

homegrown

REFLECTIONS ON
PAST SELVES



A&A
CURATION

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2025

Letter from the Editor

Homegrown: Reflections on Past Selves

When I was twenty-two, I moved away from my hometown for good. My parents had divorced when I was young, and I wracked up nearly fifteen different homes that I had lived in in my twenty-two years of life. And yet, even out of fifteen, there was always at least one home in all those years located in my small town in Maine. When I pulled away from my driveway following the moving truck onto the highway, it hit me suddenly that I didn't have space in my hometown anymore. There was a sense of emptiness in me, and while I wasn't home-less, I no longer had a home in the place that I had called home all of my life. Not long after, I moved from Maine to London, then to Boston, and now Wales. The constant consequence of meeting new people is having to answer, "where are you from?" and since I no longer belonged to my hometown, the answer to that question got complicated. In the years since, I have simply settled on "Maine": it is where I grew up, where I was formed into who I am now. I have come to the conclusion that I will always be from Maine, no matter how long I live anywhere else or how great of an impact that place has on me.

That answers the question of where I am from, but not of what *home* is. The answer could be the same thing, it could be where I am most comfortable and most myself, it could be where the people I love the most are, or that perhaps I have yet to find it. The older I get, the more that I think about what home is to me and where I might find it. Is it a stable constant or something that changes with the seasons of life? The answer of home cannot be found without reflecting on the past and past selves.

Homegrown: Reflections on Past Selves is a collection of art and writing that explore these very things. Many of us find our past and our homes etched into our very beings and cannot help but allow it to inspire our art and writing. This journal allows for our artists and writers to have an outlet in which to let this inspiration and contemplation flourish. This journal does not need to answer the questions of what and where home is, nor does it need to disentangle who we are from where we were raised. Rather, it is a place to ponder, to grieve, to celebrate, to remember.

Sincerely,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read 'Aine Hawthorne', with a stylized, flowing script.

Aine Hawthorne

A special thank you to Amanda Baldi for her hard work on all things graphics, journal contributions, and marketing.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

Pieces of Home by Anonymous

Lockdown by Paul Hackett

object of affection by Sophie Wickert

Home by James Greenhalgh

window by Chloe Li

bereft by mauve

Growing Marks by Bridey McGlynn

To An Overgrown Yard by Katherine Brooke

GTW: She knew how I felt about her by Emma Ballachino Arcabascio

Journal Entries from when my housing was unstable by Bed Herman

my left by mauve

New Home by APB

A Long History of Bad Neighbors by Paul Hackett

Tiny Wonders: Dorothy Whitcomb & April Gufstason by Amanda Baldi

In August by Áine

Connections by Allison Jané

Mother Nature by Griselda Duran

Flores del alma by Sugey

To my 11 year old self by Lisa K. Park

Yes, and? by Gillian Dana

House by Amanda Baldi

Do we swim or sink in by Chloe Li

Ten Miles North and Painted Doors by Dr. Rotcod

Hermitage by Paul Hackett

PIECES OF HOME

By anonymous

Home was never quiet.
It was slammed doors,
a dozen girlfriends calling me “sweetheart,”
then disappearing without goodbye.
It was my little brother beside me,
our bond thick as survival,
two kids trying to hold each other up.

At mom’s, I was the second eldest,
but I still felt half-child and half-parent.
Stepsiblings filled the rooms,
a cousin came when his world fell apart,
others were scattered into foster homes,
faces I never saw again.
My mom, strong but weary,
carried battles she never asked for.
There was shouting in those walls,
arguments that echoed through every room.
I was grounded more times than I deserved,
always feeling like I had done something wrong.
Life was chaos circling me at every turn,
and all I wanted was to just be a kid.

At dad’s there were long nights,
liquor bottles on the counter,
parties that blurred into morning.
And for a time my aunt lived close by,
her addiction spilling into every corner,
pulling my cousins into the shadows with her.
I watched them fade from my life,
never to return.
Friends would visit once,
eyes wide at the chaos,
never understanding how heavy it felt to stay.

I said goodbye more times
than a child ever should.
Not just to death,
but to the many people I loved,
family I never saw again,
and the pieces of home that slipped away
before I had a chance to hold on.

Yet there were my beloved dogs,
the ones who never left,
my peace when people could not stay.

Now I exhale inside walls of my own.
I rest beside my husband,
my dog curled close,
and for the first time
home feels gentle.
In the quiet, in the nothingness, I feel
peace—
the kind I never knew as a child,
the kind that lets me finally breathe.

And now, I carry the quiet ache
of all that has slipped away—
my beloved dogs from childhood,
the cousins who were like siblings,
the grandparents who never let go.
So many pieces of my past are gone,
yet their love lingers in me still.

Here, in this life I’ve built,
I am nurturing myself at last,
learning to be kind to the child I was,
and gentle with the woman I am.
For the first time,
I know what it feels like
to be home.



Paul Hackett, *Lockdown*, 2019



object of
affection

enjoy things for what they are,

actually does things, who gets messy.

a person who

easing back.

WHEREVER YOU CAN FIND IT.

Sophie Wickett, *object of affection*, 2023





James Greenhalgh, *Home*, 2021-3



Chloe Li, *window*, 2019

bereft by Mauve

there is a bird, sitting on my
window sill. i tell it my troubles, the
woes no one else knows. my
shame, my grief, my stumbles and
shaky voices. it knows its value, it
shrieks excited garbles in reply. i
cherish it so dearly and have only
learned to breathe that to the
earth.

it must go. choose its own path.
delight the brush with its crude
and bumpy nature. i know this. i
know its position well. i do not
know my own. i do not know what
i will feel in its wake.

i will take a shower, wipe my face.
cleanse myself of the unholy urge
to cling, perverse and tumescent
as it may be. but i assure you, i
have cried for it. for its loss. not for
the life it lived, or the life it begins. i
assure you, beauty will remain. not
only in the hearts but in the walks,
in the sunsets and puddles. i

assure you, the morning shall
remain painful and the hands shall
still wring you out. it will face many
deceptively fruitless hallways and
despair. it will learn many grumpy
lessons. i will continue to long for it,
long after its scent. you will grow,
more and more.

i love you, be true. i need you, i do.
you will be more and more each
time i see you now. you will find it
to be confounding, maybe
pleasant. i can only hope.



“隔窗望乡间故人，
只道一栢一歲花”

WINDOW





Bridey McGlynn, *Growing Marks*, 2025

to an overgrown yard

By Katherine Brooke



The archway forgives itself into the ground.
Pulled down from these little round berries-

a testimony of time staining my hands with its perjury.

The ground has grown up past my hips
made of seeds turned to wisps
and I have been growing towards the sky,
while settling in the soil.

Here you made forests with your hands
while telling me about how big the world is.

How could I have ever seen past these four property lines?

How could I believe the for sale sign hung on the tip of your
lips?

My sisters, this lands inhabitants, across state lines strung only
by the string of a telephone wire.
Here we fought wars bearing branches,
conquered dragons made of sheds.
Here we made potions with dandelions,
I still taste the pollen on my breath.

I will have stepped out of this world soon, too.
To where concrete scrapes bare feet
and the sky is too bright to hold stars.

And who will inhabit this land after all of its daughters are
gone?
Will they make houses furnished with twigs and poison
berries?
Will mayapples be delivered as thank you letters from fairies?



Emma Ballachino Arcabascio, GTW: She knew how I felt about her, 2025

(129 11th) Bedroom
woke up in the ...



June 3rd 1919

How wonderful it has
been to share homes
with such beautiful
friends. The Brothel,
no longer... just
heila's, mom's. How
many mother's you
share. How long did
you live here? When?
Days at a time? Weeks?
Months?

Feb 10, 2019

my left by Mauve

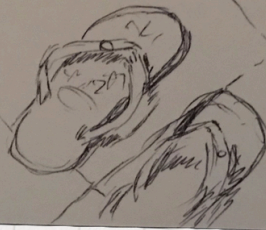
i write two letters for you. one
i will send in a text message,
thorough and bright,
thanking you for your time
and joy, brimming with the
positive. i will assure that
everything beautiful stays
beautiful and i will claim that
everything that does not
exist has an obligation to be
birthed. i will whisper the
quiet cuteness and give
squeeze to the wholesome
plushness.

the other letter i will hide deep in a steel chamber, to rattle and
rot. molt into the feelings i allow to boil over, the molten
unsalted pasta water that puddles on my stovetop and shines
my cheeks. i will never forget the starchy streaks burned into
my skin, over the faint scar below my left eye. my left.

BARRANQUILLA, DEC 9 2020

Dear Zed Jh

THE SIMPLICITY
OF THESE
CONFINES
COMFORTS ME...



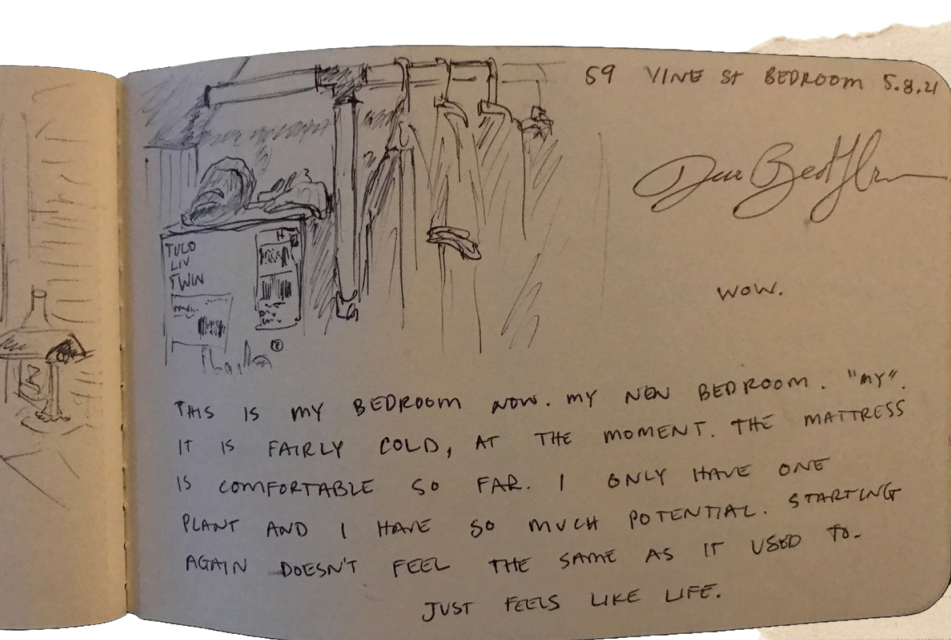
Went back to Park St Feb 14th



Dear Zed Jh

It snowed before
the warmer air
came in - now its
raining on slush.

Remember how happy
it is to have home
and family in the same
place - under the same
embrace of love on a
snowy night.



Bed Hermin, Journal Entries from when my housing was unstable, 2020-1

BRIGHT
SHINY
NEWNESS
FADES
ONE MONTH
MAYBE
TWO MONTHS IN
TRAINS UNDERSTOOD
THIS IS MY STOP
FAMILIARITY SINKS IN
NEWNESS
SLINKS AWAY
WELCOME,
SWEET COMFORTABILITY

THIS IS MY NEW HOME.

-APB



Paul Hackett, *A Long History of Bad Neighbors*, 2017

TINY WONDERS

DOROTHY WHITCOMB & APRIL GUFSTASON

By Amanda Baldi

Sometimes, art runs through one's veins; passed down in the DNA of families full of craftsmen, makers, and artists alike. Sharing passion and connecting individuals across generations through an appreciation for artistry, both in making and observing of crafts. In talking with Dorothy (Dot) Whitcomb (96) and April Gufstason (70), the art-gene is strong, and the want to make and hone their crafts stronger. In my conversation with the family, I had the pleasure of learning about both women's crafts, their pride and joy projects, and how interconnected all their creations were in their identity and sense of home.



Whitcomb is 96 years old and has been a maker, painter, crafter, detail-extraordinaire for most of her life. Much of Whitcomb's inspiration comes from nature and has for as long as she can remember. When Whitcomb was young she spent much of her time in the woods – so much so Whitcomb's father often joked to her mother, "You better not get too attached to that kid, she's going to go off in those woods and you're never gonna see her again." Whitcomb's time in the woods shines bright in her work, intricate depictions of New England plants dotting her household, bringing curated aspects of the wilderness inside her home.

Despite not having a formal art education, Whitcomb's mother bestowed upon her knowledge and skill that allowed Whitcomb to begin honing her expertise early on. Growing up in the Great Depression, excess was scarce. You made do with what you had, and you repurposed again and again to keep yourself busy. In this vein, when Whitcomb wasn't outside exploring the woods, she was honing skills she'd use for a lifetime. Whitcomb learned to sew early on, reworking fabrics of all kinds to create an aesthetic wonderland. Walking around her quaint home in Massachusetts, around every corner are hand-sewn curtains, placemats, quilts and more that she created. Nearby are detailed botanic studies painted on clocks, furniture and any surface Whitcomb could get her hands on. In altering utilitarian items, Whitcomb brought together her joys of the natural world and of making and the arts in a daily way with purpose and function at the core.



Later in life, Whitcomb explored non-functional work with the culmination of her skills in creating over 200 miniature hand-made shoes. Each shoe is one of a kind and less than 6 inches at the longest length. Edgar Whitcomb, Dorothy Whitcomb's late husband, created a mold for Whitcomb to use. This mold has acted as the base for every intricate shoe she has made. As Whitcomb has aged, her memory isn't quite what it once was; however, when talking about her shoes, she lights up and shares whatever she can. Many of her shoes are influenced by the materials she had available, ranging from re-purposing



old clothes, sheets, lace and even leather gloves to found materials like feathers, and fake leaves and trinkets from stores. The shoes began to represent a variety of themes and ideas, from nature and fantastical creatures like woodland nymphs and trolls, to memories and loved ones. Whitcomb used parts of her mother's black dress, and white gloves to create several shoes, reflecting on family and her childhood in the process – the same ideas burned into her from the Great Depression era of making do with what you had to create new items, and revisit the past in the process. All different materials become intricately pieced together to create small artworks with immense imagery and stories to be told or evoked.

Whitcomb is not the only one in her family who has the need to create. April, who I also had the pleasure of talking with, and Stephanie are two of Whitcomb's three children who possess immense talent and honed skill. When talking about how integral making is to the family, April reflected, "when you do stuff with your

hands, you can't not do it. When you're an artist, you can't not make. It's like telling someone to sit on your hands, you go crazy."

Much like her mother, April Gufstason (who I will refer to as Gufstason from here out) worked with and excels in the tiny miniature details of things. Gufstason has had a love for teddy bears for her entire life, starting a collection of the stuffed toy at a young age and continuing on until she began making her very own small versions in 1981, when she was in her 20's.

Gufstason has an extensive collection of handmade bears smaller than one's palm, and even more of her creations exist in the hands of collectors across the country. The making of Gufstason's miniature bears brought her all around the United States, including to Walt Disney World's Doll and Teddy Bear Convention in 1999 for the first time.

Amidst other traveling shows, Gufstason's tiny treasures and brought her back to Disney a handful of times. Disney would pair Gufstason with an agent as they commissioned 25 bears to be sold each year alongside other artists' creatures. Gufstason would work all year to complete the project before being brought to California for the bears to be sold. Gufstason's bears sold out every year.

The bears not only earned Gufstason a name for herself but also brought her a home, both literally and metaphorically. The



money earned from selling her miniatures allowed Gufstason and her husband to purchase their home in Massachusetts years ago, without a mortgage. They also acted as a source of connection between both friends and family. Both Gufstason's father and mother, Edgar and Dorothy Whitcomb, were involved in Gufstason's making process by helping her to create custom boxes made from cardboard and felt, pairing each individual bear with a custom box. Why the boxes were necessary? Well, as Whitcomb would "You can't make something like that and put it in a paper bag and give it somebody!"

Crafting the bears also acted as a central force in her friendships as well. Gufstason would create bear-versions of fellow artists and friends, such as Chuck Williams (a sculptor). When creating a bear-version of someone, she'd make two – one to keep for her personal collection and one to gift to the muse. Aside from showing her appreciation through likeness in bear form, Gufstason was in a local crafting group with friends. They regularly got together to make, share and trade teddy bears – from large and traditional sized bears to ones that fit in the palm of your hand. Gufstason's bears brought her closer to loved ones' providing a sense of community in a plethora of different ways.

While the objects that both Gufstason and her mother, Whitcomb, made was small – their impact has been huge. The family's tiny wonders have instigated immense means of connection and community for literal generations.





In August by Aine Hawthorne

The sun blazed hot

and bright

and humid that August.



The spinning porch fan provided little reprieve from the summer, and mom stretched out, sticky limbs draped off the edges of the wicker recliner. Maryann sipped lightly from a glass of white wine. The ice cubes had melted and water droplets clung to the sides of the glass and pooled at its base.

The heat never bothered me like it did them.

From the porch, Steve called out to Liam to mind the poison ivy that grew on the edges of the garden. I could never spot poison ivy myself (I still can't). Giant trees grew past the wall that the poison ivy created. The forest was thick and dense, branches and brambles strewn higgledy-piggledly making it hard to pass through. It was the sort of place you could get lost in. A place you'd have to wait until dark comes in hopes that the lights from surrounding houses could lead you home.

I sometimes wondered if there was something hiding away in that forest; but all I ever found was a dried-up creek and an army of mosquitoes.

The bugs.



They were what kept me in that day. The strength of the sun and the muggy air were bad enough, but the threat of mosquitoes and horse flies alone were enough to deter me from the garden.



I happily picked at a tray of snacks while mom and Maryann talked. Every once in a while Steve would chime in making mom laugh and Maryann would roll her eyes, hiding a smile. I never cared much for what they talked about then.

Liam came in from the garden finally, the promise of food too good to ignore any longer. Then, he always had a distinctly grubby look to him with his long hair and dirt on his knees and under his nails. He was a bit like a tornado that year, or perhaps a small fire, flitting from one thing to another, burning brightly with a tendency to flare up suddenly. He's not like that anymore, but he was.

Everything was blistering and oppressive— but I was happy. Happy in a way I haven't been since those sweltering August days turned to frigid November darkness. A Darkness where the cold seeped into my skin and my blood seemed to freeze in my body.



It was in August that I felt excitement and love and belonging. That house in the thick forest with the poison ivy garden was a home like no other.

The house still stands, but the winter cold took its toll.

The porch furniture is scattered and surrounded with clutter. Mom no longer goes there; she says she's moved too far away. She could never stand the heat now like she did back then, anyway.

Liam lives close by, but he's busy, always overwhelmed. He's tired.

Steve is there from time to time. He loves it more than anywhere else, but the house is so haunted by summer memories that it hurts.

And Maryann.



Where *is* Maryann?



Allison Jané, *Connections*, 2023



Griselda Duran, Mother Nature, 2025



Sughey, Flores del alma, 2025



Lisa K Park, To my 11 year old self, 2025

YES, AND?

by Gillian Davis

"Hold on a second, love!" Mom says over her shoulder. She sounds tired, kind of like in the morning when she makes me breakfast, like when it's bedtime and I want to hear another story. I love when my mom reads to me before bed. I get to listen to her voice almost sing while my eyes are closed. I can travel into worlds that don't exist; I can jump into the pages of my coloring books. When I hear my mom talk about magical forests or far away places filled with trees that never turn orange or chairs made of chocolate, I like to watch her lips move. She says every word right and licks her lips between pages because they're always chapped like mine. When she tells me stories, her voice sounds like music on the radio and she sounds excited, like she does when Grandma calls. Mom reads me two stories every night, no matter how late it is.

That's the rule: two stories. If I ask nicely or if I snuggle up to her shoulder just right, I sometimes get a third. But right now, Mom's voice is tired. She's breathing heavy with me on the back of her bicycle. I don't think I'm that heavy, I have no rocks in my pockets today. I was running around with my friend, Layla, at the park before, so I should be lighter and Mom shouldn't be breathing as heavy as she is. Before bed, I'm going to color her a page of my coloring book. Her favorite color is blue.

Mom's hair is blowing in my face. It is the same color as the chicken nuggets I love to eat at lunch. Her hair is long and a little curly, and kind of looks like mine. I like my hair in two braids down the sides with bows at the ends; Mom never wears her hair like that. Once we went to the beach and she braided her hair just like mine and we took a picture like that and she didn't even get mad when I stuck my tongue out. Mom wears her hair down even when we do things like go for a bike ride. We'll walk around and I'll reach up for her hand and even when she's not bending down I can smell her hair. It smells like the strawberry shortcake ice cream pops they sell at school. My hair doesn't smell like that, but I think it's because my hair is still growing.

That's what Mom says, that when I'm as big as her I can make my hair like hers.

We're slowing down, but her hair keeps tickling my face.

"Momma, your hair is tickling me!" I squeal. Everything Mom does makes me laugh.

"Honeydew melon, we're almost there. Tell me what you see." Whenever we go for a bike ride or a drive in the car, Mom has me tell her what I see. There's always the same things: cars, dogs, grass, trees. But no matter where we go, Mom says it's different. She says that there are so, so many dogs in the world that it's not the same dog every time I see one. I don't believe her. I want a dog, but Mom says we can't have one

because they make her sneeze too much. "Trees!"

"What else?" She coos. "Dogs. That one is yellow!"

"I see that honeydew. Do you think the dog has any friends?"

"HA! Dogs don't have friends, they are friends!"

"They are friends! You are the sweetest little pinto bean. What else do you see?"



I search around while I feel the wind on my face. Mom's hair is tickling me but it doesn't sting anymore. My helmet is making my head hurt, and it's too heavy to move around to look for more. I look down at my hands, one still holding a flower that I picked outside the library. It's

yellow and has little petals, and there's a tiny red bug on one of them. It's not a scary bug, not one with a million legs. It's just a little red dot that's moving around.

"Momma there's nothing else!"

"Honeydew, there is always something else. Look at the sky, the trees, the cars next to us. Do you see all those?"

"Yeah," I pout.

"Now, look into the window of the car. What's there?" Mom isn't as tired anymore. We're slowing down and are over the big hill. We're almost at James' house, I can tell by how the street feels bumpy and by how all the houses turn red.

We stop next to a car so I can look into the window. "I see me!" "What do you look like, baby?"

"I am smiling! And I have long hair that looks like yours. And I am wearing a green shirt, and my helmet is blue with a flower on top."

"You are a smiling sweet tart, my dear. Now, one more! Look past your beautiful smiling face, past that fun helmet I wish they made onebig enough for my head, past your long hair. What's inside the car?"

I'm looking all around, through the window into the back seat of this car. I try to look under the seat, try to see ifthere's anything tucked into the door pockets, where I always stash my snacks. If Mom wants me to look for something, I'm sure she knows what's there.

"Momma, just a seat. I don't see anything else." She turns around and looks inside the car, just like I did. She sighs a little bit, like she does when James cooks dinner at our house. "Are you mad at me, Momma?"

"Oh honeydew, of course I'm not mad at you. I'm just a little surprised this car has nothing in the back seat. Can youbelieve that? You know how messy our back seat can get! But, there are still seats inside, right? Still a floor, seatbelts, a radio, probably some crumbs from a snack, right?"



I nod, but then remember nodding when we're on a bike ride doesn't work for an answer, Mom can't hear me. "Right!"

"So, my love, there's always something more to see. Even if it means you have to look a little harder, even if itmeans you have to look behind something, there is always something more to see."

Mom is really good at telling me how things work. The first time we came to James' she explained how to open the gate because it was different

A circular artwork titled "The Room" by a child. The scene is viewed from above, showing a room with a bed, a desk, and various objects. The bed has a blue and white checkered pattern. The desk has a green box, a brown box, and a small brown object. There are also some small brown objects on the floor. The artwork is done in a simple, illustrative style with bold outlines and flat colors. The background is a light blue and white checkered pattern. The entire scene is enclosed in a circular frame with a dark brown border.

"So good. We went to the library and Momma got me a croissant but I dropped some when we were at the park and I saw Layla at the park! Her mom wasn't with her, just her sister. Momma made me look in a car on the street and they had nothing in their back seat!"

James isn't a good cook, but he's making us dinner. When he cooks at his house, it tastes better than it does at our house. He likes to ask me to help him even though I don't know how to cook, but today he has Mom help him while I play. They've been talking quietly in the kitchen for a while, probably because they know my toys are at a Broadway show. I can smell cinnamon and carrots and it's hot when I go into the kitchen; James always makes sure to show me the black pots and pans I can't touch because they get too hot, and when I go to get a snack I see some on the counter. I'm not tall enough to see what's inside, but Mom has white stuff on her apron and her hands are rolling out something that looks like cookie dough.

After the Broadway show for my toys is done, Mom and James call me to the table to eat. Mom asks me to smell the air and guess what's for dinner, but that's too hard. There's only a few things I like to eat for dinner, and I don'treally know what they smell like yet. When I don't know, I just shout what I want to eat.

"Sandwiches!"

"Not quite, honeydew. Look at this pizza James made!"

James puts a gigantic pizza on the table in front of me. "You made that?!" I shriek.

"With my bare hands. And your mom's, of course." James smiles. I like James' smile. It makes his face wrinkly, and it lets me see his lips. His beard is scratchy and covers his lips, and sometimes I forget he has them.

James cuts pizza for all of us. Mom puts her favorite spicy honey all over hers, James dips his in pickle juice. I think that's gross, but Mom said it's not nice to tell someone you think



something they like is gross. So I only told her that on the way home once (it made her laugh.) I'm not allowed to eat spicy things yet, but it's okay because I don't even like how they smell. It makes my nose hurt.

"Honeydew melon, I have a question for you. Is now a good time to ask, or do you want a piece of pizza in your stomach first?"

I think about this like the same way I choose bows to put in my hair: taking time, like Mom told me to. "Now is okay."

Mom and James smile at each other and put their pizza

down, but I continue to take huge bites. James makes really good pizza and spaghetti and pancakes, but his eggs are wet and squishy. "Honeydew, how would you feel if James moved his stuff to our house?"

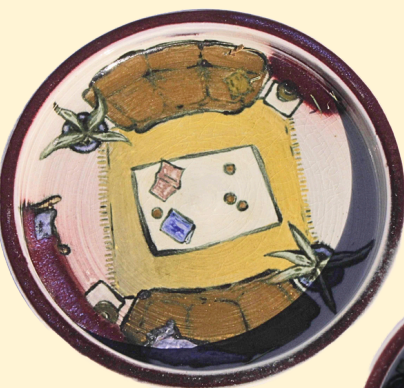
I think for another beat. "Fine. My toys too?"

James laughs. I really don't understand why he laughs at me so much. "Nel, I will bring your toys to your house first. But since I'll be moving my stuff, I have to ask: can I sleep at your house every night, too?"

"Do I get to keep my own room?"

"Oh, most certainly. You know, purple isn't my favorite color. I'll sleep in your mom's room." "Then, yes."

Mom and James have huge smiles on their faces and James gets up to give me a huge hug. I like James, and I like when the three of us play together.



Amanda Baldi, *House*, 2025





Chloe Li, *do we swim or sink in*, 2017

TEN MILES NORTH AND PAINTED DOORS By Dr. Rotcod

My brush coats a thick white layer to cover up my bedroom door which has been graffiti painted with colorful acrylics and trippy doodle-styles. Barely taking time to linger over those images, feelings, and memories before it's gone.

Amongst a transition from this place, to the next. Continuing on.

And just like that in a bristled brush stroke, from past to present for future. In search of work, love, adventure. Running away from something while looking for that same thing. Deep breaths. Was that home?

Or is home where one is from?

The motherland, buried blood, and kin who still draw breath.

A glass of milk, given without asking, from a loving grandma and cinnamon sugar toast with grandpa. Peaches.

A loved and aging man growing cucumbers and tomatoes at the forest edge where creeks, mossy oaks, and newts reside.

Leaves falling in crisp air, woodstoves keeping freeze out, frogs singing and serenading, and fireflies exploding for independence.

Farmlands, anything but breezy, yet still producing a peace in morning mist and rising sun as one collects berries with wet feet before continuing into a long day ahead.

Or is home where one is heading?

A path to finding your way, embracing love, and living life.

The aroma of cigarette smoke in the air on a hot and humid evening in the streets of a foreign city to playchess with a motley crew of characters.

Snuggling your lover on a cool spring night in a tent after washing hearts and heads in clear, flowing water.

A messy kitchen counter in a house with five humans existing and defecating. Where meals have been shared, bottles of wine drunken, and many an empire rising and falling on cardboard kingdoms.

A shaded seat under a nut tree for rest and breath after a fight with a friend while a coyote trots in dusk's shadows, stopping for eye contact, then continuing on.

Or is home where I am?

Right now, it's looking like ten miles north to a trailer park alongside a muddy river to catch my breath.

Tattooed, bruised, and looking for you. Listening to string bands with my Mojo grooving. These doors will soon be painted too. The walls and cabinets pinned with tapestries and collected cloths.

Bones, books, and a cacti garden to envelop my contemporary hobbit hole. The point is, it'll be alright. We make home where we are.

Continuing on, still breathing.



Paul Hackett, *Hermitage*, 2016

ARTIST GLOSSARY

Áine Hawthorne

Áine Hawthorne, In August, 2025.

Allison Jané

Allison Jané, Connections, 2023, acrylic, canvas, 8"x8".

Find Allison @allisonjane_art on instagram

Amanda Baldi

Amanda Baldi, House, 2025, ceramic, dimensions vary

Find Amanda at amandapbaldi.wixsite.com/amandabaldi or @amandabaldiart on instagram

Anonymous

Anonymous, Pieces of Home, 2025.

APB

APB, New Home, 2023.

Bed Herman

Bed Hermin, Journal Entries from when my housing was unstable, 2020-1, pen, paper, 4"x7".

Find Bed @BedHermin.Lamp.Repairmin on instagram

Bridey McGlynn

Bridey McGlynn, Growing Marks, 2025, oil, acrylic, spray paint, canvas, 48"x60"x2".

Find Bridey at <https://www.brideymcglynn.com/>

Chloe Li

Chloe Li, Do we swim or sink in, 2017, pencil on paper, 91cm x 60cm

Chloe Li, window, 2019, analog photos, lace, 4"x5" each.

Find Chloe @chloiscard on instagram

Dr. Rotcod

Dr. Rotcod, Ten Miles North and Painted Doors, 2025.

Emma Ballachino Arcabascio

Emma Ballachino Arcabascio, GTW: She knew how I felt about her, 2025, acrylic, 16"x12".

Find Emma at emmaballachino.com

Gillian Dana

Gillian Dana, Yes, and?, 2025.

Find Gillian @gilliandanabass on instagram

Griselda Duran

Griselda Duran, Mother Nature, 2025, watercolor, acrylic, colored pencil, oil pastel, charcoal, canvas, 18"x24".

Find Griselda at bancoodeblanco.com or @bancoodeblanco on instagram

James Greenhalgh

James Greenhalgh, Home, 2021-3, photographs.

Find James a www.james-greenhalgh.com

Katherine Brooke

Katherine Brooke, To An Overgrown Yard, 2025.

Find Katherine @Katherine.Brooke.Art on Instagram

Lisa K Park

Lisa K Park, To my 11 year old self, 2025, digital, 1400px x 1600px.

Find Lisa @lisydraws on instagram

mauve

mauve, bereft, 2023.

mauve, my left, 2024.

Paul Hackett

Paul Hackett, A Long History of Bad Neighbors, 2017, digital, 19"x13".

Paul Hackett, Lockdown, 2019, clay, oxide stain, colored slip, 9"x6.6"x11".

Paul Hackett, Hermitage, 2016, clay, soda fired glaze, 9"x6.6"x11".

Find Paul at paulhackettart.com or @properhack on instagram

Sophie Wickert

Sophie Wickert, object of affection, 2023, 7"x10".

Find Sophie @sophiewkrt on instagram

Sugey

Sugey, Flores del alma, 2025, colored pencil, pencil, pen, paper, 7.5x10".

Find Sugey @mochi_798 on instagram

For a more detailed
glossary with artist bios and
artwork synopsis please
scan the QR code



