

Artist statement:

Life seems to me to be a Great Experiment, one in which the result is often the surprise I never expected, but always the surprise I needed. Finding the Quaker path, after attending a small NC meeting with my daughter-in-law in 1998, was such a surprise, and every Meeting thereafter another one. Like dreams, my inner life announces itself unbidden, sometimes in spoken messages, sometimes in poems. They arrive, like Spirit, during Meeting, between appointments, during walks, while driving....All my poems are experiments, the most recent in the visual mode; these are appearing in my next book, *At The Edge Of The Cliff* (Plain View Press), scheduled to debut in January 2021.

Hillel famously asked, "If not now, when?" At 81, I am definitely at WHEN! Actually, we are all at 'when,' when we realize it. That is my edge of the cliff. The view is truly great from here.

Witness

Wind remind us again yet again always forever we see no person no animal no thing no object no lasting evidence that proves that you are here were here except for how the leaves drift earthward the branches of the trees the flowers bow to each other the ghostly music begins a humming a crackling an ecstatic moaning so much happening and we can't swear we saw YOU do it only that it happened, of that we are certain. Once a man rose at Quaker meeting, speaking of his struggle to believe in God. He wanted to believe, he yearned for the comfort of believing. He said he was a scientist, an MIT professor. So how, he asked himself, could he believe in something someone (?) that (?) who (?) could not be seen, nor proven by the rigors of experiment? Then, he said, he thought about his wife. He loved his wife. He was sure of that. And his friends. Maybe his family, I don't remember. Could love be measured? Tested? And so he saw how love affected them, and him. Such was his journey. And I thought yes, remembering the wind. Hidden. Mysterious. Invisible. Real.