness and let the ecstasy fill you to the tips of your fingers and toes without cautioning us to be careful, be realistic, remember the limitations of being human.

It doesn't interest me if the story you are telling me is true

I want to know if you can disappoint another to be true to yourself. If you can bear the accusation of betrayal and not betray your own soul.

If you can be faithless and therefore trustworthy.

I want to know if you can see Beauty even when it is not pretty every day. And if you can source your own life from its presence.

I want to know if you can live with failure, yours and mine, and still stand at the edge of the lake and shout to the silver of the full moon, 'Yes.'



**"Yes, I Can Finally Say NO"**

It doesn't interest me to know where you live or how much money you have.

I want to know if you can get up after the night of grief and despair, weary and bruised to the bone and do what needs to be done to feed the children.

It doesn't interest me who you know or how you came to be here.

I want to know if you will stand in the centre of the fire with me and not shrink back.

It doesn't interest me where or what or with whom you have studied.

I want to know what sustains you from the inside when all else falls away.

I want to know if you can be alone with yourself and if you truly like the company you keep in the empty moments.

## Astrid Francis

I'm a non-representational painter. I do not have the desire to draw real life objects, unless they are represented in an abstract format. I prefer to express myself with color, texture and rhythm, in the hope that my composition is "suggesting" an object, which makes up an abstract painting. I consider painting an exercise, in which one is open to the unexpected, a surprise, if you will, driven by more than one decision as to what to keep and what not to keep. One could perceive this process as watching a child play, starting with an innocent stroke of a brush, leading to a process of becoming a creatural exercise, driven by color and rhythm. This process may start out with the search for a feeling of direction and may end up with a totally different result than first anticipated. Here is the experience of surprise.



The Offering



Scarlette Samurai

## Dr. Lui Amador

This piece honors my time serving in the United States Marine Corps. In 1991, I was stationed in Okinawa and Mt. Fuji, Japan. While I was there I became fascinated by the history and legacy of the Japanese Samurai and how similar their warrior code of honor was to what we had learned about being a Marine. The piece was created using birch wood skateboard deck, acrylic paint, and carved using a rotary tool, chisels and sanding sticks.



Moth Story

### Claudia Kazachinsky

Poetry has been part of my life since childhood. As a child, I read poetry in Portuguese, and as a teenager, I read poetry written in Hebrew. Only much later did I begin to read poetry in English.

When I received the invitation for the Reimagined Poetry art show, I knew it was time to dive into "old friends" as well as get acquainted with new "friends".

In art, my two loves are portraits and figures combined with symbolism, and as I dove deeper and deeper into poetry, I began making connections.

The poems of Emily Dickinson are filled with symbols and beauty. Her obsession with Death gave birth to Moth Story, and her poems about nature inspired Hope Is the Thing with Feathers.

Counting the Ways was inspired by Elizabeth Barrett Browning, and Lenore was inspired by The Raven by Edgar Allen Poe.

The last painting I created was Lady of Shallot, inspired by Tennyson. I reimagined her in a Pre-Raphaelite style with an intricate background. In this case, the figure itself becomes the symbol.



Untitled

**Alfred Skondovitch (1927 – 2011)**

*Skondovitch was an abstract expressionist painter. The piece in this exhibit he created in 1954 in New York. His style later transformed to the figurative and representational, but always with abstract elements infused, a nod to his Abstract Expressionist roots and his pride in being part of this important American art movement. His bold and vibrant colors were likely influenced by the teachings of Hans Hofmann, who taught a "push and pull" theory, where using contrasting colors and textures creates a sense of depth and tension. This painting, Untitled #772, exemplifies the large canvases of the time. It's mostly abstract, but with discernible figures embedded in the painting.*

Jean Shultz



**Becoming the Ocean**

**Khalil Gibran**

"It is said that before entering the sea  
A river trembles with fear.  
She looks back at the path she has travelled,  
from the peaks of the mountains, the long  
winding road crossing forests and villages.  
And in front of her, she sees an ocean so  
vast, that to enter there seems nothing  
more than to disappear forever.  
But there is no other way.  
The river can not go back.  
Nobody can go back.  
To go back is impossible in existence.  
The river needs to take the risk of entering  
the ocean because only then will fear  
disappear because that's where the river will  
know it's not about disappearing into the  
ocean, but of becoming the ocean."



**Seasons In The Sun**

**Rod Mckuen**

We had joy we had fun.  
We had joy, we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the hills that we climbed  
Were just seasons out of time  
We had joy, we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the wine and the song  
Like the seasons have all gone  
We had joy, we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the wine and the song  
Like the seasons have all gone  
We had joy, we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the stars we could reach  
Were just starfish on the beach  
We had joy, we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the wine and the song  
Like the seasons have all gone  
All our lives we had fun  
We had seasons in the sun  
But the hills that we climbed  
Were just seasons out of time  
We had joy, we had fun



"UT pictura poesis"; AS is painting, so is poetry (Horace)

### Wini Brewer

*I see painting, poetry and music as three branches of the same language. When I listen to music I see paintings. When I see paintings I hear music. And both are poetry.*

*This is the language of the heart and soul, not the brain (left or right!) Look and listen.*

*It was Louis Bourgeois who said "A work of art doesn't have to be explained. If you do not have any feeling about this, I cannot explain to it you. If this doesn't touch you, I have failed."*

*In the beginning I stare at a blank panel with no notion of what to do. I can't imagine a finished painting.*

*My process is sitting and staring at this panel. Waiting. Sometimes for weeks and months. Eventually a first element is placed, then a few more in rapid succession.*

*Those strong first pieces will be locked in and remain for weeks. I work around them until one day they are gone. Quickly replaced. The painting is altered. Better.*

*The painting becomes truly active. The placing of new objects happening very fast.*

*These last decisions will be harder to make but when they happen I feel a satisfying sensation in my heart. Suddenly it is done, finished, and I am amazed. Where did this come from? Did I make this strange thing? I love it. I am so happy.*

*I don't have a clue what it means. I only know that after decades of painting I am painting for me.*



### **Jennifer Chan**

*Jennifer enjoys working in a variety of mediums- oil, acrylic, mixed media, pastel, watercolor and photography. Jennifer feels art is essential to her- as essential as breathing. She believes in, "life is short, make art!"*

### **Breathe**

#### **On Living**

#### **Sam Auerli**

Not the summit,  
but the slope—the grit underfoot,  
where ferns clutch crevices,  
their small green gestures of patience.  
I stop where a rock wobbles,  
let my breath find the pace of trees,  
the silent, unhurried life of moss.  
Here, each step unspools its own weight,  
not chasing, not held by anything more  
than the next steady press of earth.



Dead Poets Society

### Dorothy Magallon

*The Poetic response can be imagined through many channels whether by word, sound, or image.*

*It is in the reflective stage that transforms the human soul.*

### Paul Blieden

*Not being a poet it took me over a dozen iterations of the haiku until I finally had something that matched the emotion of the goddess image I had taken as part of a series called the emerging goddess.*

*The photo is of one model as she moved during a 13 second open shutter.*



Goddess

*She now hides her pain  
Not knowing her wise goddess  
Waits to save her heart*



Oliveros' Earth Ears - Echos at Angels Gate

### **Chrisi Karvonides-Dushenko**

*This painting reimagines Earth Ears, the evocative opera composed by Pauline Oliveros and performed by Long Beach Opera on the cliffs of Angels Gate Park. As a fine artist and professional costume designer, the inspiration captures this site-specific performance's poetic stillness and immersive sonic environment. Rooted in Oliveros's Native sonic meditation, "Walk so silently that the bottoms of your feet become ears," the work visually translates the sensation of listening with the whole body.*



Rocky Shore

### Esperanza Deese

*I've been a painter and artist my entire life. Raised in the Midwest in a home full of visual artists and writers. I was constantly surrounded by creative influence - a blend of images and language that shaped my childhood's usual interceptions of incomplete thoughts, now made whole.*

### Haiku by Issa:

On the Pacific,  
waves crash against rocky shores—  
the moon rides the tide.

## In Flight

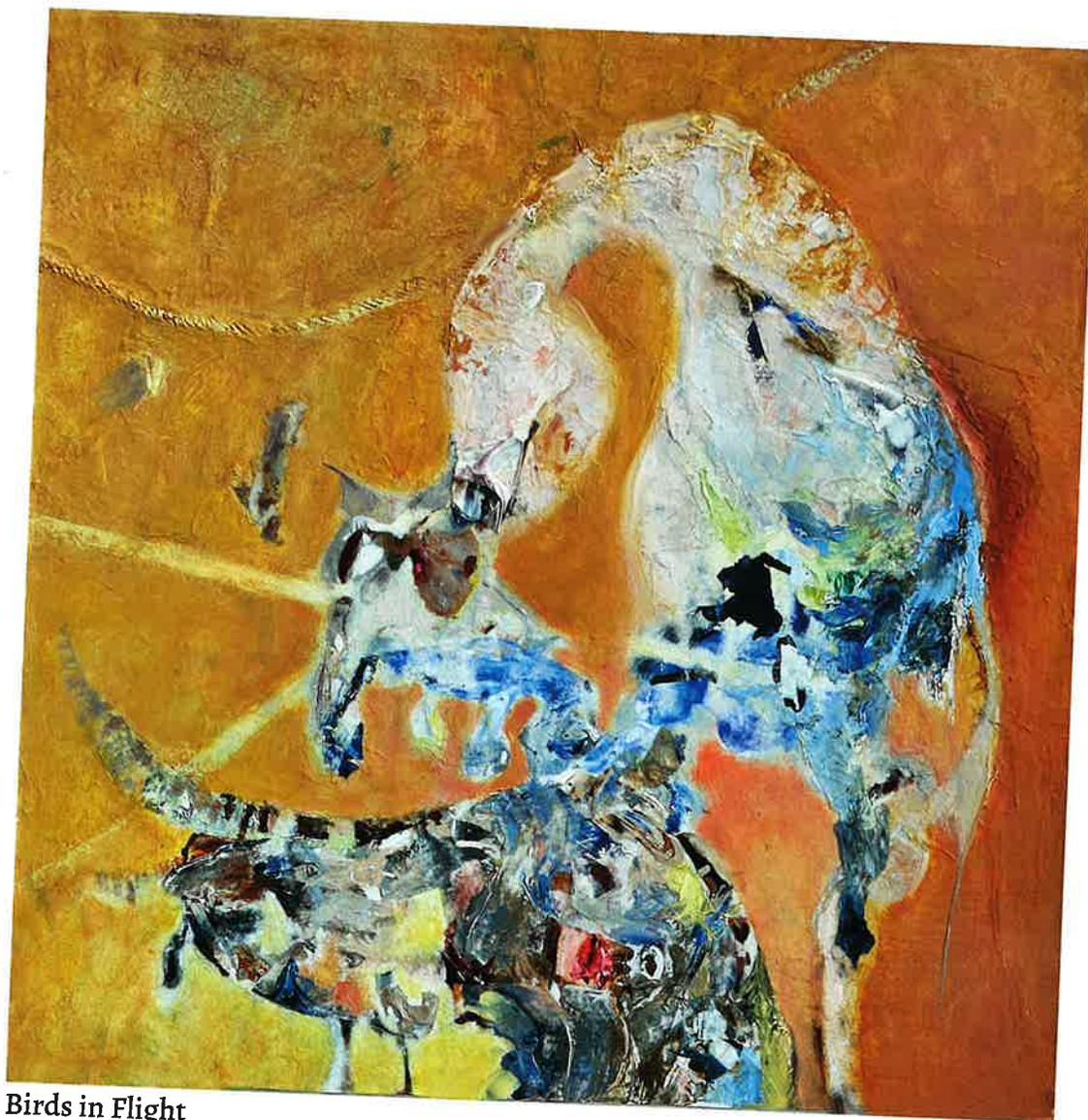
Jennifer Sweeney

The Himalayan legend says  
there are beautiful white birds  
that live completely in flight.  
They are born in the air,  
must learn to fly before falling  
and die also in their flying.  
Maybe you have been born  
into such a life  
with the bottom dropping out.  
Maybe gravity is claiming you  
and you feel  
ghost-scripted.  
For the one who lives inside the fall,  
the sky beneath the sky of all.

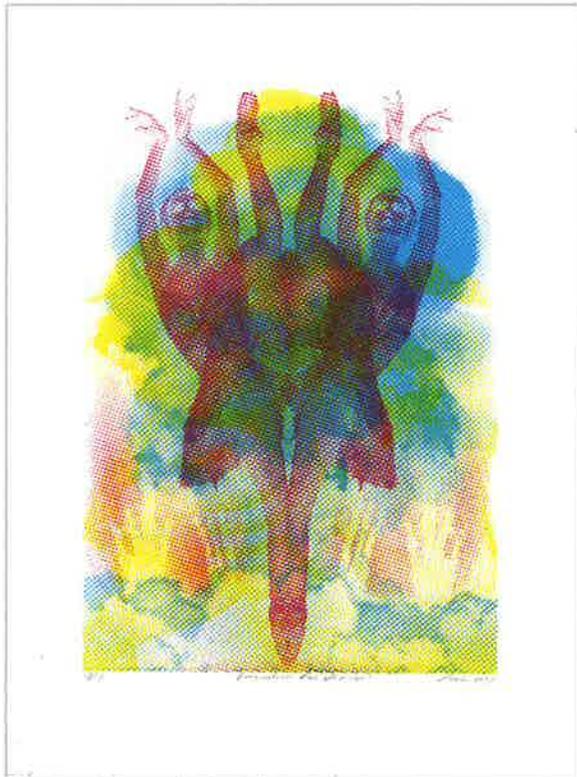
## Nurit Avesar

*My work is process based. It is about the idea that history is always personal. Past events influence our present, and our actions, or lack of, will determine the lives of future generations.*

*I start by painting with acrylic on paper or canvas. I then paste a sheet of paper on the painted surface and sand the entire area, repeating this process several times. I embed thread, cheese cloth, rust and other materials in between the sanded layers. This method is about interweaving deconstruction and reconstruction. I paint and then sand the surfaces, digging, extracting, and building, adding and tearing away. This process alludes to the abuse of power throughout history. It is about vulnerability, destruction and beauty.*



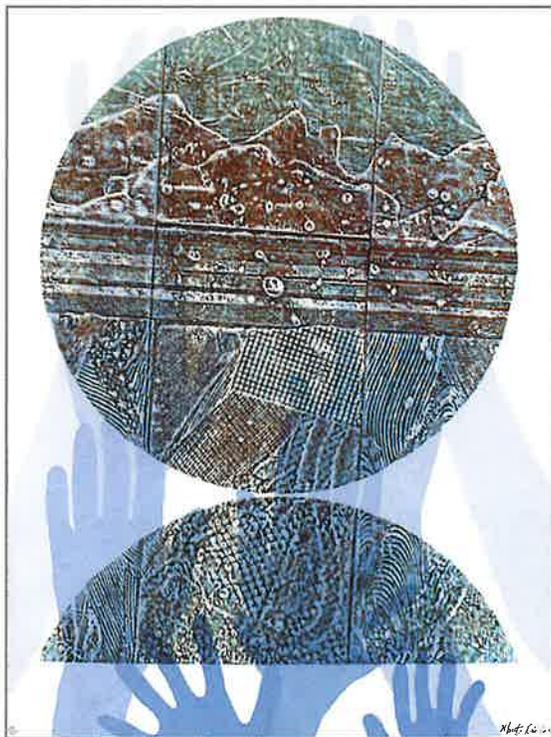
Birds in Flight



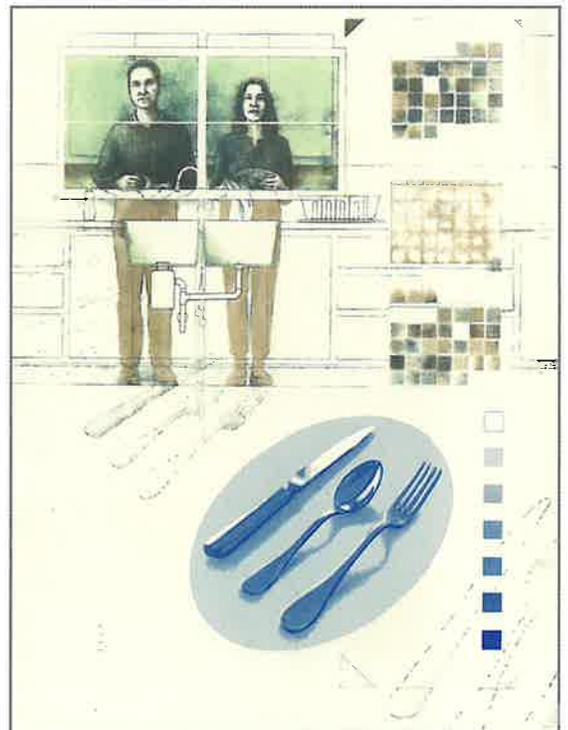
Artist: Clovis Blackwell  
Print title: Emanation: Pas de Deux  
Medium: Screen print  
Poem: Emanation: Pas de Deux  
Author: Amber West



Artist: Lindsay Buchman  
Print title: Everything I've Ever Loved  
Medium: Screen print  
Poem: Time Is a Mother  
Author: Ocean Vong



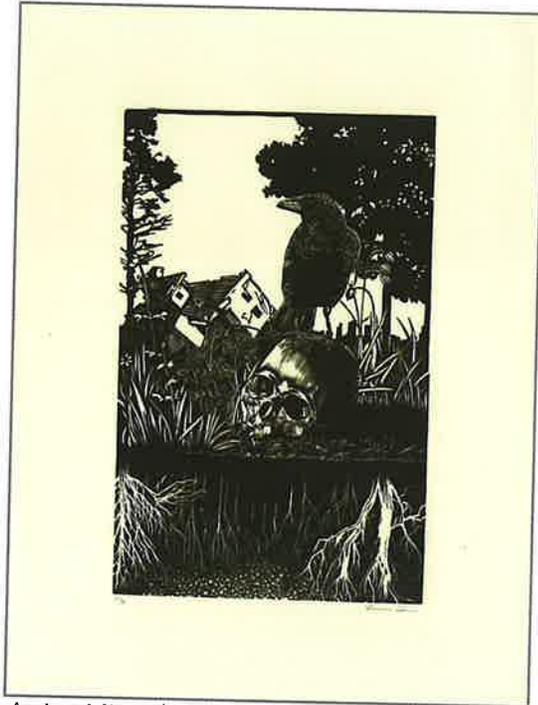
Artist: Maritza Davila-Irizarry  
Print title: Atracciones Eternas/Eternity Atraccions  
Medium: Screen print  
Poem: Eternit's Attraction  
Author: Jon J. Sparks



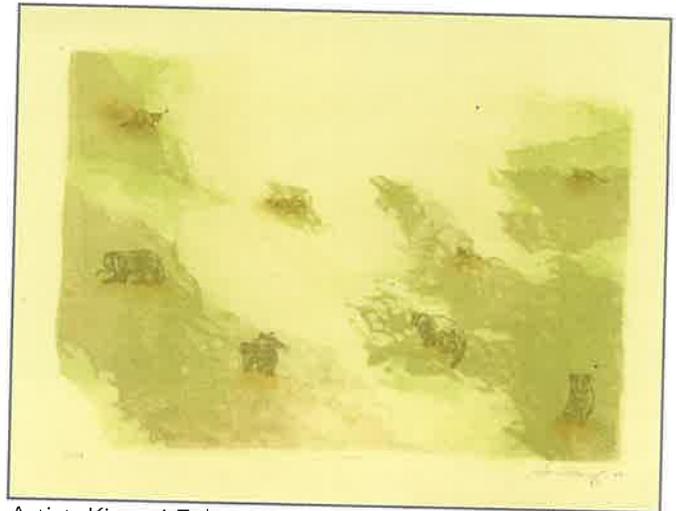
Artist: Andrew DeCaen  
Print title: To Hold Gravity and Time  
Medium: Lithograph  
Poem: How We Take Our Grief  
Author: Kimberly Grey

## Echoes of Print

explores the relationship between printmaking and poetry. Both mediums hold the power to speak truths, create change, empower communities and speak to current cultural experiences, all of which verify the human experience. In this portfolio the coming together of these dual methods of communication through the artist's interpretation, gave rise to unique hybridization of print and written word. Artists pulled inspiration from the use of written word and explored themes such as dissidence, communication of truth and catalysts for change. This portfolio aimed to explore profound synergy between visual art and the interpretation of poetry, through visual expression and multi-layered depths of poetic interpretation, they seek to challenge the power of print.



Artist: Miguel Felipe  
Print title: Industrial Snag  
Medium: Relief  
Poem: Industrial Snags  
Author: Morgan Russ



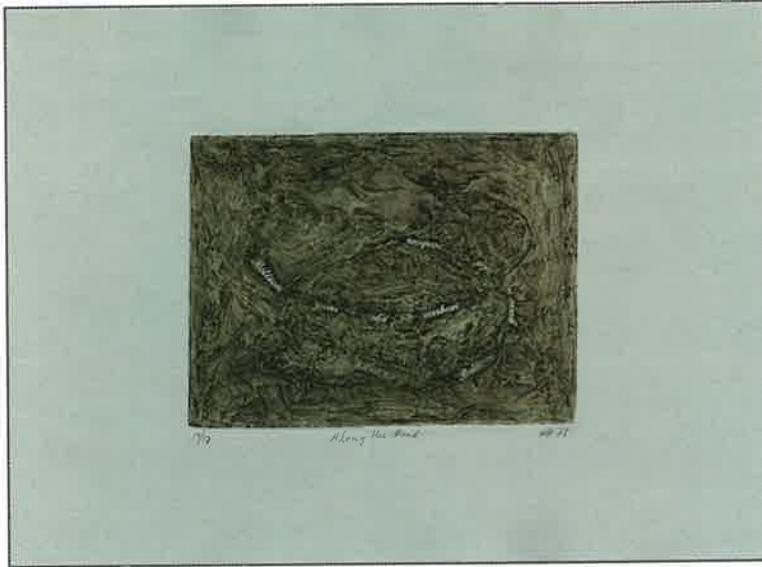
Artist: Kiyomi Fukui Nannery  
Print title: Ihatov afar  
Medium: Lithograph  
Poem: Ihatov afar  
Author: Kiyomi Fukui Nannery



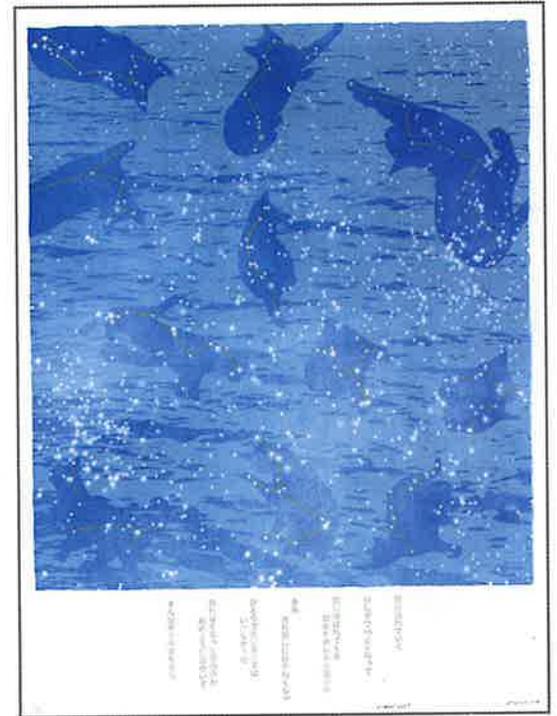
Artist: Bonny Jackson  
Print title: Positively Phototatic  
Medium: Etching  
Poem: Untitled  
Author: Bonny Jackson



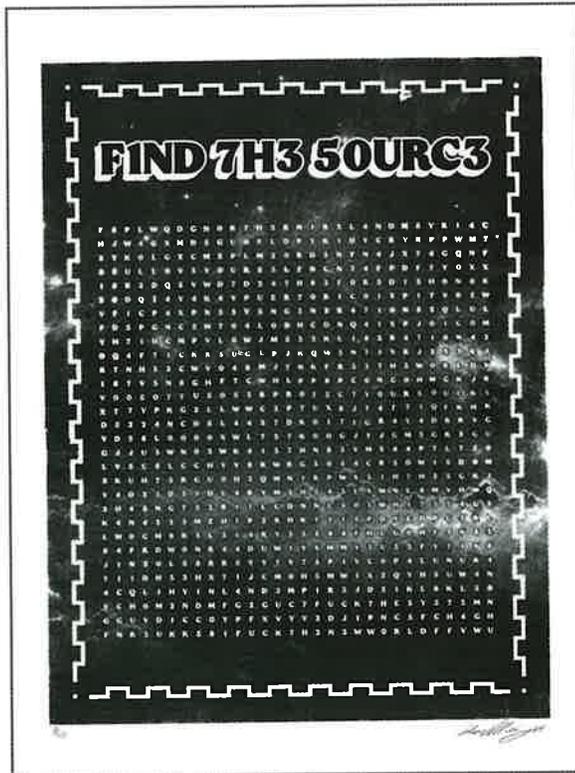
Artist: Nguyen Ly  
Print title: The Human Face in an Empty Power  
Medium: Drypoint  
Poem: Antonin Artaud: The Human Face  
Author: Translated by, Jack Hirschman



Artist: Katie Marshall  
 Print title: Along the Road  
 Medium: Collagraph  
 Poem: Woodstock  
 Author: Joni Mitchell



Artist: Kimiko Miyoshi  
 Print title: A small Boat  
 Medium: Lithograph  
 Poem: A morning without me  
 Author: Mayumi Inba, translated by Kimiko Miyoshi



Artist: Eduardo Muñoz  
 Print title: F1ND 7H3 50URC3  
 Medium: Screen print  
 Poem: Beyond Illusions  
 Author: Eduardo Muñoz



Artist: May Roded  
 Print title: Time Thieving  
 Medium: Cyanotype with screen print  
 Poem: Odes  
 Author: Horace



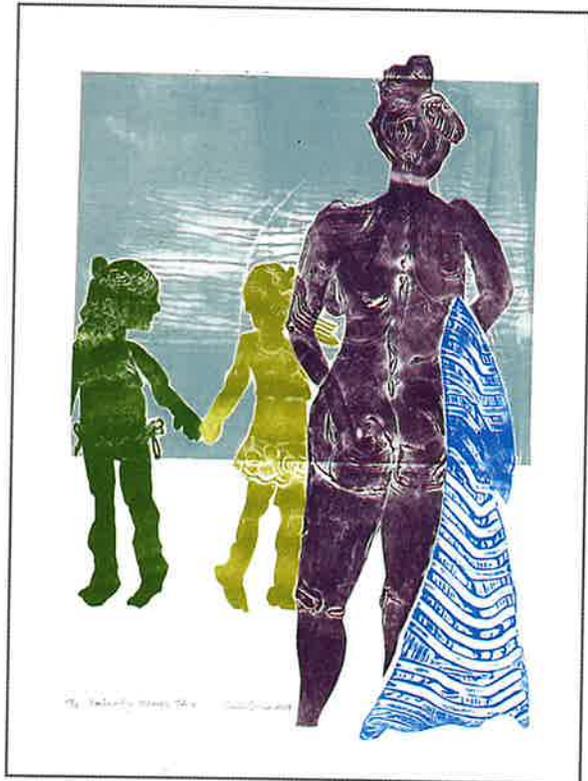
Artist: Jamie Russon  
 Print title: Mine the Undertone  
 Medium: Photogravure  
 Poem: Shadow River  
 Author: Emily Pauline Johnson



Artist: Nicholas Satinover  
 Print title: Parsing and Binding  
 Medium: Lithograph  
 Poem: A list by a 9-year-old  
 Author: Raymond Carver, Emily Dickinson



Artist: Edward Steffani  
 Print title: Through the Trees  
 Medium: Screen print with inkjet  
 Poem: Reconnaissance Renaissance  
 Author: Edward Steffani



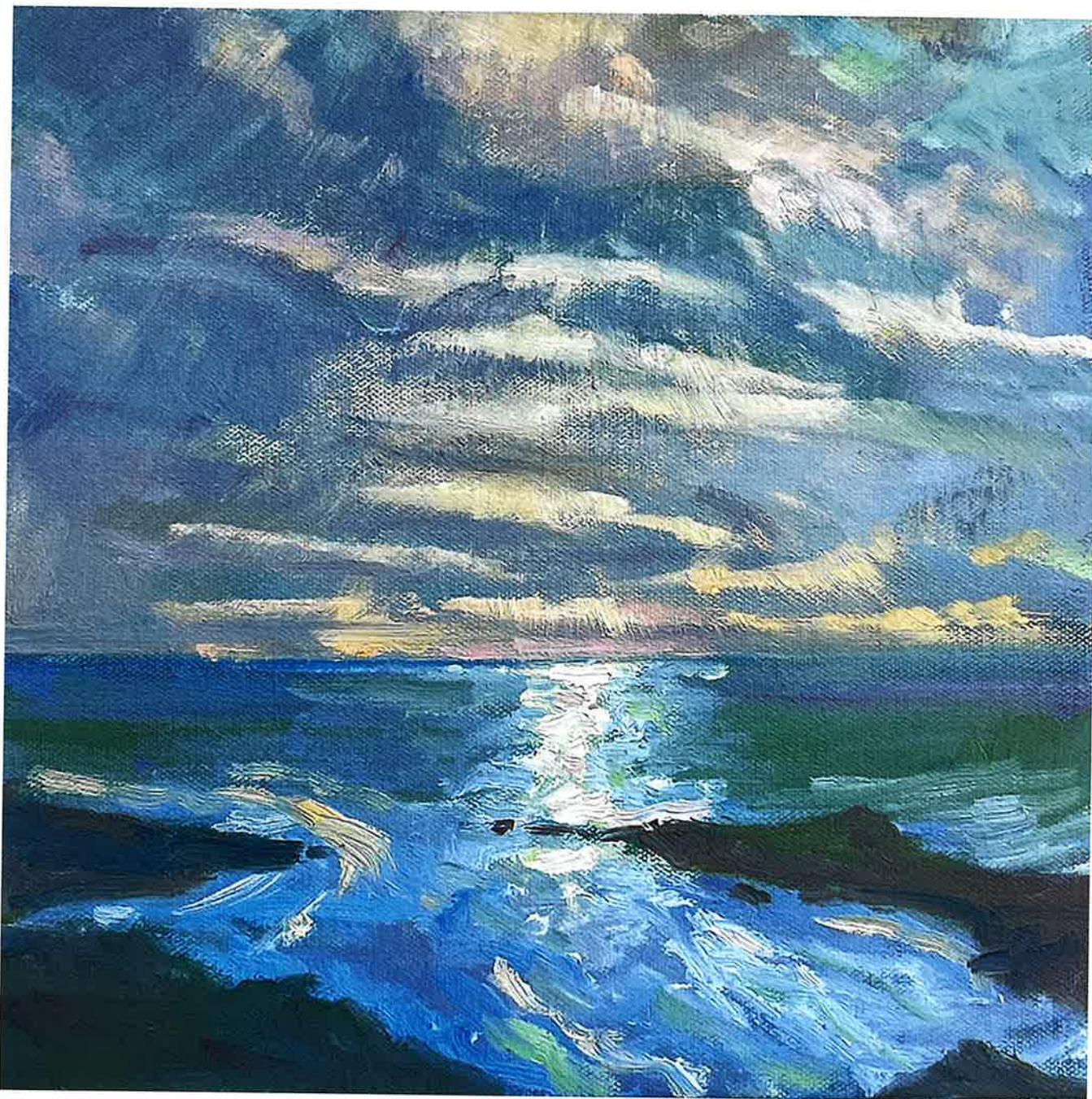
Artist: Paula Voss  
 Print title: Swimming Through Time  
 Medium: Relief  
 Poem: Untitled  
 Author: Paula Voss

# Reimagined Poetry Invitational Team

<b>CURATOR</b>	Nina Zak Laddon
<b>GALLERY DIRECTOR</b>	Patti Linnett
<b>GALLERY DIRECTOR</b>	Lynn Allen
<b>ART DIRECTOR</b>	Bob Francis
<b>EXHIBITION CATALOG</b>	Jean Shultz
<b>TREASURER</b>	Jane Diehl
<b>ADVISOR</b>	Susan Lapin
<b>PUBLIC RELATION</b>	Michelle Laddon
<b>INSTALLER</b>	Larry Rubin
<b>NORTH GALLERY MANAGERS</b>	Peggy Sivert, Lynn Allen
<b>EAST GALLERY MANAGERS</b>	Karen Baughman, Anu Kumar
<b>SOUTH GALLERY MANAGERS</b>	Dellis Frank, Esperanza Deese
<b>HORIZON GALLERY MANAGERS</b>	Patty Grau, Melinda Barth
<b>WEST GALLERY MANAGERS</b>	Astrid Francis, Claudia Kazachinsky
<b>GALLERY ASSISTANT</b>	Bernard Fallon
<b>GIFT SHOP MANAGERS</b>	Sue Wood, Silvia Peluso, Margret Inauen
<b>OPENING RECEPTION</b>	Nan Wilson, Jennifer Chan, Ann DuPuy
<b>SECURITY</b>	RUHS ROTC



*Friends of Redondo Beach Arts Thanks The City of Redondo Beach  
for its continuous support of the Arts.*



Lovers on Aran

**Bernard Fallon**

**Lovers On Aran**

**By Seamus Heaney 1939-2013**

The timeless waves, bright, sifting, broken glass,  
Came dazzling around, into the rocks,  
Came glinting, sifting from the Americas  
To possess Aran. Or did Aran rush To throw wide arms of rock around a tide  
That yielded with an ebb, with a soft crash?  
Did sea define the land or land the sea?  
Each drew new meaning from the waves collision.  
Sea broke on land to full identity.



**On a coffin ship I came here**

### **Katie Stubblefield**

*Drawing inspiration from The Pogues' lyrics, "On a coffin ship I came here," from the classic song "Thousands Are Sailing," this project explores themes of forced migration and cultural resilience. The song evokes the experiences of Irish emigrants seeking refuge and a fresh start, yet holding onto their cultural identity. This narrative of fleeing one's homeland for safety and clinging to one's roots is a recurring motif throughout history and continues to impact lives today. Stubblefield visually articulates this by using real sailcloth, directly referencing the act of "sailing." Upon this surface, rendered in acrylic, are images of rigging from Irish coffin ships, juxtaposed with the contemporary lines of telephone, internet, and cable that crisscross the sky above the artist's dwelling. The artwork is completed by depictions of sea and sky, all suspended on the wall.*

## Dellis Frank

### See Me

I carry the weight.  
Of melanin mistaken for  
menace.  
Of mourning made routine.  
Of names chanted,  
and then forgotten.

I am not a shadow.  
Not a suspect.  
Not a statistic.

I am a mother.  
A maker.  
A memory in motion.

See me —  
not the fear.  
See me —  
not the fiction.  
See me.

