

HABITAT artists' books

Confluent Septa

Can't keep count, but I can take heed.

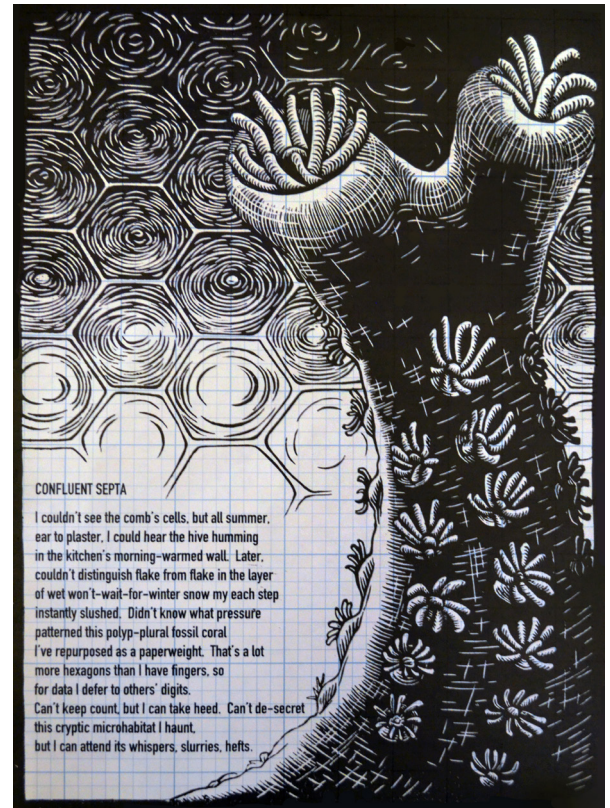
Broadside; linocut and xerography on graph paper

ARTIST:

Marc Snyder
Greensburg, PA
fimp.net

WRITER:

Harvey Hix
Laramie, WY
hlhix.com



Statement (written by Marc)

Harvey and I used a research project out of the University of Delaware as a jumping off point for our collaboration. The research involved the use of 3D-printed corals as a way to restore endangered reefs and provide habitats for reef-dwelling animals. Elements in both the poem and the imagery of the broadside reflect this initial source of inspiration, as well as a shared interest in paying close attention to the world around us and the efforts made to protect it and preserve it from the worst effects of the climate crisis.

Artist's Biography

Marc Snyder is a printmaker who trained at Indiana University in Bloomington, IN. After receiving his Master of Fine Arts degree, he was an associate professor at Georgia College and State University, where he taught studio art and art history, served as the university art gallery director, and was the art editor for *Arts & Letters, A Journal of Contemporary Culture*. In 2001, he embarked on his career as a freelance artist, widely exhibiting his work. He is currently the gallery director and co-owner of StopWatch Gallery & Studio in Greensburg, PA. His current work explores environmental themes and our increasingly fragile relationship with the natural world.

Writer's Biography

H. L. Hix's recent books include a novel, *The Death of H. L. Hix*; an edition and translation of The Gospel that merges canonical with noncanonical sources in a single narrative, and refers to God and Jesus without assigning them gender; a poetry collection, *How It Is That We*; an edition, with Julie Kane, of selected poems by contemporary Lithuanian poet Tautvyda Marcinkevičiūtė, called *Terribly In Love*; an essay collection, *Demonstrategy*; and an anthology of "poets and poetries, talking back," *Counterclaims*.

Content of text included in artwork

CONFLUENT SEPTA

I couldn't see the comb's cells, but all summer,
ear to plaster, I could hear the hive humming
in the kitchen's morning-warmed wall. Later,
couldn't distinguish flake from flake in the layer
of wet won't-wait-for-winter snow my each step
instantly slushed. Didn't know what pressure
patterned this polyp-plural fossil coral
I've repurposed as a paperweight. That's a lot
more hexagons than I have fingers, so
for data I defer to others' digits.
Can't keep count, but I can take heed. Can't de-secret
this cryptic microhabitat I haunt,
but I can attend its whispers, slurries, hefts.