

HOPE
WORKS
HOWARD COUNTY
2015

Dragonfly

arts magazine

Reflections on Life, Love, Trauma and Hope



Dragonfly

arts magazine
2015

Founded in 1978, HopeWorks of Howard County is a private nonprofit agency that works to eliminate sexual and domestic violence in the county by providing shelter, counseling and advocacy, increasing community awareness, and changing societal attitudes.

"Insight, I believe, refers to the depth of understanding that comes by setting experiences, yours and mine, familiar and exotic, new and old, side by side, learning by letting them speak to one another."

- Mary Catherine Bateson

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Vanita Leatherwood
EDITOR

Saman Akhtar
Jan Erntson
Alexis Flanagan
Dominic Goodall
Joyce Hoelzer
Patricia Parra
Joanne St. John

Intern: Brett D'Amore

HOPEWORKS

5457 Twin Knolls Road, Suite 310
Columbia, Maryland 21045
Phone: 410.997.0304

Hours

Monday – Friday
9:00 a.m. – 5:00 p.m.

Web

wearehopeworks.org

Facebook

www.facebook.com/HopeWorksofHC

Twitter

<http://www.twitter.com/HopeWorksofHC>

24-Hour Helpline

410.997.2272

DISCLAIMER

The artistic expressions in this publication are those of the individual authors and artists and do not necessarily reflect the philosophies, position or policies of HopeWorks.

MADE POSSIBLE BY THE HOWARD COUNTY ARTS COUNCIL THROUGH A GRANT FROM HOWARD COUNTY GOVERNMENT

It is not by chance that our arts magazine is entitled Dragonfly. The dragonfly has been a centuries old symbol for change – a special type of transformation, one wrought from crisis but ending in self-realization and a deeper understanding of the meaning of life. This experience is often reflected in the lives of the people we serve at HopeWorks and you'll hear it in some of the voices on the pages to follow. This transformation is rarely an easy one and as humans, we sometimes feel so very limited in how to bare the intensity of our thoughts and feelings. This struggle to create something beautiful and inspirational from the dark places is somehow mystical and pedestrian at the same time – something that is hard to fathom, yet a common daily occurrence.



Congratulations to each of our contributing artists who were brave enough to articulate their own deep emotions and unique perspectives on life.

Self-expression through art gives wind to the wings of the dragonfly and we thank these artists who were generous enough to give us a window into their transformational journeys.

Jenn

Jennifer Pollitt Hill, MSW | Executive Director
HopeWorks (formerly Domestic Violence Center)
jpollitthill@wearehopeworks.org

HOPEWORKS BOARD OF DIRECTORS

Michele Beaulieu, LCSW-C (BOD Vice-President)
Jane Berman
David Coaxum, Esquire
Meg Dawes
Greg Der
Marva Dickerson, RN, BSN
Nancy Forrest (BOD President)
Ryan Frederic
Missi Hamet
Tracey Perrick, Esquire
Karen Pitsley
Sara Rubloff, LCSW-C, ACSW (BOD Secretary)
Shaydra Tisdale-Robinson, CPA (BOD Treasurer)

HopeWorks is Howard County's sexual assault and domestic violence center. We are here for our clients completely. And we are agents of change. Hope builds momentum and momentum creates change...when we work together.



INSIDE THIS ISSUE:

Dragonfly

2015 arts magazine

AT THE PLAYGROUND by Margaret Bacon HOPE by Sheela Becton	3
BIRDS FLY TO THE SUN by Iryna Lialko	4
AWARE by A. L. Kaplan HOPE by Desiree Glass ON A BIG JOURNEY by Jean Joklik THE WARM PAVEMENT by Thomas Price IV	5
CONFIDENCE and EMPOWER by Sheela Becton	6
THE INVITATION by Dovile Mark INNER QUEEN by Tonya Scales	7
THE WAYS THROUGH IT by Laura Solomon	8
DEAD ON POINT! WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO CHANGE? by Miriam Whitehead-Brice PRAYER FOR UNDERSTANDING by Jennifer Pollitt Hill RISING WITH THE FROST by Martha Swinn	9
TUCKED BEHIND by Yoo-Jin Kang	10
PRISONER OF MEMORIES FORGOTTEN by Martha Swinn	11
UNTITLED 2 by Sangeeta Kaul	12
BROKEN by Moniesha Lawings	13
WHAT I KNOW by Laura Solomon	14
TRAUMA by Amy Jackson	15
A BLIND EYE by Alyson Hollister I NEVER WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS by Riley O'Donnell-Zwaig IT SHALL BE WON by Schonda Piper-Groom	16
I HOPE THE MORNING and IN SILENT MOMENTS by Jean Joklik	17
HORNED KING by Martha Swinn	18
BODYSHAME by Laura Solomon	19
RED TEARS FLY UP by Iryna Lialko	20
BUTTERFLY FREE by AnnaNymity	21
JOURNEY OF THE LUNA MOTH by Jeanne Fry	22
AS I LAY ON THE SILVER SHEET MY LIFE TRANSFORMED by Suriya Kaul A SLIVER OF HOPE, FROZEN UNDERGROUND, LET'S SHARE A CUPPA by Jean Joklik SELF PORTRAIT by Amy Jackson	23
ARTISTS' BIOS	24
ART AS A VEHICLE FOR AWARENESS AND CHANGE	27

AT THE PLAYGROUND

BY MARGARET BACON

Eve watched Mia climbing the play structure with more confidence than many kindergarteners. She looked at her watch and sighed. They'd been at the playground less than half an hour. She waited another eternity of a minute and called, "Mia, ten minutes."

"No," Mia responded, not in anger, simply making herself heard. She then jumped from the top of the play structure into the sand below.

Eve was too tired to argue or admonish her daughter for talking back. She'd worked the 5am to 2pm shift at the hospital and she had chores to do at home. Still, she wanted Mia to have some time outside before they went home to their cramped apartment.

It was warm for October in the city and Eve felt herself drifting as she sat with her back to the afternoon sun, listening to the rhythmic bouncing of basketballs behind her. She let her eyelids droop, snapping them open every few seconds to catch sight of Mia making her way around the playground. As she saw her heading towards the swings, Eve whispered a prayer. "Please, please don't let me hear, Mommy, can you push me?"

Mia was a big girl. She'd come into the world with a voracious appetite. Once when Eve was nursing Mia at a friend's house, a cousin from Mexico had smiled and nodded at the baby's enthusiastic suckling sounds. At first Eve was somewhat embarrassed, but later she appreciated that a man could respect her breasts for their real purpose. By the time Mia was six months old, she was in the 90th percentile in height and weight. It seemed any Japanese petiteness had been pushed aside to make way for the large German bones from the other side of the family.

Mia learned early to use her size to her advantage. There was a period of time during Mia's terrible twos that Eve had to stop bringing her to the playground because she would overpower the other toddlers. She seemed to be able to intuitively find the most timid kid and for no apparent reason grab them by the shirt, practically lifting them off the ground. The aggression finally subsided and when Mia acquired more social skills she actually became quite popular. Still, she always stood her ground and justly claimed her turn in line for the slide, the tire swing, or anything else that was rightly hers.

Eve sighed with relief to see that all the swings were taken and Mia, her size a welcome asset, was content to push other kids. Eve let her eyes slide shut again. When she opened them, Mia was lying not far from her as if she were at the beach, filtering the sand through her pudgy fingers. Never one for modesty, Mia lay on her tummy, with her legs spread behind her, her dress barely covering her rear end. Eve smiled as she watched her daughter contentedly playing in the sand.

That's when the boys approached; two of them, just a few years older than Mia. They came up from behind her; the bigger one snickering and pointing to Mia's ample bottom. Before Eve could even get to her feet he had reached down and lifted Mia's dress, exposing her panties. Eve was there then and he dropped the dress, but Mia just lay still, staring down at the sand, no longer playing with it. Eve scooped Mia up swiftly, holding her protectively. Still, she felt she was too late.

"That's wrong!" Eve tried to keep her voice steady as she spoke to the boy.

"What?" He frowned at her. "I didn't do nothing."

Eve stared at him harshly. His friend looked away. That the boy lied made her even angrier. "I saw what you did and it's wrong!" Eve said, her voice rising.

"I didn't do nothing!" The boy repeated.

Eve shot him a look of disgust and carried Mia away. Though she was heavy, Eve didn't set her daughter down until they were out of the playground. Mia held her mother's hand silently as they walked to the car. She didn't complain about leaving the playground or trying to keep up with her mother's quick pace.

As Eve buckled her into her car seat, Mia kept her eyes down. Eve kissed her daughter's forehead, feeling it warm and moist against her lips, before getting behind the driver's seat and heading them home. Eve glanced in the rearview mirror to see Mia expressionless, looking out the window.



© 2015 Sheela Becton

HOPE

OIL ON CANVAS

BY SHEELA BECTON

CONTINUED

AT THE PLAYGROUND CONTINUED

"Mia, did that boy make you feel bad?"

Mia nodded and looked down again. "Yes," she muttered.

Anger shook her, but Eve tried to remain calm as she spoke. "You didn't do anything wrong. That boy was wrong! He knows it. He had no right to make you feel bad..." Eve stopped herself. Words weren't going to make it right. Instead she smiled weakly in the mirror at Mia.

Mia returned the smile, bravely.

"We've got cookies at home." Eve said. She only meant to change the subject, but she saw Mia's face light up. There she was offering food, the ultimate pacifier, but sweets weren't going to take away the bitterness of the afternoon.

"You forget about that boy, Mia." But Eve knew neither of them ever would.

© 2015 Margaret Bacon



BIRDS FLY TO THE SUN

PAPER, INKS 50CM X70CM

BY IRYNA LIALKO



© 2015 Iryna Lialko



© 2015 DESIREE GLASS



HOPE

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY DESIREE GLASS

AWARE

BY A. L. KAPLAN

Painful
A memory flies
Away

Mislaid
Never forgotten
Endless

© 2015 A.L. Kaplan

ON A BIG JOURNEY

BY JEAN JOKLIK

On a big journey?
Invite yourself on this path:
small steps with great love.

© 2015 Jean Joklik

THE WARM PAVEMENT

BY THOMAS PRICE IV

I step out onto the warm pavement. I put my hands into my jean pockets. I look down at the ground and start to walk. The sun is high and hot. A flash of thought rushes into my consciousness. I can see myself as I was. I can see how I never want to be again.

No longer will I lay in my lonely dark room as a mass of decaying flesh, bleeding my spirit's soul dry of blood by replacing it with a transfusion of bile. Bile so thick and sour and acidic that it digests every desire and will in me to take another life affirming breath. I continue to lie there only able to groan and moan. I grasp my chest trying to feel my heart but I know that it is stone.

I curse the gods under my breath. How dare they create me as this fleshy, needy biomaterial that starts to become rancid under the earth's hot sun. A filthy mortal that is made of the same dirt that he walks on under his feet. An often self-inflicted existence of obsessive craving for a period of short-lived relief that is never enough. A relief that only prolongs my human suffering as eventually the meat is shaken from my bones.

The messiah is us addicts! We are the ones up on the cross dying for the entire world's sins!

Oh God.

Grant me the wisdom.

© 2015 Thomas Price IV



CONFIDENCE

OIL ON CANVAS

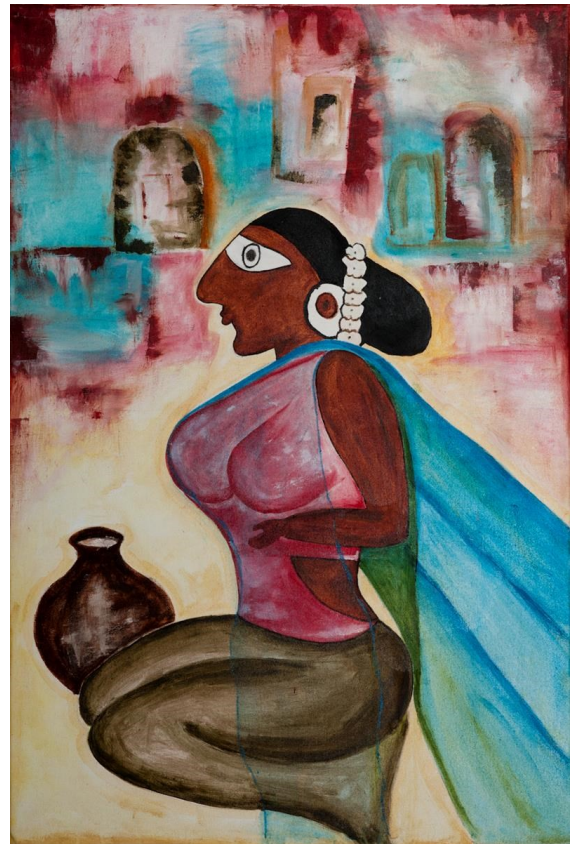
BY SHEELA BECTON

© 2015 Sheela Becton

EMPOWER

OIL ON CANVAS

BY SHEELA BECTON



© 2015 Sheela Becton

THE WAYS THROUGH IT

BY LAURA SOLOMON

These are the ways through it:

One.

Imagine your body a tower.

Your blood is mortar, your bones turn brick,

you render yourself

impenetrable.

A fortress of your own creation,

the moat around your feet grows to ocean.

You push the tide outwards with your hands,

you, the sorceress, the magician, the controller of your universe,

you watch it retreat when it touches the shore,

you bring it back to you.

Pull in: the silence.

The stones that crash your jagged edges.

The hook that never caught anything.

The shell of the horseshoe crab.

You crawl inside the prehistoric armor

bring yourself back to a time pre-history,

drop to the water and let yourself drift

to and from

the elusive shore.

Not this.

Your body

is not a tower

has never been armor

has never known how to still

to protect this beating heart

has only ever known

to care for her quietly, and these

are the ways through it:

One.

Imagine yourself a shadow.

A trick of light.

A terrestrial ghost for non-believers

neither seen nor touched

you move through life unharmed.

People think they saw you, once,

as you follow them everywhere

a two-dimensional emptiness that takes up no space,

you spread yourself thin, larger than life,

taking up only the places that are walked over,

you know all the motions of a person

living a life.

Stop here.

You earthly body of cells and breath.

you make this being human

an art of love, of beauty,

you three-dimensional being of real,

how you breathe your heart,

your beating heart,

it is living, you are living,

and these are the ways through it:

One.

Find yourself unwrapped-

there are so many hearts left surprised by you.

Let them be amazed by your open

do not deny this world, there is such

creation within you

you blessed, holy being of love,

this is the only way through it:

the breaking, surviving

the moving, surviving

the healing, surviving

unraveling, surviving

the hoping, and ripping, and cutting

surviving,

it is here, it is waiting, it is real, and

this is the way through it:

One.

Imagine yourself growing.

Your branches, your stem, your leaves and petals

may be torn and scattered till all evidence of you is ruined.

There are so many ways out of this life, but this.

This.

This is the way through it:

One.

Imagine your roots.

Your safe roots.

They are deep.

They are reaching.

Embraced by Earth, who is grounding

who is holding, and this

is the way through it:

One.

Imagine your roots.

Your safe roots.

Your roots will never leave

this sacred ground.

© 2015 Laura Solomon

DEAD ON POINT! WHAT WILL IT TAKE TO CHANGE?

BY MIRIAM WHITEHEAD-BRICE

Reflecting on yester-year my husband and I were happy. Praying and worshipping together was beautiful and the love we shared felt natural. Time has created a distance and our emotions are now apart. It started with arguing and name calling; now it's physical. My husband has broken my heart.

Lord, Lord I'm in distress and my pastor says to pray, but I know that when I go home from service I'll get another beating today. I got a restraining order, but during Sunday School he showed up again. The pastor gave him a nod as he answered, "Praise the Lord!" I'm in church and in fear again.

As I was trying to be attentive to the Sunday school teacher, going over the "B-Attitudes," I was interrupted by his stare of corruption. I guess in church the restraining order isn't good. I heard him whisper to a brother, "My wife over there, sister such and such thinks she's slick, but I'll be waiting for her in front of the house. Oh yeah, she's gonna get it."

Jesus have mercy! My husband, this man who promised to love and cherish me, is going through. I don't understand why he thinks black eyes and bruises are a thing of beauty.

(Later during that week she called the pastor)

She said weakly, "Pastor, pastor, please pray for me I'm in the hospital. When you pray for me I don't feel your concern and I feel belittled." He prayed, "Lord teach her how to be submissive. The vows say to "trust and obey... Sister! Sister? What's that sound? I just hear a long beep." "Hello, this is the doctor. We couldn't save her, Hannah has gone to sleep."

© 2015 Miriam Whitehead-Brice

PRAYER FOR UNDERSTANDING

BY JENNIFER POLLITT HILL

You are unknowable,
yet we yearn to know you

Situations are unbearable,
yet we ask for strength to bear them

Conflicts that cannot be resolved,
yet we ask to find peace

I am surely broken,
yet I know there is wholeness within

We have come to terms with the existence of cruelty and evil,
yet we ask that it be banished

How can all these truths coexist?
I ask for understanding

© 2015 Jennifer Pollitt Hill

"RISING WITH THE FROST"

BY MARTHA SWINN
- the darkest hour -

nature
like the bones found rotting in leaf mold
always rises with the frost
we'd like to believe that humanity
is a clean essence
- devoid of fleshy corruption -
is a construct of good will yet
inevitably we are disappointed
stunned by the pure selfishness
of an act
to take without thought
to laugh off the ripple of affect
to congratulate oneself for a crime
witnessed by no one but yourself

© 2015 Martha Swinn

TUCKED BEHIND

PHOTOGRAPHY
BY YOO-JIN KANG



© 2015 Yoo-Jin Kang

PRISONER OF MEMORIES FORGOTTEN

PHOTO MONTAGE

By MARTHA SWINN



© 2015 Martha Swinn

UNTITLED 2

OIL ON CANVAS

BY SANGEETA KAUL



© 2015 Sangeeta Kaul

BROKEN

By MONIESHA LAWINGS

Don't tell me you

love

Me. Like roses in the fall, I

Shrivel against the wall while your

Voice pierces through my eardrums

Like a record in a vintage store

that

Is always on repeat.

You tell me that your love

is true

Like the way winter changes

Into spring and the way my heart

Beat increases whenever you

Come close. But what

does

Love even mean anymore?

I'm unlovable.

You left me with a label, a sign

On my chest that I am

not

Able to erase.

I'm broken.

Something that stitches or a

Band aid can't heal. So,

Don't tell me you love me

When you constantly

hurt

Me.

© 2015 Moniesha Lawings

WHAT I KNOW

BY LAURA SOLOMON

The thing is:

there are a hundred thousand ways of feeling broken.

And you (and me)

and your best friend and

the stranger sitting in front of you and

your cousin's sister's best friend's baby's mama all know

what they are.

But only I can know

the way my heart races when I see injustice and the way

my face flushes when I walk the path of righteousness and

only I can know

the way my mind wraps itself around words

heating the inside so they boil and jump and

burble into new creations, then cool as they

settle into poems on my tongue

crispy, delicate,

gooey on the inside

surprising.

And the thing is:

there are a hundred thousand things

people could say that could shake me

would shake me

(have shaken me)

and there are a hundred thousand things people could do

would do

(have done)

and I know—as you know and

the soul sitting next to you knows and hell, even your

great aunt's second husband's grandfather knows

that none of those things matter but

we'll feel them and

believe them and

be crushed by them anyway.

But only I can know

the way my I feel my soul caress my body when I move and

the way my god finger-paints purple sunshine

streaming through my heart into my narrow vision and the way

I love saving worms from the sidewalk because

I really believe that moment of gentleness

makes the world a more compassionate place to live.

And the thing is:

you (and me)

and the person in front of you you'll never touch

who is also blinking back tears of self-doubt

go through life

saving worms or

recycling bottles or

smiling at strangers

as though we are ordinary

ignorant to our own worth and even

daring to think

we might be broken or

cracked or

unworthy.

We're all poems waiting to be written

heated on the inside

boiling

jumping

burbling into love-full creations

that cool as they settle into souls

delicate

resilient

powerful

and, the thing is:

it all starts with

you (and me)

loving us.

© 2015 Laura Solomon

TRAUMA

WATERCOLOR, PASTEL ON PAPER

BY AMY JACKSON



© 2015 Amy Jackson

“Contrary to what we may have been taught to think, unnecessary and unchosen suffering wounds us but need not scar us for life. It does mark us.
What we allow the mark of our suffering to become is in our own hands.”

— bell hooks, *All About Love: New Visions*

A BLIND EYE

BY ALYSON HOLLISTER

It turned when the once seemingly perfect couple
Started to show cracks in their bond
Because who doesn't gain some satisfaction
When what was once envied isn't so special anymore.

It turned and lacked concern when her moods swung
So far back and forth
That periphery was useless when no one cares
To see what was once front and center

It turned back a little bit when her lack of focus
Affected your bottom line
And she could no longer perform satisfactorily
But that's none of your business.

It turned and tried to get a decent view
Of the circus that had become her life
But the vantage point
feigned genuine consideration

It turned back out of curiosity
Just enough to see
Her bruises, scars and swollen lip
For entertainment purposes only

It certainly pulled a 180 when she cried for help
As she tried to turn her own 180
Instead blaming her for allowing him to do to her
What no one saw coming except in 20/20 hindsight

It turned and mocked as she loved herself
And helped herself and had the audacity
To ask "Who does she think she is?"
When her only choices were this or die

It certainly cannot stand to see her
For all she has become
In all of her brilliance which has left
Truly blind eyes...

© 2015 Alyson Hollister

I NEVER WANTED TO BE AN ACTRESS

BY RILEY O'DONNELL-ZWAIG

As a youth, it was a teacher who I aspired to be.
Never an actress subjected to cruel scrutiny
It's exhausting, you know? Always contemplating my next line
and being smacked in the face when I exceed the allotted time.

But He is the director... just glance at his chair.
It's taller than most, I guess that deems him *King Lear*?
I try not to question, or talk out of turn.
He has a precise vision, that I am coerced to learn.

His mandates may be subtle, but enforced nonetheless,
one vile grimace initiates my arbitrary consequence,
But regardless of the fear that envelops my veins,
I sustain a convincing smile, for I have an audience to entertain.

Despite an exceptional performance, I'll never be a nominee ,
because to Him I'm mediocre, and inept for T.V.
He berates on my traits, both character and countenance.
It's now ingrained into my psyche, that I am a worthless nuisance.

Scenes become episodes,
and episodes turn into shows,
Now my life is a *horror* film
with a fickle ending I am petrified to know.

© 2015 Riley O'Donnell-Zwaig

IT SHALL BE WON

BY SCHONDA PIPER-GROOM

In order to claim the victory we must face the trial. In order to proclaim triumph we must feel the pain. In order to recognize success we must have experienced being unsuccessful. In order to claim a win we must face a loss. We cannot claim the light without having lived in darkness. We must know the inevitable degree of pain, loss; traumatic experiences of life are required elements so that we can receive the victory. There is no comparison of perfection upon perfection. So take hold of the night's storm as its passing shall come.

Fight of faith yet victory shall be won!

© 2015 Schonda Piper-Groom



© 2015 Jean Jolik

IN SILENT MOMENTS

BY JEAN JOLIK

In silent moments
from the places we hide dreams
let the future emerge.

© 2015 Jean Jolik

HORNED KING

MULTI-MEDIA COLLAGE

BY MARTHA SWINN



© 2015 Martha Swinn

BODYSHAME

BY LAURA SOLOMON

When women lament their stomach
their thighs
their arms
their butt
their right big toe
this body rises, indignant.

This body balks at diet plans.
She ignores conversations of thigh gaps,
bikini bodies, and miracle pills.
She will not discuss weight loss goals
or curse the gym time it takes to reach them,
she cares not about:
her water-weight
her muscle mass
her BMI
or the calories in oranges.

This body stretches into downward dog.
She bows in recognition of scarred flesh
broken heartstrings, skin burning for love.
She knows her muscles ache
to remind her they exist.
Her body begs to be nurtured in ways
this world forgets to name:
this body will not shame herself.

This body knows the fear of loved ones disappearing.
She has seen beautiful fade to bare:
it's a fucking privilege to shame your body
without the weight of others' bones on your flesh.
Tell me how to hate your body as you check her chest for breath.
Laugh about your stomach, your thighs, your ass,
when you've seen how body eats muscle 'cause there's nothing left.
Tell me how to shame your body when you've thanked god over ounces,
or sat holding a body's relic of hate's aftermath.
Tell me how to shame it then.
Tell me how to hate it.
Tell me how to love it.

This body has felt eyes and whistles rise like drawn weapons up her neck.
Has been every man's challenge when she closes her doors.
This body has known dark-alley hands with heavy touch,
beer-soaked mouth on lips and flesh,
fear-clenched breath,
back on brick,
lungs that beg for air.
This body has known bruise, bite, bleeding
has known the empty fear of nothing that erupts into emptiness:
this body has known broken.

I don't know how to praise her.
Was taught not to sing her hymns or speak her gospel,

was trained to hide her goodness, her wholeness, her flesh.
I wear my bodyshame like crucifixion,
each nail, an emblem
of how Woman I can be,
I never learned this body holy
but I know her temple is cells and breath.
Her deity, Truth, worships at her feet
that bless this holy ground,
sing her holy name,
her truthsong is Love
only and over again Love,
for she who has carried me through.
She who is sweat and tightness and stretch.
She who knows how to woman,
to open, to soften, to strong,
to power, to close, to cry, to quake,
to sing, and sing, and sing--

How can I shame this warrior-goddess body
who has only ever wanted
to love me
home?

© 2015 Laura Solomon

RED TEARS FLY UP

CANVAS, OIL, GOLDEN LEAFS 160CM X160CM

BY IRYNA LIALKO



© 2015 Iryna Lialko

BUTTERFLY FREE

BY ANNANYMITY

Endless turns with no direction
Shifts no conditions
No guarantees accept the journey
Vulnerability shadows the frame
Only time speaks thy name
Standing by the wayside
Watching life journey by
Capsized in emptiness
Tears adorn swollen eyes
Trying to see past the hour
Tomorrow seems so far away
Growls the cavity of my belly
Longing to taste a slice of liberty
To heal hunger wounds of poverty
That overwhelm.... Distorting contemplation
Manifest destiny I long to know
Life, liberty....the pursuit of happiness
Seems a figment of reality
A face never to be known
Poverty stricken with no room to expand
Or expand as we stand shoulder to shoulder
To break free is a must
Embracing the concept of getting ahead
So awesomely wings begin to grow
Fluttering during exit from a crowded cocoon
Metamorphosis with a new found energy
Emerging impressive, adorned with vision
Transformation has taken place in the confinement of mind
Salivating imagery of a better life
Rising to new heights from new knowledge
Soaring higher to almost kiss the sky
Having the will and desire to survive
I shall not be defeated
Continuously I journey to the end of my rainbow
Where destiny awaits me
To delve into my moment
Of miraculous expansion
Soul all a glow
Resurrected spirit
Embracing chances of my own

© 2015 AnnaNymity

JOURNEY OF THE LUNA MOTH

ACRYLIC PAINTING

BY JEANNE FRY



© 2015 Jeanne Fry

AS I LAY ON THE SILVER SHEET MY LIFE TRANSFORMED

BY SURIYA KAUL

Countless stars have decorated the sky
The moon appears majestic high in the sky
Oh what a gorgeous summer night
Cool breeze caresses my body
And plays with my hair
As I lay on the grass
I smell jasmine in the air
Night in the embrace of moonlight looks stunning
The sheer beauty of it is mesmerizing
As I sense romance in the air
I remember a passionate summer night
Spent in my lover's embrace
Light bugs glow like diamonds in the dark and fly by
I hear water running in the stream near by
A sense of peace and calm descends upon me
As I see God in everything near me
And above me
Moonlight spreads a silver sheet all around
My body dons silver
I feel I am in Eden
As I sense Universal Power all around
My trials and tribulations has no place here
I know my life has changed for the better
On this magical summer night
My eyelids get heavy with sleep
Under the sky
I thank God and roll over to my side
As I lay on the grass on the silver sheet
I imagine myself to be a dragonfly
Spreading colorful wings
Soaring high as far as I can fly

© 2015 Suriya Kaul

FROZEN UNDERGROUND

BY JEAN JOKLIK

Frozen underground
we bury our highest hopes
In voices of fear.

© 2015 Jean Jolik

A SLIVER OF HOPE

BY JEAN JOKLIK

A sliver of hope
beauty of the crescent moon
casts light into dark

© 2015 Jean Jolik

LET'S SHARE A CUPPA

BY JEAN JOKLIK

Let's share a cuppa
between heart-sick and high hopes
this may take a while.

© 2015 Jean Jolik

SELF PORTRAIT

ACRYLIC ON CANVAS

BY AMY JACKSON



© 2015 Amy Jackson

ARTISTS' BIOS

MARGARET BACON: PAGE(S) 3

Margaret Bacon is a freelance writer of Okinawa and Anglo heritage. Her first book, *Yuletide Angels*, was released by Electio Publishing in 2013. She has supported her fiction habit by working many day jobs, such as teaching writing, yoga, swimming, and most recently working for a Japanese food truck. She is a mother and grandmother and resides near Ocean Beach in San Francisco.

SHEELA BECTON: PAGE(S) 3,6

Sheela lives in Montgomery County, Maryland with her husband Eugene Becton, and is a director in the IT department at Anne Arundel Community College. She rekindled her passion for painting seven years ago, and finds that painting on the weekends is very fulfilling and allows her to express herself. Most of her themes revolve around her memories from India. They also focus on women, hope, and empowerment. To Sheela, her family is her greatest blessing.

MIRIAM WHITEHEAD-BRICE: PAGE(S) 9

Miriam lives in Baltimore County, Maryland with husband, Anthony Brice. The couple married in 1997. Miriam found out she was HIV positive in 2000. Her husband is still HIV negative and says he will be with her always. Miriam is a writer, motivational speaker, HIV/AIDS Activist, and poetic exhorter. Her family is her greatest blessing and her husband is one of her "Grateful Moments."

JEANNE FRY: PAGE(S) 22

Jeanne Fry is a self-taught contemporary folk and visionary artist from the Blue Ridge Mountains in the southeast. Her love of nature is reflected in her art, bringing forth symbolic work with animal totems. As an artist with a disability, she believes that art is healing and tries to convey messages of self-love and empowerment for women to the canvas.

DESIREE ST. CLAIR GLASS : PAGE(S) 5

Currently a public high school teacher, Desiree has more than 25 years of experience, teaching all ages from infant to adult. Her writing has appeared in *Guidesposts*, *Christian Devotions*, and other newspapers and magazines, including a previous publication of *Dragonfly*. Desiree earned her M.A. at Notre Dame of Maryland University and her B.S. at Salisbury University. She is the mother of three children and grandmother of four.

SCHONDA PIPER-GROOM: PAGE(S) 16

As a child Schonda Piper-Groom survived sexual abuse. She is also a survivor of a series of eating disorders that began in her late teens and continued throughout her adult years. In 2011, facing divorce and self-destructive habits, she felt completely lost. Running to her "closet space," literally her bedroom closet, gave her silence from motherhood, work, finances, fear and addiction. Here God revealed his wings of protection, and under his wings came healing from all suffering!

JENNIFER POLLITT HILL: PAGE(S) 9

Jenn Pollitt Hill is passionate about racial justice, social justice, and ending violence against women. Her professional life, focused primarily on serving women, is cosmically balanced by her personal life which is full of men—her husband of 15 years and their two young sons. Throw in some good wine and cheese, a yoga class or two and a robust sense of humor, and you get a sense of who Jenn is.

AMY JACKSON: PAGE(S) COVER, 15, 23

Amy Jackson is a multimedia artist creating from her home studio since 2003. Amy is on federal disability for PTSD among other mental disorders, due to child sexual abuse at the hands of her family and others from birth to college years. Her art is considered therapy, as she is no longer able to work due to mental and physical limitations. You can view her complete archive at www.amyjackson.cc.

JEAN JOKLIK: PAGE(S) 5, 17, 23

Jean Joklik values questions that open hearts and minds to the collective wisdom that resides in each of us when all voices are heard. Her intention is to focus attention and energy on what is working. Her passion is to find, create and unlock potential. She dances in the creative tension that arises from honoring the current realities of problems and challenges while holding the space for the future to emerge around highest hopes, collective wisdom and shared strengths. When not writing haiku, she works as a consultant with individuals, small groups, nonprofits and businesses.

YOO-JIN KANG: PAGE(S) 10

Yoo-Jin Kang is finishing her final year at the University of Maryland Baltimore County (UMBC), where she studied culture and intimate partner violence. She is a survivor and is passionate about cultivating a healthier and more inclusive world for all people. In her spare time, she enjoys photography, practicing yoga, and vegan baking. The dragonfly tattoo behind Yoo-Jin's ear was designed and made in Seattle, Washington, her favorite city.

A.L. KAPLAN: PAGE(S) 5

A.L. Kaplan's work has been included in the anthology, *Suppose: Drabbles, Flash Fiction and Short Stories*, and *Dragonfly Arts Magazine 2014*. She holds an MFA in sculpture from the Maryland Institute College of Art and is president of the Maryland Writers Association's Howard County chapter. When not writing or indulging in her fascination with wolves, A.L. is the props manager for a local theatre. Visit: alkaplan.wordpress.com

SANGEETA KAUL: PAGE(S) 12

Presently transitioning from thinking of herself as a perfectionist, people-pleaser, and loser/victim, Sangeeta Kaul is now realizing herself as a warrior and a survivor. Artistically speaking, her creativity is an expedition into her soul's travels. In painting, she experiences true bliss and loss of worldly connections. She has recently set up an art studio where she enjoys experimenting with new projects.

SURIYA KAUL: PAGE(S) 23

Suriya Kaul is a volunteer for HopeWorks, and has always had an interest and involvement in the social service area. Issues related to nonviolence, women and children are close to her heart. Suriya loves to write and was excited to submit her creative work for the *Dragonfly Arts Magazine of 2015*.

MONEISHA LAWINGS: PAGE(S) 13

Monesha Lawings is a 17-year-old junior at Wilde Lake High School with honor roll status. She is also a member of HopeWork's Youth Leadership Project. She hopes to use her experience as a volunteer to become a nurse as an adult and a leader in the community. She also loves poetry and is happy to finally have some time to write again.

IRYNA LIALKO: PAGE(S) 4, 20

Painter and performer, Iryna Lialko was born in the Ukraine in 1981. Iryna immigrated to the U.S. and is currently living and working in Tennessee.

DOVILE MARK: PAGE(S) 7

Dovile Mark was born in Lithuania and now spends time between Maryland and Hawaii. She enjoys working as a writer, filmmaker, actor, puppeteer and stunt performer. Her poetry and stories have been featured in several magazines including *Poet's Ink* and *Main Channel Voices*. She has performed live at many venues in Europe and the U.S. including theaters, literary festivals, jail facilities, hospitals and Stoop Storytelling Series at Center Stage in Baltimore.

THOMAS PRICE IV: PAGE(S) 5

Thomas Price IV grew up in Ellicott City, Maryland and currently attends University of Maryland Baltimore County (UMBC) as a sociology major. He also earned an associate's degree in chemical dependency counseling from the Community College of Baltimore County (CCBC) . He is an active advocate of LGBT equality and attends PFLAG of Howard County. His favorite authors and artists include Mark Twain, the late Christopher Hitchens, and Ozzy Ozbourne.

TONYA SCALES: PAGE(S) 7

Tonya Marie Scales is an independent artist from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Tonya has had the pleasure of homeschooling her two beautiful children for the past three years while working on her goal to be a successful artist, sharing her talents with the world!

LAURA SOLOMON: PAGE(S) 8, 14, 19

Laura Solomon has been writing poetry since she was a child, and she believes poetry is an essential way of communicating with others as well as ourselves. Through her writing she attempts to name that which is unnamable, to provide voice to the things that go unsaid, and to find the extraordinary where it is least expected.

MARTHA SWINN: PAGE(S) 9, 11, 18

Martha Swinn is a teacher as well as an emerging poet and artist. In 2007, Martha and her husband collaborated on the multi-media art show, "Bones of the Earth." Inspired by both myth and nature, Martha continues to delve deep into the bones of memory for inspiration. You can find Martha at <https://msw1nn.wordpress.com/>

RILEY O'DONNELL-ZWAIG: PAGE(S) 16

Graduating from Centennial High School, Riley will be attending Pennsylvania State University, at University Park in fall 2015. she has spent her senior year interning at HopeWorks in the Community Engagement Department where she and another intern, collaboratively, produced an experiential workshop for teens called "In Their Shoes." Riley has always taken an interest in creative writing and plans on pursuing it in college. This is the first publication of her poem.

Art as a Vehicle for Awareness & Change

HopeWorks' Art-based Programs

HopeWorks' Community Engagement Department has quite a track record for producing programs that use art as a vehicle for awareness and change. They are the Discovery Workshops, the I CAN WE CAN Workshops, and The Women's Circle.

The creative arts are a means of helping people to improve and enhance physical, mental and emotional well being. The creative process involved in artistic self-expression helps people in a variety of ways. When we create art and reflect on it, the processes increase self-awareness, initiate awareness of others and help us cope with stress and traumatic experiences. Creative expression facilitates ending or finding solutions to conflicts and problems.

Researchers at the National Institutes for Health report that through the arts people can ease pain and stress and improve the quality of their lives. "More specifically, there is evidence that engagement with artistic activities, either as an observer of the creative efforts of others or as an initiator of one's own creative efforts, can enhance one's moods, emotions, and other psychological states as well as have a salient impact on important physiological parameters."¹

¹Staricoff R, Loppert S. Integrating the arts into health care: Can we affect clinical outcomes?: Kirklind D, Richardson R, editors. The Healing Environment Without and Within.

I CAN WE CAN

I CAN WE CAN WORKSHOP — USING YOUR HAND AS A CANVAS



HopeWorks' I CAN WE CAN Workshop is modeled after the national campaign called One Billion Rising. The campaign calls for community members to stand up and be counted as one of the billion people rising up to end violence. During the workshop we talk about what we can do to end violence at home, and in the workplace or at school. Big things, small things; everyone can do something. Then using their hand as a canvas, participants create artwork to inspire peace and healing. I CAN WE CAN is appropriate for men, women and children of all ages and is presented in a variety of community venues including schools, village centers, faith-communities, senior centers and summer camps.

WORKSHOP



"I Can Speak Out"
Girl Scout



"New Start" & "You are Beautiful"
Mom and Daughter



"Stop Social Injustice"
Hospital Patient



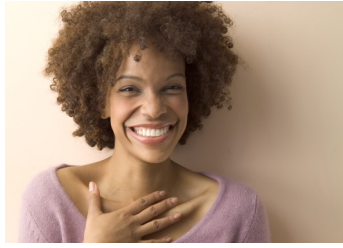
"Be Strong"
College Student



"Let's Be Kind"
Mentor



"I Can Bear Witness"
Man at Workplace Event



journaling, collage making, expressive writing, music & movement

“Caring for myself is not self-indulgence, it is self-preservation, and that is an act of political warfare.”

- Audre Lorde

HopeWorks' Discovery Workshops uses the power of creative arts to encourage wellness and healing, community-building, cultural shifts, liberation and celebration.

In a small group setting, participants (who are not in crisis) explore topics like gender roles, stress relief, sexual orientation, injustice, stigma, self-care and healthy relationships. The Discovery Workshops are interactive, using a modality called Transformative Language Arts, an academic field focused on social and personal change through the power of the written, spoken or sung word.

Offered quarterly, some workshops are one-day events; others are offered as a multi-session series. Programs are open to the general public as well as survivors who are out of crisis.



The HopeWorks' Women's Circle is roundtable-activity group (for women who are not in crisis) that often features arts-based workshops. Like the Discovery Workshops, The Women's Circle is part of our Community Wellness programming. These programs focus on enhancing emotional wellness, through the exchange of ideas, creative activities, and connecting with others.

During the Women's Circle sessions we explore issues such as body policing, romantic love, financial wellness, mother/daughter relationships, media literacy education and constructions of femininity. Past art-based workshops include:

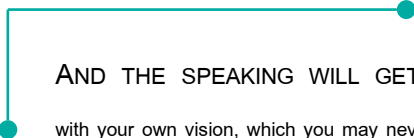
- Creating a "Hope-Chest " featuring cigar-box crafting
- Drumming
- Collage Making



Collages from Women's Circle Session

INTERESTED IN ATTENDING OR HOSTING ONE OF OUR WORKSHOPS?

Programs are held at HopeWorks and are also delivered at venues in the community. For more information or to schedule a program contact Vanita Leatherwood, Director of Community Engagement, at (410) 997 - 0304 or outreach@wearehopeworks.org.



AND THE SPEAKING WILL GET EASIER AND EASIER. And you will find you have fallen in love with your own vision, which you may never have realized you had. And you will lose some friends and lovers, and realize you don't miss them. And new ones will find you and cherish you. And you will still flirt and paint your nails, dress up and party, because, as I think Emma Goldman said, "If I can't dance, I don't want to be part of your revolution." And at last you'll know with surpassing certainty that only one thing is more frightening than speaking your truth. And that is not speaking."

...AUDRE LORDE

[HTTP://WWW.GOODREADS.COM/AUTHOR/SHOW/18486.AUDRE_LORDE](http://www.goodreads.com/author/show/18486.Audre_Lorde)

We Are HopeWorks.



Since 1978, HopeWorks, formerly the Domestic Violence Center, has been providing critical services to families affected by domestic violence and raising awareness in the community. In 2010, we added to our mission comprehensive services for survivors of sexual assault and sexual abuse.

We are proud of our strong tradition of service provision and survivors will always need the specialized care our dedicated staff provides on a daily basis. Critical also to our mission is engaging the entire community in the work of changing the conditions that allow sexual and domestic violence to occur in the first place. This part takes all of us. Sexual and domestic violence are not inevitable realities in our world.

We all benefit when individuals are free to live self-determined lives without the threat of sexual and domestic violence – not just survivors. Parents, law enforcement, businesses, students, day care providers, doctors, nurses and teachers, men and boys benefit. Families and friends will all be better off without these threats.

Prevention takes an entire community working together – challenging and changing the beliefs, attitudes and culture that allow them to exist. And it takes hope. Hope builds momentum and momentum creates change...when we work together.

Our community can be stronger and better and safer when we are all engaged in this work together. This is the spirit of our new name. It is a name we believe says as much about us as an agency as it does about us as a community.

WE ARE HOPEWORKS. EACH AND EVERY ONE OF US.

ADVOCACY SERVICES

- 24-Hour Helpline for callers seeking crisis counseling and referrals regarding sexual and domestic violence
- Hospital Accompaniment Program providing comfort, support, and advocacy to survivors of sexual and domestic violence at Howard County General Hospital

SAFE SHELTER AND TRANSITIONAL HOUSING

- 45-day crisis shelter for victims and their children
- Transitional housing for up to one year
- Individual case management and educational programs and life-skill trainings

COUNSELING FOR SURVIVORS OF SEXUAL ASSAULT & DOMESTIC VIOLENCE (WOMEN, MEN & CHILDREN)

- Crisis appointments
- Individual and group counseling
- Support groups for family members of sexual assault survivors

LEGAL ASSISTANCE

- Brief advice, information and referrals for victims of domestic violence, sexual assault, stalking and child abuse
- Representation, consultation in peace & protective order matters, crime victims' rights, divorce, custody and other family law proceedings
- Information and support through the Volunteer Legal Advocacy Project (VLAP) staffed at the District Court daily
- Criminal accompaniments to victims of domestic violence and sexual assault

ABUSER INTERVENTION PROGRAM

- Separate counseling programs for men and women to decrease behaviors of intimate partner violence
- 20-week program focusing on increasing coping skills, active listening and effective communication in the context of intimate relationships

PREVENTION EDUCATION & AWARENESS PROGRAMS

- Workshops and Trainings for schools, faith communities, businesses and civic organizations
- HopeWorks' Youth Leadership Project: a service-learning program for teens ages 13 to 18
- The Legacy Workshops for men and boys focusing on the important role males can play in the prevention of violence
- Coordination and participation in community events such as school fairs, health fairs and awareness events
- The Discovery Workshops: Using the creative arts to enhance wellness and build community
- The Kitchen Table: collaborative discussion events for community specific populations
- The Women's Circle: a roundtable-activity group

HOPEWORKS 24-HOUR HELPLINE 410.997.2272