

annemarie murland
after before white rabbits...

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by Annemarie Murland PhD (Fine Art)

In memory of Gerry and Agnes McLafferty

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Appendix I – Migration, Memory and Landscape:
Re-Contextualising personal experience
through Contemporary Abstract Painting

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appendix i

The sky was sitting on top of her head, it was very low and grey that day. She recalls it as if yesterday; for time in memory is irrelevant. A life exhausted by good-byes. A lingering memory; a sensation, never forgot, never permanent, always biding time.

[The Hardest Goodbye is the Last Goodbye]

Eyes of movement travel over
Casual landscapes
Repressed beneath pounding flesh
Unquestioning eyes soak up vistas
Un explored

[Migration]

Praying for a Story,
Tell your own she said, casually
Recording time in vague colour, memories lost
Rest in dormant spaces that blur recollections
Remembering, the eyes of heart she notices
Horizons present

[Towards Abstraction]

From behind barriers we wave them off, America, some place new. A bigger part of nothing smaller than the incidental I was already a migrant taking tiny steep steps towards a journey that was yet untold... Looking forward, looking back, through time and space I move to the constant beat of ancestral pool [pull] never knowing always looking for the break in the road, the place in-between.

[Aunty Jean lives in America, 1966]

Before Alters, past
Sin
Bricks and mortar reveal
Place and face recognise
Sin
Starry eyed she prays, forgiveness
Wash away iniquity
Sin
Hail rain
Departed vessels

[It's a Sin]

She stares animatedly at the reflection, waiting, in triplicate she sees in herself all that she needs. Embodied treasure lies behind grey green eyes; and so, she jumps into the void that is home and for a short time sees again herself as new. She comes to the mirror, not for fortune but to be alone and escape the silence of interruption. Never far, over too quickly, too soon silence returns her, home, where she fails to recognise the treasure that is her.

[Recollections on being three]

Walking Through Places
Ambulant, line courts her
Walk,
Time and landscape
Dwell in her stories, past and present
Walk,
With her
Over, through, above, beneath
Landscapes

[Mother Glasgow]

Space colours energy that is
Beyond blue light of dark night
Shines quietly upon solstice that is
Freedom beckons beneath lying flat surface
Raptures separation that is
Interstice

[Engaged in Abstraction]

There is 'something' about this place; it seeps into your being and you fail to recognise yourself in it. Ancient, nature occupies an emptiness that is hard to define, while feelings of isolation resonate in the magnitude and unspoilt beauty of this country. Touching my centre in a primitive way, I feel small and invisible once more.

[Migration,1991]

Lady Grey
Chromatic colour
Mid strength
She flows well
Diluted but not sweet
Her vale implicit
Measuring against saturation
That is not fat
She blends environments

[Paynes Grey]

An eerie sense of stillness hovers above the townscape creating a stillness that is evidenced in new aesthetics. A memorial delivers homage to the dead and migrant workers in the form of a steel tunnel that sits regally upon the hillside reflecting an absent gaze but regal gaze.

[Broken Hill, 2007]

Snap. Ping. Ping. Gulp.
Cold silence gathers spring into visceral
Sunlight, casts ejaculated shadow grief
 Inside yesterday
Snap. Ping. Ping. Gulp.
Silent soliloquies repeat under blurred vision
Visible, absent silhouette casts shadow grief
 Inside yesterday
Always shall, always will, always present

[An Elegy for my Father]

Red, Black, Yellow, transmit
Acrid barley smells echo bitter separation
Transmitting, palpable fear dispatches,
Goodbye
Time advances in retreat
Dour light darkens blue eyes,
Spring closed for winter
Cursing undeserving maledict solstice, love

[The Hardest Goodbye]

She walks through her mind wandering in a style that is ambulant, thoughts caught, weave tangled sensitivity that concentrate, she hopes in her painted life where colours are harmony and optimistic and breathe beneath surfaces dark. She hides the life of others who form the support to walk the line like no other for the journey is still, incomplete.

[Finding Form]

Course smell, Royal Stewart feels oddly,
Soft, against crushed pelt.
As natures milk ebbs silently down a valley of skint cheeks;
Biding a last fare thee well.
Resplendent lace shines brightly
Din light sound flashing, discordant tunes.
Bonnie lassie “Will ye no come back again?”

[Leaving Home, 1991]

The acrid smell of barley was palpable as the fear that left the same bitter after taste. Goodbye, paid in advance, you wouldn't want to miss out. Time is grim in this light, October. Unlike the blue eyes of spring, closed for winter spring had come too soon, over too quick.

[Reflections on Dying]

Slow sped darkness drips in summer night light
Assisting shadows corner anxious glow
Protecting dawdling night child
Running shy
Dangerous shinning chariots drone
Destruction. Seduction. Abduction.

[George Square, Glasgow, 1969]

While unusual grey eyes ward off sentinel sleep
Vague dignity lies exposed beneath protected sheath.
Nil by mouth delivers holistic misogynist ecstasy
Lying in state is no majesty for this refugee.
Until diastolic last call unites
Separate locations conceal
Premature red rose

[An Elegy to my Mother]

Postulating in the reflection of the child with the red cape and gold crown, October had arrived. Green had turned to grey and that Prague stood still, faceless, silently postulating before the reflection that was her. Guide me on my way reverberated in the viscus that was then. The colour of incense choked the milk that was nurture from her cheeks, God have mercy, Christ have mercy. Amen.

[For Agnes Scot Mclafferty]

After before white rabbits, joy lights morning kin to love,
Yellow ember mother touches distant child,
Tender unusual grey October eyes summon white rabbits,
Flirting horizontal discordant distance belie new breath
Spring lambs offer Jesuit longing,
As silent sin lies beneath red line.

[Easter Mother]

[Door] Bells Jam. Stuck sounds; echo: black, blue, silver and gold. The colour of culture colours empty life, while erudite surface lies flat in empty space. Passion; sounds hover. Between sleep void of echoic space matter shuts open the smell of iridescent orange, light serves energy no matter. As gratitude waits patiently grey. Opening further, darkness bright in night light waits silently, process delivering, port memories cast shadows, line after line, blue eyes waiting process, shift the horizon that is interstice.

[The Colour of Madness]

Corporeal Umber survey, perimeters blue
Shadow
Light space, across the lying horizontal
Objection spreads
Shadow
Summer glow
Unworthy distant child embraces
Life's joyous melancholy

[The Colour of Catholicism]

Oxymoron colours vert sky's green
Melancholic iconography subverts
Linear truths between
Uncertain surfaces blue

[Preparing the Ground]

Dark silence explodes between whispers of white noise that float gently into grey space, quietly engaging the movement of line through colour that negotiates identities, as it travels memories and reality converge upon the stretch as archive and one notices: home

[A time of Embodiment]

Discordant schizo-colour relations
Fire parched soul, while
Earth deepens light
Filled space deemed
Forbidden refuge
In prospect

[A theory of Belonging]

Quiet still the night shadow that flirts through the entrance, drill
Knock off make up she smiles a memory, tinged with flames of youth
and burnt edges that are seldom revealed, she muses, just once more,
a memory, a flash of quiet man, still, but not so still that she does not
recognise as the book shuts open, the end.

[Fire-fighter Mclafferty]

Separation loss
Deliver yellow silence
While light interior
Slumbers refuge space
Open gift
Physical red
Textures
Form

[Diaspora]

Measuring time and space void of hours
Delinquent colour rolls toward clear sky grey
Emotion dances between spaces in time that offers memory
Pink suit fashions fastidious secular grimace for camera obscura
Pinholes dot traversing surface in direction of pink light

[Colour and Light Mnemonics]

She comes alive that girl of a woman of women who know best, for an instant, memory deflects its head to notice, luxury, bitter sweet, the taste of change. Belonging not so much as believing referent symbols incarnate of internment. Camp- fire embers flame fair all the same but not so much equal for wee-mens work.

[The wee-mans Secret]

Opaque landscape dense blue of pains grey utters its breath
Upon the sole of the earth that lies beneath bog of acrid burning umber,
flickers a coat of thick liquid gel that warms heathen earth
Cassock fathers deny mother law and fell the soil of many souls
rendered in gold and meridian chastity is belted black blue silver then
grey blood of imposing order that is good

[A Question of Identity]

Inside this headspace only one face floats by, remark less in isolation she exists. Chaffed and weather beaten she wonders what kind of look is this?

[Identity]

Urbanites recede where
Open space lights dark
Fowl flock within
Separate refuge
Space,
Poetic absence
Reeks fowl intimacy
Useless colour,
Space

[Space.....]

Blue sounds grey prospect
Green vistas:
Mnemonics explode, sound resonates
Shallow in echo of natures
Vibrant breath, while
Audible October waits, in
Silence, denied prospect of refuge

[Bad News]

Stroking the stone, Culloden no more, describes form, that lays hidden
in gaps between colours blue and green whose shadow hovers above
the city lord, anonymous witnesses, invisible eyes betray honour.

[Scotland]

Mustard poultice flowers
Compress bare chest, as
Somatic pollutions expel
Fowl smog of industrial Glasgow
Under the guise of Wills tobacco factory
Dying to get in but only prods accepted
There will be no Hail Mary's for you my friend
Blessed be the saviour, flour and mustard poultice

[Rose Clarke, 1910]

Melancholic, old world lyrics invade the senses orchestrating a tableau that fashions as other. “Off course” daily, she lies still in her silence and is reminded of their loss. Where is the greyish, green-eyed mother? Who yearns for her shadow light, whispering as she tallies “Out damned spot”?

[Grief]

Presence lasts as long as a pair of shoes
Cheaper still if not hide
Come on the faithful
Waiting always for days end
Capture or rapture
She was never sure
But sure enough to go, but to where
She did not know
Walking lines of colour
Take her to the memory lane
A highway now all of 33000 miles

[Finding her way Home]

Weaving through knitted yarns that hold tight stories,
Precious mothers gift unfolds in broken threads
Stitching time back, when life was all but a
Fragment of the father's eye
She moves through spaces dark to find rest
She sighs at last, home

[Mother Nurture]

The sound, the unfamiliar syntax choked the vernacular from her throat,
who was this girl, a bride dressed in awkward clothing suitable but yet
not so suitable.

[Displaced]

Negative and positive,
Light and shade, exist as metaphors
For the things we do not recognise, the stranger in ourself

[Who is that Girl?]

In a light that was not grey I failed to recognise myself. I had nothing in common with this place and so I rejected the landscape, culture and people that surrounded me, all of it reinforced a sense of difference and of not belonging once more. This place was too different for my grey eyes.

[Home Sick]

The quiet man awakes quite still
The night shadow flirts through
 The entrance, drill,
 Knock off, make up
 She smiles a memory
Tinged with the flames of youth
Burnt bridges seldom break, she muses
 Just once, a memory
The quiet man awakes
 Still but not so
The book is open shut
 Finally it is end.

[Gerry's Goodbye]

