

# THE ARTIST SPEAKS

~ POEMS & DRAWINGS ~



EUGENE MARKOWSKI

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## *Foreword*

I dare not compare myself to Michelangelo or Blake, but allude to both artists as examples of the way in which poetry can spring from the deeply distressed mind of a normally 'visual' artist. In 1992 I began to write poetry to express my grief over the sudden death of my partner. Never having written poetry before, these first attempts turned out poorly and were thematically centered on death. But the poetry served as the catalyst for an artistic evolution that I needed then. Eventually the poems returned from death to life, the many subjects of our lives and to 'abstract' notions as well. My work in sculpture and painting fuses traditionally separate elements of each art. The drawings in this volume should not be seen as traditional illustrations. In this case I am working in the opposite direction, separating graphic representation from meaning in poetry; the drawings are not representations yet seek to express the spiritual and physical yearning of the poems.

The original illustrations are drawn on Fabriano paper with Japanese split bamboo pen and black India Ink.

Their dimensions: 30-1/2" by 20-1/2".





*Ginkgo*

Beneath the bare Ginkgo tree branches  
Golden brocade  
Covers the ground.







*Perfection*

Perfection the demon that haunts me,  
Tortures me,  
And fills my dreams with impossibilities  
So that I can no longer  
Distinguish fantasy from reality,  
It is you who will extinguish my flame.





*Love*

Through love lost I learned to love,  
Spring has passed me by  
And now it is too late,  
My memories sustain me  
Begging forgiveness in the time of frost.





*Boogeyman*

His home was under my bed  
From which he cast his frightening spell  
Of fear at night,  
An empty voice of deep black,  
The boogeyman well knew a child's Innocent  
imagination  
On which to play,  
But now our meeting and speaking  
Has become a paradox  
Of life the boogeyman,  
And the one of my remembered fantasy.





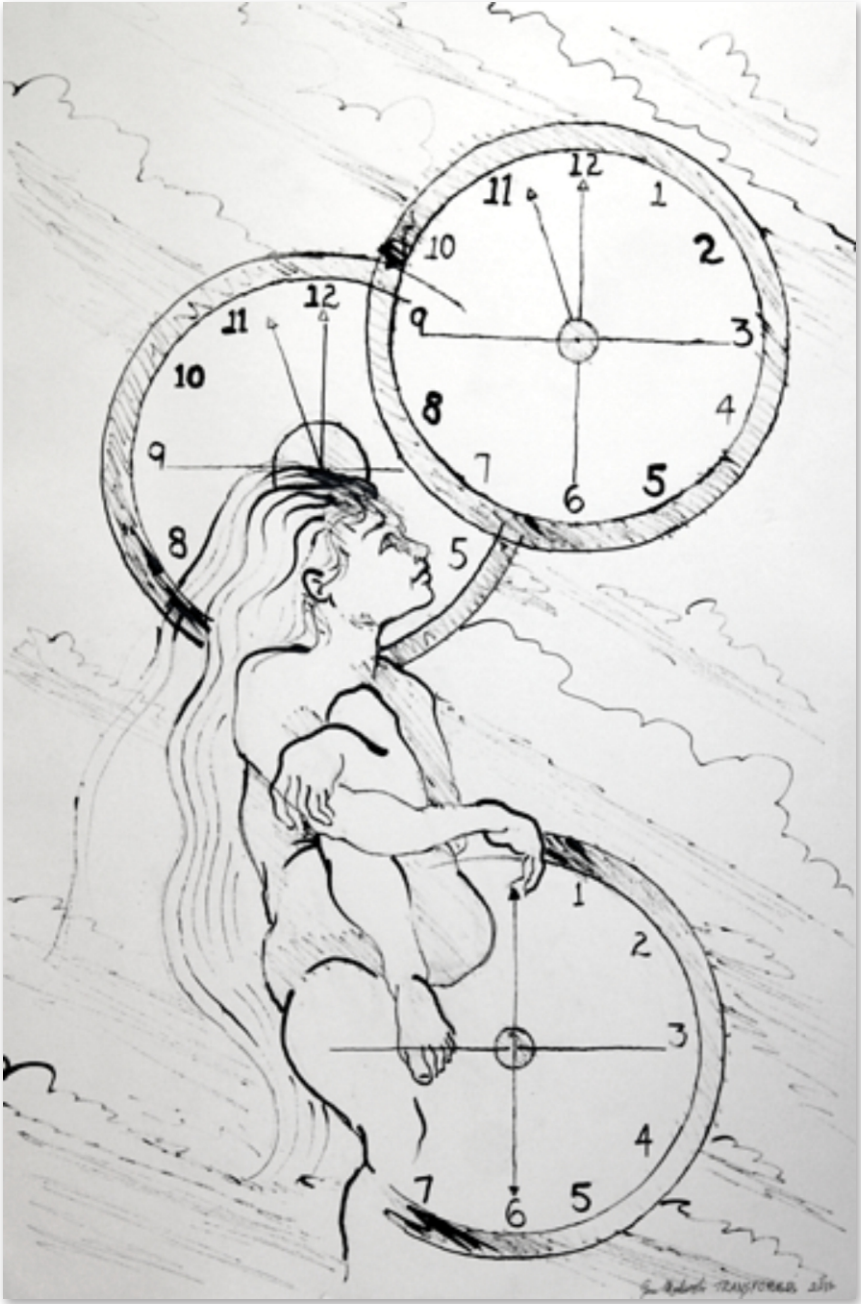




*Bell*

Slowly the asylum door of my mind closes,  
While the chanting of the requiem  
Floats on the still air from within,  
The sound of my spirit  
Answers in a harmonic stillness  
As an escape from the hectic  
Everyday existence  
Whose shrill dissonance of heavy machinery  
Crushes the polyphony of my dreams,  
Yet the fundamental consonance read  
In the heart soothes and resolves  
The impurity to purity  
With shimmering and glistening  
Sustained notes as the timbre  
Of the bronze bell.





*Transformed*

From the beginning to the end  
It is time that transforms us  
Not us who transform time,  
How foolish  
To think it is possible,  
Or even try,  
When we can only  
Mirror in some vague manner  
That which has been in place  
From the beginning,  
Such beauty from greater beauty  
Is never transformed.





*Pines*

Snow covered pines  
Press their branches against the sky  
But that was when I was a child.









*Roses*

Amid the weeds  
Roses are blooming,  
How like you.





*Luminary*

Old men dream of the past,  
Children calculate the future,  
A ripened luminary goes unfulfilled.





*Snow*

A double set of footprints  
Are left in the new snow,  
As I walk alone.







*Mirror*

The mirror tells me one thing,  
I say another,  
And you say something else,  
But time speaks with a truthful authority.





## *Knowing*

What do you mean I don't know?  
 Of course I know,  
 It is you who does not know,  
 Knowing is power,  
 So let us get this straight,  
 I know more than you,  
 Therefore,  
 I have the power  
 To be powerful  
 Through my knowing.





## *Smartass*

Is a smartass as smart  
 — Without an ass,  
 And can an ass be smart  
     By itself,  
     Or,  
 Does it need more to be smart,  
     Ask any smartass  
     And you will hear,  
 Anyone can be a smartass,  
 But not every ass can be smart.





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\* COLOPHON \*

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