

About: **A VERSE FOR THE ELEVENTH HOUR**

Poetry nourished my intellectual and artistic development from my earliest school days. Beginning with *A Verse for the Eleventh Hour*, I connected my interest in exploring and visualizing philosophic and/or religious systems with an interest in visualizing the "word/Word" in paint.

In my 1993 series, words from the poem *The Second Coming* by William Butler Yeats were incorporated into the final artworks.

The Second Coming

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the centre cannot hold;
Mere anarchy is loosed upon the world,
The blood-dimmed tide is loosed, and everywhere
The ceremony of innocence is drowned;
The best lack all conviction, while the worst
Are full of passionate intensity.

Surely some revelation is at hand;
Surely the Second Coming is at hand.
The Second Coming! Hardly are those words out
When a vast image out of Spiritus Mundi
Troubles my sight; somewhere in sands of the desert
A shape with lion body and the head of a man,
A gaze blank and pitiless as the sun,
Is moving its slow thighs, while all about it
Reel shadows of indignant desert birds.
The darkness drops again; but now I know
That twenty centuries of stony sleep
Were vexed to nightmare by a rocking cradle,
And what rough beast, its hour come round at last,
Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

The writer Nick Tabor noted, "*The Second Coming* may well be the most thoroughly pillaged piece of literature in English" thereby implying that some of the plundering may fall short of the standards set by this great poem.

In spite of Tabor's caution I find joy in the every widening circle of artists who set loose a reference to the poem thereby contributing a vision to the worlds to come.

The preface to Joan Didion's book *Slouching Towards Bethlehem* opened with reference to the Yeats poem because certain lines had "reverberated in my inner ear as if they were surgically implanted there . . . the only images against which much of what I was seeing and hearing and thinking seemed to make any pattern."

Ensnared within my brain, the poem "*pernes in a gyre*" inside my eyes, awake and asleep, a visionary guide and nightmare scenario, a traveling companion, a friend who lightens the journey.