

Broken Spirit Whole



This painting began completely underwater, a lake of purple rain, spending late winter 2018 outside in my NJ studio on the edge of the forest

I was looking for the color between blue and violet, but knew that it would have to find me, a pure form, not the in between a pure blueviolet that had the voice I could hear
Between heart and mind, a dream melody of chromatic correspondence like a Rothko Yesterday

Every rain would completely erase everything I 'tried' to paint, until I stopped trying to paint, stopped trying to hold any image, just let it rain and added deep purple and blue dye, and watched the sky's indigo variations moving into dusk or cloud behind the trees in the reflection

The piece suddenly was about the trees, about that Springsteen invocation at the end of 'Born to Run' when he goes back to his childhood street in Freehold to find that the copper beech tree he climbed as a child had been cut down, then staring up into the starry night, sensing that the vanished tree was actually still there, full of souls, music levitating, voices, ancestors, reappearing fathers, legends, sea grit squalls of the gut, spirit reunion & the Big Man

And I recalled the first time I was in the forest of giant trees, alone staring into the night, I saw the purple behind the darkness, the empty sky fullness, some compassionate feel of space between the stars beyond the ideas of void and life

Winter of 17, I was learning the way of the glass artist from my father, who was in brilliant form, in a cabin on the river in Phoenicia and together, we constructed the Angel of Becoming, glacial blue womb of every potential

I was making glass River Spirits, looking where 2 Rivers merged and with a glint of light, like a aqualine naga jumping briefly from the river, I arrived at the form, an aspect of the eternal, differentiating just before returning to the River

The last River Spirit I made, looking at the Esopus before going
on a winter ride with my Dad to the source of the river, up
Panther mountain, where gravity is lessened somehow due to a
Devonian meteorite impact, with no gas, broke

The Esopus is a Circle, we realized, again

I placed one half of the broken river spirit into the circle and
one half mysteriously ended up within one of my father's
wildest assemblages, later when he started assemblaging
everything in his new backyard in NJ and spray painting them
ekto green, orange and lemon breeze yellow, like the Joker in
Batman 1 listening to Prince and ACDC (It's still there)

The days got longer and the purple blue lake dried around the
Broken Spirit, drawing it into the circle

But the color wasn't right anymore

Years went by, everything changed again

Z and I went to Red Hook just before Xmas 2021

I painted on the hill after the rain had loosed up the magenta
dye into a pool of violet red, Z was deep in a prayer meditation
outside facing the sun

The trees that were there and vanished reflected in the pool,
oak maple beech, and the image came to me like a long wave:

*A tree of light grows from the center of the earth, through my
heart and yours at once and through every multitude, growing
through our crown into the sister stars and spirit whales of
Love, in a correspondence of light and beauty, growing slowly
into every growing, every softening and listening*

*The moon as we breathe and ingest its light teaches us to self
illuminate, that the answers lie within and in a compassionate
self-loving perception, of taking the blinding fire of life and
shining a gold beholding light*

*every broken spirit in me is drawn in your Love to the circle,
becoming some pantheon of light, of the color of our crown
stained glass oculus, the violets and blue indigo into
steady deep thin translucent eternity*

Just before the full moon, we were in a goddess circle of
ceremony, the fam of light chiming in to support our highest
soul journeys, visions uttered were floating or deep within the
violet waters, these colors inside the spirits and surrounding
them were bridges, touches, wedding invitations of the infinite,
like a gps for spiraling and dissolving into the Great Atman, like
the Beloved's first heartbroken song, like reaching into the
black hole while dozing off among swans on the Ananta Shesha

As I painted I realized how embedded all this history was into
the texture, pigment and vanished reflection, how it was
impossible to tell the whole story, but that each moment of the

paintings evolution was contained in a potential enlightening, a seeing

I could paint without any expectation of an end and
All would faintly deepen the violet for your eyes to delight

We talked later in the tub under the freezing stars of a myth,
our story for the new earth, where a girl can see a color
between violet and blue, and within this color an enlightened
world building vision, one where
every broken spirit fit































