

MINDSIGHT

~ POEMS & DRAWINGS BY EUGENE MARKOWSKI ~



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Dedication

This little book of poems and drawings is dedicated to
those individuals who have in their own way
contributed to its creation.

FH, KW, HP, MG

Gene Markowski
April 2013, Washington, D.C.

because of such freedom poetry is now accessible as never before. Even so, there will always be those who keep their prejudices about poetry especially the vociferous ones who are angered by a loaded text, or a complex semantic form. I believe that if this group could be persuaded to read some of the good poetry produced today they would lose their strongly held prejudice, and actually find a certain exhilaration and pleasure, if not revelation about themselves and the world they occupy.

People are exasperated by poetry which they do not understand, and contemptuous of poetry which they understand without effort.

T. S. Eliot

No two people will ever respond to the same poem in the same way as each will bring his own set of complex associations and each will react to the vocabulary, imagery, and form of the poem according to his own psychological make-up. One of the pleasures of poetry, as well as the other arts, is that individual interpretation is always a key element; it is in its own manner the bridge between the art and the individual. Universal art is established when the participant can identify with the work of art, in a sense it brings the work of art to life that might otherwise be dead, and so it is until it is experienced.

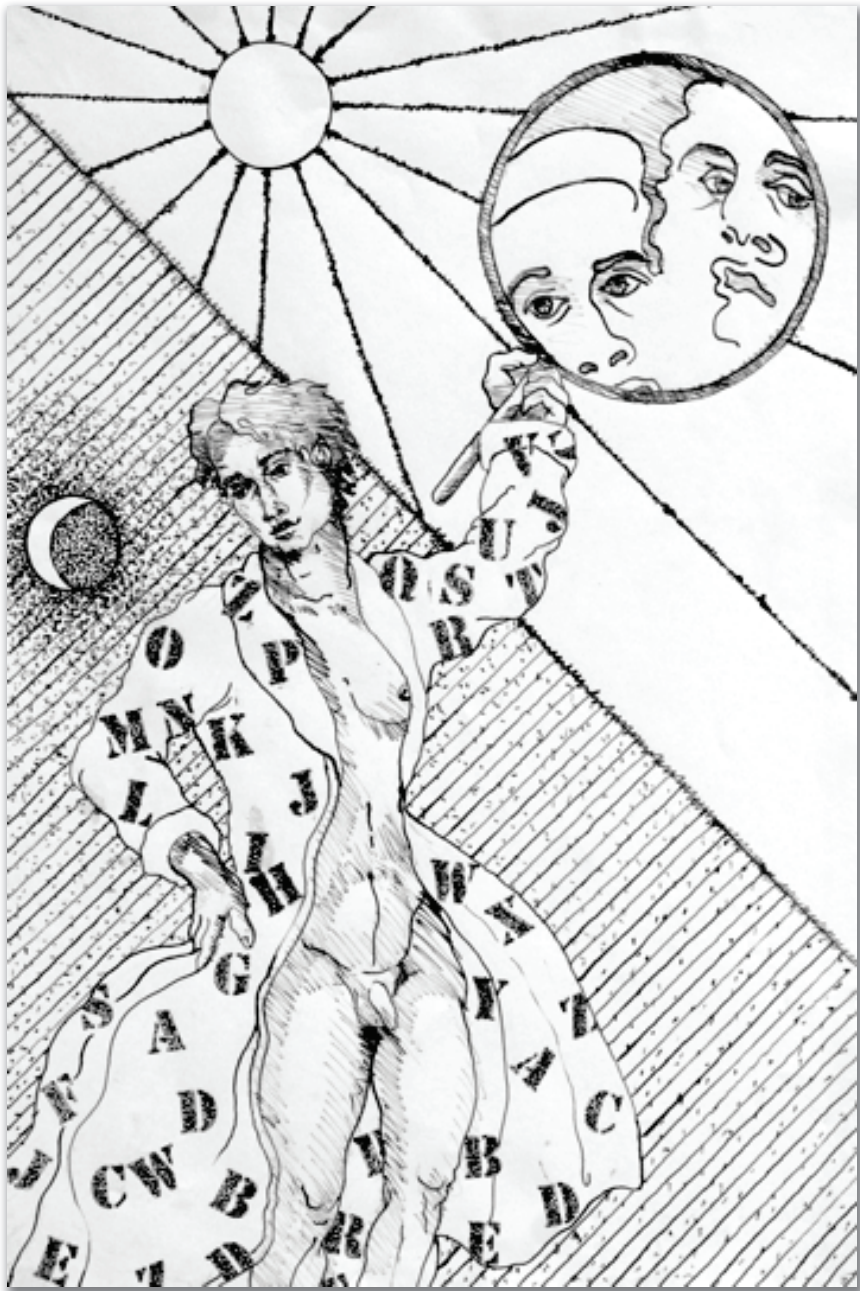
Poems are emotional wholes in which the intellect is aroused almost simultaneously with feeling. However, the mind must first focus upon the idea or subject of the work in order to allow the emotions to become part of the process of either pleasure or pain the poem generates.

Poetry...is the supreme form of EMOTIVE language.

I.A. Richards

The poems in this book have been written over a period of a year, the drawings have also been created within that time frame. There was no logical sequence in the creative process, at times the poem was a mental image, and the drawing created based on that image, while the poem was then written afterward. At other times the poem was

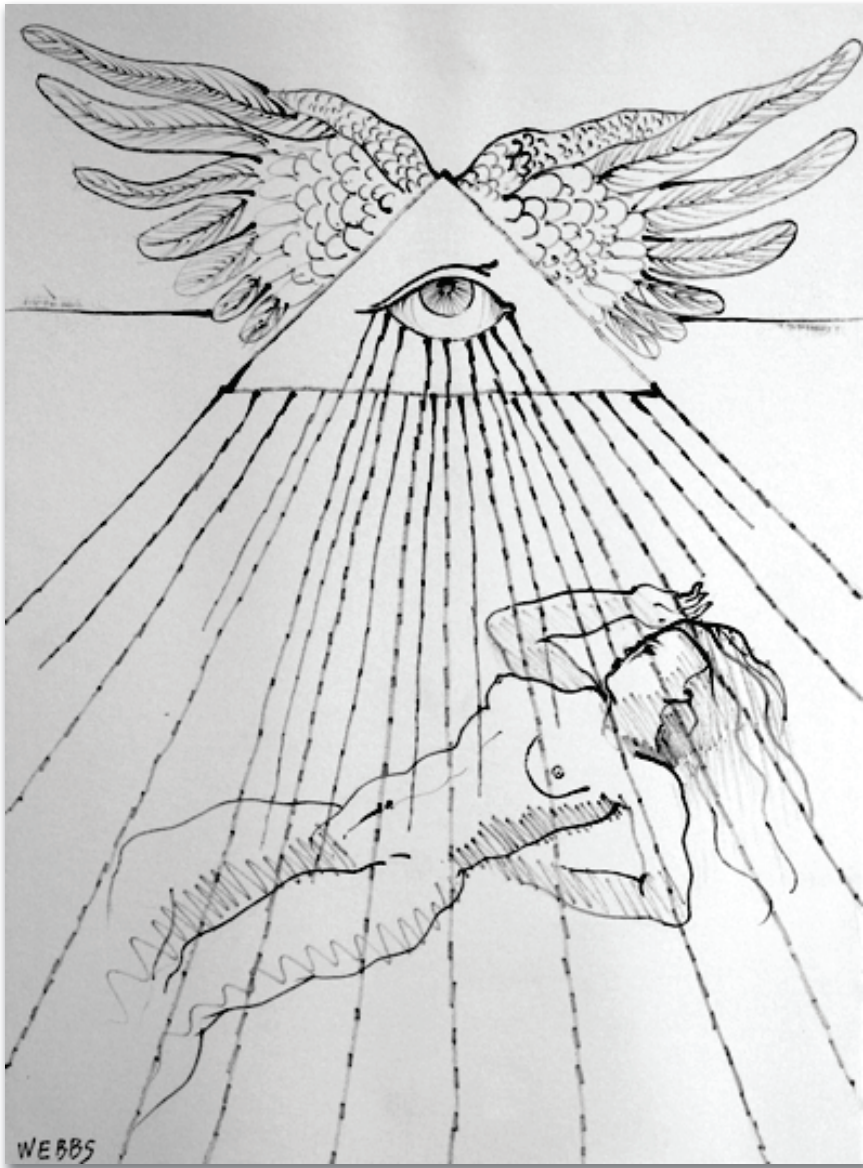




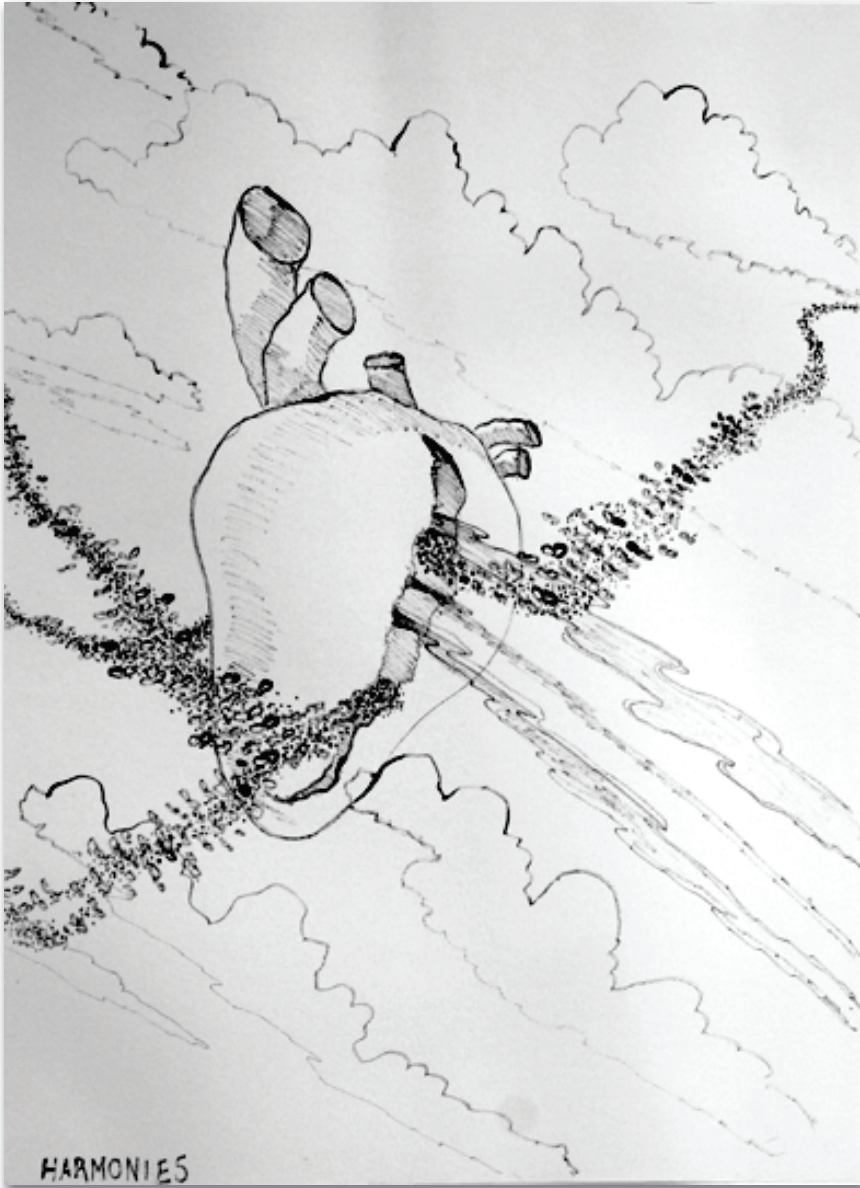


















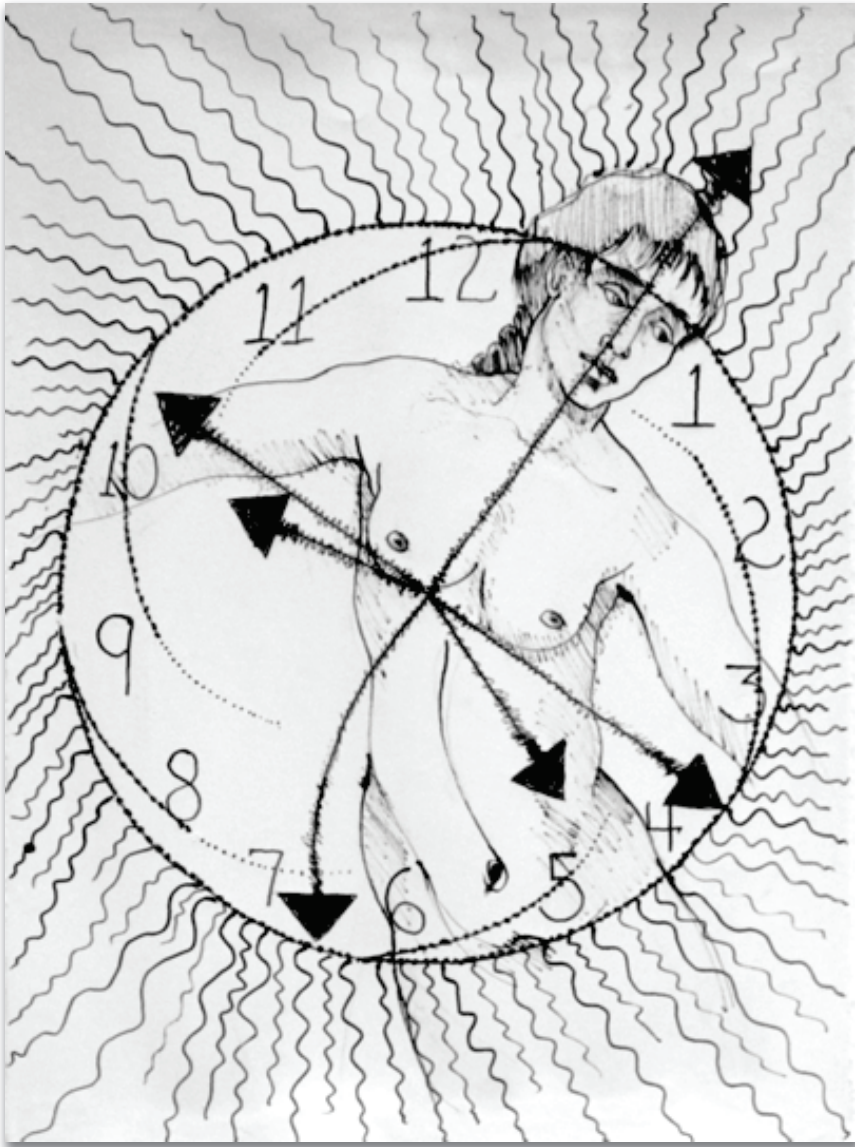


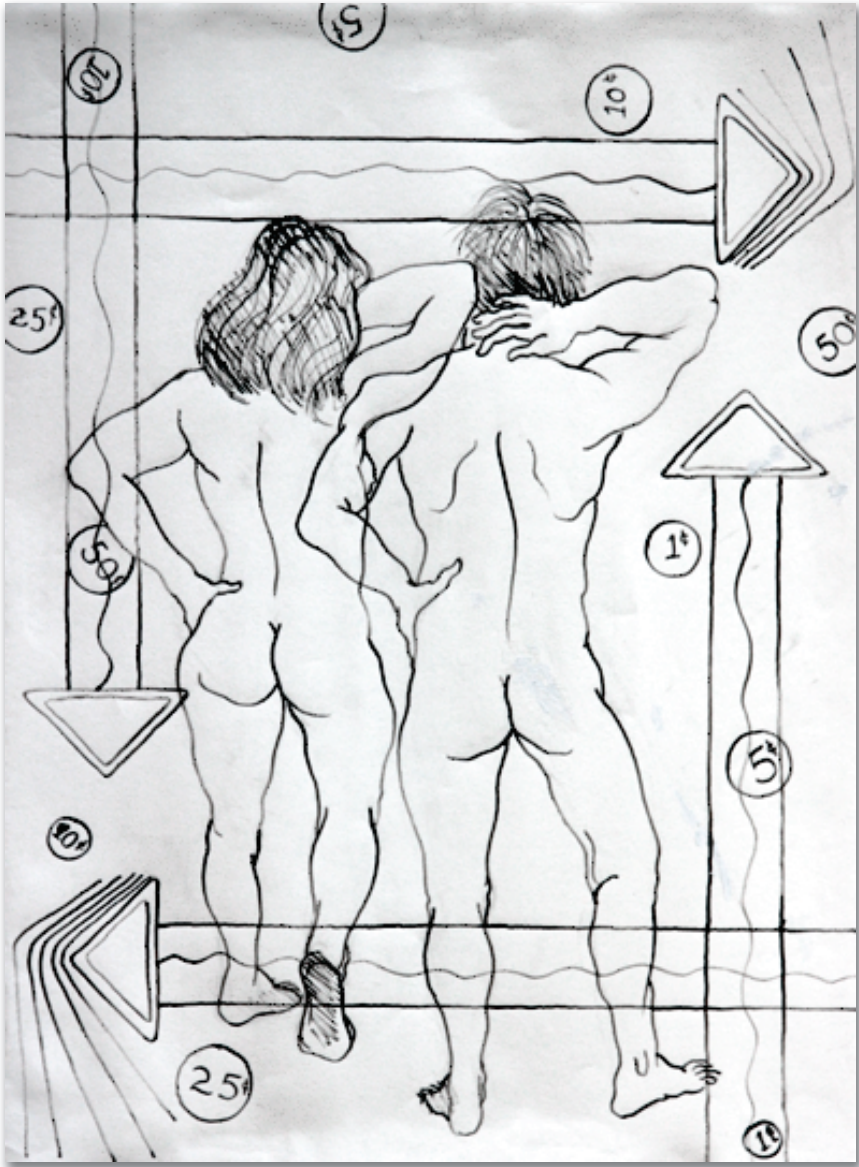


iii *Oblivion*

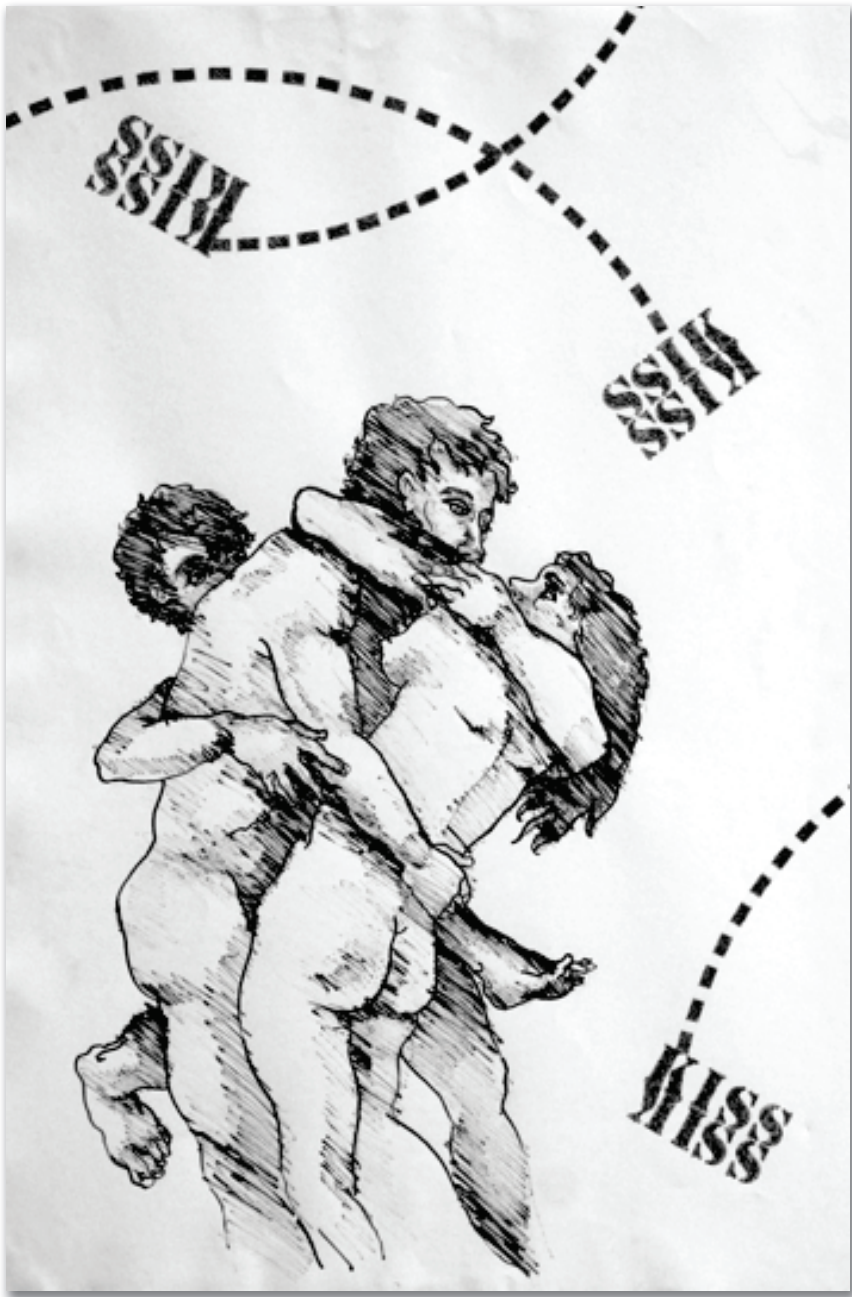
As winter slowly moved toward the portal
Of the great illusion eternal spring,
Her seductive promises
Spoken as an existential truth,
Of the disturbances in heavy and on earth,
Were taken as a forecast of disorder
In which primitive demons
Called for sacrifices
That winter willingly submitted to,
Thus dissolving what had seemed impossible,
The complementary magatamas
Were no longer the life forces for one another
And the dull mind raised to the painful truth/shattering the
golden dream,
Aberrations, abnormalities, and fits
Of darkness filled the void as a
Substitute for true living,
A neurotic escape from life into oblivion
Ended as the cosmic reconfiguration gave of itself
As a transparent symbol of the powers that
Underlie all human existence,
Revealing through sublime brilliance of light
Reason, order, and love to be found within and
Outside oneself,
The manifestation of the absolute unifier of the
Universe both transcendent and immanent who not
Only transcends but embraces all his creations,
Offers himself in all that existed and exists
Is beyond essences and existence,
Being and not being
The supreme reality inherent in the world
And all else seen and unseen,
Filling every void speaking in silence,
Listening in silence,
Summum Bonum
Revealed and exalted in all.











Kiss

Come on throw me a kiss if you dare

You'll never be the same,

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh

Straight or otherwise

A kiss is a kiss

No matter where placed

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,

I can't live without you

I can't breathe without you,

Yeah, right,

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,

Love is outta sight,

So throw me a kiss if you dare,

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.























✧ ABOUT THE DRAWINGS ✧

Original drawings are 18 x 24" Fabriano cold press,
a paper with a soft texture like blotter paper.

India ink (black) is applied with a Japanese
split bamboo drawing pen. Since the pen is not flexible
line width cannot vary by pressure of the hand to the pen.
Thus there can be no modeling as with a pencil,
making a single pen stroke essential.

The image for each drawing was lightly sketched out with a
drawing pencil; ink then was applied with the pen. Several
smaller pencil sketches were made for each poem.



* COLOPHON *

This booklet has been produced in CorelDRAW X6

Display faces: Goudy & Lithograph;

Body text is Nyala set 14 points (mostly)

Photographs of original drawings:

Canon Rebel XT / EF-S18-55mm in natural light

Photographs edited in Photo-Paint X5/X6

Photography & book design/production: Hans-Peter Guttmann

Back cover mezzotint: Andromeda Screens Filter





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