

## “LIGHT REDISTRIBUTING THE NEWS”

“Light redistributing the news” is my work to make a walkable chapbook of short poems by women in the neighborhood where I live, Shooks Run, “the bungalow belt,” just east of downtown Colorado Springs, Colorado.

The pages are murals on walls. I paint the poems in hand-lettered Helvetica, with accompanying art. I began this project for the following reasons:

- An poet friend’s call to make Colorado Springs, the “City of Champions” into a “City for Chapbooks;”
- To add color to a cityscape that tilts taupe;
- To reclaim public spaces;
- To encourage walkability and bikeability;
- To create public language that goes beyond that of commerce and instruction;
- To wrest poetry from an understanding of it as difficult code and place it in a new and egalitarian context;
- To encourage discourse about the nature and possibilities of the book;
- To recall Colorado Springs’s identity as a destination for and haven to artists;
- To honor groups like the Ant Farm Collective, and the Overpass Light Brigade, who have made the world more interesting and more beautiful;
- To honor women’s contribution to poetry, a field in which they are historically and currently underrepresented;
- To undertake a public arts work as a working mother-artist with students, neighbors, and friends;
- To thereby build community, and;
- To give a gift.

I have painted four murals: “Marian Sings,” “Bathroom Still Life,” “Clover,” “Mountains and Light.” Moved by the ethos of folk art, and the beautiful collected works of “Anon,” I originally tried to do this work semi-anonymously, with the approval and help of property owners. I stopped that practice after my first mural was destroyed by cadets from the United States Air Force who were downtown for a “block clean-up.” I have learned other lessons along the way, most of them happy. For instance:

- What it is to get people to look up from their phones;
- How often this work delights kids, who tend to be an afterthought in the design of spaces;
- How it is throwback to cityscape design predicated on pedestrians, not cars;
- The joy of hearing people laugh when they read Shannon Burns’s poem, say;
- The ongoing project of handmade/hand-lettered/hand proportioned in a machine age;
- The ethical instruction to begin where you are;
- To be in conversation with all the people reimagining the book;
- “A young Falkland Islander walking along a beach and spying a dead dogfish and going to work on it with his jackknife has, in a fashion wholly unprovided in modern educational theory, a great advantage over the Scarsdale high-school pupil who finds the dogfish on his laboratory desk.” (Walker Percy, “The Loss of the Creature”)
- Designing these murals as community coloring sheets, essentially—I draw first, then project and trace that drawing, leaving it with spots that most anyone of basic painting skill can fill and paint;
- Etc!



When I hear Marian Anderson sing,  
I am a STUFFless kind of thing.

Heart is like the flying air.  
I cannot find it anywhere.

Fingers tingle. I am cold  
And warm and young and very old.

But, most, I am a STUFFless thing  
When I hear Marian Anderson sing.

—“Gertrude,” Gwendolyn Brooks













LOVE POEM  
Where are all the medium-sized towels?  
I love you.  
—Shannon Burns



ALL PURPOSE



UNIVERSEL



*Free Yourself · Libérez-vous*

24 FL. OZ. (710 mL)





Now my hair is all different.  
What does this mean?  
Oh, I don't know.  
**Mountains and light!**  
**Mountains and light!**

—Phoebe MacAdams "Psyche's New Hairdo"



Now my hair is all different.  
What does this mean?  
Oh, I don't know.  
**Mountains and light!**  
**Mountains and light!**

—Phoebe MacAdams "Psyche's New Hairdo"

2023  
ASL  
ASG 2017



Now my hair is

What does it

Oh, I don't

Mountain

MOU

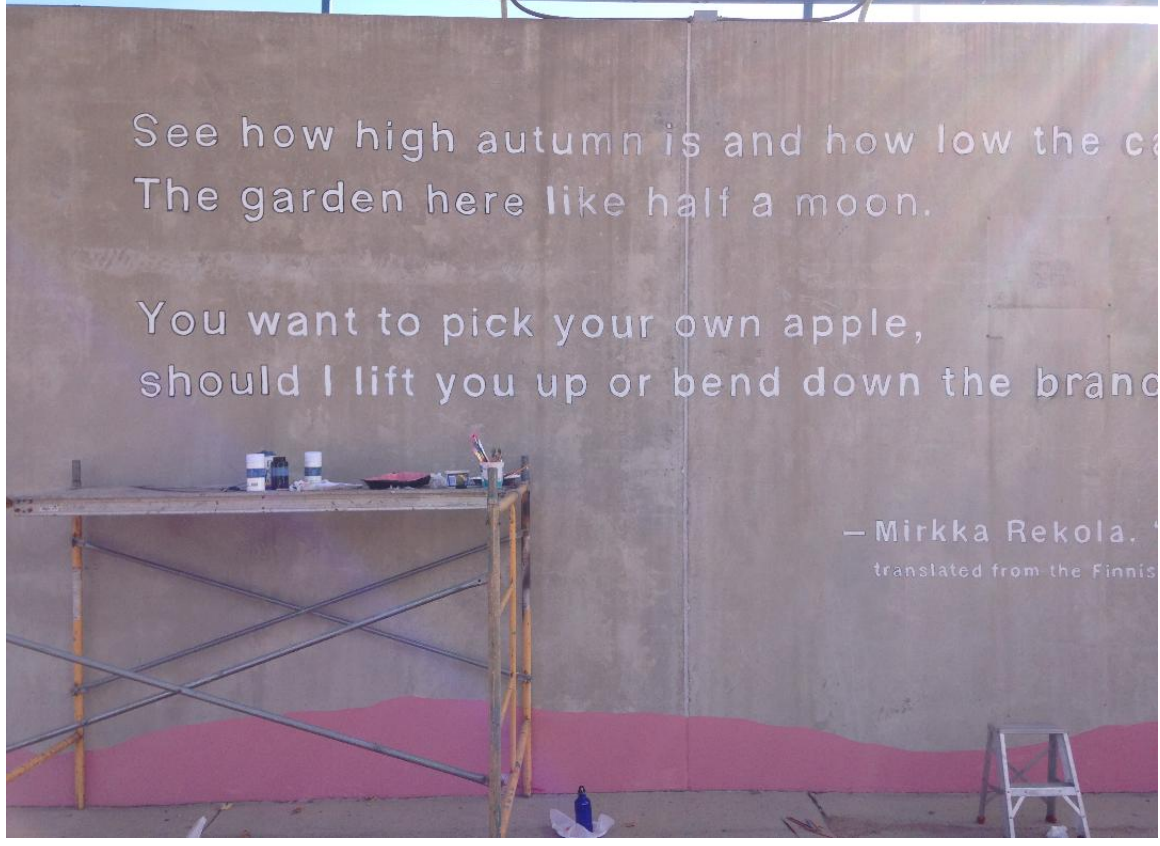








See how high autumn is and how low the cat  
The garden here like half a moon.  
You want to pick your own apple,  
should I lift you up or bend down the branch.



See how high autumn is and how low the cat  
The garden here like half a moon.

You want to pick your own apple,  
should I lift you up or bend down the branch.

— Mirikka Rekola.  
translated from the Finnish





