

MUSE IN THE MUSEUM

A NIGHT OF POETRY / MAY 2, 2024



THE MUSE IN THE MUSEUM SERIES

In the spring of 2024, the Allen invited poets of all levels from Northeast Ohio to write poems inspired by the museum's collection. This booklet contains poems by Oberlin College students and community members alike, whose words offer an opportunity to see the museum's artworks through their eyes.

The engaging mix of meaningful, playful, and creative poems demonstrate the powerful dialogue between poetry and visual art as well as how the Allen serves as a place of creative exchange between Oberlin College and the surrounding communities. Many of these poets attended an afternoon of reading and writing art-inspired poems hosted by Lynn Powell on Saturday, March 2, where they workshopped each other's poems.

ORGANIZED BY

Lynn Powell, poet

Hannah Wirta Kinney, Curator of Academic Programs

Alyssa Traster, Coordinator of Student and Community Connection

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GLANCE

CHANDA FELDMAN

Inspired by: Richmond Barthé, [Shoeshine Boy](#), 1924–28

I.

Then you read the title, which is *Head of a Negro*.

Child, you think, *a boy*, you see. His cheekbones,

high diagonals, soft with fat, padded, and the eyes
spaced apart, the remnants of a young, endearing

open-eyed look onto the world. Like a child's,
the contour rounded jaw, light cleft in the chin

with the foreshadowing of adulthood there.
The forehead will lose its smooth plain. The jaw

line will cut a defined edge you recognize
in the profile of your own son's face, pre-

adolescent, his brown skin bronze like
the bronze cast over terracotta. The sculptor left

the eyes hollowed, unfilled, yet they glance
downwards. It's the look of a boy caught

in his own thoughts, how your son looks
reckoning with his own dialectics. When you look

at the careful left-sided part sculpted in the hair,
and the curls' lap of brushed waves—you know

someone cares for the child, has taught him to care
well for himself, the hair brushed so—

II.

You can imagine—your father says,
afternoon sunlight, hitting the mute button,

in his living room arm chair, the tv news hour on,
the day's overview, which he watches faithfully,

and recounts how lives are broken, breaking,
videoed, broadcast, by which he means,

the young Black people, who he's angered to see
captured this way and exposed, and often

dead, in mind if not body, in brutal circumstances
for all to view,—he says, *who gets to turn away?*

Who's watching themselves dying? Again, and again,
he warns those closest to him;

he who is more often sunk by what it takes to live
in this country, to drive down the street, enter a store,

and so now chooses to retreat to what he sees
through the sliding glass doors:

his bright impatiens in their beds, apple trees,
to which he earlier rose on his cane and leaned

until among their snow blossoms alongside the bees,
surrounded in floral-sweet fragrance,

from where your father says, *And, no one wants you to be
bitter.* He says that the eyes of this world are closed

to so many of us. He says to you—when you are
six months into your pregnancy with your not-yet-

born son—*anywhere else, across the world, your child
may grow up, safer, intact, he says, than here at home.*

FROM HERE ON, BEYOND THIS CLAY

CONRAD BRANCH

Inspired by: Raghav Kaneria, [Child Peeking over a Wall](#), [A Curious Hen](#), [Artist at Work](#), 1970s–1980s

He presses his hands to the clay and mud,
sharply hardened and carved into a wall that hugs his home garden

At the ripe age of nine his bone to skin legs
have reached far enough up upon grayed, dusty tippy toes
for his chin to meet the top of the barrier

Those of the city see a sea of maroonish dirt
interrupted by acacias crookedly emerging
from time to time, what he sees
is where those left behind
tend to what once
was the meat of the earth

To the west his mother mends
the continuous angular patterned garments
made to be seen by a couple dozen
as a curious ruddy rooster
and a weary wandering father stand by

To the north his sisters expand
an ever blooming flattened flower upon
the slabbed pavement, their hands now covered
in pasty chalky white, they wiggle their fingers
and giggle through crooked smiles

To the east his grandmother carves
hand held icons made for no customer
in particular, with slight dents in their clay faces
for eyes, lined up by a wrinkled smile
counting out how many to give to the young ones

And to the south the boy does not see
but the humble clay hump of a home
a world of peoples line his horizon preparing for
an event captured by a single lens. But only once
the garments are mended, once the pollen is flowing And the statues
hardened. And those of the city will never see Beyond this clay

HORTUS SECRETUS

THOM DAWKINS

Inspired by: Miriam Schapiro, [*The Secret Garden*](#), 1973

What songs will you untangle here, what skein
or skin or strand for understanding?

One Serapias fecun Dodonae,
as I read it, reminds us to misread

the fertile yet spurless orchid flowers
perhaps as the fecund cordiferus,

the one that bears our hearts like Anubis
when we've done with them, while the syncretic

Serapias spurs thoughts of greenery gone dormant,
the pitying god that winters us.

Where is the plough? Where is the song?
The heart lies outside the figure, if a heart

it has become, lost in the amber cloud
coming forward, going out, receding,

moving on. This call to the work of
our father, the pressed lips of our mother's

harmony, the open throats that screamed
or sang as iterations of love. Can we find the shape

of love on so blasted a canvas? Will anything
ever assemble in the assemblage?

Where here is the nexus, where here the womb
from whence identity springs? Several

strands I see on several fronds on which
your future might flower. As you gather,

what catches the eye catalogs the heart.

KAKIEMON FOR KIKU SAN

CINDI BYRON-DIXON

Inspired by: Japanese, [*Kakiemon Quatrefoil-Shaped Dish*](#), 19th century

A small pair of dishes hang
Side-by-side in the museum display.
Suddenly my mind is no longer where my feet are.
It is with her.
Grandma.
Grandma Kiku.
Her home was like a museum display,
A gallery dedicated to her homeland.
In my mind's eye I clearly see
colorful artwork,
Paintings, ceramics, and fabrics,
Delicate watercolors, dripping, flowing.
Bold patterns, evoking, exclaiming.
I can almost smell the tempura cooking and
Taste the bite of the rice crackers she served.
I remember her kimono
And the sandals on her feet.
I recall her warmth and generosity,
And the way she made me feel.
I remember her photo albums,
And the questions that I asked.
What is this?
Who is she?
Where were you?
Now, years later as I reflect,
Those questions seem mundane.

Nothing below the surface,
Icebreakers at best.
I wish now I would have asked,
How did you feel?
What is that like?
Why did this happen?
So much I see in these small dishes
Make me feel I failed somehow.
I failed to really know her.
I didn't ask the right questions, no,
I was too young to know what to ask.
I long to know her story now.
How she lived.
Who she was.
What drove her decisions.
I failed to really know her.
I truly wish I'd known
What questions I should ask.

AN ALIEN'S RETURN

HAZEL FELDSTEIN

Inspired by: David Burliuk, [The Bridge](#), 1921

Some is new, Some is always new.

Does the difference disquiet?

That identifies a traveler.

Can she stare down the four-eyed vaticinator?

Comprehend pandemonium as a stranger's thunder? She arrives with excitement, not recoil.

The well wandered is aware

Diaspora breeds similarities.

He knows fingerprinted hills are dark in all corners.

He's seen trees testudo against slipping flares.

Messages home contain sincere *you'd love it here's*

For we love to settle in the new but recognizable,

To recreate our inherited vistas.

The power lines, the trafficked road, the peaks blue with distance.

A standalone structure, oscillating by decade from shelter to home.

And of course, the bridge.

The bridge will outlast us all.

An established horizon, A purple welcome.

Ancestored by aqueducts now facilitating lift off.

Preserving it's known below from us, arrivals.

Humming:

"Yes, Some is new. Some is always the same too."

ABLAZE

PETER FRAY-WITZER

Inspired by: French, [*Ormolu Andirons in the Form of Male and Female Chinese Figures Seated on a Support of Rocaille Work*](#), ca. 1750

imagine them: lovers in that golden sunroom
where everything is steeped in crepuscule, until
even their hands gleam—they each have one
extended, and the other dropped by their waists:
Hers as if to drop a stone into a waiting palm,
while *it* must be carrying their little messages—
that little songbird, flitting across the room a
luscious, pulsing slab of meat.
it can't grasp it,
when, for example, She closes her eyes,
and She
is ablaze.

at the end of the day,
they are painted gold by the fading light.
for the flitting bird,
His hand and her hand reach out—
His is a waiting palm, expectant. and oh,
the bird, sailing back and forth,
in front of the red marble trim, which looks like
it doesn't understand (the sweet thing)
the honeyed talk it sings into the lovers' ears;
He reclines in the carved oak chair, and
sighs, *oh darling, look, the room, our room*

THE BACKWARD GLANCE OF THE WOMAN LEADING HER CHILD TO THE CURTAIN

MOLLY GABRIEL

Inspired by: Uuriintuya Dagvasambuu, [Pandemic Diptych](#), 2021

My eye wanders,
avoids filling in
the details of your face
covered by
cloth, a gloved hand
reaching toward us.
I cling to
your wrist, you are all
I have and even you
are not permanent, but
I can't see that
if I gaze past
the blue of each one
of your faces.

BOP: TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS

ELLIE HOLT

Inspired by: Jeffrey Gibson, [TRY A LITTLE TENDERNESS](#), 2023

Little glass things, the vibrancy of living!
Born to be Alive! Don't you know?
Zap my eyes, raised clacking over velvet
the hypnosis of black and white kissing ossified orange-indigo neon
it plays tricks on the eyes, colliding movement shocked
into a still-rippling of arrows, patterned lines

Try A Little Tenderness

I think about my body on Earth's soil.
Dirty Air Kills! Is it springtime now?
Sod marking my hands. Ants on my legs. Sweet perfumed winds.
Plastic fork in the road. Cigarette butts, the nouveau fertility symbol.
Car exhaust. Exhaustion. I roll over in the sun-
a February heat wave. A consequential temperate rainforest.
I feel It fighting back. It's going to collapse into rest
and the fever will break in the night.

Try A Little Tenderness

3 feet away. 6 feet away. 12 feet away.
You are being watched, or aren't you?
By stoney-eyed half-alert smiles.
Is any oval a mirror to the introspective?
Is any person who calls you out a snake?
Could you try it, even if success was uncertain?

DRAWN

MAUREEN BRADY JOHNSON

Inspired by: Joseph Wright of Derby, [*Dovedale by Moonlight*](#), 1784–85

He is drawn across the room to the painting.
She is pulled from the worn wooden bench in the middle of the gallery.
They know this piece is something more.

That exact moment when clouds part and frame the moon,
the moon sheds its light on the river,
the water reflects it upward
to the limestone tower shaped by the river
caught
captured
by an artist who knows the difference between
raw umber, alizarin crimson and titanium white.

Side by side they stand and yet
they are alone on the bank of a deftly painted canvas
with an artist who knows painting moonlight
is very different than painting sunlight
an artist who can seduce two people closer
and closer
and closer still
drawn to that solitude
like the clouds to the moon
the moon to the river
the river to the valley.

THE ARROWS OF TERMINUS EST

DENNIS KING

Inspired by: Hendrick ter Brugghen, [*St. Sebastian Tended by Irene*](#), 1625

Irene tends to St Sebastian
Loosens a bond, sets an arm free
 The arrows embedded deep

The arrows that whistled in flight
Arrowheads that gleamed
Feathered furies
 Are buried in his mortal night

He cried out
A yell that breaks this reality
 Into shards of pain on pain on pain

* * *

By Time's Arrows are we martyred
Pierced through
Till God loosens our bonds
 And sets us free

GOYA DIPTYCH

DIANE KENDIG

Inspired by: Francisco José de Goya y Lucientes, [Los Caprichos \[sixth edition\]](#), 1799; [Se aprovechan \(They Make Use Of Them\)](#), plate 16 from the series *Los Desastres de la Guerra (The Disasters of War)*, ca. 1810–20, published 1863

i. Los Caprichos

A cento

Fantasy, united with reason is...the origin of marvels.
Love chimed the saints and the angels and the mermaids.
Fantasy, abandoned by reason, produces impossible monsters.
Hate, shrieked the gunmetal priestess.
MONSTER EYES SO EVIL/ MONSTER EYES WATCHING.
In order to hear the birds, the warplanes must be silent.
Down they dive, spouting their flames from under,
Beating their heavy wings of owlsh gray.
They scare the singing birds of earth away
...They flap their hideous wings in grim delight.
How to speak to a man who does not see you,
Who sees ogres, satyrs, perhaps the depth of hell itself?
He does not look up into the ever-changing expanse of morning,
Lighting the secret ways we selve our works and days.

ii. *Se aprovechan*

“We have come for the bodies of the slain, wishing to bury them in observance of the universal law...” —Euripides, ca. 423 BCE

The Platsdarm collect bodies from Ukraine’s battlefields,
men who died in summer uniforms buried under
men who died in winter uniforms,
to exchange Russian remains for Ukrainian remains.

My father-in-law whose boat got lost on D-Day
spent the week after tending to the dead bodies.
He never told his son, my husband, till the day
they saw *Saving Private Ryan* together.

I found my own father’s black and white photos
and asked what the rags were. He took them away,
said he’d tell me when I was older. And he did,
but he never published them, then or ever.

Goya never published these either, but collected them,
under *The Disasters of War*, eighty-two accounts
of what he saw near Saragossa. In this one,
at the Allen, he saw piles of bodies, and three

of the muscular corpses, dead and yet writhing,
are being stripped of their clothes by the enemy.
He’s recreated the scene with drypt, burin, and burnisher,
and titled it, by hand, *Se aprovechan* which translates,

Taken Advantage Of, as all fallen and the captured are.
He’s etched it onto a plate to make copies that echo
through the centuries, stays with us as it always has
with the survivors. If only we will look. Look.

THE BAPTIST

CAROLYN LEIBOVICH

Inspired by: Tanzio da Varallo, [St. John the Baptist](#), ca. 1618

“So completely, oh my beloved whom I yearn after, has Almighty God filled my soul...with love for thee...it cannot rest.”

–St. Anselm, in a letter to his “friend” William, circa 1074

I am here red silk-rosen adorned,
inside out I bloom, young, just beyond nakedness,
I am lustful for life and emphatic of passion,
Deep are the divots of my body,
Deep are the movements of my soul.

Dear God,
Let me lead and serve a loving life.
Let my wanting be holy and my body be sacred –
Let him kiss me softly with the brush of his lips
and cradle in the crook of his arm.
I am moved at his touch –
and how can it be so wrong?

I am that overripe fig bursting juices at seams,
I am that sparrow picking its seeds,
I am the lamb and I am
the arm that holds the lamb.

Oh you whom my soul loves,
we are beyond worship,
beyond watery salvation,
and yet it is Heaven here with you,
and I imagine God must be happy
for us both.

WINTER MOON LILY

LAYLA MORRIS

Inspired by: Joseph Raffael, [Winter Moon Lily](#), 1979

Bejeweled cluster, fingers outstretched
Patchy light rests on the surface
Flames that hide inside the furnace
Hints tangerine and pinkish red
The other buds are left for dead
Swallowed by the inky curtains
Made of marsh and sky's convergence
A single blazing crystal head

The Master had so many flowers
He never singled out the best
Canvases the size of towers
Left ample room for all the rest
Single lily's light devours
Absorbs grandfather's final breath

FROM START TO FINISH

MICHELLE PHILLIPS FAY

Inspired by: Italian, [*Marquetry Chest with Geometric Pattern and Architectural Perspectives*](#), ca. 1500

It seems as if I have spent a lifetime collecting things

Not the least of which are memories

I stored most things inside a beautifully carved wooden chest

The rest inside my own

This elaborate piece of woodwork was gifted to me by my parents

It is called a hope chest

For me, it housed childhood trinkets and adolescent interests

For them, it held their hopes for my future as a wife and mother

I can still recall that summer when I began to fill it with my own hope

It was the first time I looked upon you

I hoped in my deepest recesses that you would notice me

And when you did my heart flooded with excitement

I still remember the flitting butterfly wings inside my stomach

It felt as if they were carving a path straight to my heart

I sat next to my chest and ran my fingers along its intricate grooves

As I retraced the moment of our first meeting

Somehow you managed to carve a memory as detailed as the craftsman

And I longed for it to endure for the life of this chestnut beauty

I leaned into the heavy lid as I penned my first missive to you

My words took the form of poetry – an ode to burgeoning hope

Drawing strength from its firm foundation, I mustered the courage to mail it

Then came the hardest part, waiting for a response

I was uncertain as to how my feelings would be received

Until I received the poem you wrote for me in return

Immediately after reading it, I carefully placed it inside the chest

It was no longer a large wooden box with fanciful designs

That day, it became the repository of all my hopes and dreams

A single piece of paper possessed the promise of a lifetime with you

I never shared the knowledge of you with anyone, not even my parents
I savored the intimacy that came with keeping you all to myself
Our pattern of secret communication was tricky, intricate and deep
Much like the geometric designs I see when writing to you
The warm tone of the wood complements my mood in these moments
I know I am carrying a torch, but its flame keeps me warm

Why have I not received word from you for so long? I am left to wonder
Did miscommunication lead to missed communications?
My letters are returned unopened, marked addressee unknown
What a lie! I know the best part of you – the part you do not easily reveal
These letters are kept inside the chest, awaiting the day of hand delivery by me
Until then, the locked box is the perfect resting place after the covert travels

Do you want to know another secret? I read the letters from time to time
I am careful not to smudge the ink, lest I render my words illegible
Lately, I can barely see the words I wrote with my own hand
Memory aids me as my eyes have grown dim with age
But enduring love shines ever bright, even on the darkest days
This love is the only thing that illuminates the world for me
Soon illness will shroud the very light of life altogether
Now, I watch as my parents quietly empty the contents of my chest

I have asked to be buried in my unparaded hope chest
And with me my entire clandestine collection
My body will rest comfortably inside the cavernous crate
There is enough room for my love and hope in the afterlife
I hope to look upon you again in the coming lifetime
So we can finish what we started

MICHEL SWEERTS: SELF PORTRAIT

ANNE PALMER

Inspired by: Michiel Sweerts, [Self-Portrait](#), ca. 1656

I see you just as you wanted —
handsome, strong, elegant,
with warm eyes, hint of a smile,
brushes and palette in graceful fingers.

You are looking at you in 1656,
ready to add that final brush stroke.
Today, relaxed, approachable,
you are looking at me.

Did you imagine people years ahead
would see you? Did you imagine
we might fall in love centuries later
with your tender face and hands?

Paint me, Michiel Sweerts,
paint me cheerful, strong, and kind
the way I want to be remembered.

(But do give me glorious 21st century
eyelashes.)

RETIRED MAN AND HIS WIFE AT HOME IN A NUDIST CAMP ONE MORNING IN N.J.

MARY QUADE

Inspired by: Diane Arbus, [*Retired Man and his Wife at Home in a Nudist Camp One Morning in N.J.*](#)
[*On the Television Set are Framed Photographs of Each Other*](#), from the portfolio *A Box of Ten Photographs*, 1963

“A photograph is a secret about a secret.
The more it tells, the less you know.” —Diane Arbus

In our own home, we are always naked.
Settle into your favorite chair,
have a cup of tea; let's share our
soft and simple secrets. The morning light
gropes in the open door, and I can tell
I need to sweep the dirt we've
tracked inside. The curtains
here are hazy sheers, and if I
stand close enough, I can peer
right through them to the trees
that cast these shadows. Leave
the television off; the shows
embarrass me, all those actors
pretending. But look! On top of the console—
this is a photograph
of a younger me, framed, my breasts
enclosed in glass. And this is you,
in black and white, silver gelatin
penis suspended on paper, a negative
exposed. And this
is a pretty, but broken, clock,
the hands on its face forever posed
in their quiet places.

(FAMILIAR) FIGURE IN STRIPED SHADOW

MATTIAS ROWENBALE

Inspired by: Marsha Burns, [#45259, Reclining Figure in Striped Shadow](#),
from the portfolio *Dreamers*, 1978–80

Every body that I have ever known

in striped shadows, shrouded
in a thick haze of
summer's sweat and drawn
blinds, as though our ways of
knowing belong, truly belong
only in these moments:

The subject's face obscured.
The sheets scattered.
The eyes half-shut.

Of course, we are
Greco-Roman in the nature
of our loving,
stone, soft to the touch,
draping as a means
of tenderly binding our bodies

together in shadow.

But between the winged, suckling gazes,
Only I saw
How inadvertently you pulled the meadow's weaves
And how it set all
Upon you."

We wind up the fallen tower,
I am wound around your arm
Me an earth child
Catching warmth
 and you mesatone to the dark
A heaven strewn star garden.

I watched as your freckled helioglobe
Winter away in the spring dawn,
As you chased
 I am amazed
ludicrous warmth.

O, to extort
a measured cataphaton.

Magic net spiraled in and you pull taut, but I know the likes
Of silken darkness mellowing in your shadows.
I had been one, the neptune of my eyes becoming yours for a while.

Honey do you believe me...
I see
A hundred thunderstorms turning heads and play-fins to your sour, puckering sky;
 Honeyed lips *all caving.*
I had forgotten away our helio-globe as I watched and watched
As you brew
lumens and caught
Fireflies,
 Gently, so gently
In your tousled glass mane

Oh M.,
Crazed heart, won't you
Be a fairy upon my brow
If I close my eyes,
Would your L-carvone convince me of the sky after it had cried.
And I sat waiting for the breath of night
To bereave me,
Enlighten you

Might be a glistening
Hurting scent that grazes my lungs
Intact
Conjuring the passing of night

The golden dew still pours
Pooling as I stare down and into
The pieces of bouncing water,
Hauling my vision to a forecast
Of you

Might be a feather upon the heart
Of the creature I hold dearest
Snow flurried snoozes
As the feather blanket weighs and weighs.

P. S.

I stayed with you
Prickly seeds sprouting and flying away in arms of armor
Until I saw that last ascension
Until you started burning
So much like the mirrors beneath my roots.

Doubled over hearts,
Littlest of heartstrings twitching,
Mine.

ARTFUL DANCING

IHOR SUSZKO

Inspired by:

Richmond Barthé, [African Head](#), ca. 1935

Richmond Barthé, [Shoeshine Boy](#), 1924–28

Isamu Noguchi, [Portrait Head of Thornton Wilder](#), 1932

Käthe Kollwitz, [Selbstbildnis \(Self Portrait\)](#), 1936

Pablo Picasso, [Head of a Woman \(Fernande Olivier\)](#), ca. 1906

Italian, [St. Sebastian](#), ca. 1500

French, [Bishop Adelelme Standing on a Lion, from the Benedictine Abbey Church at Les Moreaux, France](#), 1142–55

Chinese, [Tomb Sculpture of Ox-cart with Attendants](#), 600–625

Chinese, [Seated Bodhisattva](#), 6th century

Chinese, [Seated Buddha, probably Yaoshifo \(Bhaisajyaguru, Medicine Master Buddha\)](#), 11th–12th century

Egyptian, [Head from a Sistrum \(musical instrument\)](#), 664–525 BCE

François-Auguste-René Rodin, [The Prodigal Son](#), ca. 1905

Artfully, dancing my way

Through the galleries.

Twirling, pausing, listening and

Seeing sooo many faces.

Random faces, very many faces.

African first, then an American face.

Thorton Wilder and Kollwitz.

A young woman...look, over there, with Picasso.

Around we turn to a space where there's a

Saint, Sebastian, who has ignored his

Tortured body.

He's ready to twist the night away.

A short two step out, see the

Bishop, a Frenchman, who seems

To have lost his mind, and head.

Then around the corner there is the ox cart
with an attendant; and grooms
both donned with hats and smiles,
hiding behind the mustaches.

Then there is Bodhisatt, head lowered sideways,
finding a path towards a peaceful
Smiling Buddha. Devas ready to
Embrace you, dance with you.

Ears follow the music then find
Tiny faces of people, pets upon
Instruments, playing the songs.

My feet move on their own, pushed by the notes
To see a young man looking up.
I cannot see the face, but
clearly he's in a hurry to leave the dance.
Tired, ready to go back home.

He knows, they all know, that there will be another time
To find a place,
where I can artfully dance my way through a gallery.

SECRET GARDEN

JACOB STRAUSS

Inspired by: Miriam Schapiro, [The Secret Garden](#), 1973

Burn around within iridescence and the splotch, he said. Hot pastel, not pastel, what is the shine that alarms you, you said. Hovering is nothing if you put your mind to it, if you cinch and sew and needle the arteries, the inarticularities of a need felt softly like softer grasses slipping up and under the back of your shirt and unhooking the last two latches on the gate and opening it and cupping the heat of the caldera of the bloom and bringing it up to mouth and eyes, he said. And silence is. Fleeing guards. Who is that speaking, you said. You said something, you said. In read testimony, two constants, two consonances adding to forms, lips and shouldermounds, gardening the voices in the arteries. There is no beast permitted. Not even the one looking through the screen, through the interest of his own possession. Oh this cannot be love, you said. This is love, this is the most felt, the most in need, he said. He said the hairs of his body blossomed and wrapped her, and in sense she could not be free, in body she grabbed his arm and pushed away, and when he did not push or pull or hold, she still could not be free. You do not love, you said. You do want to know, he said. Five years ago, you said. There is no ago, there is only middle, this pastoral, this feature in a pattern, a truce between what was left and what is made in the place of its former resolutions to dress the memory of the lake and the memory of the dream of the lake where your child held the hands of his parents and felt the wind lifting the hair on his nape. Then the revolution killed him. All of our children died in the revolution, he said. Did you carry him, you said. He could not find him, he remembered. The expressions of the wordless child carried the momentum of the eye. He waved his hand and brought his hand to his brow, molding it, then smoothing it softly, like the felt dry upon the air. He said he carried her to the middle and placed her in a web of ferns, and he set his feet in the artery carrying the tree to its root. Putting arms across it lit it, the tear of its ligaments laced it hot and round. The manifold trills picked from the wood cracked and splintered, feasting on smoke. He said, The terrain changes beneath, it could be anything, sometimes it is a rock, a wall, an opposite that yields no fertile air, the oxygen burned up; sometimes it is a dense and lonely call from the hill over which no man can walk or bend.

the 1990s, the number of people in the UK who are aged 65 and over has increased from 10.5 million to 13.5 million, and the number of people aged 75 and over has increased from 4.5 million to 6.5 million (Office for National Statistics 2000). The number of people aged 85 and over has increased from 1.5 million to 2.5 million in the same period.

There is a growing awareness of the need to address the needs of the elderly population, and the need to ensure that the elderly are able to live independently in their own homes for as long as possible. This has led to a number of initiatives, including the development of home care services, the establishment of care homes, and the development of community care services. The aim of this paper is to review the current state of research on the needs of the elderly population, and to discuss the implications for policy and practice.

2. Introduction

The elderly population in the UK is growing rapidly, and this has led to a number of initiatives, including the development of home care services, the establishment of care homes, and the development of community care services. The aim of this paper is to review the current state of research on the needs of the elderly population, and to discuss the implications for policy and practice. The paper is organized as follows: first, we discuss the current state of research on the needs of the elderly population; second, we discuss the implications for policy and practice; and finally, we discuss the need for further research.

2.1. Needs

The needs of the elderly population are complex and multifaceted. They include physical, psychological, and social needs. Physical needs include the need for adequate nutrition, hydration, and rest. Psychological needs include the need for a sense of purpose, self-esteem, and control. Social needs include the need for social contact, support, and companionship. The needs of the elderly population are often unmet, and this can lead to a number of problems, including isolation, depression, and poor health.

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