Interpretations  
   
I color my world with whispers of spring,  
scent of  new leaves, taste of April rain,  
and warmth touching skin after  winter's  
   
chilled keeping, shading it in hues  
of comfortable  silence and warbling song,  
splashing sips of watercolor  gladness  
   
across its aging canvas before dipping  
brush into  contentment's fragrance,  
dripping it onto imagination's palette,  and  I  
   
wonder sometimes if strokes in richer  
values of  unseen sky and earth bleeding  
into twilight would be a more vivid  interpretation  
   
of wind and trees, sun and moon, clouds  
and stars.  I think perhaps it would be all this,  
more beautiful, more interesting and  colorful,  
   
but what it would not be is my truth, my  
vision, or  honesty of the world as I see it  
even if I could paint it  differently.

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Hi Myrna,

I will write what I see here and I am not going to edit what I am writing. Excuse me if I go back again to where I had already been, but I think it will make sense eventually. It is late, I am tired, so I might ramble a bit, but I will get there!

Sound – sense- taste – touching – warmth – etc.

The tools of the painter are mentioned (the watercolors, brush, canvas, palette).

There is mention of HOW the artist works, the process itself (splashing, dripping, dropping, strokes, values). Throughout the poem the language of art making weaves the picture and that is mingled with the actual aspects of Nature.

While the poem at first examines the smaller aspects of Nature through small things (leaves, bird song, etc.) as the poem moves along these things become larger. The entire universe slowly enters the poem –

I get a picture of the poet standing outside on a moonlight night with arms outstretched towards the heavens, and the look of pure wonder on her face here at the end of the poem. This poem is like a spiral. It begins in the inner circle of the spiral with the small things, and as we are wound through the spiral it gains speed and it continues on for eternity. There is nothing here in the poem that limits the reader in seeing the picture that is painted throughout the poem – it is expansive. Yet, in the final thought, the poet stops us here and there is a recognition that something is amiss. I think it ends with a feeling of longing for something unseen. A picture of the ineffable? It left me feeling quite sad inside. There is definitely a feeling of passage –

What does “seeing” mean, for an artist?

How is “seeing the world” defined through art making?

The person who “sees” for the culture or the generation is the artist.

Every major philosopher recognizes that in order to know the spirit of the time, he must go to look at art – to find what the artist herself does not consciously know. The artist process – it all passes through her, but it is not OF her. She recognizes the mystery of it, but she cannot articulate it.

But, it is there, in the pictures.

The artist captures the Zeitgeist and preserves it there on the page or the canvas for viewing.

We are left at the end of the poem with the question of truth – the truth of telling what we see or what we think we know. Truth is never static, it is always shifting and moving and changing the more we try to tackle it, the more evasive it is. You describe this very well from the beginning of the poem -

Yet, when I look carefully over the preceding stanzas, I can see that the magic of the artist, who is the poetic “I” here, is not in re-presenting or copying nature visually, but in experiencing Nature. In the end the poet recognizes as truth that she can not re-present, but better yet, I believe, she can conceptualize the world in her work. This means that “seeing” in no longer mimetic, but conceptual. It is a much higher vision that we finally see in the end of the poem.

Good Night and I hope you find my interpretation of INTERPRETATION interesting.

I enjoyed spending time with this poem tonight.

Lynda River Woman