



## Artisan's Corner Gallery

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Please join us to celebrate the eve of Valentine's Day, surrounded by art at Artisans' Corner Gallery, as poet David Adams returns with *Evidence of Love*: a poetry reading and conversation exploring that eternal, vexing, yet inescapable subject.

Thursday February 13, 2025. 6:30-8:30 PM

### Sun and Moon with Wounded Swan

Here, your wounded voice floats hours  
past the telephone, caught like a dream  
in the interstices of wind and light,  
a wish whose slow accumulation we can see.

So listen, that tender habit something  
so like love, like hopefulness,  
and search the sky above  
the brooms of swaying reeds  
and find the sun and moon—  
a blazing hand, a faded coin—  
balanced in the vacant blue.

It means something, as if standing  
in some larger soul's geometry,  
the lone swan drifting, its torn wing  
slumped an inch or two, unable  
to conceal the dark brown slash of injury.

Still, tilted as a broken bob,  
it dips to eat to eat the grasses  
while in a line across its tail  
two others struggle in a slow ascent,  
their wing beats like a bellows.

Will you listen with me  
to the morning as it paddles near,  
a blade of grass dangling  
from its beak, its eyes like anthracite?

—from *Room for Darkness, Room for Light*. 2008.  
Blue Shale Books.



### October: an Etude for Mother and Daughter

I watch my mother drink her tea as  
Her fingers lift the cup with care, use  
The force she can summon to calm their  
Tremors. She needs me now, and I am

Pleased that it is so. But as I watch  
Her eyes, the pallor of pale blue clay,  
I wonder what she might see in mine.  
We have made a truce of sorts, enshrined

Upon those words we cannot not say.  
And if I thought remembering could  
Heal any wounds, I might even try.  
But we've grown old together so that

A path to the moment we might start  
Again seems lost to us. Silences.

Let them be. She says, looking past me,  
"Strange, how those petunias still bloom."

—Unpublished. 2021.

*Please join us. Tour the Gallery, meet old friends and make new ones. Monica's excellent refreshments will be served.*

**David Adams** is a poet living in Burton, Ohio. For many years he was a wandering laborer, academic and technical writer, returning home to Ohio in 2011. *Hope as a Construction*, published by Bottom Dog Press in 2023, is his 11th collection of poems. His prose memoir, *Casual Labor*, was published by Blue Shale Books in 2021. He is also the author of *COPE: A Technical Writing Guide for Engineers*, 4th Ed. 2021. University of New Haven. David collaborated with the composer Dawn Sonntag to complete in 2023, *Clara: A Life and Death in Shadow*, an opera in three acts about the life of Clara Haber. He is currently at work on *Fosse Ardeatine*, a dramatic text for music based on the 1944 S.S. reprisal massacre of 335 Partisans and Jews in Rome.

### Praise for earlier books by David Adams

*Evidence of Love*. 2004. Finishing Line Press.

"Evidence of love is to be found in the shadows—since whatever love may be, it is not something that casts a shadow, but the reflection of a feeling. Evidence of love is found in the gesture of a tree limb or in the wings a bird folds as it lands. Evidence of love is elusive, but it is observed in what the lover sees and records in these poems of David Adams—elegant, elegiac, deeply imagined, meticulously crafted, gracefully phrased. "The mile markers pass like years" and tell us that "it's not just we who seem to shrink" and that "once we've waited long enough/hope is not so difficult to understand."

*Looking the Other Way*. 2013. Blue Shale Books.

"...Adams' poems, bracing as Hopper's paintings, are suffused with loneliness, longing, and wisdom of quiet witness. These are poems that look and look again, the kind of looking that goes inward as much as outward. Reading them, I'm reminded again that attention itself is a kind of love"

—Philip Metres, author of *Shrapnel Maps* (2020) and *Pictures at an Exhibition: a St. Petersburg Album*. (2016).

*Hope as a Construction*. 2023. Bottom Dog Press.

"...The collection is a vast compilation of work across time and place, that always returns home, to matters of the heart, with attention to details of light and music in quotidian patterns. The rhythm of the collection reminds us that we don't need to travel far to hear the music that makes the soundscape of our lives. We just need to listen."

—Ellen M. Taylor, author of *Homelands, Compass Rose*, and *Letters from the Third World*.