

I AM YOU ARE



POEMS AND IMAGES

Michael Amar

(The image contains dense, overlapping handwritten text in Devanagari script, which is largely illegible due to blurring and overlap.)

**I am
You are**

**Each word is a living form
Changing through space and time**

Poems and Images by Michael Amar
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I am
you are,
we are words
and worlds
here, in this moment
in the vastness of non-measured time.

We are
far apart in time and space,
yet closeness exists
between you and I.
The singular is not
and every day I wake up
thinking of death
of a bird, or a star
or the cells in my body.

Your presence affirms my being.
I affirm your presence in feeling your touch
as we occupy this space
engulfed in the moment of the unknown
moving us into the future.
Together we come upon truths
to discover the unknown.

Nothing is outside.
A vast canyon between us
mirrors interior and exterior within us.
There is only time
in this moment of mind
while death and art are in an endless dialogue
with the other.
You live for art
and die for it.
We live for the other,
for the unknown,
never to end and to be known.

I am
you are
I wait for you.

You wait for me,
a space is between us
and time slips away
until there is nothing to wait for anymore.

What does it mean
to be born,
what does it mean to die, to live
and to breathe.
What are we left with
to understand of life
lived with each other
after such a long long time.
Were we?

I am the other
you are I.
I am
a sound
a guiding voice as
you are also to me.

My vocal chords
are like those of
the night bird
loud and soft
wanting to be heard
in the night,
in the darkness,
alone in the woods
I hear your call.

Messages

The waves come in
and then pull back
back and forth
back and forth
back and forth
to the rhythm of a lunar presence.

The water comes in
to the shore to deliver
a message.
What's the message?

Messages present themselves
in the most subtle ways,
to stir the senses.

A gentle soft wind stirring the poplar tree
one leaf alone is dancing
while the others are quietly staring and still.

A worm slowly slithering over the wet pavement
after last night's rain and thunder,
having surfaced from the darkness of
an underground silence.

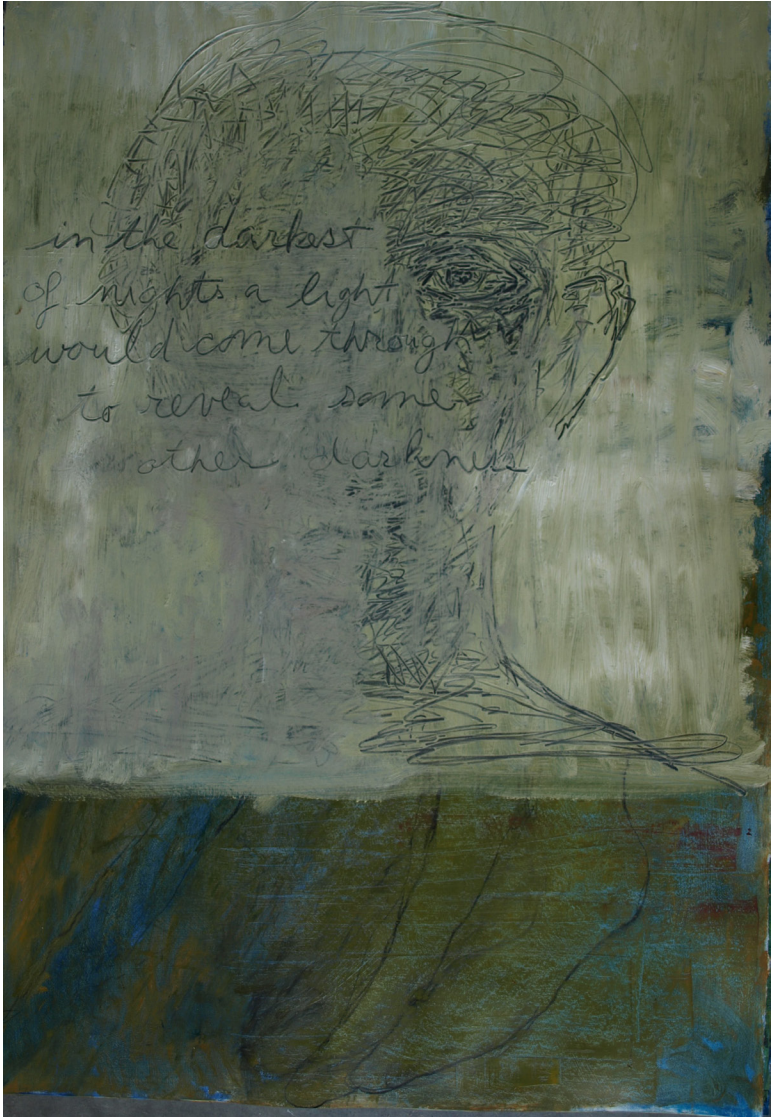


February

The light is different now
hurting my eyes.
Though dim winter light lingers
a dull endless even gray persists.

What was I to realize this past winter,
for beauty is no longer an outer pursuit
or a dwelling place.

What was I to understand
and believe?
-Not the daily news anymore
did world war 2 exist?



Travellers

We are all travellers
on our way to the north star
where the light is clear
and awaits our return.

Something catches my attention
and I follow.

Did anyone notice
the way that I lived.

Did anyone notice
the things that I did.

Did anyone notice
the rough waters below.

Did anyone pause to ponder and
to consider our cause.



Little Boy

Little boy, little boy,
what are you searching for,
always looking at the stars
and the distant horizon.

Little boy little boy
listening to the wind and
the songs of birds,
what are the thoughts in your
mind and your heart now that
you are an old man
and your dreams have slipped away?



The Burial of a House Fly

I found its tiny body
on the old wooden floor
near the bedroom window.

Gently I picked it up
and placed it in the soil of a
potted umbrella plant.

Quietly I said a prayer
that its soul would find its way
to inhabit the body of an elephant in India.



Corner

How is this?

Making skin to
stretch over a sphere that moves
up and down
sideways and east and west
north and south
following the flight of a fly.

Some dynamic geometry to form and stretch
to a precise corner and landing
on the inner point near the bridge
of my nose.

Reaching

The distance to reach our destiny
is much greater than the distance
of hearing someone's voice.
For to hear the sound of your words
affirms my presence.

My sense of space and time
is always shifting.
An image reminded me of my grandfather's
voice in the way he talked to me
and gently held my small hand.



Povera: Day Old Bread

I demand nothing,
A meagre meal perhaps
prepared over a flame,
old crusty bread too
stored in a cupboard in a brown paper bag.

There is no more art.
It is all repeat now.
Only the air is cool and fresh
and sunlight hurts my eyes.

Birds soaring to touch the sky
bring me joy and hope.
What are we left with
at the end of the day,
a frail body perhaps,
a heavy lingering darkness.



Seven Thousand Five Hundred and Eighty Five Flights

The space was defined
by seventy thousand five hundred
and eighty five flights with bits of twigs, grasses,
leaves, feathers, lengths of string and pinches of clay
transported to weave together
a half sphere to exist one day
before a severe thunderstorm.



Earth Day

On earth day there was an announcement:
one hundred acres of land are going to be flattened
for the building of a new manufacturing plant,
an assembly line to produce electric cars.
In the next day,
I received thousands of phone calls
from the residents
expressing opposition to this idea.
frogs, ants, birds
snakes, grasses, skunks
waters, raccoon, coyotes and clouds
left a message on my answering machine.
What are we left with?



Holding

Holding the darkness within me
the beauty of the forest within me
the stand of cedars and the warmth of the sun
the silence of the open field
and myself being held.

Marble David

Am I a rock
or flesh and blood?
Carrara
I have been standing
for five hundred years.
Waiting.
I am not flesh and blood
but have become a speck of dust
caught in an orbit somewhere out there
in the heavens near the James Webb Telescope
Michelangelo di Buonarroti sent me
a complete list of all his works.
I should have been a slave.



Caller's List

When I walked in the front door
I could see my message waiting light flashing
on the telephone.

Messages from
my mother
Jesus
Martin Luther King
Buddha
Mohamed
St. Francis of Assisi
Thomas Merton
Martin Heidegger
Leonard Cohen
Lawrence Kushner
Vincent
were waiting.



An Invitation From the Cedars

I thank the tall cedars
for their stillness
in their grove of silence
for their vulnerability
that is woven with innocence
and their presence anchored in the ground
for their hidden knowledge and wisdom
to bring me to meet them
where they stand.



Accumulations

I have accumulated
so much stuff over the years
haven't you?
It doesn't seem to end,
the list is long.

The constant accumulation of dust
is clearly visible in a ray of sunlight
and the invisible keeps falling.
I notice a layer particularly
on the dark brown wooden surface of my dresser.

All the framed family photos have to
be taken off in order to dust the surface.

Some accumulations though,
can not be taken off to be dusted so easily.
Many are hidden deep in my being
and are a measure of time and memory.

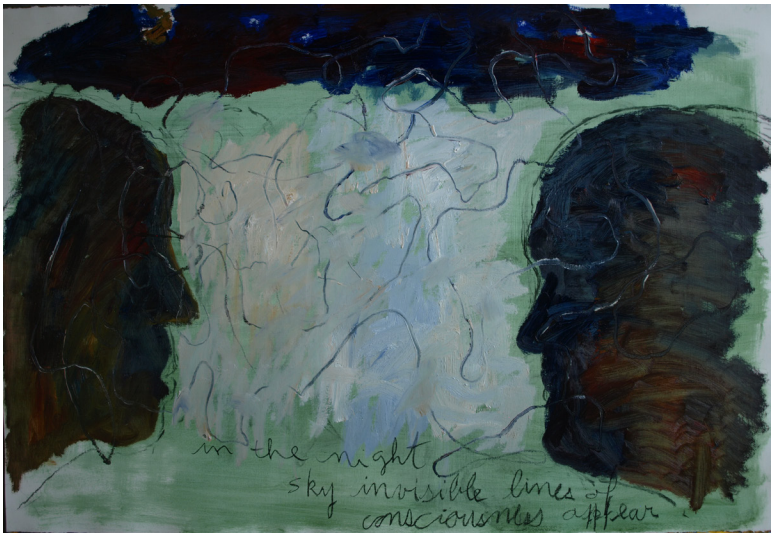


Shelter

I live
under an iron bridge.

Overhead, cars are speeding
night and day in an endless
stream of steel,
loud mufflers and rubber over pavement.

Massive concrete pillars
supporting the paved band above
frames my home
and also that of a robin's.



Rebirth

In non time
I exist and
all references
of my being have disappeared
and then momentarily return.

A kind of cycle of death,
one might say.
The fullness of time
is lost
and I begin from the start
all over again
to anchor my position
of living.



Rear View Mirror

Step on the pedal
ease up on the brake
listen to the reflection
in the rear view mirror
whats it saying

who is that behind me
and in front
I'll speed up and move ahead
the light turns red
and I must stop
to tell lies to myself
seen in the rear view mirror



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Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a form of shorthand or a specific dialect. The text is dense and covers the entire page, with some lines appearing to be repeated or written in a similar pattern. The characters are highly stylized and interconnected, making it difficult to decipher without a key or context. The text is written in black ink on a light-colored background.

