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AN ART OF SPACE: GERMANY, HAMBURG 2009

Students in this course began from the text content, a Mary Oliver poem and an article on the Pacific trash vortex. They developed writing in which the flow and the feelings of the poem were visually expressed, then made books which resembled the circular movement described both in the poem and in the text. The students were all accomplished artists and the results were excellent. Thank you everyone, it was a great experience!



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Where Does the Dance Begin, Where Does It End?
by Mary Oliver

Don't call this world adorable, or useful, that's not it.
It's frisky, and a theater for more than fair winds.
The eyelash of lightning is neither good nor evil.
The struck tree burns like a pillar of gold.
But the blue rain sinks, straight to the white
feet of the trees
whose mouths open.
Doesn't the wind, turning in circles, invent the dance?
Haven't the flowers moved, slowly, across Asia, then Europe,
until at last, now, they shine
in your own yard?
Don't call this world an explanation, or even an education.
When the Sufi poet whirled, was he looking
outward, to the mountains so solidly there
in a white-capped ring, or was he looking
to the center of everything: the seed, the egg, the idea
that was also there,
beautiful as a thumb
curved and touching the finger, tenderly,
little love-ring,
as he whirled,
oh jug of breath,
in the garden of dust?



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