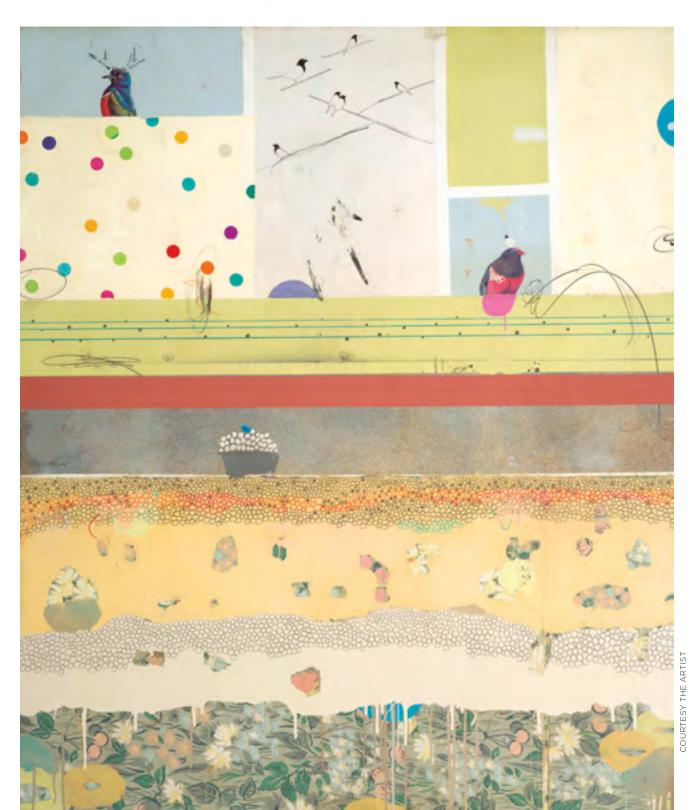
MICHAEL CUTLIP

Bird on a Wire, 2012 Mixed Media on Panel, 40 x 48 in



THOMAS CRAWFORD

Earth Art

My heart I had to approach with wheelbarrow and pick, and the impossible task of believing in what I could not see. So, when the Yellow-bellied Chats showed up in a line, upside down, hanging on the grape arbor for the fat, black grapes in my backyard I knew my old hands out ahead of me were on to something more than hope, that every poem, if you kept at it, could be a bird coming into view, but also a wave, or, if you like, a particle, thanks to those waffling physicists who can't agree on what's real. But I already knew, young, I could choose, if unhappy (because we do need solace), my very own god.

Thomas Crawford's poetry books include If It Weren't for Trees; I Want to Say Listen; Lauds, which won the Oregon Book Award for Poetry; The Temple on Monday, winner of the ForeWord Book of the Year Award; Wu We; and The Names of Birds. He has received a Pushcart Prize and two National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships. His new collection of poetry is Caging the Robin. Cedar House Books.