



# Cause and Effect

**Standing, strolling, squatting**

**Casually contemplating**

**Arms folded in front, hooked around the legs of the neighbor upstairs.**

**More like shoulders than stairs, really, but who cares?**

**Carrying a hundred others**

**Walking, pausing, waiting among even thousands more**

**Dangling from different heights**

**All washed over with shades of the same color, same feelings**

**Unified through inescapable perils and uncertainty.**

**It's besetting, sure**

**Hardly worth getting upset about.**

**From up here I almost feel for that one guy hanging by his lonesome**

**Beating blood red, obviously strained, but comfortably composed.**

**Kept company by affectionate burdens with nobody to help bear**

**Makes it difficult to have a conversation, to ask about his day.**

**He's probably doing alright**

**Who knows?**

Sculpture by Do Ho Suh  
Poem by Nick Pickering



# PURPOSE

INSPIRED BY LLOYD HAMROL'S  
*LOG RAMPS*



HOW DOES ONE FIND THEIR REFUGE? WHAT QUALIFIES AS A SAFE SPACE, AS A HOME AWAY FROM HOME? I FLOAT, SEARCHING FOR THIS PLACE I CAN CALL MINE. NATURAL, CLOSE, PROTECTING; AS REASSURING AS A FRIENDLY SMILE. THIS PLACE KNOWS MY STRENGTHS AND WEAKNESSES, FAULTS AND ACHIEVEMENTS, MY STORY. FOLDING AROUND ME LIKE A WARM BLANKET, MY REFUGE CAN BE A PLACE OF CELEBRATION AND HAPPINESS.

SEARCHING FOR WHAT IS FAMILIAR, I APPROACH CAUTIOUSLY. THE SPROUTING PLANTS PRICKLE AGAINST MY LEGS, AS IF TRYING TO TELL ME SOMETHING. I SETTLE INTO THE PACKED GROUND, ALLOWING THE LOGS TO COVER ME WITH SHADE.

WE ALL GROW FROM THE DIRT UPWARDS, LIKE BLACKBERRY BUSHES AND FERNS, CRAWLING THEIR WAY TO THE SKY IN HOPES OF REACHING OF THE SUN. WE ALL LIVE IN GREENHOUSES THAT WARM OUR SOULS TO PREPARE US FOR THE OUTSIDE WORLD. OUR PURPOSE? TO CLIMB THE RAMP, TO CELEBRATE LIFE, TO LEAVE WHAT WE FIND FAMILIAR AND STOW AWAY OUR REFUGE FOR LATER.



SAGE FAIRMAN



# Log Ramps

inspired by Lloyd Hamrol, *Log Ramps*

(X)

Eyes droopy, movement sluggish but somehow still exerting continuous warm-hearted energy, the young woman sighed with relief as her fingers ran along sturdy, sculpted log panels. Before the woman could balance herself against the new-found support, a shriek of “see you later mommy,” came from her daughter bolting across the grassy area. The mother collected herself by closing her eyes but when she opened them her palms had become rough and worn down from time, she needed to sit more than ever, and her daughter had grown up to be 18 years of age. “See you later mom,” the daughter said as she bent down to give her mom one last goodbye before taking off. The mother finally took her seat on the bleachers of life as she watched her daughter walk on her own.



~Grace McCarthy



<http://www.delaineyblue.com/>



# Unreality

Riley Simon Block

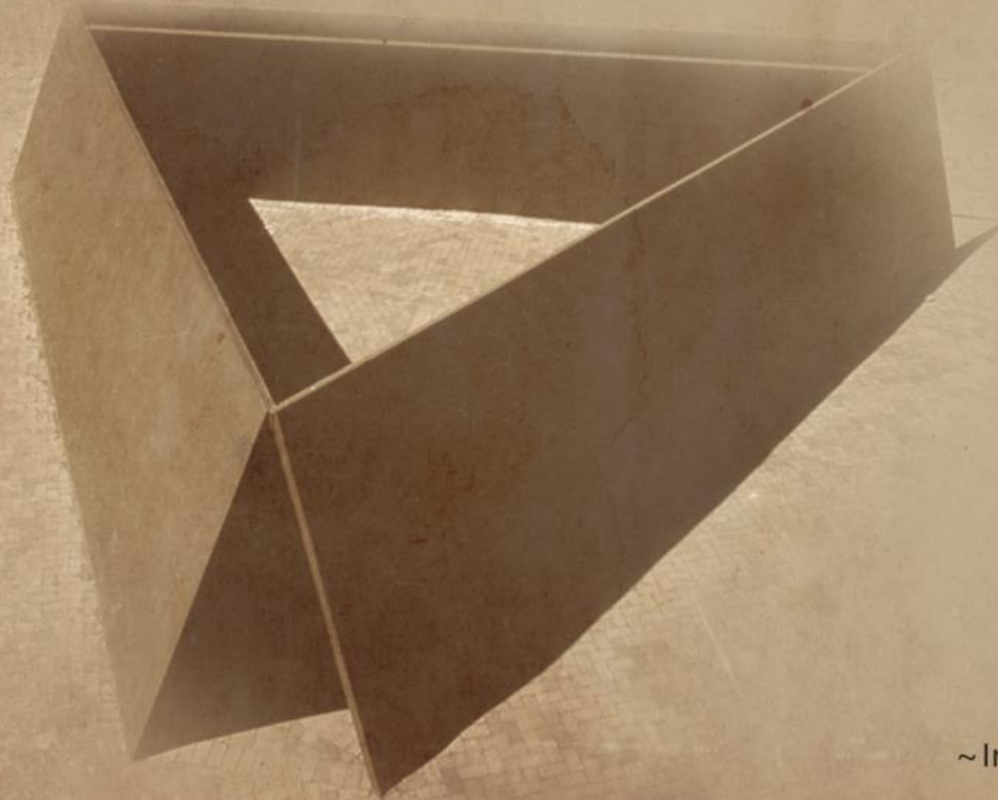
A whimsical warmth ebbs through the woods; he lies, comforted, amongst its volume. Gentle winds scratch the branches, causing them to sway and dance in a protective bed. He is at peace. Though the blue of the sky contrasts the wood, the brightness of the world unifies his spirit. He is lulled by the mothering sounds of nature, alive and thriving, though still dreamlike. Even as a strange voice interrupts his serenity, begging a question, 'who are you,' he doesn't flinch.

He blinks and responds as best he can. "Forest." It's his name, and as far as he knows, it always has been. He is Forest, nobody else.

But there is no one present to confirm that.

Just white walls.

~ Inspired by 'Wright's Triangle', by Richard Serra





# STONE ENCLOSURE: ROCK RINGS

the stone enclosure remains stout on the grassy hill  
with its two rings and many eyes  
each weathered stone jutting out in all directions  
welcoming me into its many doorways  
the peaceful layers within  
and while I rest in the great iris  
from within the inner sanctum I can see  
a woman resting in one of the eyes  
as still as the stones surrounding her  
studious as a pupil of the aperture  
deep in the temple of thought



Sculpture by Nancy Hoult  
Poem by Liam McNeeley