WORDS UNFOLD is a series of visual poems that looks beyond the meaning of words, and examines their typography. The way in which the words of a poem unfurl across a canvas reveal a layer of meaning beyond the literal. Using acrylic, watercolor, and digital painting each piece explores a visual interpretation of a poem and invites you to explore the unseen. Visit maraphernandez.com for more info.

Artist Thanks: This would simply have not been possible without my family, friends, and community; thank you for your constant encouragement and support. Thanks to artists, painters, poets, dreamers for resisting and creating a better world through art.
Traffic

Woman warrior when stuck in traffic
sings love songs, screams, screeches her wheels
across the lost metropolis
puts locks on certain memories
to survive. She has nothing
to say to you
she has everything
to say to you
she sees you in the next car—
forehead pressed to the steering wheel
stereo blaring
sweeping your mind with your eyeballs.
You’re a full-blown adult now—
blind as a hubcap to the unseen world.

Brynn Saito
Love Poem Three Autumns Later

In East Oakland, in my temporary flat, I wash your empty plant pot at the kitchen sink. In the dirt, loosened from the crevices, tiny flecks of sand—the same slant of auburn as the pot—I gather and carry them to the lake. The water is still. The sky drifts to the left where memory lives. Forty years a swamp, I say, opening my palm.

Thich Nhat Hanh I Step With You

step breathe
step breathe

—peace flickers at the end of the flame
you sit you speak one word yet the word is impossible

rice brown and eggplant soup green violet
your mind still for peace
decade upon decade bowing speaking lifting the dead
from your shoulders our hands
this is how you walk — one step we walk with you
one step there
a breath as you go as we go

Juan Felipe Herrera

To a Student

POEMS ARE ANGELS
come to bring you
the letter you wdn’t
sign for
earlier, when it was
delivered
by yr life

Diane di Prima

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We know it is close to something lofty.
Simply getting over being sick or finding lost property
has in it the leap, the purge, the quick humility
of witnessing a birth—how love seeps up
and retakes the earth.
There is a dreamy wading feeling to your walk
inside the current of restored riches,
clocks set back, disasters averted.

Kay Ryan

Kay Ryan, “Relief” from The Best of It: New and Selected Poems.
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