

Infinite tide



an anthology of
poetry, artwork & photography

Preface

We were born to be creators.

As human beings, creating is part of our very nature. We create our situations, our relationships, our careers, our families, and how we live our days.

But there are those who live lives of creativity that extend farther. They cannot help creating more.

Some paint, some draw, some write, some play music, some compose verse, some act, dance, or create a myriad of other arts. Through their works, these artists afford us the opportunity to see the world through another person's eyes. We are grateful.

This anthology is a collection of pieces by the artists at Studio Eight – www.studioeight.tv – a website which focuses on collaboration and uniting the arts.

Some of the material in this book was posted on the Studio Eight forums during “Image-ination Jams” or “Word Jams,” spontaneous online events where artists interact and inspire each other with both images and words. Other material was submitted by the artists especially for this collection.

The collection of works is broken into sections with titles and quotes that offer some insight into the creative process. Beginning with explorations and ending with inspirations, it is our hope that after you've read the poetry and viewed the artwork and photography published on these pages, you too will be inspired to create something new, something which expresses what it is like to view the world in your own unique way.

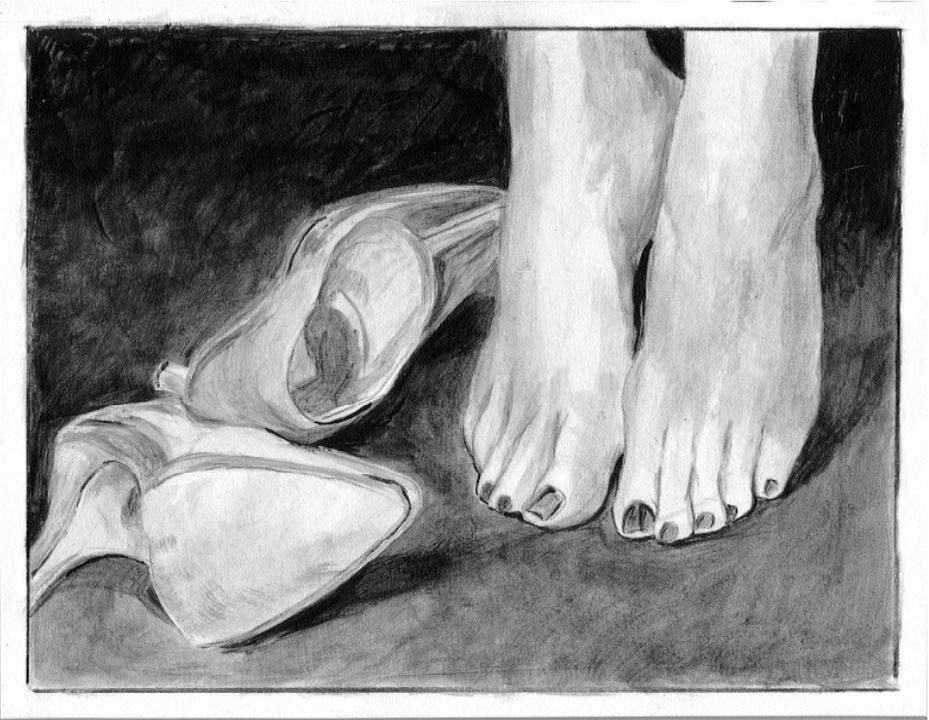
Think of “Infinite Tide” as an artistic sea of creativity presented in waves. Enjoy!

One

Explorations

*“We shall not cease from exploration
And in the end of all our exploring
Will be to arrive where we started
And know the place for the first time.”*

- T. S. Eliot from “Four Quartets”



"Uptown for Alain" – Norman Mallory

Between

There are places
beyond time and space
where we don't even know
we wander
delicately balanced
between what could be
and what we will allow.

– Laurie Corzett

*Infinite
tide*



"Waiting" - by Anemone Achtnich



"Focus" – by Anemone Achtnich

At Rest

Saturday, August 26th, 2006

coffee cup tipped over to the east
soles undone, ripped up, thrown down
i'm an armored car, i'm a weathered beast
ringing in the bell towers
everywhere i go
ringing in the lighthouses
seashores open doors
little lemonade stands gathering steel
dead brush in the backyard
everybody gather up
and go

– Sean Hogan



"John Lennon" - by Raphael Guiffrida



"Bottle Drawing" - by Norman Mallory

No edges

Some things have no edges.
Smoke has not edges.
Shadows have no edge.
Light has no edges;
Nor love, nor thought, nor memory
Nor the stories in a still life.
Edges are too sudden.

- *Lightning Rod*

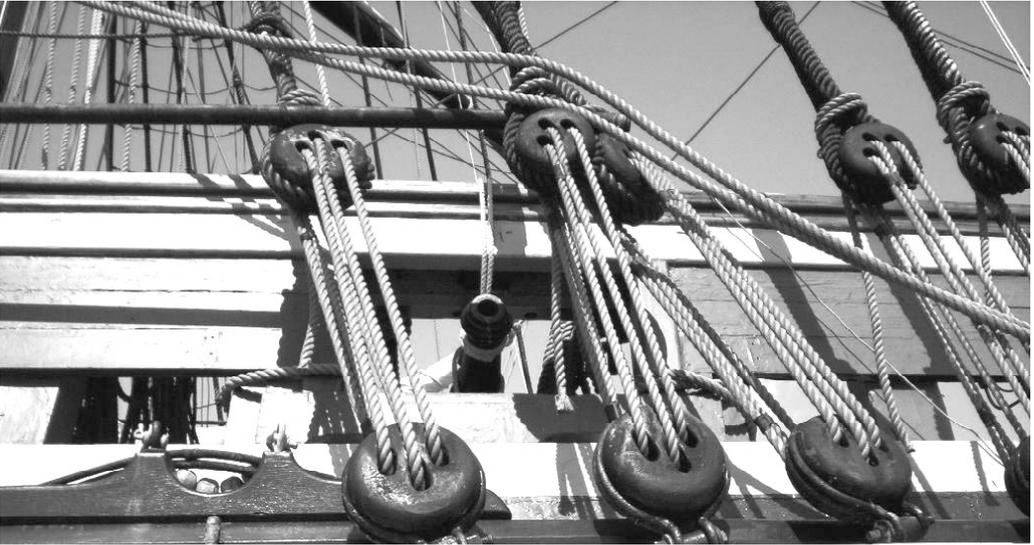


"Beyond the Door" – photo by Doreen Peri

What lies beyond the open door?

closed doors
path ways to no where
warped words wrapped
in brown paper leavings
overtuned pages leafed through
rippling
dripping memory
trappings of days forgotten
lost over time

- mousey1



"Ship ropes"- photo by Richard Moylan, Jr.

A Kind of Justification

Your singer whispers incantations
In the trees in occult rhymes,
But tells you that he ranges
On the mountainside, with knowledge
Of a culture presupposing endless combinations.
This was the theory you sought, to recompense
Those wearing hours expended in a fruitless
Way somewhere inside the tower, arranging
Your arts into destinies, from the finite
And the ephemeral. You sigh, relieved:
"There is, then, the kingdom of the infinite."

"Perhaps.
But be advised – your singer whispers incantations."

- Peter Cowlam