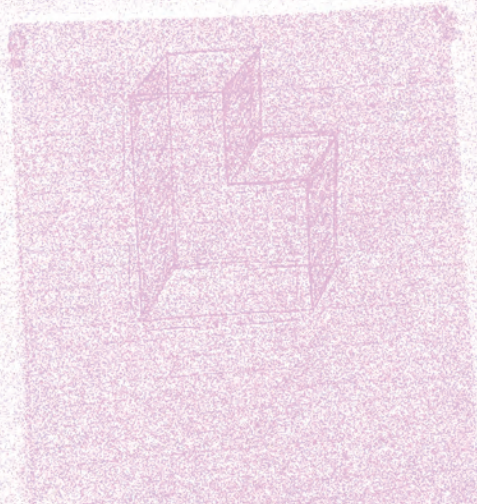
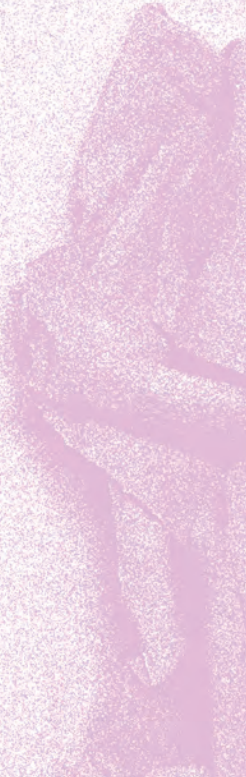




*Half*

*Knot*





*Glossary*

blooms are my clock

bleached, bruised blooms

the body with no body

the edge

handles of cups

shapes and distinctions



*After Equinox*

blue—green and light is dusk  
I'm supposed to enjoy this moon, but  
I'm irritable  
later, the neighbor is  
outside  
ripping the grass  
seeds everywhere  
as we watch animals convene  
on the half mowed lawn  
that looks like a mohawk



*Half Knot*

split hairs  
against the mirror  
make a plan to stare  
at the light forever  
stretched out like a bow  
double knots  
loops falling



*Questions*

are you alright

you walk through glass

golden hour

pine needle

old wind



*Vertical Thinking*

dusk consoles the room

flower

too close to the bed

printing pollen dust on

sheets

before long orange pieces fall

onto the old carpet





*At Length*

rearranging myself  
in different angles  
to measure inner spaces  
against the wing span of flowers  
to bend with massive leaves  
like orange  
meeting crimson  
that visual alchemy  
gold the color and gold the metal  
like in the greatest landscape painting  
the kind where light has weight



*Like Dust*

10. we walk in circles

11. clockwise, counter-clockwise

4. your l-o-n-g shadows

14. edge of sky

6. constellations

42. necklace of light

*Humidity and Humility*

a hole in the ocean  
and bridges expand  
in filthy July  
heat  
too hot  
for wetsuit  
to assess the damage  
so the bridge  
will sway



*Trash Composition*

it's been raining all day  
on  
and off  
and the quietness  
is alarming  
things on the ground  
become  
a kind of  
neon architecture  
against puddles  
blue reflected in brown  
concrete, a little cold  
these long  
black marks  
across  
my page  
drowning dashes

*Thoughts on Holes*

Fill the holes or the holes hang loose

Holes to feel whole



*Well-Worn and Soft*

the moon is amazing and pink  
beating half stuff  
a neat half circle  
Thrashing/ Washing  
and completely unexpected  
birds on a jacket  
gestures on your shoulder  
that remind me  
in the photo, the sun was too strong  
it blew out the details  
into bleached shapes  
but we can close our eyes  
but we don't need this ending





*Reservoir*

sometimes

I lie

in all four chambers

of the heart

*Weather Watching*

it's weird how  
sad things  
release  
more sad things  
mysterious seeds  
flat blue sky  
swaying swaying swaying  
mouth like a perfect oval  
talk about the wind being majestic  
against electric trees







*Running Eyes*

to be

in a place

of not knowing

a container

of Violet

and Ochre

light

*Failure on Monday*

its ok

to break glass

there are

many ways

to look

at a day

January

night

bare trees

soft

like velvet

smoke

or something

what I mean is

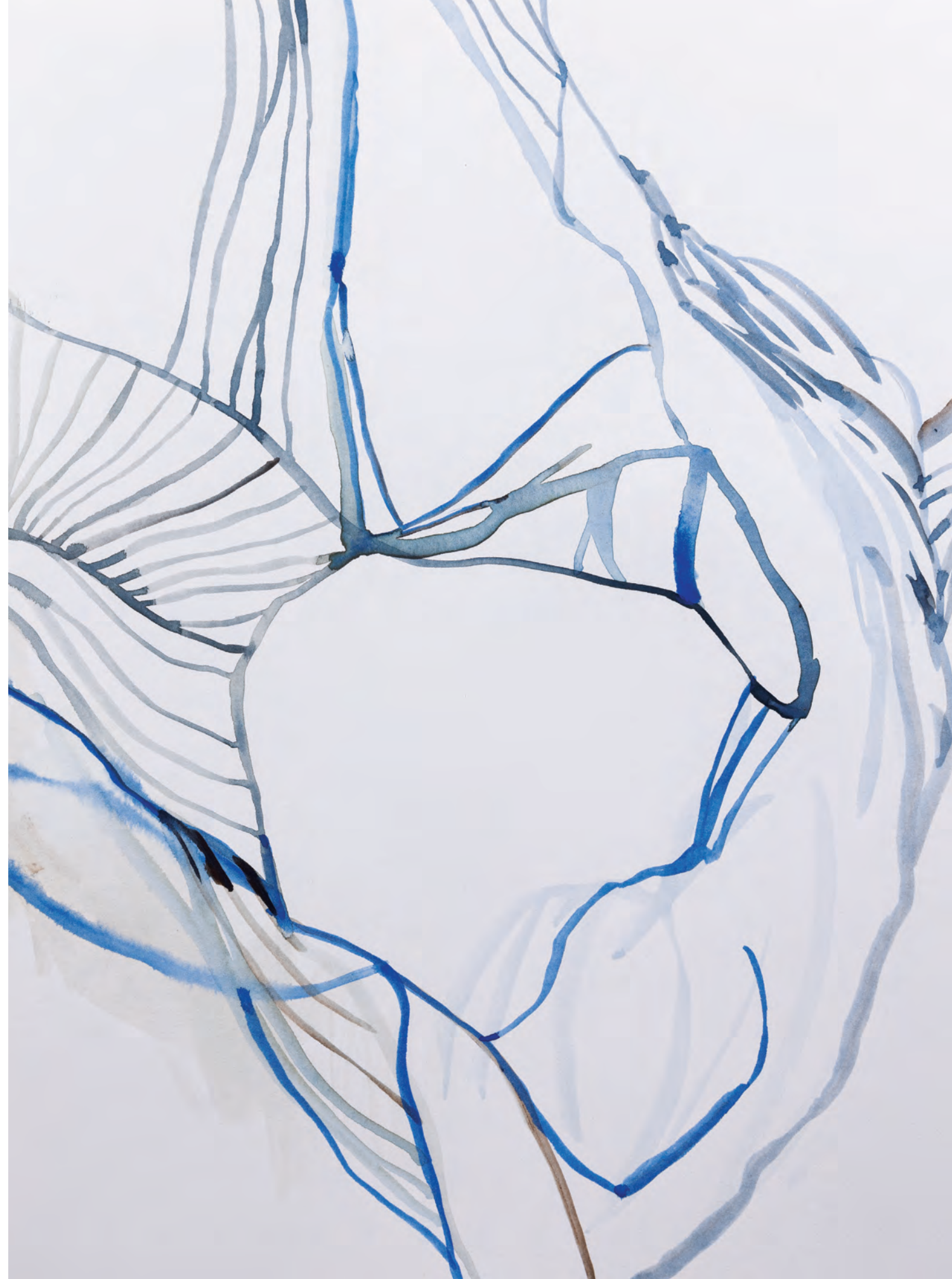
late winter

is a ship

with creaky floors

*Four O'Clocks*

to whom it may concern  
somewhere near a mountain and an ocean  
I found a pebble  
the shape of your eye



*Sorting Clouds*

curved like a comma

drifting

heavy

purple streams

through wild insides

folded

and smooth

there are four main types of clouds

but I like the detached ones

that jet around

like stars



*Field and Ground*

crumpled plate  
like a paper coat  
over crushed clover  
tender arms mirroring one another  
as plants and limbs will do  
making a dust storm with a stick  
in the ancient golden light



*Almost April*

elbows shifting in the wind  
what is left after the breeze  
the language from my dreams  
or the almond shaped buds  
slide my finger across the paper  
fold upon fold upon fold  
this morning  
two lilies open  
And bird' shadow in window  
and green moss turns violet  
time is memory  
spring is knowledge

*Near the royal white cement*

the apartment that looks like a cigarette  
little bird by the highway  
“Something giant is coming”  
says the sign  
next to a carnival with Easter colored ferris wheels  
by Packer Ave  
where it’s just full of buses  
and planes overhead  
and potholes  
and employment training centers  
something is afoot  
in the hazy early evening







Artwork and Poetry: Alexis Granwell  
Design: Chris van Auken  
Photography: Ryan Collerd, Jess Kourkounis, Constance Mensh

Image Credit

*Gently Outwards, Full Bloom, Looking On*, 2021  
Handmade paper with pulp painting, textile,  
papier mâché, wire mesh, wood, cement, plaster  
80 x 200 x 100 in.

*Night Drawings*, 2020-2022  
Gouache on watercolor paper  
12 x 9 in.

*Embers* (detail), 2023  
Handmade paper with pulp painting, papier mâché, wire mesh, steel  
70" x 48" x 12"





ALEXIS GRANWELL