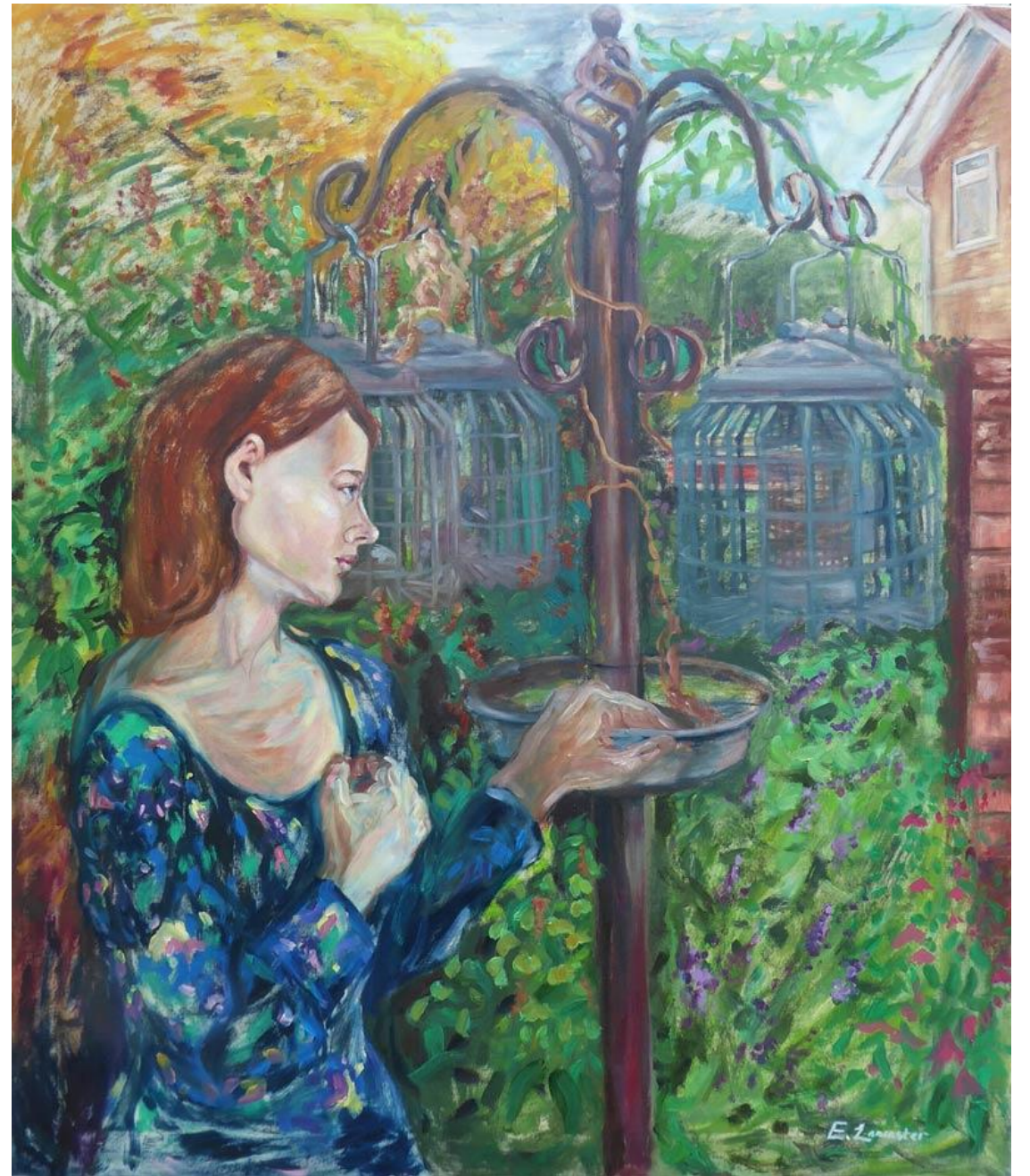


A Named Girl in Summer Reverie

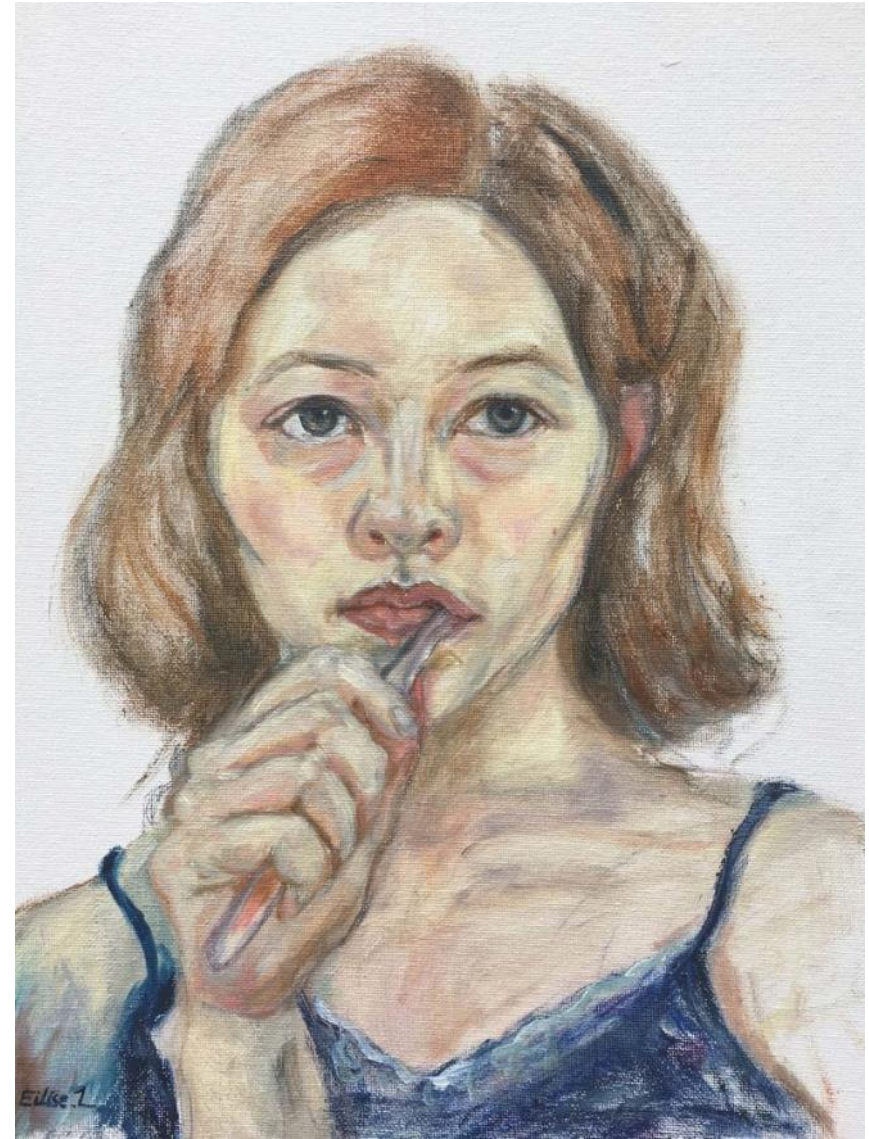
2021

The Two Vines of the Psyche, oil on linen, 31 x 36 inches.





Brushing Through, oil on panel, 10 x 14 inches.



Brushing my Teeth, oil on panel, 10 x 14 inches.



Garden Reverie, oil on board, 11.8 x 15.7 inches.



Talking with Birds, oil on panel, 10 x 14 inches.



Hair slides Left In, oil on canvas, 11.7 x 15.7 inches.



Held by Morning, oil on canvas, 31 x 23 inches.



The Artist's Sister with Pink Tulips, oil on linen, 24 x 39 inches.



Reading Before Bed, oil on paper, 10 x 14 inches.



Self-Portrait from a Dream, oil on board, 11.8 x 15.7 inches.



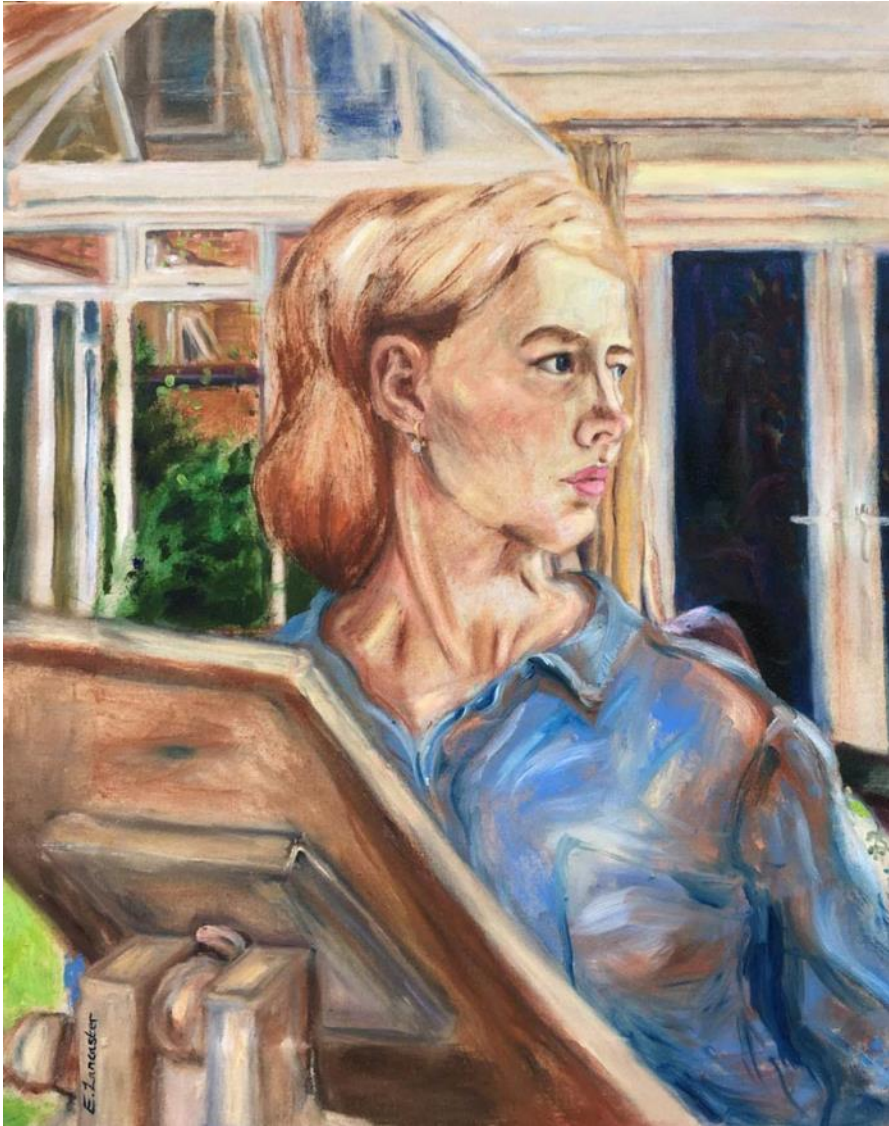
Steeped in Thought, oil on canvas, 21 x 23.5 inches.



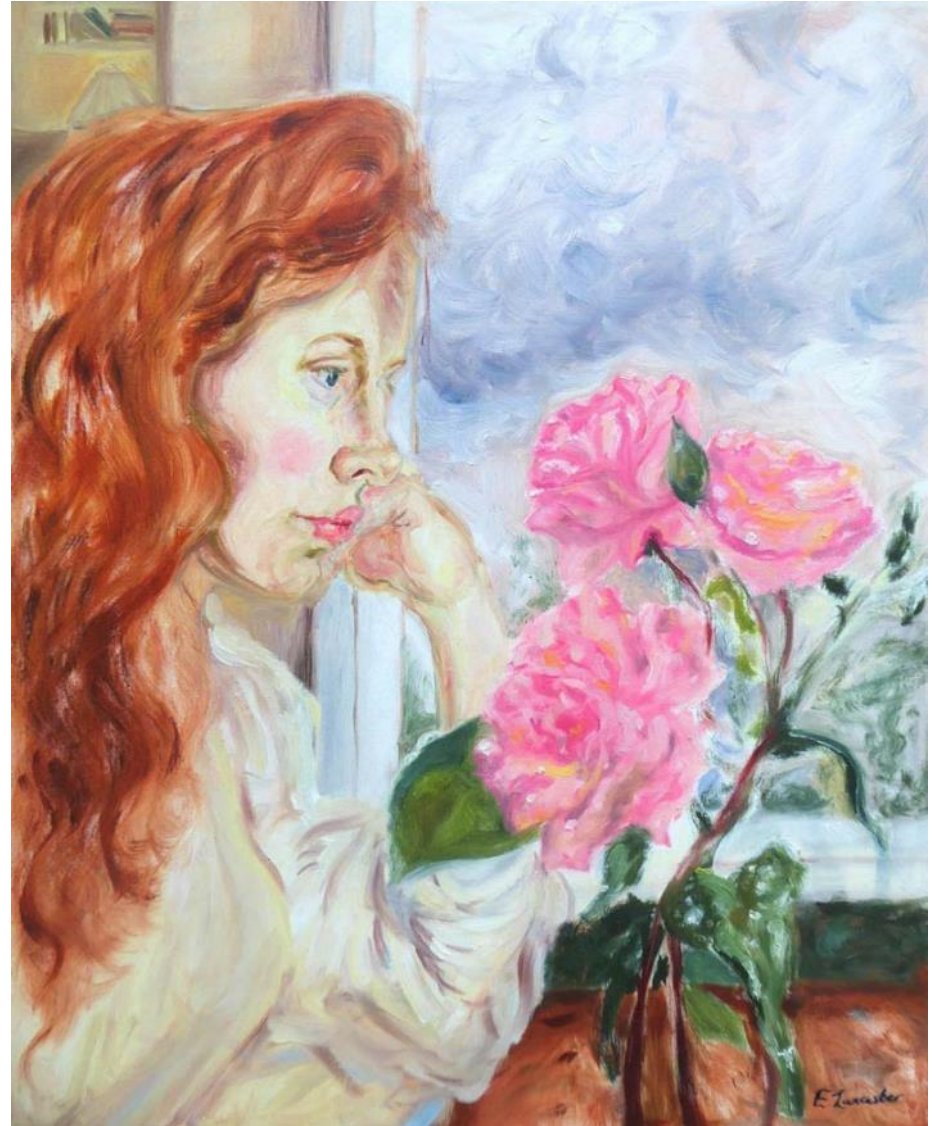
Cloud watchers, oil on canvas, 23.5 x 28.7 inches.



Past Love, oil on panel, 16 x 20 inches.



The Call, oil on linen, 16.5 x 20 inches.



The Rose Stands Tall, oil on board, 16 x 20 inches.



Excerpts from publication, *Book of Reverie*, 2021

Truth

I turn my light off
Outside brightens
Like a heavenly place

How much heavier a heartbeat feels
When compared to the drip-drop of the rain
Yet how aligned they feel
When we are taught by it
To be light.

Solitude

Sometimes I feel
I want to be alone
To be myself.

The Rose Stands Tall

I looked out of my window
To the sound of the rain and the thunder outside
I had already been moved there by
The bright flash of a lightening strike
It turned me from my desk
Where my head was bent over paper and pen
The lightening entreated the lamp
For a moment alone with me
The light outside was otherworldly
I looked and felt myself still again...

Reverie on a Grey and White Sky Above Dark Green Trees After a Heavy Rainfall.

It is a time for quiet
For stillness
For sitting down alone
To prop your chin on the heel of you hand
While your body, soft, firm against stone

Your elbow on your knee
You make for a tower of contemplation
One of rough-hewn clocks
Where the wind can pass through
From one side to the other
After all, without an exit
A howling wind would entrap itself
And bring the structure down...

The Call of the Trees

...The birds make the tallest of the four their home
Where they are always met with a fond embrace
The crown of leaves bends for them...

First Love

...A little while after,
Remembering the self which had been forgotten
The heart hangs its head, the mind is clear
They join to press her hand
With the soul behind her, the self shakes her head
Saying, I am little closer now than I was...

A Summer Evening

...The light rests on my chin, reaching below it
To settle on the window-sill
The light almost letting itself in
As I watch content and still.

Hands for Others

...Hands clasped on a lap
Still as they watch your lips
Hands crossing over the heart
Enclosing each word from the script.