SANDRA WOOLFREY

Sweet Reminder

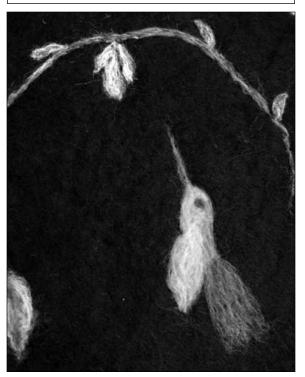
This morning as I ate a plum, my finger on the stem end, sweet juice on my tongue, I thought of you, my lover.

Sandra Woolfrey is an artist and poet who gardens in Quebec City. http://www.sandrawoolfrey.ca

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Hummingbird

hummingbird parts my hair ruby red jewel green winged essence fans the air.



Sandra Woolfrey, "Winter Birds: Hummingbird of My Heart ," 2007, handmade felt, 24 x 24 cm.

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Speaking of Isak Dineson, Beryl Markham and Georgia O'Keefe

I won't apologise for looking to these women. There are few of them and none that I knew when I was a girl and knew I had to break this endless pattern of dusting and scrubbing and drying , peeling, boiling, ironing, mending, hoeing, picking, before my hands were worn, my eyes dull and dead, long before my body Stopped

among the dishes, the dust, the pastry and the tears that needed mending that pieced together the patchwork quilts of women's lives that somehow these must be gifts I would give and be given that would embroider my life without becoming its fabric and I didn't know where to find the calico, the silk, the worsted and the velvet that my quilt would be made of I didn't know that they must come from within painfully the way gauze winds off a wound that is healing and

joyfully the way one discovers the satin smoothness of new skin.



Sandra Woolfrey, "My Summer Dress," 1998, handmade paper, wood, leather and embroidery cotton; 100cm x 110cm.