

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

Open a book and gather some meaningful words and write
grab an empty pail and collect some quirky shells and plant some wholesome seeds
together let's build something remarkably REAL

The growth may be slow to form while concepts cave and ideas idle
but let's build it strong so that the foundation of our building
does not adhere to erosion, shrink, and crumble into a dust of nothingness

Is it all but a stacking of glass and plastic words to build the repeats of life and create a song of repeated silence?

I ask that you use your ears to see the bountiful beauty
and your opened eyes to taste these written words spoken
and i will turn a word to a page for another
and bloom a book to speak of no cover

I will canvas some paint where my eyes will grow to see you
And i will twist and bend each written word until my bleached bones become graciously gathered
where my extraordinary heart beat will hang harmoniously amongst plotted parallel lines of pine cones

I will build and bring to a gather
dried roses
each of them wearing a coat of dull red
chalk dusted with a shimmering scent of midnight navy blue
to stack until dusk, and set perfectly just so, among a said bunch of words
only to then fall like weightless feathers onto a blanket of forested moss

Bare with me while i gather and wait for these rose petal tears to crystalize and form into happiness

I will then scatter a gather of pencil crayon shavings
a kaleidoscope of wooden ripples laced with tiny colors
and sprinkle to float atop a river kissed with oceans of unpolluted thriving world waters

There is a beginning and an end
but the middle is far more grounded, rounded and complex
a movement of established but forgotten growth
rooted by rows and rows
repeated
these objects avoiding a fate of brown to dust and grey
and loudly speaking a voice within a voice - a silence of repetition

The silence of repetition

By: Cindy Hansen

Grande Prairie, AB

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A reflection of Lyndal Osborne's exhibition titled: *Metaphors for Evolution*

BIO

Cindy Hansen resides in her home town of Grande Prairie, AB. She enjoys working as an Administrative Assistant, camping, photography, spending time with family and friends, and being creative in all aspects of life. Cindy Hansen's poetry has been selected for the 2015, 2016, and 2017 Anthology of Creative Writing published annually by the Poetry Institute of Canada.

[Personal Statement:] "Poetry has always been quite a personal thing for me. I relate it a lot to storytelling and journaling. I like to be very descriptive when I write. My hope is that the reader will be able to fully experience every aspect of what I am writing about. Using each of the five senses is key for me. I think as writers, we all have a very unique style of capturing our audience. Coming from a very artistic background, I enjoy making reference to colors, nature, and the processes of creative hobbies."