

POETRY OF THE WILD / FUSION

A COLLABORATIVE ART INSTALLATION BY ANA FLORES
MAY 2—AUGUST 2, 2014 ST. LOUIS, MISSOURI



POETRY OF THE WILD / FUSION

FROM MAY 2 to August 2, 2014, Gallery 210 and St. Louis were host to Ana Flores' collaborative project *Poetry of the Wild*. Planning for the event took 9 months and involved artists, poets, students, merchants, and other community members. The result was 25 boxes, 22 artists, 19 poets, 21 locations, two thousand estimated visitors, and many, many observations and conversations.

The opening paragraph of the proposal for the project reads: "Poetry of the Wild invites the public out for a walk to see their world anew through the keenly felt perspectives of poets and artists. Using a unique presentation of poetry boxes that combine art and poetry, the project serves as a catalyst for exploring our towns and considering how place informs mindfulness. The public becomes engaged by finding

the boxes sited on mapped and newly created trails, reading the poems, and responding in the journals contained in each box." Gallery 210's mandate is to serve the university's educational mission and to provide outreach to the community. *Poetry of the Wild* would do both and could engage, in a novel fashion, a variety of communities. In early September 2014, the Gallery 210 Advisory Committee voted unanimously in favor of the project.

Communities participation was essential. I needed commitments from visual artists and poets to participate. While I knew artists who would be interested, I needed a partner who could reach out to St. Louis' poets. Jennifer Goldring, UMSL's Poet Laureate, volunteered to help, and we soon had a list of potential artists and poets. I reached out to William Perry, art instructor at the Central Visual and Performing Arts High School and Mike Lorenz, art instructor at Lutheran North High School, to see if they would be interested in having their students participate in the project. Bill and Mike were both enthusiastic and

immediately put together teams of students—artists and poets (sometimes one and the same) to create works for exhibition.

Siting the poetry boxes was complicated. Central to the program was designing trails for the boxes. In early February 2014, after several weeks of working through the logistical and legal issues, several locations were agreed upon. In the Central West End partnerships were established with the St. Louis County Public Library, Left Bank Books, Philip Slein Gallery, and Centro Modern Furnishings. These sites would feature artwork by established professional artists and art educators. An UMSL installation would be limited to the North Campus and would feature participating high schools and select professional artists.

Matching artists and poets was one of the great pleasures of the project for me. Along with the high school students, four artists wrote the poem and constructed the box. I paired up the remaining ten artists and eight poets. Each artist was sent a poem to respond to.

In some cases the artist and poet discussed ideas. In other cases the artist used the poem as a point of departure. The design of the box had minimal criteria, allowing artists to be expansive with the idea of a poetry box. Work ranged from outdoor sculpture to indoor installations to fabrications and forms of all sizes in an impressive variety of materials and styles.

Ana and Jennifer's contributions to this publication beautifully describe the installations. Their reflections on the process, the art, poetry and public response captures the vitality and excitement of the project. In evaluating the success of the project, 'fusion' is the key word: a merging of diverse, distinct, or separate elements into a unified whole. Poetry of the Wild/ Fusion was a merging of artistic disciplines and communities participating in a shared experience. Shared experiences are points of contact for dialogue and understanding—something that art, in all its forms, does best.

Terry Suhre, Director,
Gallery 210, UMSL



SURROUNDED BY WILD JENNIFER GOLDRING, POET LAUREATE, UMSL

I CONNECT WITH the ‘wild’ in my own writing and visual art. I often write about nature and man colliding, using the placing of words on the page in non-traditional ‘wild’ ways. In my photography I enjoy capturing urban scenes that are being reclaimed by the wild—an old house completely overgrown, weeds coming out the second story window, the house being pulled down by nature. Because of my associations and connection with wild, I was excited to reach out to the local poetry community and artists to see how they would respond to this innovative project.

When considering poets for the project, I chose those I felt represented St. Louis. I wanted writers that would be able to convey aspects of St. Louis and the world around them and share ideas that needed to be shared. I considered voices I felt would fit in well with the wild aspect of the project and also voices I felt would show the contrasting wild urbanness of our city. I chose loud voices, and I chose some quieter more contemplative voices.

I was thrilled by the positive response from the poets. Many were enthusiastic to share their work and see how artists responded. There was a buzz about the project, and people talked about the innovative way that poetry and art could interact with the public. Soon poems started coming in. I was delighted and surprised by the variety of themes and ideas. There were nature poems, narratives, expressions of faith, surreal poems. There was hope and despair and real life in the poems. I was excited to see how these poems would translate into poetry boxes. The responses were everything from totemic structures to small bird house sized boxes. The boxes paired with the poems produced a kind of artistic energy around them.

In seeing a project of this ambition come to completion, I felt a sense of relief and of accomplishment. The poems chosen for the project were the right poems, and they spoke to the artists in just the right ways. After the project was installed I spoke with several

poets about why they chose the particular poems they did and how they felt about the way their poems were interpreted by the artists. The prominent local poet Treasure Shields Redmond collaborated with the artist and creator of Poetry of the Wild, Ana Flores. Flores chose to work with Redmond’s poem *Isaiah 38:1*, a powerful poem about African Americans in the South. Redmond said this of her poem and the art in response, “*Isaiah 38:1* was chosen because of the domestic imagery it brings to bear, and the boxes help to illustrate the strictures imposed on black life in the South. They also speak to the strictures of the kwansaba form, which requires no more than seven lines, no more than seven words per line, and words that are no longer than seven letters, with the exception of proper nouns. I think the domestic imagery of the broom also spoke to ‘mother wit’ and the minimalization of the necessary tasks that women most often perform without help.”

Richard Newman, writer and editor of River Styx Literary

Journal said “I like the tension between wilderness and man-made conditions or wilderness thriving in spite of, or even because of, man-made conditions.” Plath scholar and poet Julia Bramer said “I chose the poem because, to me, the word feral and wild are virtually the same.” Julia felt her poem was a good representation of that wildness.

Glenn Irwin a writer and professor at UMSL said “I like the poem [I chose] because it represents an actual event—a warm February afternoon, I was walking up a hill from out of the woods and a gentle, almost sensual, breeze cut through me—no warning. I had no time to think, but for an instant (and I know how strange this sounds) there was no subject and no object. I was part of the landscape, inseparable.” The artist’s work “captures this feeling perfectly. There seems to be an escape from the confines of the box, almost through the box, that I like very much.”

Kim Lozano a local poet chose a surrealist poem she felt would lend itself to visual interpretation.

“I was so honored to have the brilliant Buzz Spector create a companion piece of artwork to go with my poem. The stacked book lecterns on the metal box was a perfect accompaniment to the image of the evaporation of the last remaining sacred text at the beginning of the poem. And I won’t lie that getting to see my poetry displayed in an art gallery was a real thrill.”

I agree with Kim, it was a real thrill to see this project come together and to see the public interact with the art. St. Louis is home to a tight knit and diverse writing collective, with a history that includes Mark Twain, Langston Hughes, Maya Angelou, and so many more. Our visual arts community and history is just as diverse, with artists like Al Hirschfeld, Oliver L. Jackson, and Ernest Trova paving the way for the current art scene. We are a city surrounded by a narrative wild and a physical wild. The writers and artists too often remain separate collectives. Getting them together felt important—and big and wild.



BRINGING POETRY OF THE WILD TO ST. LOUIS

ANA FLORES

Poetry of the Wild was born eleven years ago in southern Rhode Island. It was 2003, and I was an artist in residence for the Wood-Pacatuck Watershed Association, an organization that protects three hundred miles of river and land. My mission there was to use the arts to connect people to the local watershed. After a week of walking the trails, I had an idea. Individuals from the community, as diverse a group as possible, could construct and decorate birdhouses to become poetry boxes. Each box would feature a poem about the natural world and would house a small journal for people to record their thoughts. I needed to engage the community, so I gave local workshops in libraries and taught classes in schools. We talked about what a watershed

is and how nature has inspired poets and artists for millennia. A dozen boxes were made by artists, school children, and local citizens and installed on the trails from woodlands and river's edge to the barrier beaches where the watershed spilled into the sea. The public response was so positive that the journals were replaced three times during the three months the boxes were up.

Since then, the template for the project has changed very little. Each community, from Colorado to Missouri and throughout New England, makes *Poetry of the Wild* its own. The project's simplicity and deep community involvement allow it to work in almost any setting. The creative energy and wisdom of each community make it particular to that place. For the project to succeed it must feel home grown, with great diversity in the participation—diversity in ages, genders, professions, and ethnicities.

Poetry of the Wild in St. Louis proved to be the most ambitious project yet with nineteen boxes and the youngest poet, Cassidy Goldring, age seven. Two poetry

walks, one on the university campus and one in St. Louis's Central West End, initiated the project.

"To walk in the city and look for poetry boxes—now that's wild," I overheard while weaving through a crowd of about forty people. I was shamelessly eavesdropping. As a visiting artist, I always feel like I'm parachuting into foreign territory, keeping my senses open to what makes each place unique. It was an evening in May, and we were gathered at Centro Furnishings, an elegant showroom for contemporary design and one of the sites on the *Poetry of the Wild* trail. Our journey through the Central West End included seven sites.

The first stop was outside Centro—a glass blown vessel, a collaboration between the artists Gina Alvarez and Robert Goetz in response to Julia Gordon-Brame's poem, *The Stray*. A wire drawing of a cat had been ingeniously inserted inside the glass bubble

and the poem printed out in transparent acetate. To read the poem you had to grasp the glass bubble. From there we continued on to the Phillip Slein Gallery and Left Bank Books. At each stop poems were read aloud, artists spoke about their collaborations with the poets, and the audience witnessed a performance that not only transformed but also enhanced the public spaces. Our walk ended at the public library after it had closed. As night fell, the poets recited their poems on the sidewalk. It was a "wild" walk, like the comment I'd overheard: wild because of the imagination of the poets, wild thanks to the creative response of the artists, and wild because of the unusual

context for poetry in public space.

For thirteen weeks following the walk, the

public could visit the boxes at their leisure. This catalog is the archive of the collaboration process and the boxes and poems from that wild and ephemeral walk through St. Louis.

"The arts are our wild edge—the wilderness areas of the imagination surviving like the national parks in civilized minds."—CLAUDE LEVI-STRAUSS





MATRIX ANA FLORES

She asked me to keep her library intact before she died.

On days when I'm missing her I wander through her books as if on pilgrimage

entering in dialogue with the same authors

pausing where her mind left its imprint in the margins.

Yesterday as I read her collection of Lorca's plays

a rustle made me look out my study window.

A flock of blackbirds flew away in one black cloud

revealing the leaded outline of the bare maple next to our house.

My tired eyes focused on one leaf- a yellow leaf that had not yet fallen

and at that moment I heard Knowledge, no one can take that from you.

Was it the wind through so many feathers or did I really hear my mother's voice?

It been a decade since she died, and after all this time

I've taken for granted that her voice

had become one with mine.

But this was her voice—I heard her Spanish accent.

JANE BIRDSALL-LANDER

I'm an artist and writer. My main body of artwork explores the junction between language and object or image. The Dictionary Poem Project, from which the two poems used for Poetry in the Wild/Fusion are taken, differs in that it is collaboration between my sister, Sarah Birdsall, who is a graphic designer and I. The process goes like this: I write the dictionary poems next Sarah, who is an expert on type, lays out the type and then together we work out the imagery that we use for a particular poem.

The Dictionary Poem Project is an ever-expanding list of words with pronunciations, etymologies, definitions, graphics and other information. Each word's "meaning" evolves from its standard origin and definition finally becoming a "dictionary poem" that is more associative and poetic than a particular word's conventional meaning. For Sarah and me The Dictionary Poem Project is the starting point for an experience, a journey into the center of language, design and the human condition.

The majority of poems with which most of us are familiar are meant to be read and listened to...for the most part they are intrinsically musical. However, there is a type of poetry that originated in Brazil in the 1950s called Concrete poetry where

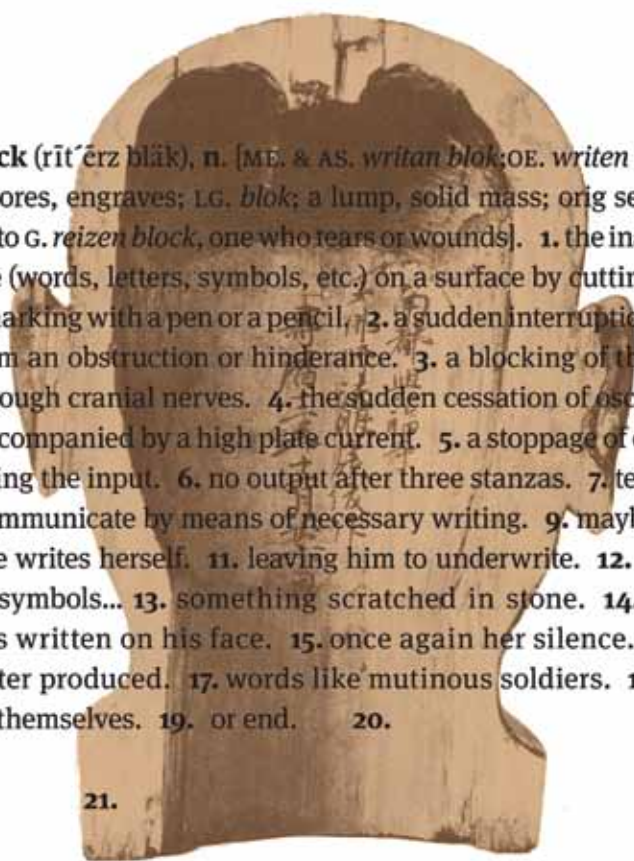
the arrangement of the words on the page is as important as the textual content. American poets such as John Hollander and May Swenson made use of this form. I would say our "dictionary poems" are akin to concrete poetry because if listened

to without seeing the visual component a substantial amount of effect is lost. Each dictionary poem is a balance between language and image.

The boxes I designed for the two "dictionary poems" included

in Poetry in the Wild/Fusion look like books made of wood, a form perfectly suited for the two sites where they were exhibited, a book store and a public library. When opened each box reveals a poem, response notebook and pencil. The boxes are

subtle and don't call attention to themselves. For the curious viewer/reader opening a book box is as intuitive as flipping idly through a dictionary only to happen upon an exciting new word which in this case is a "dictionary poem."



writers' block (rīt'ērz blāk), n. [ME. & AS. *writan blok*; OE. *writen bloc*; one who scratches, scores, engraves; LG. *blok*; a lump, solid mass; orig sense, "writers' head" ; akin to G. *reizen block*, one who tears or wounds]. 1. the inability to form or transcribe (words, letters, symbols, etc.) on a surface by cutting, carving, or especially, marking with a pen or a pencil. 2. a sudden interruption in language resulting from an obstruction or hinderance. 3. a blocking of the passages of impulses through cranial nerves. 4. the sudden cessation of oscillations of an oscillator, accompanied by a high plate current. 5. a stoppage of output caused by over loading the input. 6. no output after three stanzas. 7. tearing of flesh. 8. cannot communicate by means of necessary writing. 9. maybe a letter or a note. 10. she writes herself. 11. leaving him to underwrite. 12. marks, signs, evidence or symbols... 13. something scratched in stone. 14. not clear; as nothing was written on his face. 15. once again her silence. 16. no other literary matter produced. 17. words like mutinous soldiers. 18. stories that won't begin themselves. 19. or end. 20.

21.

22.

BUZZ SPECTOR

I was pleased to be offered Kim Lozano's "The Last Book," both because its title evocation could be related to a major component of my work as an artist, i.e., alterations of found books to make sculpture, and because several specific references in the poem, to "a statue," "a little plaque," "the piazza," and "the iron man," could be things able to be included in the installation. The great obstacle for me was in figuring out how to make the box itself. I don't count cabinet making among my repertoire of skills so I began looking for a box already made, a "found object," if you will, with the appropriate scale for containing the work's other elements. In searching for such a box, in antique malls and junk shops, I found the carved wooden hand I ended up using, plus a couple of items of joke taxidermy (a rabbit with deer antlers, a moose head gun rack) I did not. The terror that shimmers inside the poem would not be enhanced by dumbly literal artifacts.

While visiting the special collections library at Washington University in St. Louis, where I teach in the Sam Fox School of Design & Visual Arts, I noticed a shelf of stacked foam lecterns, used by the library to cradle fragile books brought out for showing. The gray foam resembled stone, so much so that when I posted

on-line a photograph I took of the stacked forms a couple of friends complimented me for this new direction in my sculpture practice. The library staff was amenable to my borrowing some of their lecterns for Poetry of the Wild, and in my studio the carved wooden hand looked appropriately eerie

emerging from the ash colored shapes. Still, in what box would I put this tableau? After several weekends spent in fruitless quest for the right container I finally remembered that I had a stainless steel box of my own design sitting in my studio storage room, a leftover from an unrealized project of some 25

years ago. This cube structure was large enough to hold the foam lecterns and materially imposing enough to convey something of the dread within Kim Lozano's poem.

A last question was onto what surface to put the poem? The plaque reference I'd read there

drew me to the Sam Fox School's architecture wood shop, where I found a piece of scrap MDF (medium density fiberboard) shaped vaguely like an obelisk. With a laser router I burned the words of the poem onto the MDF. This architectonic shard leans against the box.



THE LAST BOOK KIM LOZANO

Suppose a bible turns to vapor and condenses
on the ear of a man made of black iron,
a statue of a soldier of the Great Revelation.
The droplets of water fall onto a little plaque
that reads, Of This I'm Afraid,
beside which a fruit tree grows like a wound,
as grotesque as the foot of a crow
growing from the head of a baby.
Suppose there's no one shuffling in the piazza,
no stalls, no cafés, just the iron man
and a sliced orange, the juice
dripping from the end of his gun.

JOE CHESLA

The story of Asian carp is a mixture of beauty and repulsion, of the perseverance of nature, and human intervention that often leads to great misfortune. Through these fish we are confronted with our own nearsightedness, the brutality of our well-intentioned actions, and the state of our current surroundings.

Reading Richard Newman's poem revealed a structure and mode of communication that set me on a specific path for the design, construction, and installation of this piece. I wanted to cultivate a space to entertain this poem. Siting is an important aspect to reflection, especially of poetry; thus, I created a place of repose. The wooden structures are spare and refined in their presence, on this site by the lake, with their heavy, grounded footings, rectilinear forms with wavelike endings, and far-reaching spires. They offer a moment of rest.

However, once you are seated on the sculpture, the eye of a great fish confronts you. Uncomfortable in scale and proximity, the fish challenge you to seek a way out. Your repose is interrupted. Their eyes direct you to a mailbox, a black metal form, in which one finds Newman's poem. Intimate, domestic, and distinctly human, the mailbox signifies the man-made elements within the poem, as well as the site itself.



ODE TO BIG MUDDY ASIAN CARP

RICHARD NEWMAN

An angler's hatred for you is instinctive.
You've spawned and spread up every confluence,
and here, below the Alton lock and dam,
you litter broken concrete shores by thousands,
yanked from your riverbeds and lined like missiles,
some six-feet long and some the size of loaves.

You all wear the same face: wide-eyed dismay.
Thistles of bones break through your silver skin
while mounds of guts shine in glorious rot.
No gulls swoop down to pick your eyes or innards.
Though you've been prized through Chinese dynasties
and sold to Israel as gefilte fish,
no one here will touch your flesh but flies
whose maggots boil between your sun-warmed gills.

Over a hundred feet above your stink
flocks of American white pelicans
caress the currents with their ink-tipped wings.
They pause a moment, studying, then plunge,
a gaudy signature of life in death,
while great blue herons nod to lapping tides.

We brought you here to binge on catfish algae,
but carnage on these banks is your rank triumph,
a florid waste, a drop in the bait bucket
of your relentless population, nudging
out native bluegill, walleye, largemouth bass.
Your silver hoards gleam through our silt waters,
propelled through dams, twisting round each bend
to leap upriver and choke life at the source.

GINA ALVAREZ & ROBERT GOETZ

We have both interpreted poetry through art and the project seemed like a perfect fit for us as we are both versed in materials and have a love of poetry.

The Stray speaks about the magnetism of freedom and the sacrifices we make for it. We also have cats and totally responded to their independent nature, their quiet battle to leave the safe and contained life of the home.

I (Gina) have a set of glass bubbles fabricated for a previous project and wanted to work with them again. In the context of the poem, glass is used as a signifier of containment or separation between the worlds of containment and freedom. Through my art and family history, I have a personal connection to terrariums, messages in a bottle, dioramas and sketch book imagery. This format fit perfect for a diarama in glass, suggesting

a glance through the window, pointing to inner turmoil. A cat is suggested as the subject of the poem and it's quiet rage is a formidable quality Robert and I appreciate.

Location was important. Gina and I (Robert) visited the site, took our tape measure and responded to the tree line in front of the store row. We knew we wanted sunlight and glass to be a prominent material and the trees offered an anchor

point in which to suspend it. I responded to the idea of suspending the glass bubble in the trees and we talked about ways to do this. I really wanted to investigate making a cradle out of rope so we went through a few variations until we decided to go with a thin climbing leader rope. We struggled with acheiving a sense of lightness and floating and gradually made the cradle out of thinner and thinner material.



THE STRAY

JULIA GORDON-BRAMER

I tried to tame the beggar, reign in
his tom-cat journeying blindly off the cliff.
I tried to bind the boundless,
but the wild would rather rattle and stab
half a bloody broken leg into the ground
than to live a day in a cage.

MELODY EVANS

When I looked for inspiration in this delightful poem by Katy Miller, several words and phrases triggered my imagination and were most likely influenced by my own concerns with environmental issues. The phrase “that fell in the forest” made me think of the deforestation of the rain forests by multi-national corporations that placed profit incentives over environment impact. In the next line “the one unheard that made or did not make the sound in its falling,” the poet alluded to the proverbial question about whether sound was dependent on a human receiver to exist. This question has always suggested to me a type of human arrogance that found other hearing species irrelevant.

I also considered the possibilities of the phrase “the one that shaded the starling, the spider, the soft rot of the forest floor.” I believed the poet was using these creatures symbolically and not just for nice alliteration. The starling is famous for its complex vocalization, but there

is also its negative association as an invasive species that was well-intentionally introduced by man to North America in the 1800s—only to have it wreak havoc on other native flora and fauna. And the spider has an extensive history of mythological symbolism including the Greek myth of Arachne and Athena, weaving the fabric of life—a symbol of mystery and the power of our choices. I lined the inside of my poetry box with a spider web graphic.

I made one of my material selections after reading the phrase “nobody saw.” I thought of the actual tool, saw, and used a chainsaw to slice a fallen maple tree from my backyard into segments that represented to me vertebra and also chakras. The glass cells incasing the box became the head. I chose to not illustrate this poem but to create a new form, a form that is a bit alien, experimental and playful. Another artist suggested that my poetry box has a kind of Dr. Seuss aesthetic. And then I remembered his book the Lorax with the Trufella trees and the subtle environmentalist message and I thought yes... she’s right.



I AM THE SHADOW

KATY MILLER

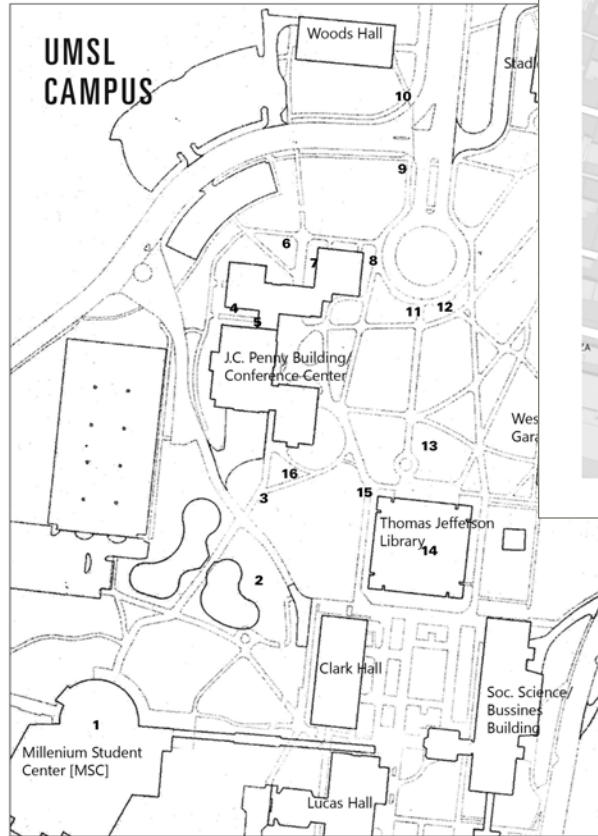
I am the shadow of the tree
that fell in the forest,
the one unheard,
that made or did not make
the sound in its falling.
The one that shaded
the starling, the spider,
the soft rot
of the forest floor
that shifted with
the sun’s movement,
that fell
as well, silent.
Now so small,
(nobody saw),
hardly a shadow
(at all)

I am the shadow
of the nature of presence,
some parallel reflection,
refraction of daylight,
whose existence,
whose witness
are both in question,
whose shadow
is imagined.
Listen.
Who exists –
starling,
spider,
shadow,
witness – if
the tree isn’t
there to see it?

POETRY OF THE WILD / FUSION

A COLLABORATIVE PROJECT BY ANA FLORES

- 1** *The Dangers of a Warm Breeze in February*
A poem by Glen Irwin
Poetry Box by Bronwyn Voth
Gallery Visio
Millennium Student Center
- 2** *Ode to Big Muddy Asian Carp*
A poem by Richard Newman
Poetry Box by Joe Chesla
- 3** *Track to Victory*
A poem Raul Moreno
Poetry Box by Michael Elwood and Mike Rice
Lutheran North High School
- 4** *The Teraphim Instructs the Surgeon*
A poem by Jennifer Tapenden
Poetry Box by Ron Fondaw
- 5** *A Summer Breeze*
A poem by Sara Wallace
Poetry Box by Dezi Williams, Chad Bennett and Alicia Johnson
Lutheran North High School
- 6** *Paint Brush*
A poem by Allison Scmidt
Poetry Box by Michael Elwood and Mike Rice
Lutheran North High School
- 7** *A Light Exists in Spring*
A poem by Emily Dickinson
Poetry Box by Hannah Gurley, Erica Mitche and Lena Noel
Central Visual and Performing Arts High School
- 8** *The Archaeological Dig*
A poem by Marisol Ramirez
Poetry Box by Steve Dalay
- 9** *Pre-School Race, Seen Through a Bus Window,*
A poem by Shane Seely
Poetry Box by Glenn Booth
- 10** *Captain Nemo Wanders the Midwest,*
A poem by Jennifer Tapenden
Poetry Box by Mike Behle and Greg Edmondson
- 11** *As Wall of Dissonance Crumble*
A poem by Emily Hemeyer
Poetry Box by Emily Hemeyer
- 12** *When All Else Failed*
A poem by Jennifer Goldring
Poetry Box by Jennifer Goldring
- 13** *Swan*
A poem by TaNisha Tolbert
Poetry Box by TaNisha Tolbert and Kelly Sykes
Central Visual and Performing Arts High School
- 14** *Isaiah 38: 1*
A poem by Treasure Shields Redmond
Poetry Box by Ana Flores
- 15** *White Factory Box*
A poem by Reanna Peterson
Poetry Box by Reanna Peterson and Taylor Bryant
Central Visual and Performing Arts High School
- 16** *Personality is Key*
A poem by Sara Wallace
Poetry Box by Sara Wallace, Michael Elwood and Anna Pag
Lutheran North High School

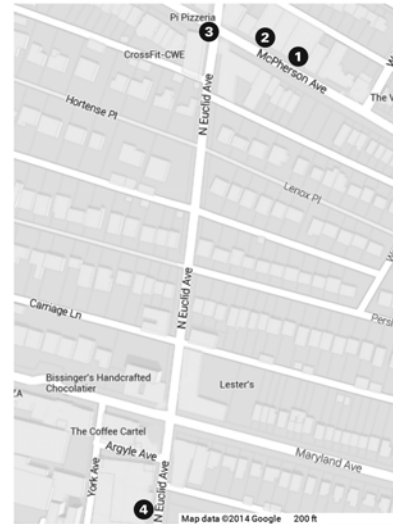


The institutional partners for Poetry of the Wild/St. Louis Fusion project include the University of St. Louis, Gallery 210, College of Fine Arts and Communications, University of Missouri-St. Louis, Gallery Visio, University of Missouri-St. Louis, Centro Modern Furnishings, Philip Stein Gallery, Left Bank Books, St. Louis Public Radio, St. Louis Public Library-Mid County Branch, Grand Center Arts Academy, Central Visual and Performing Arts High School, and Lutheran High School North.

POETRY OF THE WILD / FUSION

A COLLABORATIVE PROJECT BY ANA FLORES

- 1** **CENTRO MODERN FURNISHING** 4727 McPherson Avenue
The Stray, a poem by Julia Gordon-Bramer
Poetry box by Gina Alvarez-Bob Goetz-Centro
- 2** **PHILIP SLEIN GALLERY** 4735 McPherson Avenue
The Last Book, a poem by Kim Lozano
Poetry box by Buzz Spector
- 3** **LEFT BANK BOOKS** 399 North Euclid Avenue
I Am the Shadow, a poem by Katy Miller
Poetry box by Melody Evans
Writers Block, a poem by Jane Birdsall-Lander
Poetry Box by Jane Birdsall Lander
The Loving Heart, a poem by Cassidy Goldring
Poetry Box by Cassidy Goldring
- 4** **ST. LOUIS PUBLIC LIBRARY** 225 North Euclid Avenue
Book, a poem by Jane Birdsall-Lander
Poetry Box by Jane Birdsall-Lander
Icarus, a poem by Matthew Freeman
Poetry box by Jennifer Goldring
Matrix, a poem by Ana Flores
Poetry box by Ana Flores



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Poetry of the Wild/Fusion was collaboration in the truest and best sense of the word. Involving a combination of twenty-one artists and poets, with support from four public institutions and three private businesses, Gallery 210 placed nineteen poetry boxes on the University of Missouri-St. Louis campus and in the Central West End District of St. Louis. Many hands made this project possible. First and foremost I wish to thank Ana Flores, artist, poet, and visionary who proposed Poetry of the Wild for St. Louis, and Jennifer Goldring, UMSL

Poet Laureate, for reaching out to the community of poets that St. Louis is clearly blessed with and involving them in the project. I wish to thank, as well, the artists who generously participated in this project by creating new pieces. I am grateful to Todd Lannon, Centro Modern Furniture, Kris Kleindienst, Left Bank Books, Philip Slein, Philip Slein Gallery and Leandrea Lucas, Edward Witkowski, and Gerald Brooks of St. Louis Public Library for making space available in their respective workplaces for poetry boxes. As with many Gallery 210

exhibitions Dr. Louis Lankford, Des Lee Collaborative, Art and Art History at UMSL, had his fingerprints all over Poetry of the Wild. I want to give special recognition to Gloria Leonard, Director for Business Services at UMSL for her guidance and wisdom in navigating the complexities of this project. Finally the involvement of two area high schools made the Poetry of the Wild a very special event. My thanks to Bill Perry, Central Visual and Performing Arts High School and Mike Lonzo, Lutheran North High School for all the extra effort they put forth on behalf of this program. Last but not least I want to thank Alysha Lemay whose mad organizational and communication skills kept this project from going off the rails. If you ever need someone to herd cats, she's the one.

The dedication of all involved was truly inspiring. Everyone who participated was essential to the success of this program. To all those mentioned above and below whom gave of their time and talent you have my sincerest gratitude.

Terry Suhre
Director, Gallery 210, UMSL

POETS AND ARTISTS

From St Louis based poet/artist collaborators:

POET

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