

English Poetry Inspired 2019

The English Poetry Inspired De'VIA Challenge June 2-8, 2019						
1) IDENTITY	2) LANGUAGE	3) SCHOOLS	4) DEAF LIVES / HISTORY	5) DEAF VALUES	6) AUDISM	7) YOUR CHOICE
JUNE 2 Be Tellin' Me by Kristi B. Merriweather A DeafBlind Poet by John Lee Clarke Defiance by Dorothy Miles	JUNE 3 Silent Bodies by Lilah Katcher Braille by John Lee Clarke Wittebome '72 by Lindsay Dunn	JUNE 4 Jennifer by Lindsay Dunn What My Teacher Taught Me by Alison L. Aubrecht The Audiologist by Lindsay Dunn	JUNE 5 Daybreak in Old Hartford by Karen Christie deaf again by Mervin D. Garretson Remember by Kristi B. Merriweather	JUNE 6 The Long Goodbyes by John Lee Clarke I will lay down my life by Alison L. Aubrecht Deaf Awareness by Karen Christie	JUNE 7 Practice by Raymond Luczak Hands of My Father by Christopher Jon Heuer Lip Service by Robert Panara	JUNE 8 You Pick

The English Poetry Inspired De'VIA Challenge

starting on Sunday, June 2 till Saturday, June 8. a 7-Day Challenge.

HASHTAG: #PoetryInspired

Each day we will present poems about a topic:

1. identity
2. language
3. schools
4. Deaf lives/history
5. Deaf values
6. audism
7. your choice

All of these poems are by Deaf writers.

You can choose one poem or more than one each day and create an artwork. Feel free to just be inspired by one line or word in the poem.

You do not have to understand the poem completely, but if you have questions we can try to answer them the best we can. There are many other poems by Deaf poets that may fit these themes too...feel free to share those poems if you wish. On the 7th day, you can choose any poem you wish but we will give you a list of Deaf poets if you want to look for more poetry.

for example:

IDENTITY

Kristi Merriweather: Be Tellin Me

John Lee Clark: The DeafBlind Poet

Dot Miles: Defiance

LANGUAGE

Lilah Katcher: Silent Bodies

John Lee Clark: Braille

Lindsay Dunn: Wittebome '72

SCHOOLS/SCHOOL EXPERIENCES

Alison Aubrecht: What My Teacher Taught Me

Lindsay Dunn: Jennifer

Raymond Luczak: The Audiologist

DEAF LIVES/HISTORY

Karen Christie: Daybreak in Old Hartford

Merv Garretson: Deaf again

Kristi Merriweather: Remember

VALUES

John Lee Clark: The Long Goodbyes

Alison Aubrecht: I will lay down my life

Karen Christie: Deaf Awareness

AUDISM

Robert Panara : Lip Service

Raymond Luczak: Practice

Christopher Jon Heuer: The hands of my father

YOUR CHOICE

List a number of Deaf poets here

Identity

Be Tellin' Me

by Kristi B. Merriweather

People tell me
what they think
a black deaf female is
People tell me
what they think
they know
what a black deaf female is
People tell me
they know the deal
behind all the deals
just a simple solution
mix in the deaf culture,
add equal amount of
black culture,
stir well and smoothly,
pronto, the black deaf culture,
I say
excuse my standard English, but
/cursing/
I don't take no
second-handed,
mulatto, prescribed,
whittled-down,
semi-that,
half-here,
part-this
culture,
uh-huh
I be cookin' up my own recipe,
spicy, like my mama taught me,
no, don't need your bowl,
thank you very much,
only I be
tellin' me
what a blakdeafemale is



Day One:

I wanted to try kristi merriweather 's Be Tellin' Me poem!

#poetryinspired De'VIA

Media- coloring woodless pencils and 8x10 mixed media

Inspired by Kristi Merriweather

The black woman spices up , identifying herself as a deaf black person, wearing red as it's her favorite color. The spice bottles that stand by the black pot show their brands which the hand holds the measured cup, combining deaf culture and black culture spices together pouring into the pot. This is who she identified herself.



By Patti Durr

I decided to try to paint kristi merriweather spicing up her hand bowl while dressed in a dress similar to one of my fav portraits of Harriet Tubman

#poetryinspired De'VIA

Inspired by Kristi Merriweather's Be Tellin' Me poem

The poem is much better than my watercolor which I started at midnight



DAY 1 : IDENTITY

#PoetryInspired De'VIA Challenge.

"Cogito, Ergo Sum." By Amy Cohen Efron 2019

This pastel drawing (approx 8x10) is for Kristi Merriweather's poem, "Be Tellin' Me".



Day 1 Identity

Inspired by Kristi Merriweather's Be Tellin' Me

Oil on canvas

9 by 12 inch

By Nancy Rourke

Description: there is a meaning behind a monochrome painting and an adding seasoning (colours) in cooking. I wanted to emphasis on how they think they know when they see a blackdeafemale when she tells them uh-huh. She makes her recipe the way her mother taught her and the colors brighten everything. The mother's red apron (but the white covered it mostly because of the history back then) she brought back the red into a spicy cooking.

Defiance

by Dorothy Miles

If I were I
I would not say those pleasant things I say;--
I would not smile and nod my head--
When you say--
No!
I would not bear, restrain, repress my disagreement,--
But argue every point to puncturing--
Then smile--
If I were I.--

If I were I, --
I would not stand chained to co-operation;-
Give my hand humbly to your lead--
In your way --
No!
I would unlink the ring that binds my neck and gags me--
And let my great hate vomit in your face
Then laugh!

If I were I.

NOTE: [for more information on the poem see <https://heartdeaf.com/english-literature/#tab-0f40f373c6c5536d48c>]. From *The HeART of Deaf Culture: Literary and Visual Expressions of Deafhood* (heartdeaf.com, look under English Literature)

This website has the poem with some explanations plus a video of Dorothy Miles signing the poem.



Day 1 Identity theme
I picked Dorothy Miles: Defiance
5x7 sharpie
by Laurie Rose Monahan

Silent Bodies

by Lilah Katcher

Once we made a world
where bodies spoke to bodies.
Language was a moving thing.
We shaped and navigated
new terrain: our hands
carried us over mountains,
and through forests.
Our arms flowed like rivers,
finger-tributaries crossing
like the lines on our palms.
Our bodies had wisdom,
and knew the circles of time.
Then, others came,
ashamed of the body.
They did not care
to understand its speech.
Language, they said,
should be heard, not felt.
Their silent bodies
did not know time's circles.
They named the stars slowly,
one by one.



by Kathy Fisher Abraham



Day 2 language
#poetryinspired De'VIA
Our arms flowed like rivers
PDurr
Watercolor and ink
12 x 18
Inspired by Lilah Katcher Silent Bodies



By Laurie Rose Monahan
#poetryinspired
June 3rd
Day 2 LANGUAGE theme
I picked
Lilah Katcher: Silent Bodies
9x12 mixed media



Day 2 Language Theme

oil on canvas 11 by 14 inch

by Nancy Rourke

#poetryinspired

Silent Bodies by Lilah Katcher

“Our arms flowed like rivers,
finger-tributaries crossing
like the lines on our palms.

Our bodies had wisdom,
and knew the circles of time.”

by Raymond Luczak

THE AUDIOLOGIST

The thick gray windows never reveal
her shadowy figure. The audiologist
always has something to conceal
behind those windows. She only reveals
to Mom how I did this year. I steal
a look at my audiogram and her checklist.
The thick gray windows never reveal
her shadowy figure: The audiologist

and I are at war
over my ears, my headphones, my chair.
First she makes a beep, or a low roar—
and then I'm at war
with myself. Did I truly hear
that or not? My hand shoots up in the air,
volleying against her score
over my ears, my headphones, my chair.

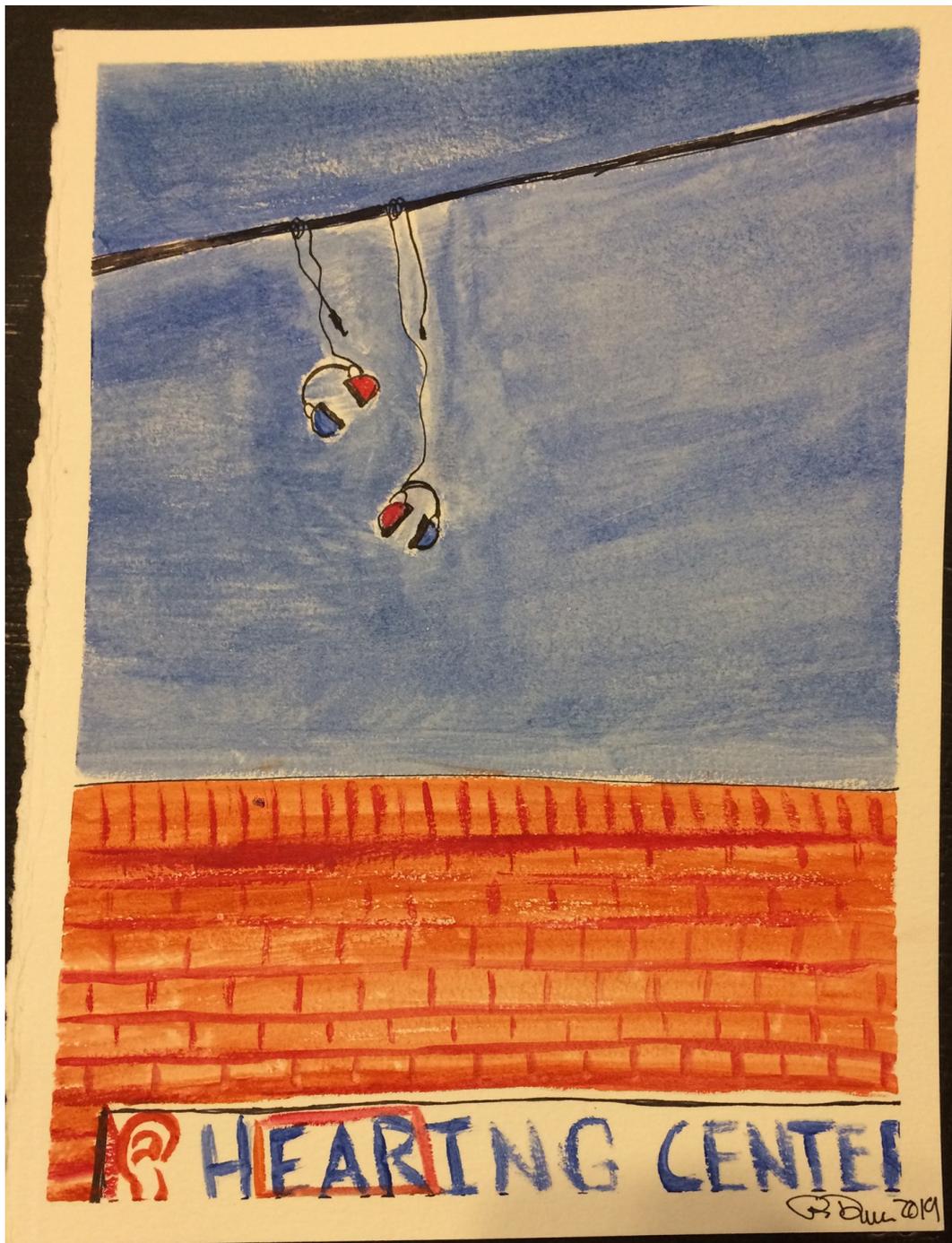
The thick walls absorb my silence.
I cannot hear anything from outside,
except through my ear-burning, tense
headphones. They absorb her silence.
I wrestle with my ears, my conscience,
as I close my eyes to listen, decide.
The thick walls absorb my silence
as her sounds come from the other side.



by Kathy Fisher Abraham

Day 3 SCHOOL theme

I decided to choose The Audiologist poem because it does happen to some of us. I try to draw to fit the description of the poem, well not exactly but almost...



Day 3 school

#poetryinspired De'VIA

Inspired by Raymond Luczak poem Audiologist

On the Wire

PDurr

Watercolor and ink

2 Audiology headsets wrapped around and hanging from a telephone line against a blue sky above a brick building with a sign that has an ear on it and the word Hearing Center



DAY 3 : SCHOOLS

#PoetryInspired for De'VIA Challenge.

#aefronarts

"Confided Space" by Amy Cohen Efron 2019

Digital Art

Inspired by Raymond Luczak's poem, "The Audiologist"



by Laurie Monahan
Day 3 SCHOOL theme
I picked The Audiologist poem
The beeps caused my head ringing and confusing this why I drew what it felt like.
Quick sketch with sharpie and pastel



DAY 4 : DEAF LIVES / HISTORY

[#PoetryInspired](#) De' VIA Challenge

“Free Deaf Professional”

By Amy Cohen Efron 2019

Digital Art (Adobe Draw)

Based on Mervin D. Garretson’ s poem, “deaf again”

Jennifer
by Lindsay Dunn
from: *The Tactile Mind* (Fall 2001)

Jennifer

u started a revolution
walking in total oblivion

so what if its thru the boys' hall
u didn't hear the shrill call

confrontation with the matron
and our collective indignation

u started a revolution
walking in total oblivion

a slap across the face
an insult to the race

tho deaf we were
no, dumb we weren't

u started a revolution
walking in total oblivion

deaf rage unleashed
black rage unchained

with hands dancing in the air
we sang freedom songs of despair

u started a revolution
walking in total oblivion

of perspectives, attitudes, and behaviors
you told me i couldn't succeed without your help
that if i didn't let you revise my paper
i'd fail and when i aced anyway
you told me that i cheated
and then you spoke in front of me
but when i asked what you said
i was brushed off, "Oh, it's not important"

you taught me that i could never
live up to the potential that i felt
burning inside of me
that someone else controls
whether or not i have a chance
you taught me that i didn't
have the right to decide for myself
what was interesting or important

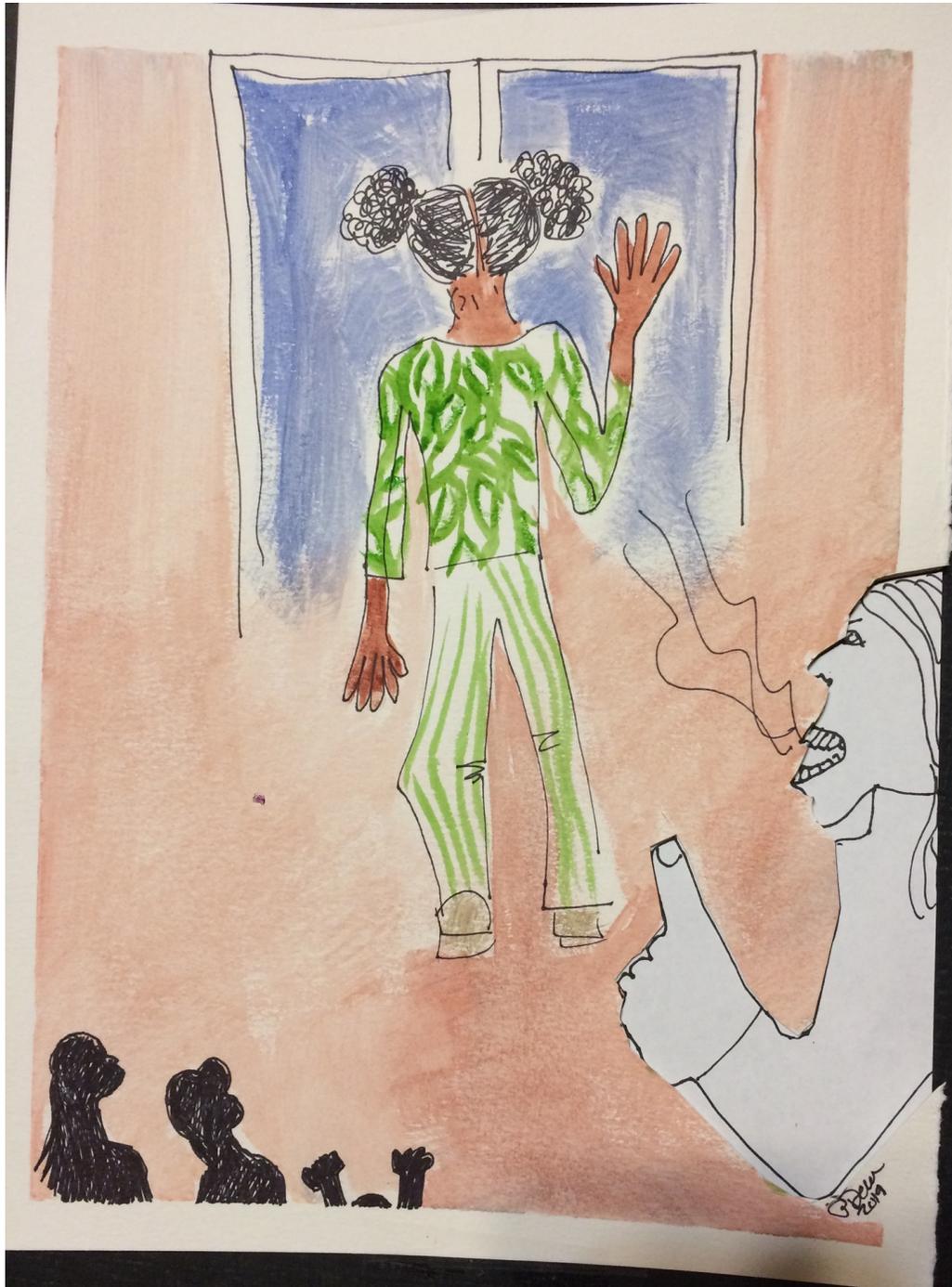
when i was almost done
creeping close to the day i'd
endeavor out into "the real world"
i reported the abuse i saw
and you told them i was mentally ill
out of control and crazy
(forgetting that i could filter
the poison that falls from your lips)

you taught me to cover up
to lie and cheat to stay in the game
you taught me that it was wrong
to fight for those weaker than me
and right to squash them along the way

those are just some of the smaller lessons,
dear teacher,
just some of the lighter bruises
the slighter scars
that i write of today

you put them there
hidden deep where no one could see
believe

you taught me, teacher



by Patti Durr

Day 3 school

#poetryinspired De'VIA Inspired by Lindsay Dunn's Jennifer

Walking in Total Oblivion

PDurr

Watercolor and ink

image description: African youth with pony tails and green clothing walking towards exit doors with her hand up with a White teacher shouts after her and wags her finger at her. Three classmates in silhouette look on with awe

What My Teacher Taught Me

when i was just starting out
a child surrounded by
those who bow to sound
you put me in front of the class
and mandated that I speak
your excitement plausible
and the faces in front of me
smirking or puzzled or pitying
you gave me a super sticker
a pat on the head and beamed at me
all afternoon

you taught me that
i was as good as my willingness
to use my voice
even when others didn't understand me
even when I couldn't express myself
you taught me that communication
is one-sided

when i was plodding through
struggling with puberty
you forced me to sit in the front
and spoke to my interpreter, facing her
you said, "Tell her she can stop anytime
the assignment becomes too hard"
you watched the signs pass through the air
and when motion became stillness
glanced at my forehead and then walked away

you taught me
that leaving someone alone in humiliation
is acceptable
you taught me that i was
somebody you couldn't connect with
a thrift-store underwear kid
and you taught me that
it's okay to give up

when i was a young adult
starting to understand the intricacies



Day 3 school

#poetryinspired De'VIA

Inspired by what my teacher taught me by Alison Aubrecht

Please report to ...

PDurr

Watercolor

Red haired girl with green eyes, flushed cheeks, pointing at text in a book as she tries to follow along where her classmate is reading from so when it's her time to read allowed she knows what paragraph they are on. Behind her is a PA system screen. Many of her classmates are staring at her. This is how she know the scratchy unclear announcement on the PA system means that she is to report to the main office because the itinerant speech therpiat has arrived to see her.



by Bridget Klein

I like this challenge, make me think and analyze the poem. took me a while to think of artwork for this project. Sorry for delay.... So I choose the poem, What My Teacher Taught Me

#poetryinspired

"You taught me that I didn't have the right to decide for myself what was interesting or important"

Image: row of students sitting in desk, doing their work. While the teacher standing front of blackboard. The teacher is reading the book at same time pointing to the blackboard.

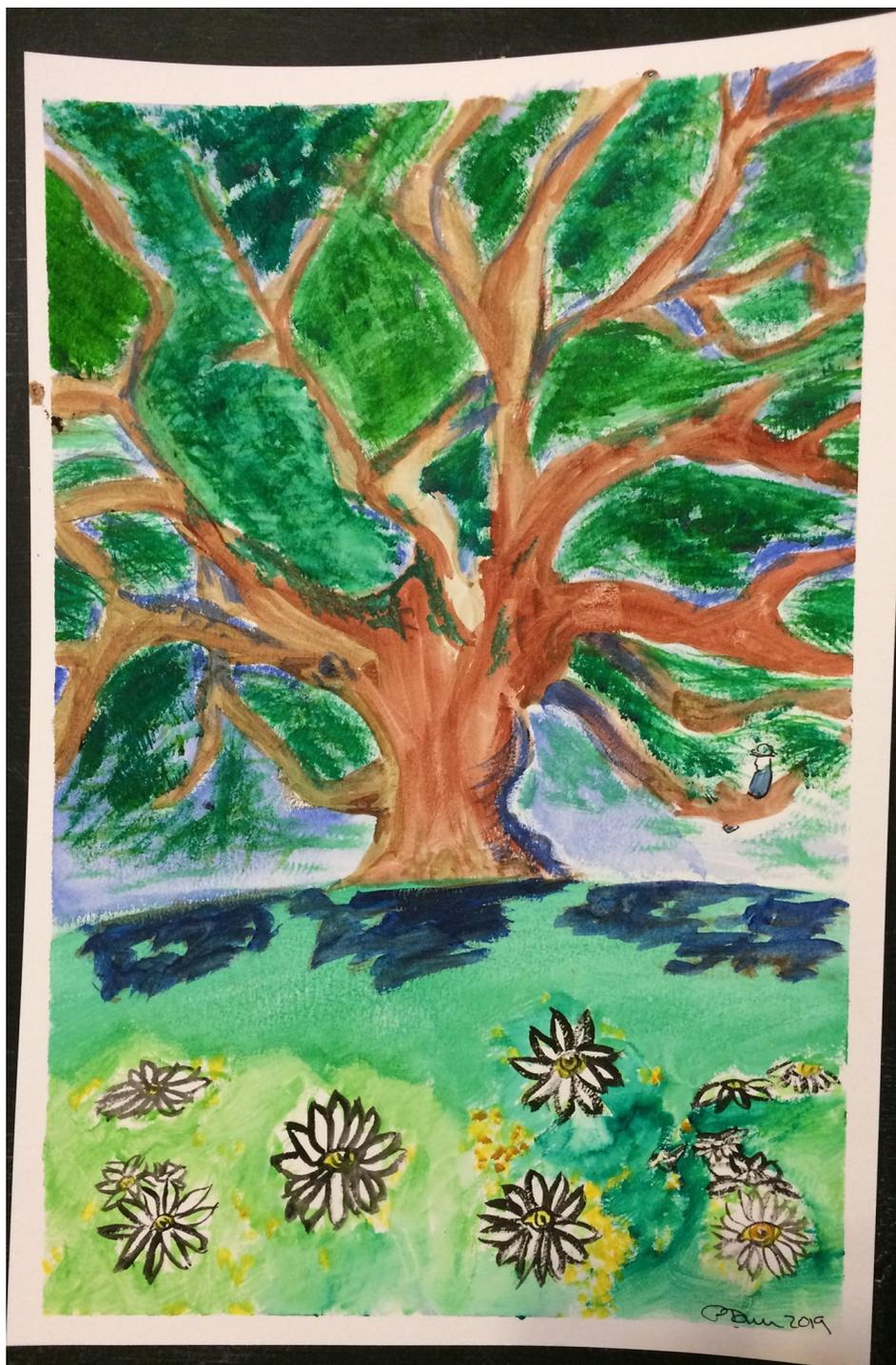
The first student front of teacher is deaf and the text under the deaf student saying What My Teacher Taught Me. I am not important

Daybreak in Old Hartford *after Langston Hughes*

When I get to be a smooth signer
I'm gonna sign some poems about Daybreak in Old Hartford
And I'm gonna use some of the pure old ASD signs
Spreading across the sky
Like the branches of an oak tree
I'm gonna sign about scads and scads of dandelions
And their fluff floating on slow breezes
And show how spring smells drift
With long reaching arms
And a calm peaceful face
And there's a field of daisy eyes
Of Deaf and Hearing Deaf Hearing Deaf people all watching
And I'm gonna grasp Hearing hands
And Deaf hands and baby hands, and CODA hands
And Clerc and Gallaudet hands, Alice hands, all joining in,
Tapping fingers on shoulders
And reaching out to each other natural as vines
In that misty dawn of poetry
When I get to be a smooth signer
And compose a poem about Daybreak
In Old Hartford



https://youtu.be/nsqao_69vYs



Day 4 Deaf Lives / History #poetryinspired De'VIA
Inspired by Karen Christie's Daybreak in Old Hartford

Grow
PDurr

Watercolor

image description: large oak tree with many branches and green leaves. bit of blue sky peeks through, old man sitting on one branch, shadow from tree on grass daisies with eyes



by Nancy Rourke
Day 4 Deaf Lives/History Theme Inspired by KC Christie's Daybreak in Old Hartford
The vines are the collaboration of all hands. 16 by 20 inch oil on canvas



by Laurie Monahan

#poetryinspired

June 5th

Day 4 Deaf Lives theme

I picked KC's poem Daybreak in Old Hartford

9x12 watercolor

Deaf Awareness
By Karen Christie

In a small operating theatre that doubles as a classroom,
I am seated for a panel discussion.
The student doctors in their lab coats practice observation.
As living clothed bodies, we are
wholes instead of parts but
the first interpreted question is:
Don't you wish a cure?
If I could I would
wish for healing hands,
my own. One touch
on each of your closed eyelids--
Ephphatha, "be opened"--
now you see us.
A miracle.



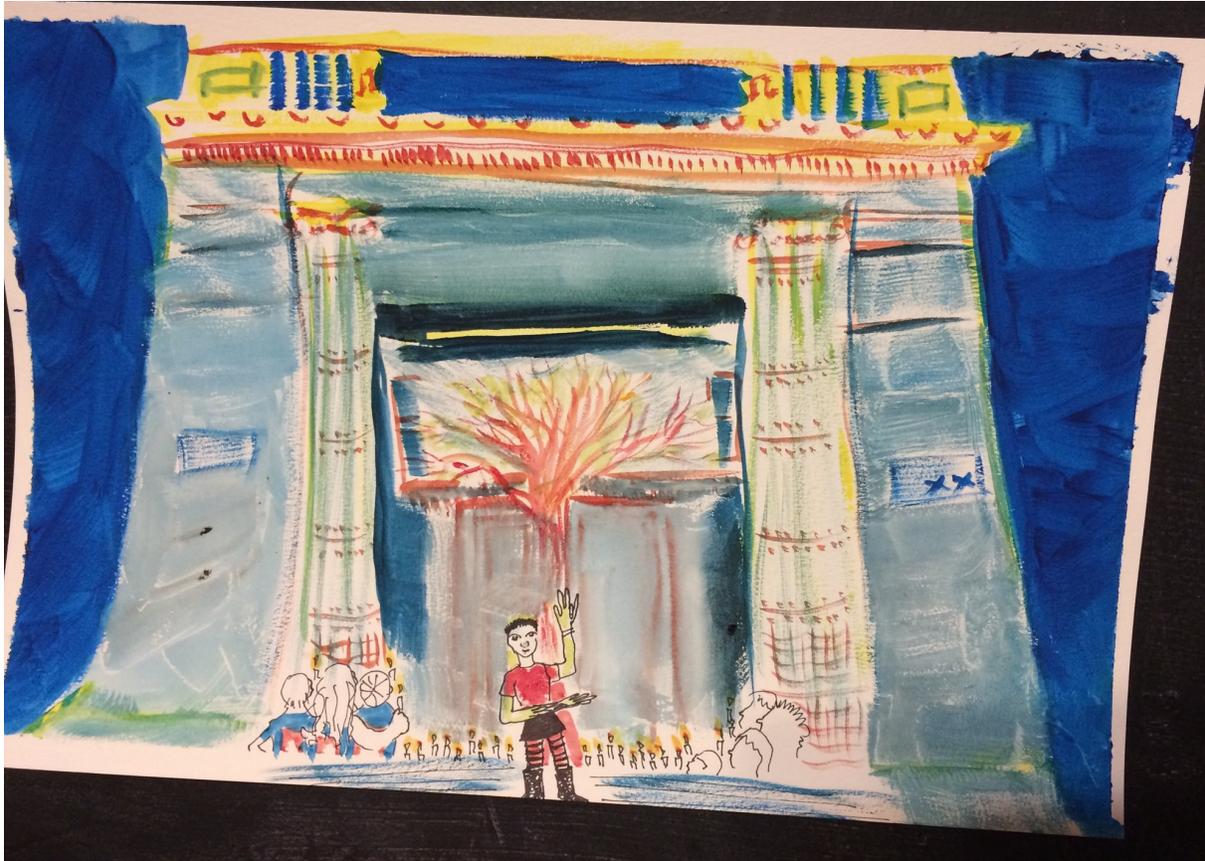
by Patti Durr
Day 5 Deaf Values theme
#poetryinspired De'VIA
inspired by Deaf Awareness by Karen Christie.
The first commandment - Be Open
PDurr

Watercolor
inspired by Michelangelo's Creation of Adam and KC poem Deaf Awareness about Ephphatha "be opened" - now
you see us, a miracle
it would take a miracle for some folks to see other folks truly
"God" with long wavy blue hair and a pink tunic reaching out his index finger to touch Adam's heart



by Laurie Monahan
June 6th
Day 5 Deaf Values theme
I picked KC's poem Deaf Awareness
8x5.5" watercolors

A person eye came out from inside - opened its eyes door - Ephphatha. Deaf people don't need be cured.



Day 5 Deaf Values theme

Inspired by I Will Lay Down My Life by Alison L. Aubretch

True Blues

PDurr

Watercolor

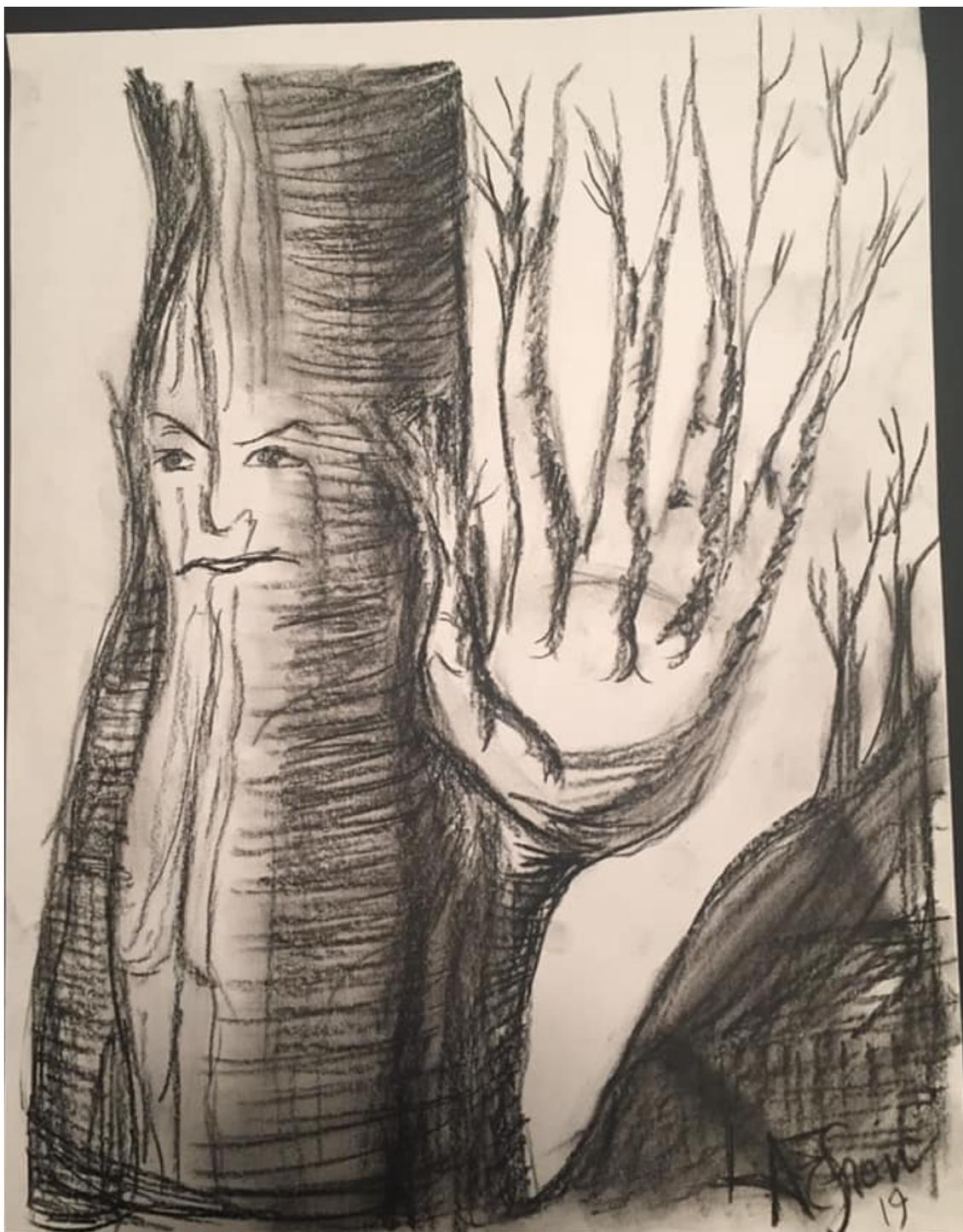
alison's poem made me think of one of our vigils at AG Bell headquarter - Volta Bureau. Carol Hirsch youngest daughter was practicing an ABC poem for the vigil behind one of the huge columns at the top of the steps of Volta Bureau. She had these funky stripped leggings on and rubber boots - she was just priceless. when i read alison's poem i thought of how brave this young girl was and all the other folks who came out for AFA's activism - true tree huggers for ASL.

"To shape trees

Like no spoken words ever could"

i really admire all the true blues

Image description: large columned building against a deep blue sky, people are looking up at an enlarged shadow of a stretching tree on the fortress doors of the AG Bell Volta Bureau. A young girl is signing tree as she spreads the ground out with her other hand. she is wearing a red shirt, black short skirt, red and black leggings with black spotted rubber boots, there are candles around her, there is a plaque on either side of the building. the plaque on the right has 2 blue X on it



by Amy Cohen Efron
DAY 5 : DEAF VALUES
#PoetryInspired De'VIA Challenge
"ASL Tree Druid"
By Amy Cohen Efron 2019
Charcoal sketch
Based on @Allison Aubrecht's poem, "I will lay down my life"



by Laurie Monahan
I picked poem I Will Lay Down My Life by Alison L. Aubrecht
8x5.5" pastels



Day 6 AUDISM theme

#poetryinspired De'VIA

Inspired by Hands of My Father
by Christopher Jon Heuer
the line about "i would go to find him if i knew where to walk"
Where to Walk
PDurr
watercolor

on the right side - black silhouette figure with a cap on signing where with blue background 2/3 of the page is filled with grey black



by Kathy Fisher Abraham

Practice

I stared at the black telephone
in Grandma's house
a bike ride from home

The receiver drooped like a brick
as I watched the slow wheel
whir back into place to "0"
after each number I dialed

In the dining room
I held it upside down
near my body aid

Exposed for the occasion

I stared at the kitchen
almost warped linoleum floor
a yellowing white

And waited
a loud ring then three ripples

Then a man's voice said Hello

Hello

 Hello?

 I stared
at the lid of holes
choked with brown dust

This is Ray

Raymond Luczak
84

Okay Bye bye now

I wished

my body aid alone
on the kitchen floor
smash

 smash it
with the receiver



Day 6 AUDISM theme-
Kathy Fisher-Abraham
I thought I would try this-
inspired by Raymond Luczak's Practice poem

The child was being "forced" to say "SuperMan" after the child dialed the number, calling Dad. It was such a stress for the child to do what was expected of the child who felt intimidated by people around him/her. It was just no use trying to please everyone when he/she cannot pronounce the word correctly. Why stress ?



by Laurie Monahan
Day 6 AUDISM theme
I picked Raymond Luczak's Practice poem