

## STATEMENT OF WORK PROCESS

The process of writing, when given so much time to do so, is, for me, difficult. While at Can Serrat, especially during my early days at the residency, I struggled with the simple act of putting pen to paper, fingers to keyboard. I felt stalled in my inspiration and unable to access even the smallest interest in the project I had initially proposed in my application (a series of essays on food and desire). As the days turned past one another and my writing proceeded nowhere, I began to feel like a failure and then, far worse, a fraud—that I had no right to inhabit the space in which I now existed, and that, to continue to do so, would be entirely false.

In this period of intense self-doubt I began to write short poems about time. These started as exercises to deal with the length of the days at Can Serrat, which I could have sworn exceeded 24 hours. Never had the earth's daily rotations stretched so far and encompassed so little. Early mornings yawned into comically long afternoons where the sun froze at its height and branded the stillness of late summer. Eventually, mercifully, it sank and threw up the colors of night onto the sky above. I would sigh and rejoice at the cool that followed us into the evening, often writing a few lines to try and illustrate the transitions that had taken place. I focused on dawn and dusk—the times when the barrier between the human and the celestial seemed its weakest.

In these poems (none over 10 lines) I found my most personally compelling work. I have long been fascinated by the atmospheric changes that take place during a day's many phases. At Can Serrat, this ultimately translated into a desire to illustrate not only the beauty of these successive shifts, but their anxiety, too. Using a form I hadn't revisited since university allowed me to re-examine my relationship with poetry, which I had neglected, and even, I suspected, rejected, during the past two years. The following piece, "untitled (day eight)," is a product of this time.

## TITLE OF SAMPLE WORK

untitled (day eight)

## SAMPLE WORK

how terribly small is the space of this love—so  
frightened beneath the weight of iron wheels  
that turn at sundown and break apart the day's  
work, 'til we are forced to rise,  
and rise again,  
licking our lips at the sight of this same renewal.