

insistence, teeth

*This Work Is Dedicated to The Lives  
of*

George Richard Anderson (1930-2013)

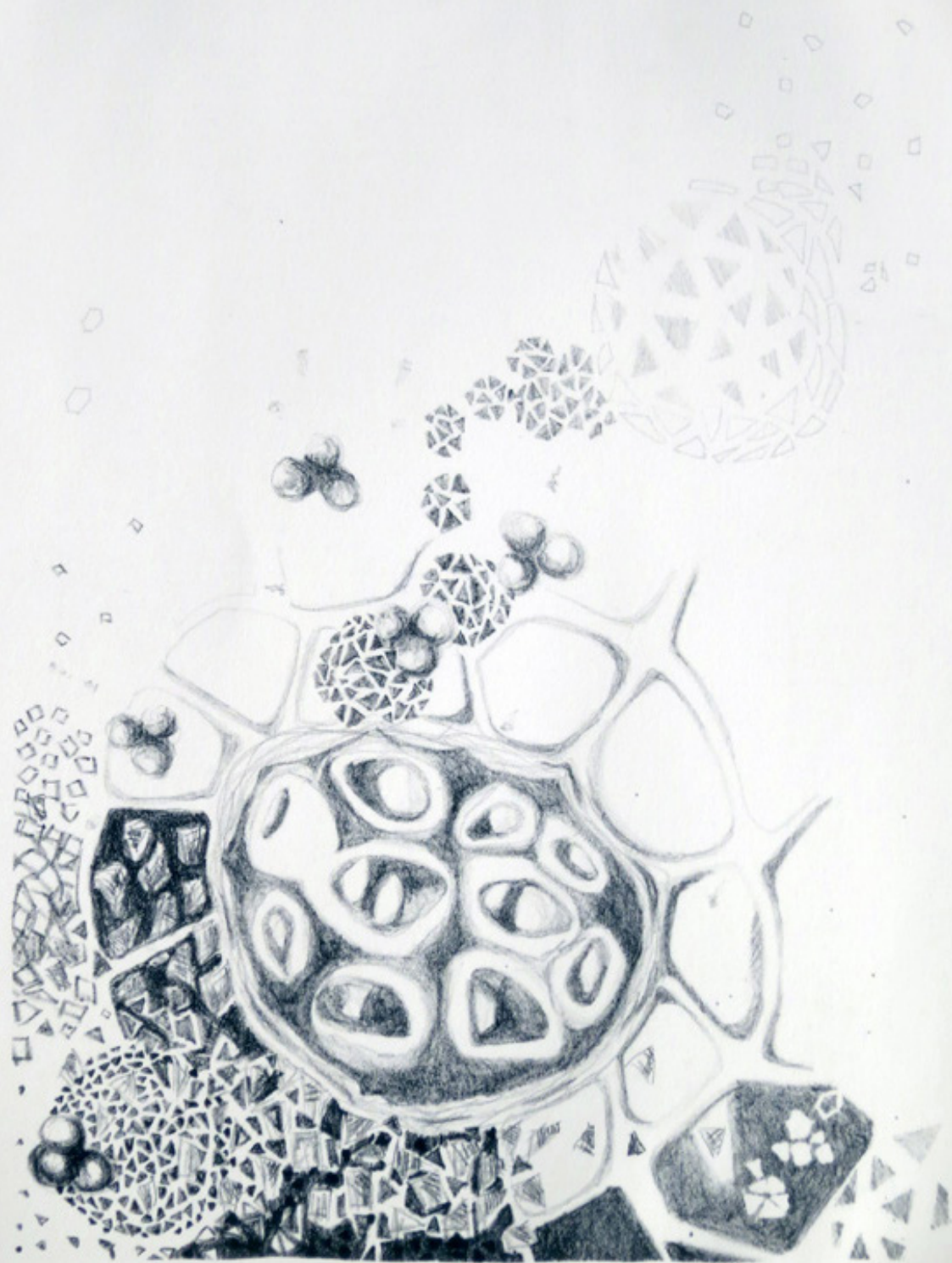
Chico (2003-2014)

*With Eternal Love and Gratitude*

lithography | Sheila Goloborotko  
meditation | Lori Anderson Moseman

2014

*Before You Became My Life(right)*, Lithograph on Stone, 2014





*Dear Deer*, 3D Print, 2014

## I. GRIEF

Form. Vitality. This is a poet's meditation on dogs, human caregivers and 3-d printers. Dearly beloved Chico, an Italian Greyhound, was dying of stomach cancer. As his svelte form became pure bone during palliative care, Sheila Goloborotko (his caregiver) turned to a 3-d printer to cast her grief.

In a project, *Dear Deer*, she drew then printed a fist-sized stag head—a form she could cradle in a palm. The first prototype (a soy-based resin made with the files of the makerbot creator Bre Pettis) was displayed on the knee wall of the stairwell where I greeted Chico for the last time.

The beloved greyhound's vitality vibrant as ever: he remembered me with kisses. Sweet tiny wet tongue. He was a bag of bones as resilient as my dying 6-foot, 100-pound father was a year ago when pancreatic cancer took him. What exactly is it that we recognize beyond form? A energy ready to be reformed? (Reborn?)

Years ago, I brought Goloborotko the rotting head and antlers of a nine-point buck that my dogs were feeding on in our Pennsylvania woods; the printmaker kept the carcass in a rabbit hutch—a kind of ossuary out of Chico’s reach. The greyhound knew the difference between bone and clay replica of bones; Goloborotko keeps both scattered about her Pennsylvania studio. He would come to her and ask for a bone. She’d offer a clay femur. He’d ask for the real thing. Not surprising, the dog had a preference for that which had had real marrow.

Some artists share that preference for “the natural” and hold it like a prejudice that prevents them from experimenting with new materials. Not Goloborotko. Having access to a 3-d printer at State University of New York in New Paltz where she teaches, she integrates this new tool into her practice. It is the fullness therein that makes her work vibrate. The connection she builds to other species, to debris—holy or otherwise—and to tools allows her to achieve resonance in her work.

Pulsing through Goloborotko’s practice is her partner, Alma Largey—a yogi and disciple of Tempa Lama. Alma helped usher Chico through death using the rituals of Tibetan Buddhism. And, in the wake of dear Chico’s passing, Alma hosted Tempa Dukte Lama in her yoga studio for a healing workshop. Tempa guided Alma’s community through meditations on Medicine Buddha. I was blessed to be able to participate.

It was clear to me how this tradition can help break cycles of negativity—how such a mental, verbal, and physical practice could be integrated into poetry composition. But can such a spiritual practice inform printmaking? What bearing does it have on digital tools like 3-d printers? Are Tempa’s lessons on vitality transferable to material practice?

Yes, even after five and a half decades on this planet, I am not exactly sure how vitality (energy) is transferred from one form to another?

As a poet I can imagine the color blue, I can sequence words—verbally, non-verbally, on paper or a computer screen—that conjure stark light skimming a twilight lake, an undulating lapis lazuli transforming into an April orchard (an ocean of blossoms). I can call up a night sky of stellar orbs. I have witnessed such brilliance, have seen opal sky go crimson and



magenta. But it is another matter to close my eyes and literally see such a sunset—abstract or not—on the insides of my eyelids. It is harder still to float ink of those colors on an etched plate to render such intensity. I can chant a poem mirroring the drones and intonations of an ancient healing chant, but how does one send those tones through a 3-printer and generate the same energy?

We all carry hierarchies of form we use to order our beings, our being with others. Perhaps Chico, the Italian Greyhound, will reincarnate as a prince—a prince with a peaceful realm, a prince who rules with justice and sustainability. I have always wanted to come back as a fork. I say that not as a joke. I believe in useful tools. I am a product of a technological age; I believe in innovation, in material transformation.

Form is a being to me. Where did I get that belief? I once asked a Buddhist friend of mine (whose practice is in the Tibetan tradition), if Buddha could be a form, a fork. “A bridge,” she said, “some bodhisattva are bridges.”

Over the last decade, I have turned time and time again to Goloborotko to bridge between text and image; I have turned to Alma to bridge between body and text. They are a pair of bodhisattvas who repeatedly help me on my journey. One component of the Medicine Buddha practice is to visualize script in a field of color. I can imagine making a print; I have made words on color with a pen or computer. But visualize text! I don’t do that. Words pile up in my head as sounds, as image. But never literally as text—as letters in an alphabet. What would happen to my writing if they could?

One experiment Goloborotko had with the 3-d printer was to send an image of her logo (the letters of her name in a grid) through the printer. A rectangle. One vowel over and over. O. O. O. O. Calling all comets. Oxen free. Expanse ever-expanding. She calls the experiment a failure. Then she holds the 3-d deer head in her hand. This worked. This embodied her grief as it unfolded. How?



*I Will Always Hold You*, 4-Color Polyester Lithograph, 2014

## II. MIGRATION

Bones of beings who share our habitat demand our attention. Hounds drop them at our feet. Such is the insistence of teeth. They are like words that gather in the mouth when art triggers awe.

In New Paltz, New York (I have just moved to town), Goloborotko unwraps each of the prints in her *Dear Deer* series, shuffling through iterations to show the “finished” version of each stage of grief. An ongoing process that is, perhaps, a migration.

At the end of the sequence, there it is: the skull-n-antlers of the very carcass I once brought to Goloborotko’s house in Sherman, Pennsylvania. Fleshless, scaled down, photographically etched as if were an ancient trophy stumbled upon at sunset in a dusty desert temple. The skull’s teeth glow—intact, all in a bright row that renders shadows the tone of bone black. It is as if the deer’s mouth was uttering from a tomb the very words Goloborotko scratched on stone (then let acid etch, then inked onto paper): “This Is Your Bones.”

The teeth of my dogs knew this deer's flesh in ways I would never dare. The hand of this artist knows this deer's bone in ways that makes my teeth chatter.

All of Goloborotko's other prints in the *Dear Deer* series preserve the stag's head as in a fuller life form—fur, flesh, muscle flex. This one, worn down to bone, shows the smallness of a skull. As a human wrist is to a hand, this deer skull is to its antlers. The headdress dwarfs the mouth. We feel the deer's body as missing. The weight of its loss hangs on etched words.

"I Am Everywhere. With You." There is solace in the words, but the bones haunt me. The teeth outlast the eating. So, I flinch and turn back to the print entitled "You Will Find Roots In The Ground." That litho offers a long neck of a strong stag extending into the night sky. The form is not a constellation (an outline of simple dots made by human hands) but full deer deep, I imagine, in meadow grass.

In the bottom part of that print (where the stag's torso and legs should be), antler-shapes reach into empty space as if a root system, as if stitching marks to reveal a pattern of connectivity.

As if a new skin could be sewn—a skin that would wear us all.

This print is on tan gampi paper that resembles Goloborotko's forearm. The paper's resilient fragility sends my eye back to the photographic hand in the litho entitled "I Will Always Hold You." I want to hover there, where the holding is forever. But as Goloborotko's print suggest, such a being—a held one—is a fraction of itself, an outline, a cross-hatched rendering, not a being fully in the cosmos.

I know this. My father died a year ago this week. Three code blues on a blue moon. It was not pretty: the body forced by machines to thrash even after vitality had left his bones.

I had to let him go.

So yes, we must all, eventually, embrace Goloborotko's cellular, stellar print entitled "Without You." But feel free to flee it quickly, to find solace by

moving from litho to litho in this stunning collection. Via scale shifts, *Dear Deer* becomes shamanic shape-shifting. It is a shared transformative act when the artist and viewer move from the microscopic to the cosmic. The hand cradles. The hand releases. The relic becomes more than reliquary when one returns to work—when one leaves the planetarium—stargazing—for the laborious labor of a lithography.

One afternoon, Goloborotko and I sit a few yards from the prints in turquoise leather chairs she recued from a curb in Brooklyn (where we both once lived). She talks of the pain involved in making lithos—the working of stone, the danger of acid. “Pain for pain,” she says.

Having toured the lithography studio at SUNY New Paltz, I have a fuller sense of the heft of it all: the stone, the grit, the elbow grease, the accompanying tools and safety apparatus. She took me (and my partner) on this studio tour after taking us to a lecture at the planetarium. Tired from hefting boxes into our new house, we folded our strained backs into auditorium chairs and stared at projections. Here is a fraction of the known. Here is our galaxy amid all the others.

Goloborotko always forces me to relocate within larger context, to reconsider where I am and why I am here. You see this in *Dear Deer*: biomorphic forms are both microscopic and interstellar. She lets sky dwarf her world; then, gets back to work. I see bone marrow cells in the lithos called “Before you became my life.” I see asteroids in “The day you left me.” I pair these two lithos so that I can telescope between the macro and the micro—closest I get to astro-travel (or transmigration).

Did you know Goloborotko had hand surgery? Last semester, her left thumb had be pried open with her right hand. A surgeon had get in there with his tiny dental tools and shave away at bone. I knew she suffered from fibromyalgia, but I had not known of this operation.

“Pain for pain,” she says. “Lithography is an arduous process where water and oil do not mix. This is a painful process that requires one to carry and grind stones from Bavaria with carburundum grits and a heavy, counter weight levigator: first #50 grits, then #80...#150...#220...#320...finer the grain of the stone, finer the line it will take. I went back to litho after years.

Was it to endure a different pain from losing—to change the pain?”

In an earlier email exchange, she had said, “The *Dear Deer* series is about love and loss. “As you lose a loved one, do you gain knowledge? Or simply images on a stone, that transfer to paper? Once all is done, you have to let go ... and grind the stone ... with the same pain—bodily pain—pain of losing, washing the image away. Is the memory made of grease and water?”

Since his death, my father has spoken to me once. He said: “Live.”

Goloborotko speaks to me all the time. She says, “Learn.”

When Goloborotko’s Italian Greyhound Chico gathered deer bones from the forest floor, each artifact was part of a story Sheila witnessed anew. She and Alma and their daughter Aubrey watched new fawns arrive each spring. They watch spots disappear from each hind. The hide that is a canvas matures. The feeding cycle calls for another camouflage. A herd circles Goloborotko’s home, congregates, then disperses. What stays with us is a structure, a pattern of habit that forms an ongoing conversation. And habitat?

When she visits my new house, I offer Goloborotko *The Golden Stags of Eurasia: Scythian and Sarmation Treasures from the Russian Steppes*. I open the book to the map insert and ask, where in Russia was your family from? She fingers the Black Sea then says, “Bessarabia.” Then we look at the cross-section of burial mounds and the trove of golden stags offered for kings in grief as an act of honoring.

“Do objects of this region,” I ask, “have any special resonance because your ancestors once lived there?” (I am preoccupied with migration as an act of letting go or habitat and habit.)

“I recognize the weight of it,” she says, “the heft of the made object. The labor and grief. This is the oldest human story.” Then she gestures with her hand: “We sharpen a stone to cut a deer, to cut a rock.” Later she adds, “There is nothing new for stone to be eaten by acid and air.” She speaks as if she knows we are (and her work is) part of some continuum that she can

feel in her bones every time she holds a tool.

Is this knowing what gives her work import? Certainly.

And then there is her sheer persistence. Consider the litho first entitled “Ongrowing” (now called “You will grow laurel leaves”): the stag’s antlers sprout laurel—the plant of the victorious (the plant of the dreamer). If you’d had the pleasure of knowing Goloborotko’s Italian Greyhound, you’d recognize how the deer’s muzzle has now a spitting image of Chico. Transformation (an inter-species collaboration) happens despite death and because of death. By being a migratory herd, the series *Dear Deer* creates an ever-expanding conversation. Experimenting with materials and technique becomes a way for artists to live more fully.



*I Will Let You Go*, Xerox Transfer on Stone and Chine Collé, 2014



*You Will Grow Laurel Leaves*, Photolithograph, 2014



### III. VISCOSITY

“Hyperobjective art makes visible, audible and legible this intrauterine experience that Sartre loathed, the ‘sly solidarity’ between things...” Timothy Morton

I am not supposed to be writing this essay. I have a deadline to write poems for a new anthology focusing on Object Oriented Ontology. Maybe if I talk to Goloborotko about Timothy Morton’s book, *Hyperobjects: Philosophy and Ecology after the End of the World*, I can grasp OOO.

I bookmark page 31. There is a passage in the chapter called “Viscosity” that I want to read to her. But she greets me with devastating news: her colleague was killed in a car crash last night.

Bam. Gone.

Shock compounds. Loss compounds.

Viscosity is once again death itself. It sticks to us. Death just sticks to us.

How can I read her the passage now? How can I not? I open the book.

First Goloborotko asks, “What is a hyperobject?” Morton says: “things massively distributed in time and space relative to humans.” His list on page 1 includes a black hole, the Everglades, Styrofoam, plutonium, and “the whirring machinery of capitalism.”

So, here it is: on page 31 Morton claims,

When an inside of a thing coincides perfectly with its outside, that is called dissolution or death. Given a large enough context (say the entropy of the entire universe), all beings exist in the jaws of some form of death, which is why the Buddhist thangkas of the Wheel of Life depict the six realms of existence cycling around and within the open, toothy mouth of Yama, the Lord of Death.

“Is that true?” I ask Goloborotko. “When an inside coincides perfectly with the outside there is death?”

“Yes.”

Her hand enacts the oncoming car. “Her outside pressed into her inside.”

The act of printing, the pressure required, the impression—the image formed is not the image that vanishes—is a lesson in death.

And what remains—that which sticks to paper (to us)—is life? Or just hyperobjectivity?

Further on page 31, Morton says:

Knowledge of the hyperobject Earth, and the hyperobject the biosphere, present us with viscous surfaces from which nothing can be forcibly peeled. There is no Away on this surface, no here and no there.

Goloborotko’s litho says: “I Am With You Everywhere.”

“Is that true?” I ask.

“Yes,” she says.

I am not sure. Our conversation is ongoing as is this essay.

Losing beloved beings is painful. And dying, for some, is even more torturous.

I can still see my partner grasping my father's hands, chanting: give me your pain, give me your pain. The incisions in my father's intestine to drain his stomach leak, froth foul acid. The nasal feeding tubes inadequate. The misdiagnosed tumor festering, festering as an object no imaging tool could find. A lunar eclipse. He died on a blue moon lunar eclipse. In his pain hallucinations, he was in Afghanistan directing troops.

"Your father survived WWI trench warfare," I think, but do not say to him. "You can survive this," I want to tell my father. But do I believe it? The shock of his passing is still intact. I should not conflate one death with another, but I do.

In hopes that we can link one survival with another.

Nor can the arduous process of lithography ever match such physical pain (or vanquish it). But if one undertakes making lithographs, one's work should of be of import, should mark a life. The stone insists.

This is what Goloborotko's *Dear Deer* has taught me.

Hopefully, she can help me wrestle with Morton's words on page 180:

Hyperobjects are viscous: we can't shake them off: they are stickier than oil and as heavy as grief. The closer we get, the less we know.... We cannot assert a transcendental metaphysics in the face of hyperobjects. They won't let us. It was precisely our fantasies of transcendental smoothness and presence that summoned them into being. It was our drive to see and know everything that made us discover their oily presence, everywhere.

"To understand viscosity," Goloborotko says, "read Primo Levi's *The Periodic Table*, the parts about varnish." Being an educator, she will wait to



*These Were Your Bones*, Photoetching, 2014



*This Is Your Bones*, Photoetching, 2014

see what I discover before she articulates what she know of Levi's varnish, of hardening, or sticky materiality.

Being a writer (and a dyslexic), I cling to moments in Levi's meditations that are textual. I hover around a typo and a misspelling. The first is in the chapter "Chromium"; the later is in the more famous chapter, "Vanadium."

It is 1946. Levi, released from Auschwitz just three months earlier, finds work at a factory. He is shown a pile of livered paint ("thousands of square blocks of orange"). His task is to find the exact chemical mistake (imbalance between the basic chromate and alkyd resin) that ruins batch after batch of paint. A typo, "23 drops," that should have been "2 or 3 drops" is repeated for years. Because it is wartime? Because no one dares to question or change the formula? the Fascists? Bureaucratic insistence + fear + laziness = a hyperobject?

Chemist Levi finds a fix: add salt (ammonium chloride). *Voilà* the gelatinous glop is reclaimed. Hence forth, the additive becomes standard practice and is institutionalized and maintained even after it proves "absurd" and detrimental for later chromate-based anti-rust paints. Regiment + recipe + rigidity = absurdity. This bears true in one's politics, one's body, one's habitat. Ideological insistence is dangerous.

Later, in the chapter entitled "Vanadium," a spelling habit (using "pt" instead of "phth" in words like "naphthenate" or "beta-Naphthylamin") marks a man. In a post-war communicate about a varnish that brutally hardens, Levi recognizes his overseerer, his oppressor. In an unsent letter, Levi asserts: "I declared myself ready to forgive my enemies, and perhaps even to love them, but only when they showed certain signs of repentance, that is, when they ceased being enemies. In the opposite case, that of the enemy who remains an enemy, who perserveres in his desire to inflict suffering, it is ceratin one must not forgive him: one can try to salvage him, one can (one must!) discuss with him, but it is our duty to judge him, not to forgive him."

What do these stories show me Goloborotko's *Dear Deer* series? I hover between interations: the bones, the skull-n-antlers before Goloborotko adds senescence by layering saffron color over a sepia tone. She adds

gravity by adding text. I leap to the prayer prescription offered in the Medicine Buddha chants of the Bon tradition. I wonder if a printmaker's physical (chemical) act of inking paper/stone is similar in any way mentally visualizing a sanskrit OM in a field of blinding white light. A sequence of colors, of syllables to banish suffering. Color + text = hope. But, the bones remain. The remains. Remain(s).

Chico's ashes come back to Goloborotko and Alma with a paw print. "You do not give a printmaker a print [made with ashes of the beloved]," Goloborokto says. The bracketed part in the previous sentence was left unsaid. The negative space. The grief that sticks but is withdrawn.



*I Am Everywhere With You*, Multi Plate Photoetching, 2014



## IV. POSTURES

On August 22, 2014, I go to Alma's yoga class. The beautiful studio is calming although the news her mother may need surgery is not. Doctors have been circling an ambiguous diagnosis. Any call for invasive action (given my father's journey) is unnerving.

Yet, centered in her practice, Alma attends to our bodies. She graciously modifies postures to help me accommodate an injury—the hole in my shoulder I will always have. We each pump breath to the site of our pain. One of us is asked to demonstrate Warrior III. And she does beautifully, her balance more shocking when later she cries.

After class, Alma explains the cd was playing Buddhist chants from the Bon tradition. She does not say they are sutras for ushering those who die into the next life. This Alma reveals when the woman who knows how to do Warrior III shares that her friend has been beheaded.

No, she does not use the word “beheaded”. She uses his name; we fill in the blank with precise verbs, the accompanying body counts, the history of troop movements, current border-shifting—we fill in all details a journalist uses so suffering a world away is within reach. So others’ pain touches us.

An entire yoga class—no matter who teaches it—is a series of postures leading to the corpse pose. We work toward Shavasana—the “final relaxation.” There is nothing new in this save the ever-growing context of complexity. The collage of those now gone we carry with us in our bones.

After yoga practice, I buy a copy of Joan Didion’s *The Year of Magical Thinking*. Another widow gave my mother a copy to read. This is the first book not related to thimble-collecting my mother has read in decades. I do not know if Didion’s words will help my mother mourn, but I am proud ma is reading.

Yesterday, on the anniversary of my father’s death (August 21, 2013), my mother says to me: “I never thought he was coming back.” Not having read *The Year of Magical Thinking*, I think ma is referring to reincarnation. I say, “I fantasize that I am Dad’s mother reborn.” My mother starts to bawl and hangs up. My father died on her mother’s birthday, which means nothing and everything.

What Didion means by “come back” is walk through the front door, put on favorite shoes, sit down by the fire, eat dinner. Didion charts a “craziness” that persists in grief.

All year, I have been keeping time by last year’s calendar...I realize today for the first time that my memory of this day a year ago is a memory that does not involve John. This day a year ago was December 31, 2003. John did not see this day a year ago. John was dead.

The next two paragraphs practice what the whole book practices—relinquishing “the dead.”

“Let them become the photograph on the table.”

“Let them become the name on the trust accounts.”

“Let go of them in the water.”

By replaying a memory of swimming “into the cave of Portuguese Bend” beside her husband, lets the memory of her late husband coach her even now. Reading the swiftness and power of change is a matter of feeling. Feeling water’s swell.

Feeling swell. Is this the same as fully feeling?

One thing not I have yet dared to note in this essay triggered by Goloborotko’s *Dear Deer* series. Maybe I am ready to say it now: each litho, save for “Before you were born” is a decapitation. Using the device, synecdoche, Goloborotko allows the part to stand for the whole.

This is unnerving. Especially when “the part” is a head.

I stay mum when Goloborotko suggest mounting and displaying her lithos—somehow—as trophies on a wall?

*Dear Deer* is about euthanasia. She will not let us slip by that fact. She ended a life.

Art’s work is to ask for mercy.



*You Will Find Roots In The Ground*, Lithograph Transfer on Stone, 2014

## V. PRAYER

I am making a mantra from parts of James Foley's last letter home—the one memorized by a fellow prisoner (who was released) and posted on Facebook on August 24, 2014 by Foley's parents.

I know you are thinking of me and praying for me. And I am so thankful. I feel you all especially when I pray. I pray for you to stay strong and to believe. I really feel I can touch you even in this darkness when I pray....Eighteen of us have been held together in one cell, which has helped me. We have had each other to have endless long conversations...We are so grateful when anyone is freed; but of course, yearn for our own freedom. We try to encourage each other and share strength.

Can such human exchange be considered a hyperobject? What would be gained by trying to collide the discourse of Timothy Morton with that of James Foley?

It is hard to imagine the dissolution of conflict. If differing mandates for prayer (and their accompanying belief systems and ecological resources) were to coincide, could they collapse? In to a shared a coexistence? Into peace?

After that last question, I stopped writing this essay. In the five days between that question and this paragraph, another American journalist (Steven Sotloff) was beheaded by ISIS (The Islamic State in Iraq and Syria). Peace is only a piece.

The knife in the clash between belief systems is a hyperobject in the way carbon budgeting is. Tracing and chasing carbon. “Every two hundred years, every atom of carbon that is not congealed in marterials by now stable (stone, or coal, or diamond, or certain plastics) enters and reencters the cycle of live through the door of photosynthesis.” So said Levi in 1984.

This week, BBC journalist Matt McGrath reported: “A surge in atmospheric CO2 saw levels of greenhouse gases reach record levels in 2013, according to new figures. Concentrations of carbon dioxide in the atmosphere between 2012 and 2013 grew at their fastest rate since 1984.”

As Morton says, “Coexistence is in our face: it *is* our face. We are made of nonhuman and nonsentient and nonliving entities.”

Morton’s claim about coexistence can be almost delightful or decadent to trace if playing the atomic game Primo Levi enacts in his final chapter, “Carbon,” of *The Periodic Table*. I confess, I celebrate the sensousness of the following sentence.

I could recount an endless number of stories about carbon atoms that become colors or perfumes in flowers; of others which, from tiny algae to small crustaceans to fish, gradually return as carbon dioxide to the waters of the sea, in a perpetual, frightening round-dance of life and death, in which every devourer is devoured; of others which instead attain a decorous semi-eternity in the yellowed pages of some archival document, or the canvas of a famous painter; or those to which fell the privilege of forming part of a grain of pollen and left their fossil imprint in the rocks for our curiosity; of others still that descended to become part of the



*The Day You Left Me*, Lithograph on Aluminum Plate, 2014

mysterious shape-messengers of the human seed, and participated in the subtle process of division, duplication, and fusion from which each of us is born.

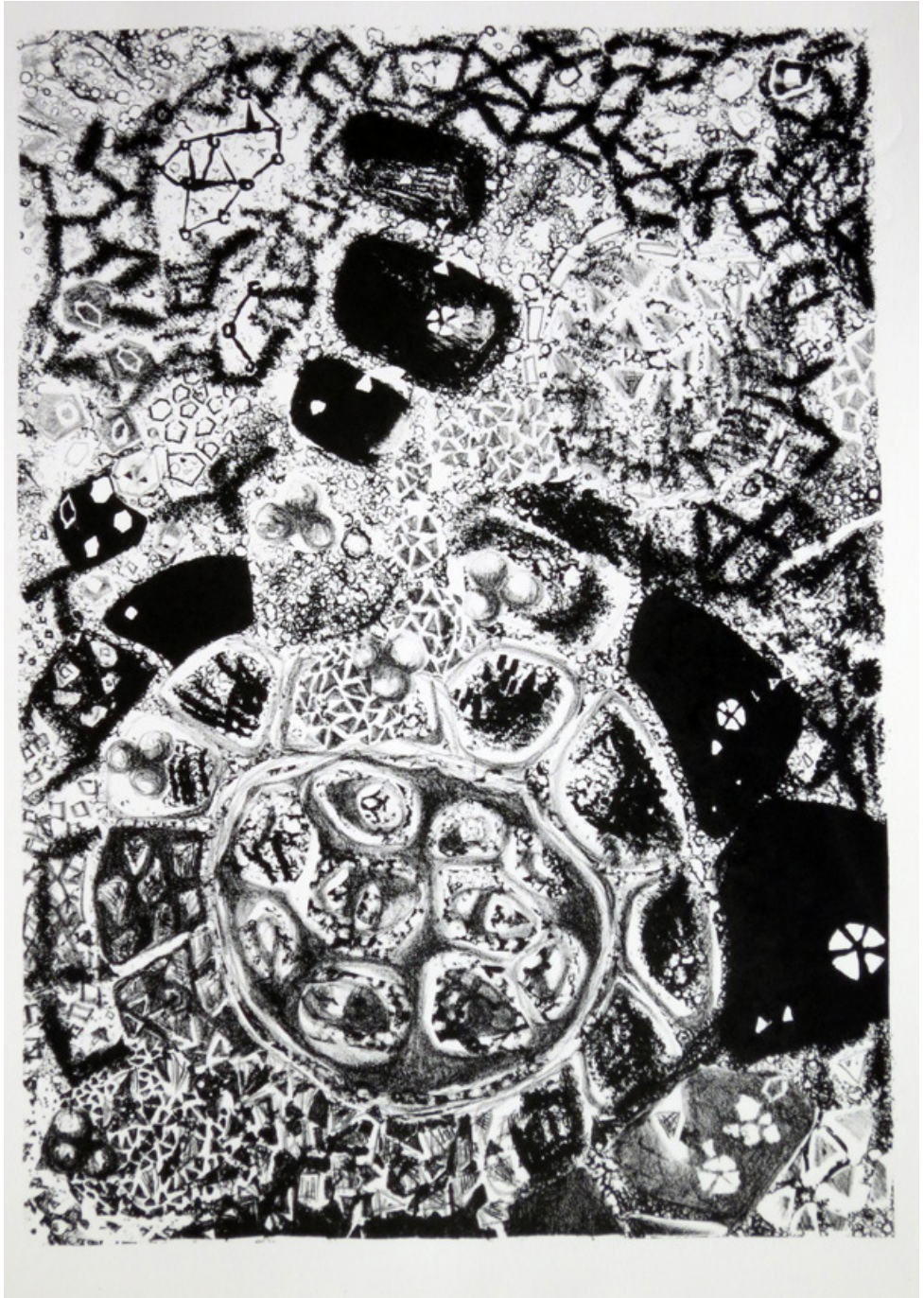
But what if coexistence is construed to include the knife blades that took out Foley-Sotloff & the bullets that took out Ferguson's Michael Brown & (the gunmen) & ((guardsmen trying to quell the resulting riot)) & (((death tallies circling Foley and Brown—144,770 documented civilian deaths since the 2003 invasion of Iraq + 191,000 dead in the Syrian Civil war + 1,529 arrest-related deaths of African Americans reported by the Department of Justice from 2003-2009))) & (((the Department of Justice))) & (((((numbers)))))) & ((((((hyperbolic pressure)))))) & (((((((radiation)))))) & (((((((((hydrocarbons)))))) & (((((((((((globalwarming)))))))))

It is all one big reverberating pulse. A cancer. Chance & Chants & Ants &...all of it...all! To cite Morton: "In a strange way, every object is a hyperobject. We can only think this thought in light of the ecological emergency inside of which we have now woken up."

So expansive and so deadly is hyperobjectivity, we turn to work. Some of us with singular focus. Maybe, we pray as a lama teaches us, repeating set syllables 7 times or 21 time or 108 times. Or, perhaps we sensitize a stone with #50 grits, then #80...#150...#220...#320...working for a finer line. Maybe, we string others' words together with ours as if one could corral comprehension, as if tomorrow will be another day.

Tomorrow will be. Tomorrow, I visit Goloborotko in her studio with students. Yesterday, Obama promised to send more troops and weapons into the world. Today is September 11, 2014. On September 11, 2001, before the planes collided, I rushed through the Twin Towers to work. Today is not borrowed time; it *is* time. As are you, dear reader. *Dear Deer.*





*Without You*, Lithograph on Stone, 2014