

Women's Wisdom Art

By Ali Tucker Lichtenstein, Ph.D., Chair, Board of Director | li@womenswisdomart.org

Women's Wisdom ART's mission is: To transform the lives of women from all backgrounds by inviting them to engage in a diverse community dedicated to participating in the arts. The images and words women create to express their lives empower themselves, their families, and our entire community.

The program was designed as an art empowerment program for women overcoming poverty, homelessness, violence and abuse. The organization's artist members now include a diverse range of women from across broad economic and geographical spectrums with two things in common: They are all women and artists. Women gather in Wisdom's supportive community to write and create art as they forge new friendships. They are recovering from or managing physical illness, mental illness, loss, loneliness, and/or isolation. By participating in the supportive Wisdom community, women become empowered to transform their own lives and the lives of others in their families and in our communities.

Professionals and experienced artists teach six to nine classes three to four days a week. Classes throughout the year include drawing, collage, watercolor, mosaics, ceramics, acrylic, fiber arts, visual journaling, writing, poetry, paper-making, and Tombow pen. More information, including the calendar, is available on the website at www.womenswisdomart.org.



These poems are reprinted from *Bites of Time: New Work by Wisdom Writers and Artists*

Harvest

I want to
Harvest some light
From a faraway place
Buried in a hard
To reach cave
A sliver of essence
Essential to be whole
Lost in the vortex
of self doubt limbo
Spelunking
Harvest Light
From a faraway place

~ Steff Echeverria



Anaphors for Our Silver Anniversary

I don't tell you of my fears -
of the nightmares,
the catch in my breath,
hot shivers in my belly.

I don't tell you of my fears -
keep them from the arc of my spine,
the set of my mouth,
the touch of my hand.

I don't tell you of my fears -
your gratitude shows in
the tilt of your head
the feel of your lips on mine
your hands in the dark.

I don't tell you of my fears -
yet I do not feel alone.
I know you know.
How could you not?

You don't tell me of your fears -
My heart aches for you,
for I know.
How could I not?

~ Patricia Wenzel

Your Sixth Birthday

Today is your birthday.
Ms. Reed, your teacher is
holding you as well as trying
to hold several of your class
buddies. It is "active shooter
lockdown practice day" at
your school. Bewildered,
you watch a man burst into
your classroom, masked and
armed with a plastic rifle.
However, all looks too real
to you as the video games
of your childhood come to
life. Your stomach hurts
and you cry with terror and
confusion.

You're 6 years old today!
You were thinking about
spaghetti with tiny meatballs
and the funfetti cake Mom
promised to make. You were
daydreaming about playing
Minecraft with your best
buddy Justin after school
today.

Instead, you huddle in your
teacher's arms, a bit of refuge
from the insanity.

~ Jen McCandless