


BETWEEN SPACES

Kelly Parks Snider

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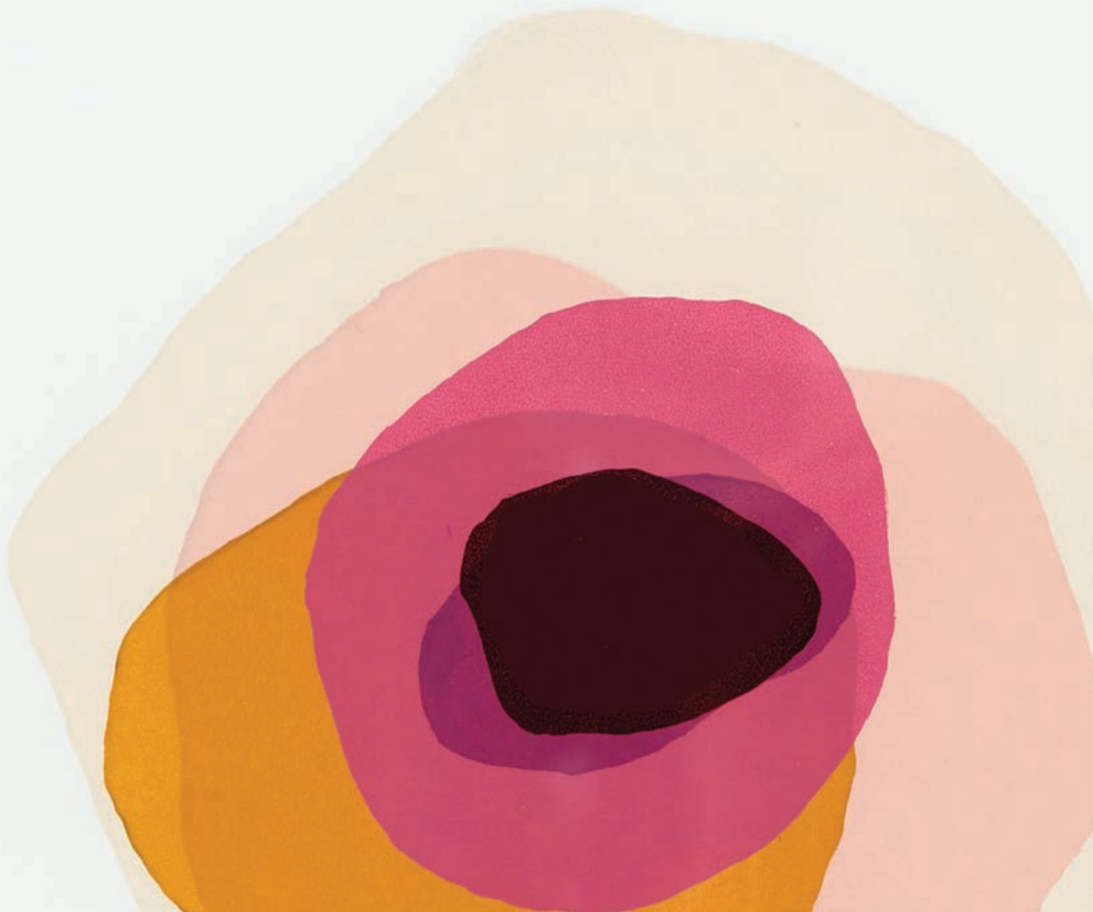
For all those who inherit my heart.



I live life with a huge sense of openness — available to an intuitive expression, a sense of knowing that guides my life and way of living. This current work is contemplative, focusing on a particular long year filled with disruptions, uncertainty, and transition. During this time, I lacked inspiration, was unsure of my sense of self and I felt directionless. The spiritual and creative direction that has shaped my life fell quiet, my sense of place destabilized and I was lost. A between space is a disrupted state of ambiguous loss in which our former way of being is forever changed. We seem to find disruptions to be our new normal.

Our world is in constant transition — filled with uncertainties — the ongoing pandemic, the challenges to our democratic ways of functioning, the escalating climate crisis, and personal hardships faced by many. How do we prepare ourselves for life's inevitable disruptions? How do we reorient when we find ourselves in an unfamiliar quiet? The importance of enhancing wellbeing is more apparent today than ever. Social healing and transformation is only possible if we engage in human transformation. As an artist, I believe that creativity flourishes in times of uncertainty and that a reimagination of this world and our capabilities to make change is needed. This new work reflects my journey, a guided path to wellbeing, grounded in art, nature, self-reflection, connection, and resiliency. It is offered in the hope that it will be useful to others.

— Kelly Parks Snider



writing magnifies life and my way of living  
looking backwards page after page, revealed my many  
over and done renderings.  
a collection, of past, my many words and phrases.  
I pinned them onto my studios empty walls, word by word and  
I began to write  
my purest of all moments pure

again  
and again.  
my before moments became my after  
merging into new ways of being  
new revisions and combinations never seen.

leaving behind my tried and true  
I searched for something  
new thinking  
new seeing.

opening myself to being wrong  
felt right

I surrendered to my tangled conceit  
and let go.

In life, interruptions are invitations not fully revealed.



slipping, I stumbled  
and then

there was a darkened silence  
an unwelcomed nothing.

I lost myself  
my script was missing  
gone were the endless colors — the blushy pinks  
and chartreuse greens

I called out to the gray-clouded unknowing  
and uncertainty was framed before me like my studio's empty walls  
and I stood paralyzed in the quiet.

I had lost my way  
and I seemed to be someplace in-between

I paused  
and gently moved within me and beyond me  
in pursuit of something

I tried being less

less of that highly edited version of me  
less of that thundering, self-promoting kind of she  
my outer boundaries were stiffened, hardened and weary  
and the further I wandered from that moment the more diminutive  
it all seemed.

I let them go  
(the ones not of me, or from me)  
the takers, who did so, without my say so  
intruders  
who subtract  
and subtract

I shared my all with you  
my blood with you  
but now  
you must go.

At dawn, I am summoned from my dreams  
each sacred morning, an ordination  
my connection to spirit  
at my tiny altar, behind a small windowing blue-gray moon  
I sit and empty my thoughts unto the morning dark.

In this wordless silence,  
I wait — and become available  
to a familiar presence — my truest of all moments true  
this is where I belong  
a mystery beyond imagining  
an invitation to be more  
to see more  
I move inward.

wandering in circles delights my spirit  
like an early spring's pasture melted clear  
on a quiet snow padded night  
where towering branches rise toward icing skies  
and snow crowned nests begin  
life's perennial flow  
a widening circle expands  
again and again.

many years ago, when I was tiny  
all freckled and aglow  
I delighted in life's billowing  
and trusted in ways not yet fully received  
like an airy presence, light-hearted and free  
I knew when to surrender and I knew when to go.

when I was just a girl  
I carried away, knowing and wanting to be  
like a twirling invitation, I captured life's essence  
and lived without boundaries giving reverence to a presence  
that honored my presence in this world  
and like a familiar voice, an unspeakable joy  
I knew where to follow and where to go.

in my mid years  
I preferred being on the outside  
beyond the edges  
I rarely moved in  
some say that sameness is safe and untroubled  
but I would say, it has many concerns  
its monotony and dullness  
is like the boredom of an abiding clock  
that subtracts  
and subtracts  
and subtracts.



each early morning rising lifts up from the earth  
uncovering my creamy grains and furrowing strands  
evidence of being, the sun and the moon and the wind.

I stepped out from the morning shadow, into the celestial  
a mirroring soft reflection glances back at me  
generous folds and beautiful deep lines wash over this aging body  
evidence of being, the sun and the moon and the wind.

this body carried me all these years  
life  
and its beautiful mysteries  
my darkening lines widen, life unfolds

I am a captured spirit calling out  
how does one retain the shape of her soul?  
and then  
the quiet morning darkness and the fires soft burning oak comforts me.

I am a steel-blue jewel  
not to be scored.

I am a spirit  
that recognizes spirit  
trusting moments that I feel  
rather than moments that I see.

I am a sacred space  
and cannot be fully described because I have no boundaries.

Your love is an epic love  
an unworldly love  
an expansion that moves all other kinds of love  
that allows me to recognize within me  
and beyond me a hidden dialogue  
that seems all too evident

the foreverness of You.

our love is a stirring kind of love  
a love that belongs in sadness and in joy  
we belong together, you and I  
our love is a folded, unfolded and a refolded kind of love.

I miss my sacred ones  
(the ones of me and from me)  
those who inherit my heart  
and reveal that love can be within and beyond  
and with gentle kisses and sweet-scented goodbyes  
my sacred ones, trail the soul of the wind  
and move beyond  
because it is their time.

my words walk with me into each painting  
this is where I want to be  
the mystery of the animal moves beyond the animal.




each frosty night frames the morning's silvering moon  
as beauty rises into the darkened light  
I see beyond my garden's graying rosettes  
and the sky's distant pink and smoky blues  
the morning's presence, gently commands all aspects of my living  
the essence of a life, waiting to unfold.

as I move forward  
there is much wonder  
each morning, the sky offers little prelude  
the medley of each passing moment, seems to be a celebration  
sending forth all certainty  
a stronghold, a divine essence  
carrying me through each day.

withdrawing into a quiet silence  
made me feel  
again and again  
beyond the regular  
I became all that is, imagining something beyond what I am  
and by receding I expanded  
and moved ever so slightly.

and I finally accept, being accepted  
allowing myself to belong to myself  
and the randomness of me

by wandering into unfamiliar spaces  
I lost myself  
and expanded beyond what I knew  
and beyond what I could see  
and I received.



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