

*The silence of repetition* - A poetic response to Lyndal Osborne's exhibition *Metaphors For Evolution* by Cindy Hansen

Circle me forward and i will criss cross your pattern and accompany it with  
strangely connected words  
a builder of pieces  
to form and construct an earthly toned puzzle  
where circular forms with particular placements repel and never collide  
individual groups of togetherness  
overwhelmed by each other and overturned by one another

I ask that you  
lend me your ears and I will paint you a gathering of tiny tiny pictures with layers of remarkable words to see  
lend me your eyes closed and  
i will draw your thoughts into a rivered journey of banks holding high with the silence of repetition

A Journey of whitely washed gourds with chalk like dustings of pastel pinks  
and pops of vibrantly pigmented colors  
that etch into your soul like porcupine quills

Seeds of time collected with water formed reeds  
that outreach into the never ending depths of darkness

You can not touch, but your heart will feel  
you can not taste, but your hunger will tell you  
you can not see, but your ears will show you  
let these written words guide you through, over, above, and beyond it  
and an earthly seeded scent of pine and peacock feathers will shell you in no more

The silence of repetition speaks loudly here  
beyond a million mirrors of mended hallways  
where spinning linear lines finally unwound to a encapsulating end  
and now shadows upon shadows of glass circles lay low and hold heavy to no divide

It is of many spaces within spaces  
where a gathering of earthly repeated substances grouped together  
amuse themselves with dustings of color and containment  
while shadows upon shadows still-fully dance, in between, around, and through one another

I ask that you listen closely  
as there are voices within voices positioned perfectly and just so  
around the corner, down the stairs, up high and above

Slight vibrations from gallery wheeled carts turned water half full to empty  
while rippled patterns of light in clear glass jars fold over and into each other in masses  
pour me another and i shall drink where drinking is not permitted  
poised and brimmed with blunder and dexterity to wonder

The silence of repetition of the unwrapped, unravelled, uncrated, untangled, individually placed madness  
that arrived in a box of a box of many - a delivery scheduled with calm compromise and complexity, and then repeated

A sudden puzzle-ization leads itself into confusion  
so i ask that you weave yourself into a colored containment box  
with others of like minded similarities  
and you will find comfort there

Climb high above and look down  
and perhaps glass bubbles will begin to fall and take form into a willfully winding river  
that will take ease and calm your soul with color

