



New Myths and
Varied Tales:

Truth, Lies and Shiny
Objects

Poetry Collection

2022

A collection of poems written while collecting words in a
world on the brink

New Myths and Varied Tales: Truth, Lies and Shiny Objects

Jeannine Bardo
Stand4 Gallery
414-78th St

www.stand4gallery.org

This collection of poems are a compilation of true stories that will accompany the objects made by artist Jeannine Bardo for her solo exhibition; "New Myths and Varied Tales: Truth, Lies and Shiny Objects" January 14th - February 5th, 2022 at Stand4 Gallery, Brooklyn, NY

A NEW YEAR

The moon walks with us
as it burns a hole in the clear morning sky
all violet and pink

A luminous quiet

will take it to its cradle

It shined us out of a dark place and into...

Who knows?

But the world held its breath in the final moments of this
dying year

A collective inspire

To hope for something better

We held each other close

Without holding on

And wished for more love, health and happiness

Before we locked it all away

...or maybe we didn't

One can only hope

One, one, twenty, twenty one

THE RAVEN QUEEN

The Raven Queen is gone
Gone with the stars
With the mountaintops
With the forests

Hail the Raven Queen!
She found a way to fly
Into a new world order
With clipped wings
Fluttering with concern

The false spider god's realm is crumbling
And the fires and the fevers rage
Is the time looming for the larcenous kingdoms to fall too?
Will the beef eaters turn on each other
without the Raven Queen to protect their
superstitions?

May the Raven Queen live long and prosper!
Far above
The stolen crown jewels
Blanketed by Filomena's snow
To fly eternal with celestial landmarks once again

One, fifteen, twenty, twenty one

MINIK

Over one hundred years ago Minik
The boy who became a man
Found out his father was buried as a log

The boy who became a man
In a strange place
Was unaware that his father became a specimen
Possessed by an institution
Because he was a man from a strange place

The boy who became a man
Was a citizen of no-man's land
A boy in one home and a man in another

Over one hundred years ago Minik
Was taken by an invisible killer
A cousin of the one who takes us today

Because of our circumstances
We try to embrace the "open air life"
But we are strangers to that life
The early life that Minik knew

WE are the institutions

One, sixteen, twenty, twenty one

NIGHT'S DAWN

The tempered glass
 was shattered
Not by the power of horses
 that roared through the prayerful silence
 and moved in armored hubris

The tempered glass was shattered
 by the lives of stolen lights
 that found a new glimmer
 in the shards,
 the beautiful shards

That now look up towards the night sky
 to find the place to climb back to
 to find their rightful place in the constellations

One, twenty one, twenty, twenty one

WORD STEALER

I sometimes steal words

 Because they are so beautiful

I try to hold the author close

 To ward off my temptation

But the words shift and become mine

 And they cannot be returned

Because they become mine to give away

 And mine to be stolen

I write for the mother who slips on her emerald shoes

 To watch her son's dreams be denied

I write for the blockades on the Faery Creek

 And walking forests

 And the candle that glows in the mountain

 The glowing candle that aches to save all the children

 But cannot

And I write for the ones who are at their months' cessation

 The ones who've left their blood and doubts behind

Crones like myself who sing dream-songs

 Alongside the wearers of emerald shoes

Who, together, share special wishes spoken to the night sky.

Five, thirty-one, twenty, twenty-one

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Jeannine Bardo is the founder and artistic director of Stand4 Gallery and Community Art Center. Bardo is a Brooklyn born artist, curator and art educator. She received her BFA in illustration from the School of Visual Arts and completed both a Masters in Art Education and a Masters in Fine Arts from Brooklyn College. She is a multi-disciplinary artist with a focus on humanity's connections to the natural world.

The poems in this collection dropped out of her head in the year 2021.

