Maloney and Katz have given us the perfect remedy for our hectic and troubling times. Here we see images of flowers, food, friends, interiors, and landscapes. Maloney uses color with freshness and exuberance in which the dance between control and freedom gives an undeniable aliveness. Katz’ poetry, with brevity and a conversational tone, illuminates the prints in unpredictable ways.

The two collaborators give us the sensuality of life—the perfume of sweet peas, the palpable stillness of an empty room, the savory taste of a hamburger, the whir of lawn sprinklers, and the anticipation of freshly baked pie. They remind us to slow down and pay attention—that the simple moments count.

Peggy Murphy
Visual Artist

BLUE PRINT
by Linda Katz

If we lost all our reds,
our yellows and greens,
we’d still have these blues,
an inkwell’s insides,
a dream world of color
all squiggles and stripes,
an indigo mystery,
a blue denim room.
Foreword

As I write this foreword I am thinking about our art exhibit of prints and poems at Shift Gallery in Seattle, Washington, 2019. The plans for this show, Finding Comfort, took a fortuitous turn when Linda Katz, a poet and friend, offered to write verse in response to my art. The magic of collaboration ensued. My artistic goal was always to look for subjects that made me happy and could make the viewer smile. I made monoprints which were colorful and energetic, but had ambiguity and ample room for interpretation. As I was completing my printmaking activities, I’d share photos with Linda so she could start writing. And then the magic happened! When I first opened her emails and read the poems she had written, I was thrilled. Her verses pleased the senses, creating scenarios that could be felt, smelled, heard and tasted. You’ll notice that sometimes the titles don’t match, evidence that interpreting art is up to each one of us. Because this collaboration “spoke” to people, and enhanced the gallery experience, we had a steady stream of visitors who stayed longer, and talked more. Oh, we saw lots of smiles, too.

“Side BY Side” brings the gallery experience to you. May it put a smile on your face and thoughts of how you’d make art of the poems or write poems about the art.

— Colleen Maloney
Printmaker
“Come see our show!”
shout the yellow flowers,
(always such extroverts)
claiming their stage,
drawing all eyes.
When I win the Pulitzer,
send me flowers,
make them yellow!
Big, flashy lemony heads,
(you can’t help but smile);
messy supporting cast
all dangling orange tendrils,
spiky green fronds,
a chorus that can’t sing alone,
posed to prop the talent
downstage center,
divas of sunlight.
Sometimes a sweet harmony
swells all at once.
Everyone's handsome,
no one is sad,
everyone lets you be who you are.
Gladness floats in
like an afternoon sunbreak.
We all want to be here, together at last,
to take a seat at his table, smiles all around,
voices mingling, braiding, as old buddies do.
“Your kitchen smells luscious!”
“We have all day if we want.”
Pass the warm bread, the salad, the grapes
and guess what?
He says there will even be pie.
Sitting in the diner,  
  fingers stroking  
  back and forth  
  the table’s cold rim,  
I read the paper,  
  get a refill,  
chair legs scraping the tile.

Gifts from a corner spot:  
   solitude in a public place,  
milk-white light of windows  
   onto the street,  
plate full of scramble and toast.

I could write here.  
   Let the room’s bustling patterns  
seep into me,  
   convert loud hues into quiet words.
LONG BEANS
Linda Katz

Bite of salty beans
steamed so quick, then wok sizzled,
green crunch snapping now
busying these happy teeth
Here—I’ll share with you, try one!

(Tanka: a Japanese poetic form of 31 syllables in this order—5-7-5-7-7)
Imagine balloons blown of glittering glass bobbing like dahlias in tumblers, clinking and dancing, tilting together, shades of cotton candy and caramel apples.

Imagine a carousel whirling behind, calliope pulsing, painted ponies prancing, children calling “Look at me! Look at me!”

Close your eyes. See it? Hear it?
Be ten years old for a joyful minute, be there.
GELATO EMPORIUM

*Linda Katz*

Frosty trays display a tropical sunset,
color wheel so seductive;
ruby to rose, amber to amethyst.

Blackberry greets mango,
peach kisses lemon,
mocha marries coconut.

I really need to treat myself:
mouthfuls of hope, benevolent smiles,
savoring sublime comfort
on a wee plastic spoon.
THREE QUESTIONS

Linda Katz

Birthday Tree,
who chose you, I wonder,
entwining your ghostly bark
with human words
in this sherbet colored grove?
Artist, did you impose
that swipe of sooty darkness down below,
a stark contrast, a swath,
to smudge the pastoral?
Or is it the Unseen Hand
linking these pale trees,
inging them together once each day,
His, the deft brushful of shadow?
SUMMER FUN
Linda Katz

Wet bangs and baggy trunks,
scratchy lawn chair on a sun warmed back,
licks of vanilla shivering our tongues.
Beat up old sprinkler
spurting cold spray,
a watery metronome
punching a rhythm
from a far distant past.
Each swipe rinsing the air
plumes a smell of drenched grass,
a whiff of hot kids,
exuberant chatter joining today
the clickety/clickety/clickety/spray,
clickety/clickety/clickety/spray
DEADHEADS
Linda Katz

Retiring petals
pinks and yellows fading now
clipped: new blooms soon dance

(Haiku: A Japanese poetic form of 17 syllables in this order—5-7-5)
BOUQUET
Linda Katz

It’s enough for me today,
buoyant burst of purple,
domesticity unbound,
tangled greens
escaping captivity,
petals of glory
rejoicing
and cheering,
irresistible bunch.

Garden Variety
Colleen Maloney
Watercolor
Monotype
11 x 9 in
DELICIOUS
Linda Katz

Today, let’s order what we really crave, not arugula, not soy!
Today, let’s be carnivores, out on the prowl, hungry for prey.
Let’s dive into the great American feast, two fisted and fragrant,
oozing hot grease.
Let’s open our jaws for its warm, soft release.
REACHING
Linda Katz

The joie de vivre of bright lemons on our table,
soft spring afternoon, Cafe St. Germaine.
We breathe in Paris en plein air,
clinks and murmurs, passersby,
and the joy of escape from home.

Reach for l’eau de minerale in its sea-blue bottle,
flip the swing wire stopper.
Baldwin, Hemmingway
left their brilliance for us to find,
that golden life we’re reaching for.
EVENING MEAL
Linda Katz

Eggplant and peppers
Noisy skillet yields a whoosh
Quickly, bring my plate!

(Haiku: a Japanese poetic form of three lines, syllables 5-7-5.)

Scarlet Bell
Colleen Maloney
Monoprint
13 x 11 1/4 in.
SWEETPEAS
Linda Katz

Nothing to write about, really.
A day made for pleasure,
a day perfect without trying.
The neighbor’s house
through a scrim of sweetpeas
a study in shapes.
The bold shouldered vase
partnered with pomegranates.
A snap poem, that's all.

Sweet Peas
Colleen Maloney
Monoprint
17 x 16 ¼ in.
BLUE PRINT
Linda Katz

If we lost all our reds,
our yellows and greens,
we’d still have these blues,
an inkwell’s insides,
a dream world of color
all squiggles and stripes,
an indigo mystery,
a blue denim room.
I began my career at 21, when I took a job as a graphic designer. 40 years later I retired from that fulfilling profession and launched a new one as a printmaker. With that, I had crossed the boundary from commercial art to fine art. A few years later joining Shift Gallery made it official. But old habits die hard. Sketching out my ideas and picking a color palette remain crucial to my planning process. However, once I start applying strokes of ink to plexiglass and transferring the ink to paper through a press, I abandon almost all control over what happens. These one-of-a-kind prints have as many as eight layers that build up a richness and luminosity difficult to achieve in other media.

Making art has always brought me a contentment no other activity does. When I focus on the things I love as subjects, I get a double whammy of that elixir. In “Finding Comfort”, my 2019 show at Shift, food, flowers, friends and family were the reigning subjects. My goal was to elicit feelings of happiness and peace from our gallery visitors.

I live with my husband and cat outside of Seattle. I’m a frequent flier on the freeway, traveling to Seattle’s Pratt print studio, where I’m constantly trying new things. Follow me at Shift Gallery to find out what those new things might be.

Information about purchasing artwork available on request: c.m.maloney@comcast.net