

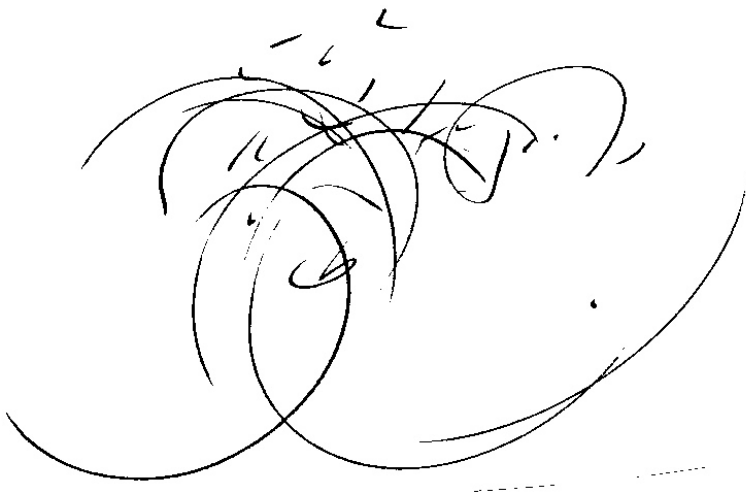
Now In A Moment

2006

Acrylic and Sumi Ink on Paper with Woven Tyvek



JAN OWEN



Haystack is a touchstone, every visit a renewal in a community that values craft and connection between people and nature. There is the shared focus and busy curiosity in the studios, and then the sense of both timelessness and impermanence when sitting at the water's edge. I treasure both.

“Now In A Moment” began as I sketched storm waves crashing on Haystack’s rocks. I made the brush marks again, then orange gold paste paper and added woven and written circles like droplets of water and glints of light and molecules. The words of Maine poet, John Tagliabue, seemed right:

*“Now in a moment I know what I am for, I awake. The poem awakes in every moment of its utterance and never ends, it is what the sea gull unseen does to the air about us, curved, what the curled and wet uprisen air announces, moved by ocean and moon...”*

*“Did you ever let a poem go through the air like a swift beautiful bird not asking it to tell a word knowing it would return in another season in another life?”*

From New and Selected Poems: 1942-1997 John Tagliabue

Haystack also returns.