



maker of things with
pastry to taste foil wrapped
knot pearl polished stone



unfamiliar words
grayish discourse let me know
while fragile body erases



choose a path require
night darkness I have seen the
walk carpets of gray

colors of silence

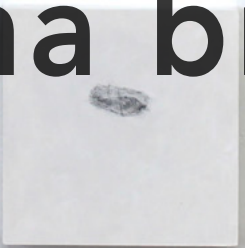
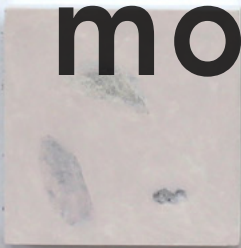


a silent whisper
waiting in a holding space
larger than itself



mona brody

night's absent names
rest now untrimmed with wanted
breathless sleep



temporary space
waits for her to die in quiet
calms the lighted star



look back pink skies your
secrets with small utterance
let gates open wide



on tuesday morning
my body stopped leaning
into the warm breeze

Colors of Silence

The collection of natural objects and my haiku poetry shape the meaning of this work, encouraging viewers to think about themes of memory, personal histories, and time.

glisten with beauty
when clouds disappear from view
a blue jewel dares



temporary space
waits for her to die in quiet
calms the lighted star



woven in her spool
love stitch the raw silk threads
a story to be told



choose a path require
night darkens I have seen them
walk carpets of gray



capture a moment's
silver dust knotted tightly
woven in silence



unfamiliar words
grayish discourse let me know
while fragile bodies cease



can I see them now
held in glass and sewn linens
fresh flowers of song



the gold sky lifts her
limbs twirl and bind without wings
as aging dreams fade



hold back pink skies your
secrets with small utterance
let gates open wide



The Colors of Silence, haiku and images are dedicated to my
mother, Shirley Dubas Wein.

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Colors of Silence (1-9)
8" x 8" graphite transfers, oil, wax on board
2017

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