

Gathering Again: a poetry collection of meditations on water

Collected and edited by Tina Seligman as part of her **Reflections** installation project for The Garage Art Center, October 4 - 26, 2025. The poems were also included in video and mixed media collage formats with the same title as variations for a range of sensory experiences.

Video link: <https://vimeo.com/1111800976?>

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Untitled

Tina Seligman

Rivers intertwining...
flowing into creeks, brooks, streams, lakes and oceans...
water molecules bonding...
Why can't we?

Water

Nancy S. Ribeck

My love affair with water
began as an embryo.
That amniotic fluid was my safety,
my lifeblood, my quiet haven, my home.
The quiet tranquility of growing in my mother's womb
was the most peace I will ever find.
And after I am cremated, I will return to water
via the ocean.
I will be able to see and feel the whole universe
in one molecule of water.

Wave

Stephanie S. Lee 김소연

파도

It comes and goes.
Surges back once more, then drifts away.
So goes a day, a year, a life—
arriving as a wave, departing to the sea.
It collides, endlessly and persistently,
only to vanish, vast and distant.

왔다간다.
다시 밀려왔다 또 떠난다
그렇게 하루가, 그렇게 일년이, 그렇게 인생이
파도로 와서 바다로 간다.
지난하게 꼬박꼬박 부딪히다 아득하고 거대하게 사라진다.

NAVIGATION FAILURE

Joan Digby

Doesn't water stay
In its proper place anymore?

Rivers pick up parked cars
and hurl them down city streets.
torrents send hilltop houses plummeting
onto eroded beaches
where water crests at unnatural heights
washing whales ashore.

Is there any moral *terra firma left*?
Where water surges we drown
in the detritus we dumped
that has every right to kill us now
that we have steered so far off course.
there may be "water, water
everywhere not a *drop to drink*."

Untitled

Josh Rubin

How did life survive
A hundred thousand years of thunder
Fading away millions of beings
It just makes you wonder

Waves

Oona English

When the ocean comes to wash your life away,
Which it does, sometime or another
When it spreads through the streets of your home
And bubbles up through the rooms and buildings
And washes all evidence away
The waves will come to you, some rougher, some gentler,
But eventually there will be one too strong to withstand
Too tall to overtake
This happens, some time or another.
When the tidal waves engulf all that's ahead of you
Don't be afraid
Dive in
Step through the wall of water, just under the crest
Let that water throw sand against your face
Let that salt sting your eyes
Let it pull you this way and that way
Wonder whether you are facing the sky, or the bottomless ocean floor
Let yourself not know the answer
When you emerge on the other side,
When you burst through that surface like a blooming flower,
Like a fish daring to jump, disrupting a calm and cool pond,
Like a lightning bolt over the ocean,
When the Sun shocks your eyes as the glaring lights of a hospital shock those of a newborn,
And the water swashes against your face like that first bath in the kitchen sink that you can feel but never remember,
You will see where you have come.
You will see how much brighter the sky is here.
How the breeze cools your wet and salty face
How the Sun warms it anew
How the water is calm, and smooth, like the faintly remembered grayed and tepid bath water from your childhood
And you can swim yourself across the whole wide ocean to get to where you want to be,
But you don't have to.
All you have to do is trust,
Trust because the sea's currents, although unforgiving at times,
Will take you where you need to go.

Untitled

Maria Ridley

Racing toward me rushing past me
Engulfing me
Cleansing me
Christening me
Slipping through my fingers
You always find a way out...or in

You relieve my soul
Renew me
You suspend gravity in the most beautiful way
You can hold darkness
or make the light dance.
You preserve my soul and its inner most workings
I cannot live without you for you are
everything to me

And I am nothing without you.
You take souls, refresh souls & birth new ones on a daily.

Homosapiens say they are powerful,
But you chuckle as you make them
Submit...or lose.

You can be so kind to my body as you massage over me
Or have me on my knees screaming in pain.

Your narcissistic tendencies make me say I hate you, but I know it's just your way.

You are free
And when you've disappeared, life begins to fall apart.

For there is no life without you.
Water

Untitled

Vlad Berezenko Березенко Владислав (Kyiv, Ukraine),

The sun laughs, rejoices, burns
There are no clouds, the warmth warms
The grass by the lake is green and clean
There the seagulls are squawking, singing, screaming
Nectar is pouring blue from above
Mighty trees are nobly making a noise

Beauty is everywhere, you just have to open
That door to yourself, hear, see
Accept that heavenly gift
Stop, think, and then move

Сонце сміється, радіє, палає
Хмаринок немає, тепло зігріває
Зеленіє трава біля озера чиста
Там чайки скрегочуть, співають, кричать
Нектар зверху синєву розливає
Могутні дерева благородно шумлять

Краса вона всюди, лиш варто відкрити
Ті двері до себе, почути, узріти
Прийми же собі той дарунок небесний
Зупинися, подумай, а потім рушай

Untitled

Spica Wobbe 鄭淑芸

The changing times are like the ebb and flow of the tide—
in the constant push and pull,
sometimes you are swept away to a completely new, distant, and unfamiliar place,
and other times you're pulled back to a familiar point that has subtly changed.

In life...

Some people choose to stay where they are.
Some are forced to change due to circumstances beyond their control.
Some can't help but keep moving.
And some experience all of these at different stages of their lives.

時代的轉變如海水的潮流
拉拉扯扯之間
有時將你推向一個全新陌生而遙遠的地方
有時把你扯回到發熟悉但又產生變化的點

人的一生
有人選擇原地不動
有人因無奈的原因被迫改變
有人自己忍不住不停轉動
也有人在人生不同的階段 全都經歷過

LAUNDRY

Joan Digby

“all things are water”

--Thales

On Valentines Day she filled a basket
and washed their clothes together.
He died the week before,
but his presence was so strong
that she could not begin the separation.
The mingling of what was and what is
embraced, swirling in the soapy water.
After the second rinse, the aromatic scent
of grief-torn love would be wrung out,
and she would part their clothes to dry
just as they are parted now.

We

Fan Kong

We are like water:
hydrogen and oxygen;
polar opposites.

Untitled

Katy Martin

Water inside
Water outside
With the thin skin between them
Perspiring away

The Gift

Tina Seligman

Days after you died my tears fell from the sky
You protected me as always...
An umbrella of comfort, of memory,
Of presence.

Floating in a sea of solid reds, blues, and greys in Duane Reade
Your favorite dotted blouse
The only patterned bumbershoot
Jumped into my hands
Waiting to be opened, to protect, to hug.

Your love ever present
Seven years later...
Your gift on my birthday as I left the Metropolitan Museum,
Our museum,
Discarded on the street by one unknown
Yet known.

What you see, What I saw

Joshua Roy

My gaze, my focus
How much does it weigh when
it just sits, unwavering
and is there a sudden jerk
when it wanders, only to
find you again? I am
sorry for its muteness.
These pools of still water
were carved out of storms
into sunken earth. But when
you're here, I promise:
Nothing.

Haiku

Joan Harrison

Under graven skies
Angry clouds spit at the ground
And every plant drinks

Why clouds cry

Reem Jahmee

Do we ever wonder why clouds rain?
Because they can't hold the weight forever.
Unlike us, they don't bottle up their sorrow
They pour it out, freely.

Sometimes, a rainbow blooms afterward,
As peace washes over their weary skies.
Other times, the storm rumbles fiercely,
The clouds tangled in a heavy grief.

Their tears awaken the world,
Bringing life to parched earth and wildflowers.
Yet when the rain overwhelms,
It shatters everything in its path.

Clouds, like us, break and release.
Sometimes, their tears nourish what's lost.
Other times, they flood, leaving wreckage behind.
But they never hide their burden.

In their release, they find peace.
Sometimes, a rainbow whispers in their wake.
Other times, thunder lingers
Echoes of the storm calls after.

Bodies of Water

Tamara Moan (12/11/19)

Rain drops
through cloud
through blue sky
through sunshine
thinned by an evaporation diet
but still wet enough
to meet earth.
Falling to warm ground or green leaf
it slides down
tree roots and tunnels
dug by animal paws
or insect jaws.
Water flows ever downward
to its true home,
the giant saltwater pool
that births us all.

May 4 Water and Soils Movement Dreaming Ceremony

Marina 'heron' Tsaplina (May 8, 2025)

Did you hear it?
It was how the rain began
In response to you.

You may have missed it
If you were not wide and melted
Spread soft and permeable
From bank to bank.

Untitled

Alicia Mugetti

No waterfalls, no rain.
No frozen waters, no dewdrops at dawn.
The oasis, once a crown, fades to dust – gone.
Echoes linger in the air, voices worn thin on cracked streets.
Cities burn, empires fall, dreams turn to ash and heat.
What once flowed now stands stiff, bound by time, lost by will.

The only water left is salt
tears carving rivers through forgotten places
filling dry beds where rivers ran
waiting for the rain to return.

Urban Camel

Tina Seligman

No Parking
No Standing
No Ticket

I need my space...

To watch and wait
for heat to bring children.

A sudden spray of cool droplets
and laughter and dance...

No Litter
No Matches
No Drought

I'd rather not work...

My country cousins
are drained.

Plastic Bottles

Josh Rubin

Drinking plastic bottled water
That once came from a well
Adding to disorder
Ethylene Glycol shell.

Floating in the ocean
With sneakers and tennis balls
Circulating motion
Nature up against a wall

Turtles and exotic birds
Trapped by the plastic mess
For they have no words
To express this great distress

Silent as caustic cancer
As it leaches into water
Economics is an answer
Distribution followed by disorder

Untitled

Priscilla Stadler

The Creek told me
“I am a body
trying
to heal.”

Sounds like

Josh Rubin

Sounds from a slowly dripping faucet
Keeping time when no one's there
Echoing hollow off the sink of despair
Softly wistful to my ear.

Up and Down

Tina Seligman

Spouting as if from an exhaling whale
sulfurous water

A well from hell?
Or merely earth's indigestion?

Dripping down into waiting mouths
of those who harm soil and life upon it.

Silfra

Melanie Windl

Between continents where water meets the edge,
not a boundary but a breath, a ribbon connecting drifting plates
that carries satellites and spores, stories and salt.

Wondrous horseshoe crab, arachnoid, not crustacean,
alive before Pangaea broke, moving through tides like living memory.

One drop beside another, not separate—a gathering.
One ocean beside another, not divided—Earth's waters in motion,
carving stone, carrying soil, composing the skin of the world.

The wise creature, in silent watch, shows how to travel with your back exposed,
how to live as a gap, a bridge, a witness.

Haiku

Frances Hynes

At Pemaquid
I watch the tide.
And my faithful
Black duck friends.

The Edge:

Rosa Naparstek

I come to the water's edge
and feel itself pull its self
back and forth, in and out
scattering upon the shore
it's primordial pulse
tirelessly alive as if tired
were a word existing where
effort did not exist.

I watch and watch the pull
back and forth, in and out
and want to pull myself
into its primordial pulse
to be washed by grace
and cleansed of thought
becoming weightless
till I sink and float home.

JUST ADD WATER

Joan Digby

dried shiitake mushrooms
awakened by warm water
fulfill their aromatic *virtu*
reviving deep complex umami

hidden river

René Sing-Brooks

beyond the delta,
crossings to rekindle
shipwrecks draped in mist

where the river slows
where it remains
neither end nor beginning

a glimmer of time's tendrils seen
from atop our roof

---memory's moths
winged by decay---

"tough being old
at my age," you said,

and drove away the flies

to Grandma Adela Saldaña

Mirror

Tina Seligman

Water reflecting
Echoes of seductive death...
Narcissus' selfie

RIVERS

Mimi Michel (29 September 2024)

rivers are ...
above – suspended in the atmosphere
below -- invisible, greater than the Amazon
in between – before our eyes, free and imprisoned

rivers flow ...
in the sky,
beneath our feet,
over the land

rivers can ...
slake thirst,
sweep all away,
vanish

only Gaia understands
rivers

ROLL BACK CUT THE WATER: FROM THE T'AI CHI Form

Joan Digby

Punctuating the form
is the gestural signifier
of life's essential medium.

We dip our hands in the river;
we meet the oncoming wave.

Immersed in water as at birth,
with each flowing of hands
we enter into a new cycle
connected to the nature
of our round water world.

River's Path

Tamara Moan (12/11/19)

I've known rivers
in this landscape of tribulation,
waterways into which I step cautiously,
growing more bold as the currents of possibility –
as they always do –
beckon with calm, assurance.
When thoughts lie stagnant,
I shake out my legs,
take a walk until
I smell that shady dankness
beside living liquid,
nearly invisible in its clarity.
I can never resist.

I crouch over roots and tangles,
the gurgling shallows
and slow swoosh of deep water
dissolve all difficulties.

It is my solace,
this serpentine flow
whose path follows
the geology of least resistance.

Haiku

Joan Digby

Hippo half submerged
piloted by floating eyes
a raft for white birds

the way of water

Jim Richards

float on
wee water ones
seek the language of healing

follow your guides
away from where
the scars of your
forebears
would lead

hear the call
of the river
who would take you to

swim

here

in the words and ideas
that heal all things

so that you may
speak them

The Pool

Donnelly Marks

Float stroke glide and breathe
Push off, leaving gravity
Swimming, I am free

burning water

by René Sing-Brooks

moonlit stream
rhyme of the rush

dried leaves under
meandering stars

(this world's way
of building eyes)

bowed slats
blotting vacant trail

we fold the night
and return to the sun
under the morning dew---

relics of memories
deep dive
beneath the sky

Coming to the River's End

Scott Elder

Is it here then
the river's end,
this lonely strand?
Let me take off my shoes
and feel the sand
as once a child
I felt the sand,
under heel
and between the toes.
Let me confess to the wind
and quietly sit
and listen to the roar
of the rising tide
as the evening slides
deeper and deeper
into night.

The Bay

Janet Schneider

I wade in
A rush of cold, then warm
The water feels like silk between my fingers
Deeper now, my feet leave the sand
The familiar rise and fall--
Like breathing

MIRRORS ON THE SEA

Tracie Townsend

Silver mirrors on the sea
Liquid glass; transparency
Curls and darkens, lifts its head
Reveals a drifting seaweed bed.

Shifting rays of golden light
Pierce the depths to measure height
And filters through transparent fronds,
A rippling mass of greens and bronze.

A Dream of Water

Mary Pinto (2014)

I was on a beach below a cliff
Beautiful clear but dark water.
I swam out and looked around.
I wondered if the current was carrying me away
Like one of those deceptive situations where the water is calm but the tide is strong
and you're swimming but staying in the same place.
But no
I stroked back into shore
Strongly and surely.
There was a film crew on the beach setting up.
Some people there had never seen the ocean before and
I wondered what that was like.

Haiku

Frances Hynes

Thoughts of the Great Atlantic
Islands out at sea.
Gulls and seals
Me here on the shore.

Summer Tide

George Xiong 赵志雄 (04/01/2024)

Warm waves
Covered my feet
Tide in summer

夏潮

温暖的浪
淹没了我的双脚
夏天的潮

Tidal Pull

Tamara Moan (1/20/20)

Waves push, curl, relentlessly
washing and churning, water brown
with storm runoff,
silt running from land to sea,
settling to a murky
underwater floor.

High tide of obligation
churns paper, notes, mail,
electronic debris higher on my shore.
It lifts, swirls, threatens
to drown me, churns again,
everything flying,
pushing and rolling
until the moon pulls all
out to sea.

Untitled

Tina Seligman

On stone and cement
Water flows from brush
Into rivers, trees, clouds
And words

Ancient practice
Modern meditation
The Buddha Board
Inked with water

Evaporates

Into clouds, ocean, body
To flow back into gestures
The movement of life
As it disappears...

Morning Flower

George Xiong 赵志雄 (4/01/24)

Flowers in morning
Shining beads on petals
Last night rain

晨花

清晨的花
瓣上水珠闪烁
是昨夜的雨

Meditation Chamber

Tina Seligman

I sit mesmerized
Washing away the past
Sudsing away the dust
Rinsing away the news

There is only the movement
And sounds and spray sputtering
Air exhaling against
droplets dancing with fluttering finery

My eyes trace meandering water
reaching out organically
against glass
reaching out to touch me...

6 years old or 65, the car wash
still cleanses the vehicle within and
without -- body, mind, and spirit...
and makes me laugh!

Sea Tour

Tamara Moan

Below the skin of the sea
business is bustling:
surgeonfish, tang,
needlefish, wrasse.
My favorite, the spotted boxfish,
meanders, its small,
chunky shape like a
gift-wrapped package.
A humuhumu cruises,
fins away when I loom too close.
The shy ones, puhi and he`e,
hide in coral shadows,
waiting, watching,
finally revealing--
if I am patient and still--
a snaggle tooth
or an eye.

A tourist here,
I come for the architecture
and local color.
My snorkel passport
expires in an hour or two.
Skin puckered and cold,
I leave the neighborhood
smuggling watery images
across the border.

ALOFT AND SWAYED

Michal Shapiro

Aloft and swayed
By currents not air
Weightless and jostled
A world is revealed:
The tentacled
The star-like
clinging to canyons
encrusted and alive.
Slivers of finned lumens flit through
in schools,
glowing in sunset shades
and below,
the sunken sand is a pale brown brow
wrinkled by wind-like waves.
I am a buoyant observer
Of another life.
The familiar frenetic fades
Replaced
by an amniotic calm.

Haiku

Joan Harrison

The flashing of fish
over and under the waves
like maritime jewels

Haiku

Joan Harrison

First right there, then not
Spotted, striped, dotted, plain
Fleet fish, koi being coy

AUGUST ENDING

Dennis Pahl

brook bends, meanders away
 in it thin shale
 broken,
 wavy under water-swirls
by its bank,
 half-buried,
 fragments, too, of shiny schist,
 good for just gazing at
the noise of boys
 flinging stones,
 so smooth and flat,
 into the cool, quick current
 some of them – the stones --
 skipping
 five,
 maybe six times!
tufts of green grass
 tickling bare toes
 dry patches
 they stand on,
 these inexhaustible
 little heroes
all day
 hearts hopping
 in the sultry heat
 of high competition
 they play games
 echoing those
 of older egos
almost rudely,
 with restless rhythm
 sun too soon sinks low
 violet horizon,
 muddy sky
 one last look
 the schist's glitter gone

WINTER NIGHT

Leslie Chaffin

I step out into the cold, dark night
Two buckets in hand
as I round the corner of the house a North wind blowing
negative 10 degrees
hits me in the face
my little lantern lights the way to the barn from my waist down
horses nicker—they're not sleeping yet and hoping for more hay
I turn on the barn light and deposit the warm water in the stalled horses' bucket
and throw extra flakes of hay
as I step out of the large stall, I catch a glimpse of the sliver moon
peeking through moving clouds, it smiles like an old friend,
one more light as I walk through the dark to the mini horse's barn
just in time to break the thin ice and fill his bucket to warm his water
he's happily munching on an ample portion of hay from evening feeding
cozy under his double blankets
I close the gate then stop to watch the iron gray clouds
moving past the moon
the light pushes away the night's blackness
and the frigid wind takes a breath

A SNOWFLAKE – DROP OF THE UNIVERSE

Ivette Borrero (2/12/24)

Nature's gift to us
Its structure, gleam and sparkle
Cherished in our hearts
Souls infused by its beauty
As it melts and flows through us.

Flurries

Tina Seligman

Catching snowflakes
on my tongue
like Linus
before microplastics
flavored flakes with fluorescent pink,

At age seven,
unlike my country cousin,
I slid sledless down steep urban mountains,
an Olympic level sport
before car alarms.

On the way,
crunching boots sinking deep
forming craters,
felt like walking on the moon
before the flag was planted.

Haiku

Tina Seligman

Seeds sinking in snow
waiting for migrating birds
and earth to return...

Haiku

Tina Seligman

January clouds
my brush resting on ink stick
I'd rather inhale...

Not a consequence, not a constant

Joshua Roy

Riptide feels nothing,
like a rug, being pulled out
from under you,
Riptide is grasping hands,
sweet nudges, and
stern warnings,
Riptide is a level slope,
is a slope in decay,
is a mirage, rippled,
is a contradictory experience
Riptide is a “no returns”
commitment,
“Final sale,” the ocean
gurgles, as your head claps
hard against the surface
Riptide, is an invitation, it
says, “well since you’re so curious,”
below the iceberg’s tip is so
much more than just iceberg
Riptide is the sand’s
last reminder that it does
not belong to the Earth,
nor its gravity
Riptide is a clarification
that only the seafoam
is flirtatious, the waves
are a slapbox, and the
ground, a tender trap
and everything
in between, things you’ve
never even seen
Riptide, is not one-way,
nor unbalanced just because it feels
intentional, rather

it is the most natural
phenomenon to those that
live beholden to the Earth,
falling, without a chance
of changing course
Riptide is not a price to be paid,
rather a cost overlooked
Riptide does not desire
nor does it acknowledge
the loss you experience
Riptide is not hunger, nor
is it retribution
Riptide is play at work,
work at play, it is
rude/ruleless
Riptide, is not a statement
but an assumption, that
If you step foot in water,
You must learn of displacement

Untitled

Frances Hynes

Footsteps in the sand.
Who walked before me?
Their outlook to the islands
Like my own.

More Water Musings in Response to “Reflections”

After the video and collage were finished, two of the contributing poets continued thinking about water in response to this project. I'm excited to share their writing here...

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By Joan Harrison

MY LOST DIRECTION

BENEATH A BLUE PUDDLE FOUND

POINTING A FRESH WAY



Photograph by Joan Harrison

By Mimi Michel...

Thinking about fresh and salt water images made me realize what a strange relationship we have with water: We are made almost entirely of a kind of salt water, yet if we drink salt water, it can kill us; we are urged to “stay hydrated,” yet if we drink too much plain water, it can kill us. There's a moral here: In the delicate balance of our relationship with the most basic part of our physical being, we risk our own annihilation by being careless – or worse, uncaring and/or arrogant and/or ignorant about that relationship.

Thinking scientifically (facts, not wild imaginings): Water was not possible at the Big Bang (if you want to consider that a unique moment of “creation”). Neither was hydrogen, one of the first elements created. And hydrogen, once it existed, had to wait a very, very, very long time before the original star factories created oxygen for it to bond to. It need never have happened, and then we would not have happened.

This goes along with a “Big Bang” theoretical timeline I came across, which is posited according to scientific observations. To reach the earliest fully formed elements (neutral balance of nucleus with electrons), which include hydrogen, it would have taken up to 300,000 years. Star formation and associated processes, as the factories of more complex elements, would have taken another 300 million to 500 million years. That's a long time to have to wait for the perhaps arbitrary creation of an essential component of life as we know it and, thus, of our own existence. That's a “very, very, very long time” – up to a half a billion years – just to have the two pieces out there to find one another and be suitable for bonding.

This is why I feel I don't need some pre-existing conscious force (call it what you want) to explain or justify our existence. We're not some preordained superior creation, but a fortunate (for us) result of both massive and subtle natural forces, chance encounters in a mere blip in unimaginable time, explosive forces from within *novae* and subtle forces of evolution, all creating probably way more failures than successes, but enough successes to get us to this point. And having arrived at this point, it's worth keeping in mind the image that Carl Sagan had the Voyager I space probe take, asking NASA to turn the probe one last time towards Earth from a distance of over 6 billion kilometers (about 3.7 billion miles). The Earth, the famous “pale blue dot,” is a mere insignificant, fragile few pixels in the vast number in that one image, a symbol of our mere, insignificant, fragile place in the universe.

Our utter insignificance should be what makes us treasure and care for what little we have, a reminder of the simple fact that our existence was never guaranteed. Some humans get it; too many do not.

Tina Seligman is a multidisciplinary artist, composer, writer, video artist, and curator based in Queens, New York. Her work has been widely exhibited across Manhattan, Queens, Long Island, and Saratoga Springs, NY. Recent highlights include her participation in ***In Her Hands: Women Creating and Connecting in Community*** at the Steinberg Museum of Art (2025), ***Femina Creativa*** at the Queens College Art Center (2024), and ***The Future is Now*** at the Queens College Klapper Hall Gallery (2024).

Seligman's 2020 installation ***Wave Forms*** at The Garage Art Center in Bayside, NY, and her solo exhibit ***Solar-Lunar Transcriptions*** at Flushing Town Hall (2018) showcase her fascination with the rhythmic patterns found in nature, drawing from water as well as solar, lunar, and tidal cycles. She often integrates mixed media, original compositions, poetry, video, and interactive elements. ***Her 1000 Years: Voices of the Sea*** music for *Wave Forms* was interpreted and recorded by jazz artist Iga Mrozek and flutist Jo Brand interpreted and recorded her compositions for *Solar-Lunar Transcriptions*, including ***September Etude*** which was also featured in George Z. Xiong's video ***Heaven, Earth, Circle, Square***.

As a video artist, Seligman collaborated with Dan Rubin for her 2016 ***Solar-Lunar Suite for Four Seasons***, which was screened at the New York Independent Film Festival. She and Rubin have also collaborated on experimental videos with music recorded by pianist David Witten and flutist Sue-Ellen Hershman-Tcherepnin, with costumes by couture designer Alicia Mugetti.

In her role as art journalist, Seligman has contributed to Art of the Times magazine, Magazine.Art, and authored essays for notable art publications, including *Duoling Huang: The Cultural Landscape*, and *The Structure of a Landscape: Paintings by George Z. Xiong*. Her poetry has been published by *The Feral Press* and several literary quarterlies.

In addition to her creative work, Seligman has curated exhibitions, including a 2004 group exhibit ***Vibrations***, and ***Tribal Baroque: Moments and Metamorphoses***, a 2018 solo show of Dan Rubin's photography at Flushing Town Hall, where she has also served as a Teaching Artist-in-Residence since 2000. A graduate of Queens College with a BA in Visual Art, Seligman has pursued further studies in music and movement, focusing on viola, fiddle, mandolin, and Isadora Duncan dance technique, enriching her work's rhythmic and performative dimensions.

Written by Stephanie S. Lee
The Garage Art Center
www.garageartcenter.org
26-01 Corporal Kennedy St.
Bayside, NY 11360