



Meadow Angel - Gelsey Amelia

in essence is an affirmation of communion. An invitation to contemplate that we are threaded by the same material traces, imprinting us —first through our senses, then through the distillation of experience into memory and its gifts: perspective, continuity, belonging. An analog photograph contains traces of the light that touched who or what was pictured. A body of water is the link between anything that was ever in it, no matter whether it leaves or stays. Words, tarot cards, and any other signs are portals to all the previous and future times they emerge. The walls of a room in a gallery or a house are coated with what happened inside it. A harp string disrupts the elements with the same vibration that travels and interacts with our bones. *in essence* is an invocation of the tangible as encounter, of the shared object as a site that refracts punctual experience into a new kind of collective knowledge. A portrait and a prayer that suture the wound between body and instrument, between voice and name.

- Marta Núñez Pouzols



The Accidental Meadow, December 2023 - Chanelle Allesandre

Voice to text ::

sound of cat kissing

A transcript for a sound installation is just
a transcript.

Subtitles yellow like ancient films, hieroglyphic
or like labellum of orchid.

I feel uneasy in rest, I mention to Annie.

Relaxed from an essence or solution instead
of arduous efforts, endurance, is off-putting.

*sound of book titled Awakening To Prayer freely flipping its own pages by the window
atop the Tivoli radio I leave on for the cats
and sometimes use in performance.

I borrowed this method from percussionist

Justin Gibbon*

Is there an affect from this essence
or is it my nerves about ingestion?

:: Voice to text, a recording comes to an end.

Off-page dictation stops listening, reels

on its own. I'm speaking to myself and planning on sitting on the front steps while a storm gathers itself. My blood
sugar dropped

once today and I sat in the first park

ever established in Philadelphia. Maybe

today wasn't the day. I feel a warmth growing.

It passes. I have no tools that I work with.

I would rather listen to Chet Baker and be nothing.

Perhaps the only thing I am willing to perform is honesty.

August 28, 2024

from Hypoglycemia For Tivoli Radio – David Coccagna



daily tears to feed the roses flame is yours – Sarah Viviana Valdez



the opening of a sun is yours – Sarah Viviana Valdez

I have come to you with your names

I have come to a picnic
of names for you: vanilla pod
poured full of honey, grapes
a tiny wineskin, cluster love,
a pillowcase bursting
with honeysuckle stuffing
to layer beneath your dreams
The letter L licked up
from the word love
I could go on
suspending berries and spring water
in soap for you to scrub with
Record the birdsong of my brother
Invent the alphabet again
and start all the words over
so that each one splays
through the salt forests
that grow foreshortened
by the cathedral of the sea
Arms of undiscovered brambles
A bell baking
in the sun of high moon
But still my breath
is a threshold we cross,
still I'd pause to become
the names you have for me



Mystery Vessel - Cornelius F. Van Stafrin III

Lets go live where wild figs grow

misty pulse, coconut sunscreen

It's going to take me longer to form a cohesive sentence.

something exists here

by wanting freedom

am i undoing a well of devotion?

soft leather and genuine feelings

old poems in their graves like

words can scatter, settle in to edgy corners.

talk basic to me;

Mariah Carey's Emotions sounding off

i never thought i'd see you this way.

Lets go live where the wild figs grow - Jessika Fancy



Resonant Essence Senses - Cornelius F. Van Stafrin III

...

somewhere,

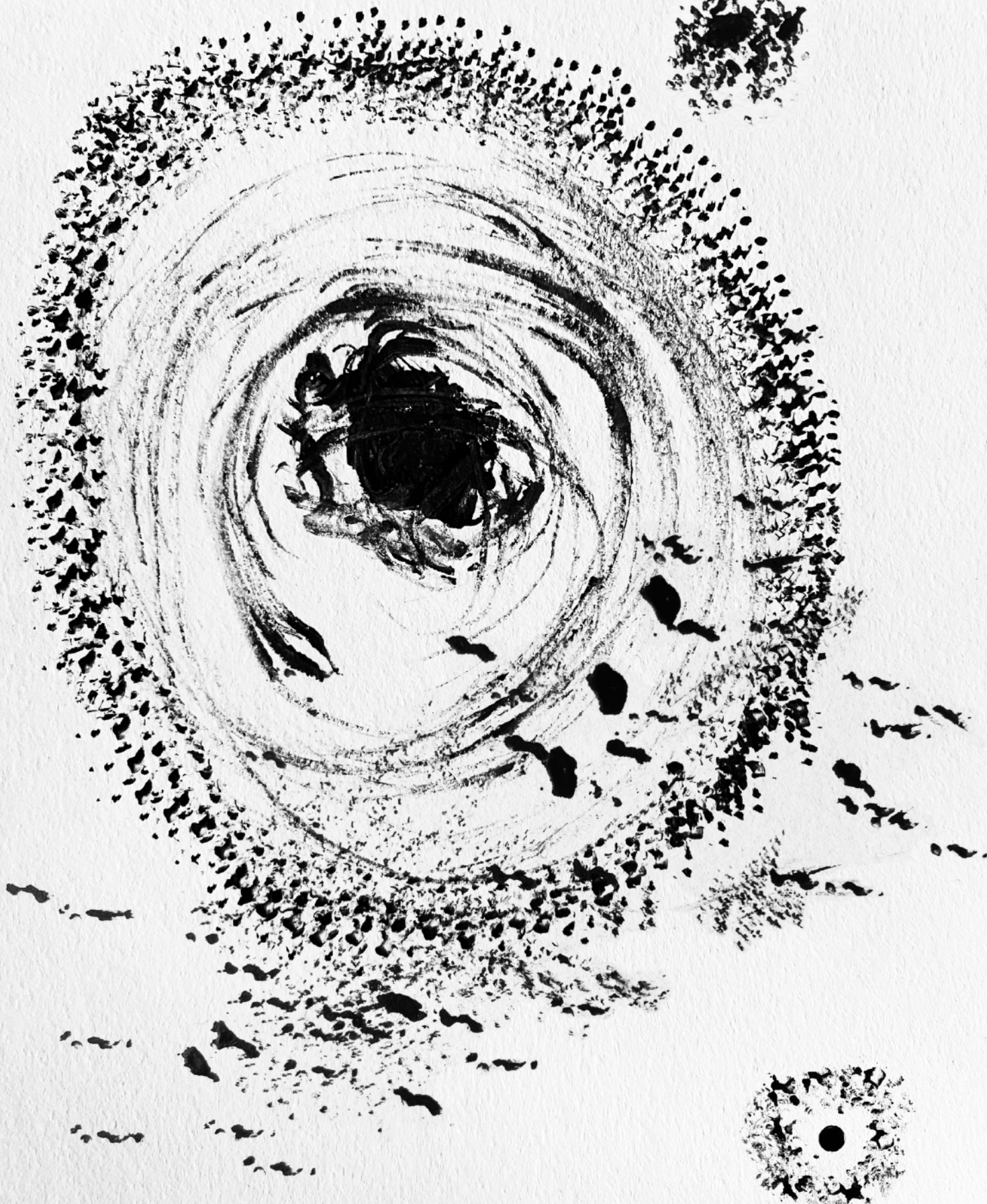
somewhere

we

learnt

to pray

....



A Purposed Vision - Cornelius F. Van Stafrin III

from *planetary rupture* – Yanara Friedland

a morning, ordinary like this. dandelions and time have already built a certain light.

a wind courses from the apple tree. all those rejected years.

rivers and lakes veins and eyes force in joy in breath in mushroom, a danger so close.

the body caught in a position it cannot fully inhabit. war headlines.

the beauty of the tiger trapped in a glass dome. running down escalators.

hair on the black turtleneck. a bowl of sugar, mid-july.

the break precedes me.

gourdes grew into the metal like brains into bars.

throbbing ovaries. my dear. my deer. to shape a bone.

*

fruits fall below. below the earth bundle of bones and
mineral.

first burn then dissolve then separate then fix the volatile.

sympathies of remains.

*

when did the earth begin?

the back of a woman dreaming. burdock roots.

broken ground.

*

connect at your weakest points. howler monkeys falling from trees. pertaining to me not
pertaining to me.

to love someone who disagrees with aspects of my existence.

in another being. open.

hurt by the abandonment of dreams. rich red affiliations. duped by rhetoric, duped by
numbers, duped by blame. a sleeping animal in skinned dream.

*

write this to shape against empty forms, forceless, stolen. to sit in the grass, or at night by
sluggish water, indigo, drinking written law. towards the sun. text disappearing.

ashes brilliant and bold and swirling.

earth's breath, my mind exacting from itself a hole through which to fall, like a star into this
breath. the glances of roses. stone surfaces receiving sunlight under water. pages filled with
wave-like lines.

women wash each other's backs underground. steam from tiles, a laughter. seven hours of
pouring. spine unemancipated. toward the realm of essences.

when poetry was not thinking. a use unknown.

a rotten deer carcass on the beach, it's woody, oven warm smell.

have I killed many? how many?



Untitled - Mark He

In the summer of 2024, I mailed a two-dram bottle of a “mystery” essence to a group of poets, sound-artists, herbalists, and storytellers, asking them to record their responses to the essence without knowing its nature or its remedial properties. I intentionally kept the essence a mystery so as to allow each contributor to engage with its subtlety unadulterated by preconceived notions. I wanted to know what would happen if a large, diverse group of people took the same vibrational medicine: would there be a common thread? Would there be a singular language formed between these artists: some who had never met and whose only connection was through their relationship to me and this shared essence?

Both the compilation and the experiment were inspired by my desire to delicately archive my two-month long solo exhibition at Lump Gallery in Raleigh, NC titled *In a sense / In essence*. The exhibition itself was a celebration of immersing into the invisible worlds in which we are all tethered, and featured essences and analog channels of recording (35mm photographs, cassette tapes, typewritten pages) to give voice and body to the unseen, subtle realms of feeling and vibration.

And here I will reveal that the “mystery” essence sent to each contributor to this cassette and booklet compilation booklet is an environmental essence that I made of the meadow where I used to live—The Accidental Meadow in Garner, NC.

I made this essence on a grey, late December morning when the meadow was in its fallow, dormant state. I placed a crystal bowl of water on my “desire path,” across from an apple tree. The bowl of water took in the entirety of the meadow reflecting back on itself and the many years it took for the land to arrive at that point. The water took in the memory of the meadow and the meadow’s memory of itself. The water took in the *essence* of what a meadow is, of how a meadow can come to be, of what a meadow holds, of chance and falling and desire and the vibrant pulsing of life being lived to its own cadence. The meadow is both a material place and an emotional resonance: an outer and an inner landscape: a sanctuary for the land itself, to the ecosystem at large, and to all who gather there. And so the meadow, the essence, and thus this compilation, is the spirit of the land there—the quiet restitution of a land left to its own rhythms and the material expression of those rhythms into the world. Download the individual tracks.

– **Chanelle Allesandre**

New Haven, CT

13 January 2025