

Lola K.

Rockport, Maine

Untitled

Mixed media

A melodramatic piece that expresses female rage and the annoyance of teenage ambiguous emotions. That is what my piece uncovered and is what I hope to base my art around continuing. For this painting I had done research around what time is and how it changes, and at what points in your life does it move faster than others. Diving into what time feels like at 9,14, and 53, And more importantly what it means to be a good woman or girl at these ages. From 9 where the bees on clover flowers are your only enemy, to 14 when your own thoughts are the devil, to 53, when time is a thief. Using the light pink fleshy tones to hint at young skin, and then clouded by watery black clouds I wanted to show the playful and sinister aspects of girlhood. I wrote poetry to describe each pin in my life, pricked with the thorns of ideals. My painting went through phases, from being a demon dog, to having hanging persimmons beckoning the future of braided hair and corporate heels. Majority of my time was spent adding and scraping away the paint and my thoughts, struggling with what I wanted others to see and if that even mattered. In the end, the final product perfectly broadcast the feelings that I was having while creating, and what I have felt my entire life

Final Writing Poetry



Lola K.

The Oxbow School

OS50

At 9. With salted pig-like cheeks, blood red with youth and the sun's kisses. Knobbly twig like knees stained dog piss yellow by praying for the first blackberry of summer on needle grasses and tempting thistles. Straw hair braided like sweetgrass nestles in my mothers lap, catching the ripeness of nine and cradling my lenky bones like a cherub. Am I good now I wear my skirts with tights? Do the hills running along my chest make me less good? Legs teasing my tethered woven veins with double digits as I run. Each day the terrain of my stomach grows pregnant with the hunger for anything but my age. Am I a good girl now I have ingested the poisoned ideals of what I should be? I keel over with the sickness called puberty and rip out blonde bouquets from my head, speaking to god asking for forgiveness of the butterflies that were forming deep in my gut. Clementine peels rotting on the school bathroom floor from lunches behind closed doors. Sometimes I would eat my own tears because I lacked flavor in my life, people bored me and teachers didn't resonate with my innate need to pee on the carpet. Soon I learned that revolting against the government(my third grade teacher) wasn't the solution. But then I asked myself the same question; does that make me good? My answer was not in my heart or in my fingerprints smeared with mud. It was patiently building a house in the valleys of other palms. Static curled yellow and white hair stands up on my scalp, reaching for straight sticks like redwood and pumpnickel sheen of other girls' heads. I would learn that with spoiled tar gossip, boiled and fueled a fire of altruistic shows I would stage for the next few years. Am i a good girl now i help to say i helped?

At 14. With others' perception of me now marrow deep I will raw my fingers with oil pastel and weep off the patriarchy. Gin presses her lips to mine for the first time, I hear my mother sigh. What a disappointment to learn your daughter is now a dandy. Dancing desperately for the

acceptance of others pupils. What a disaster to learn she is figuring out how to be a woman. Am I a good girl now that I have had my first kiss? Everything at fourteen goes marrow deep, losing my fingers in grasps of chestnut hair, wondering what happened to the once sand tinted straw I used to pull. Eyes are now wells and feelings are shifting organs uprooting my once sedimentary love. Angry with the heat of jealousy and unwanted attention my mother warned me I would start to get. Am i a good girl now i want to be an artist? I felt like a feral fucking dog, salivating at the sight of anything and nothing, biting, snapping and barking at people who frighten me, or threatened to brand my ass with being someone i truly loved in this lifetime. At fourteen I will ripen and blush, becoming a woman, sanding down and softening my once skeletal figure with a blurred yellow glow and making every seat a bit more comfortable. Because now, being without a mother by my side, my flesh would need to toughen and allow room to stretch with each burden I carry on my hollow neck. Angles blow rose to flush my cheeks, once blood red now a hushed pink from validation. Brimming with hope for sixteen, when I would become full grown and hairy, when I would know how to handle my own blood out of repetition.

At 53. With eyes crinkled and creased with your loved ones death, I can see it now. The switch from soft pillow skin to burned fat ribs. Is this how every mothers story goes? Is she a good mother now that she lifts the anchored weights of my brother and i's trama? Domesticated by the lull of baby cries and wine bruised teeth. Wandering purpose and wondering if she were on her own what life would bring. Would it bring gifts of persimmon and freedom, or would it come dragging its fish feet on the gravel, reaching out with empty palms, bearing nothing but the settling fog of being alone. How must it feel to see your future, see your parents die, but seeing your child grow. The dreary dread that wrinkles bring, they speak when we stop. Diluted with

routine and town traveled gossip, I wonder is life now boring, and does that make your life good? Is a monotone hymn that echoes in her mouth, suppressing her true wants, is that what she eats for lunch? Or is it just time, each day the portion gets smaller as her stomach grows empty like onion skin housing ants. Each sunset and sunrise, is that dinner and breakfast? The murder of motherhood is a case that I will continue to study until I myself reach the time of death. I see her future laugh at me through wrinkles eyes and fallen lashes, it mocks my firm cheeks and pokes at my belly. Does time race across her childhood home when the final destination is aimless?

Citations: Author links open overlay panelDavid M Eagleman 1 2, et al. “Human Time Perception and Its Illusions.” *Current Opinion in Neurobiology*, Elsevier Current Trends, 8 Aug. 2008, www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/abs/pii/S0959438808000548.

This paper helps me understand how the brain categorizes how we perceive time and how our brain creates illusions that best suit the situation we have come up with. In my writing it helped me break down time periods and aided my categorizing ideas for how different ages perceive time. Ryan, Richard m. “The Oxford Handbook of Human Motivation.” *HeinOnline*, 8 Mar. 2021, heinonline.org/HOL/LandingPage?handle=hein.journals%2Fjsocphur4&div=36&id=&page=.

This section of the Oxford Handbook of human motivation helped me understand more in depth explanations for the intentions behind our actions. Specifically that we are goal oriented beings. At each point in my life I noticed how different goals drove me to being the best “woman” I could be, sometimes it wasn't my idea of what a woman was, it was others.

Stearns, D. C., & Parrott, W. G. (2012). When feeling bad makes you look good: Guilt, shame, and person perception. *Cognition and Emotion*, 26(3), 407–430. <https://doi.org/10.1080/02699931.2012.675879>

The main takeaway I got from this article was that when someone expresses guilt or shame to a group of others, or just a random person, it makes them more likeable. Or is seen as relatable and makes others more empathetic and see you as an overall kinder person. During my writing process, trying to come up with how I could express myself at each of these ages, or how my mother does, it shed light on why being sad or weak as a girl, seemed to make you more likable in this society.

Markosian, Ned. “How Fast Does Time Pass?” *Philosophy and Phenomenological Research*, vol. 53, no. 4, 1993, pp. 829–44. *JSTOR*, <https://doi.org/10.2307/2108255>. Accessed 18 Apr. 2024.

Time passing is a big question that many have grappled with. And with my subject being based around perception of time as well as other perceptions, i thought figuring out if time does pass would be helpful. And the conclusion was yes, time does pass, and although many theories pose threats to this conclusion, none are strong enough to genuinely threaten that idea of the passage of time. When looking at 3 ages in my life and in my mothers, (9,14, and 53) it is clear to me that time passes, how fast is a variable i don't think is constant. Hearing my mother talk about how her 20s were gone in the blink of an eye sent me spiraling. So understanding how we perceive time at each stage in our lives;as moving, is very interesting to me and my writing.

Author links open overlay panel Carol-Ann Courneya a, et al. "Through What Perspective Do We Judge the Teaching of Peers?" *Teaching and Teacher Education*, Pergamon, 26 Mar. 2007, www.sciencedirect.com/science/article/abs/pii/S0742051X07000054

This article explained how we view our peers differently depending on how they are being taught and how you see yourself in that teacher. This will help my research because it makes something very clear to me, how much we look for ourselves in others. And how if someone has similar interests or morals/values it can completely change our idea of them.