



Arts
WAREHOUSE
W - F 10am - 7pm | Sat 10am - 5pm

313 NE 3rd Street
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March 3 - April 29, 2023

Shiny Things

Powered by Rubber Bands

BlacJak ---- Marie Vickles
Lizz Straight --- Niki Lopez
Sheree L. Greer --- Khaulah Naima Nuruddin
Ciara Hendrix ---- Sharene Mullings
Dara Mathis ---- Erica Mohan

Image Credit: Erica Mohan, *Film Shade*, 2022

Exploring the intersections of distraction and attraction inherent to boldly asserting ourselves in a world that often prefers us to stay in the shadows, ten artists are anonymously paired, one visual and one literary, to create original work reckoning with what it means to shine—individually and collectively—across identities informed by intersections, contradictions, and communities.

All works presented are new and original, and the show reimagines the traditional ekphrasis by making the process reciprocal rather than one direction. The resulting work contributes to a conversation about thriving versus surviving and seeking brilliance rather than resigning to expectations and the status quo. Shiny Things is presented by Rubber Bands (Tayina Deravile, Sheree L. Greer, Khaulah Naima Nuruddin) in recognition and celebration of National Poetry Month.

- Virtual Artist Talk I
 - Thursday, March 23, 2023: 7 - 8 pm
- Virtual Artist Talk II
 - Thursday, March 30, 2023: 7 - 8 pm
- Curatorial Talk
 - Saturday, April 8, 2023: 2 - 4 pm
- Artist Workshop
 - Saturday, April 14, 2023: 2 - 4 pm

BlacJak | Marie Vickles

"Voices of Suffrage" poem in response to
the art work, *Lifting As We Climb*
(To Harriet, Ginger, and Faith)

These Are Her Shiny Things art work
in response to the poem "Her Chandelier"

Ciara Hendrix | Sharene Mullings

"Andromeda" poem in response
to the art work, *Ice Worlds*

Ritual art work in response to the poem "For the
Times I Buried Myself and Forgot I Was A Seed"

Dara Mathis | Erica Mohan

"Off Switch" poem in response to
the art work, *Film Shade*

Essential Luminosity art work
in response to the poem "Digging for Ore"

Lizz Straight | Niki Lopez

"In The Beginning" poem in response
to the art work, *Farewell, Beloved*

All the Feels art work in response
to the poem "Homegoing"

Sheree L. Greer | Khaulah Naima Nuruddin

"Now" poem in response to the art work,
Nature Always Finds a Way

Designed by All the Mothers art work
in response to the poem "Luminosity"



"Voices of Suffrage" (Installation)
Poems listed left to right

They were expected to fail, submit to the powers of brutal persuasion
Hopes and dreams propelled into a black-holed silent response
Their voices bellowed out; bold and unrestrained
Like fingers playing piccato on wooden chordophones
They came to be a unified coalescing of visions
Their fortitude reflected royal purple; their integrity shone white
Beaming lights of freedom glowing in their hearts of gold
Shimmering as water under the sun, flowing-washing away the debris
Inequality left behind

An amalgamation of women who understood that patience
Is for those who have time; she, her, they had none to waste
Creating her proverbial seat at the table
Suffrage served like porridge, fueling the up paced tempo
To struggle's soundtrack; simultaneously providing a visual
An open eye into our attestation in vibrant colors
Beautifully tapestried testimonials
Not afraid to shatter barriers considered glass ceilings
Forged from all socio-economic statuses, their voices blended
Into harmonious melodies over dire straits
Dawning the woke woman, not estranged to the power of her femininity

Wisdom bodies fighting for balance
In an overbearing musty ambiance of ambivalence
Despite the resounding overtures of rejection
Their inspired words uplifted, engulfing anticipating minds
Burning like wildfires across a sleeping nation
Unfurling their expectations for inclusivity
Individually their contributions amplified a movement, rising
Ambitiously tasked on making equality a reality
For themselves; also, for the women
They'd never meet

We are their legacy of jewels
Standing on their struggle and strides, challenging the remnant
Of the 'good ol' boy' mentality
She, her, them; they were trailblazers
Making way for a future that remains luminous
We preserve their perseverance in our spirits
As we journey forward fertilizing overturned ground
Sowing resiliency into our seeds
Free and unequivocal as a fragrant bloom
Lifting our community as we climb to higher heights

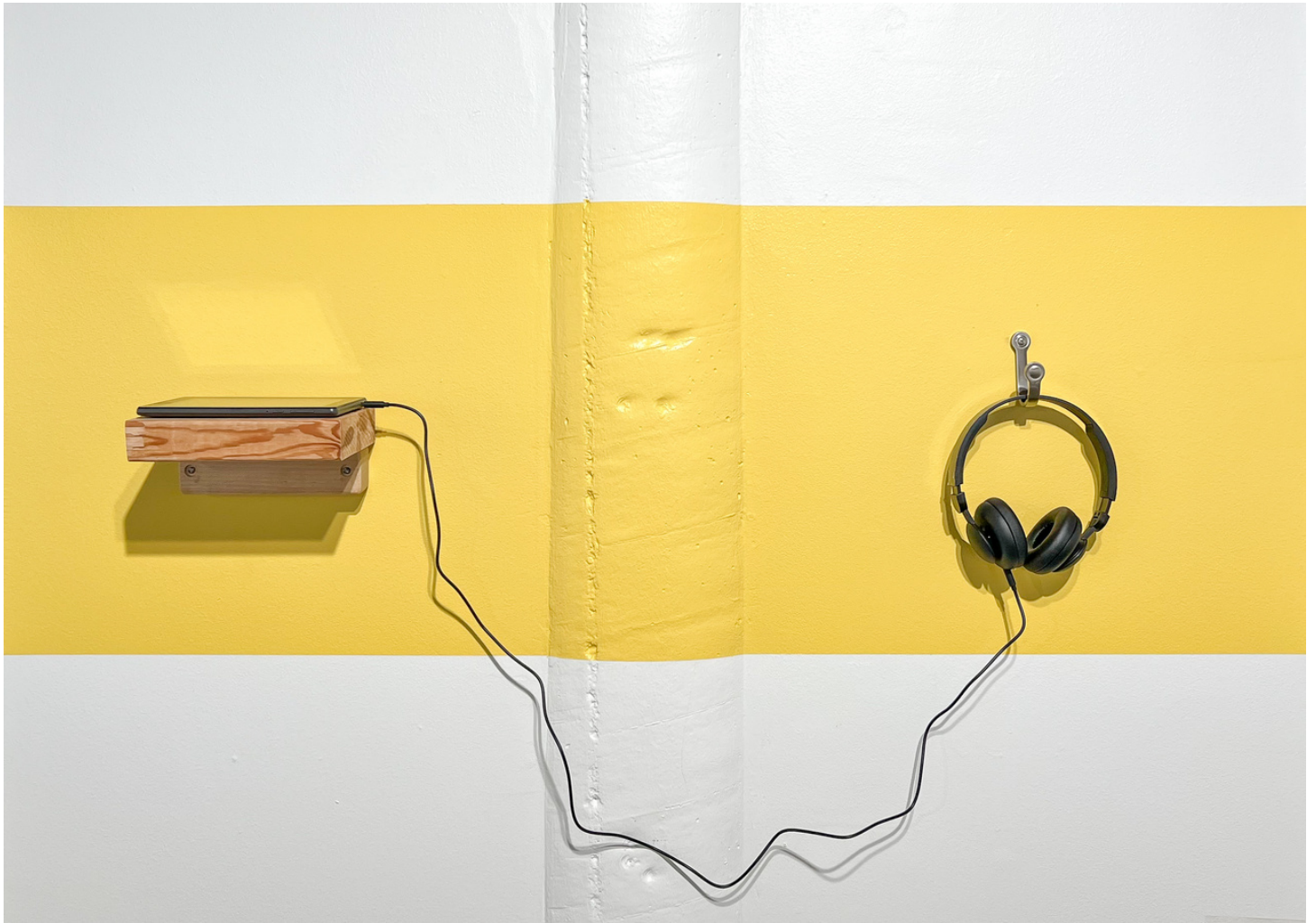
Marie Vickles



"Lifting As We Climb (To Harriet, Ginger, and Faith)"



"These Are Her Shiny Things"



"Her Chandelier" (Installation)

Her chandelier briolette dangles delicately -
 swaying with the ebb of life
 And the flow of time
 Plentiful in number -
 Lavishly lustering even in the darkness
Each one refracting something more than each one can carry,
 her story;
 her voice fulminates into a kaleidoscope of colors
 bouncing bursting through;
Magnificently magnifying an organic vibrancy on display
 as an elaborate menagerie of pendeloques,
 each one counted;
silently suspended within a hologram collage of memories -
 They bring within a hologram collage of memories -
 They bring her clarity -
 a crystallized transparency a refined kind of cleaning
 Reflections leaping from all their facets rush
 Reaching to engage all of her senses -
 Glinting gleaming for her attention
 A kind of beauty not developed in vain
 Only she keeps this treasure hidden
 Coveting her vulnerability -
 Clutching on to her sanity
Moments with her chandelier of tears is not visited in haste
She is aware there is truth in each briolette made of tears-
 undeniable facts that give light to her wisdom
 Infinitely illuminated she shines -
Each tear a crystal pendeloque holding the weight of her heart like a feather
 Flawless in her victories a sacred collection of shiny things-
 like keepsakes, she keeps them close,
 And when tough times get tight
 Gazing into her chandelier of tears
Is her baptism in an understanding that surpasses her own.
 These are her shiny things.

Ciara Janay Hendrix



"Andromeda" (Installation)

She was not a woman, she was a world!
Soul steeped in orange blossom honey
so holy it brings the mountains to their knees.

They call that a blessing.

Celestial skin, lips fixed to honor the Earth
beneath and betwixt her feet so often,
her mouth becomes a portal when she speaks

They call that communion.

Ethereal eyes reflecting a moonrise & sunset
Duality at its finest. Energy so rooted it calms the world
and raises the vibration

They call that an altar.

Sharene Mullings

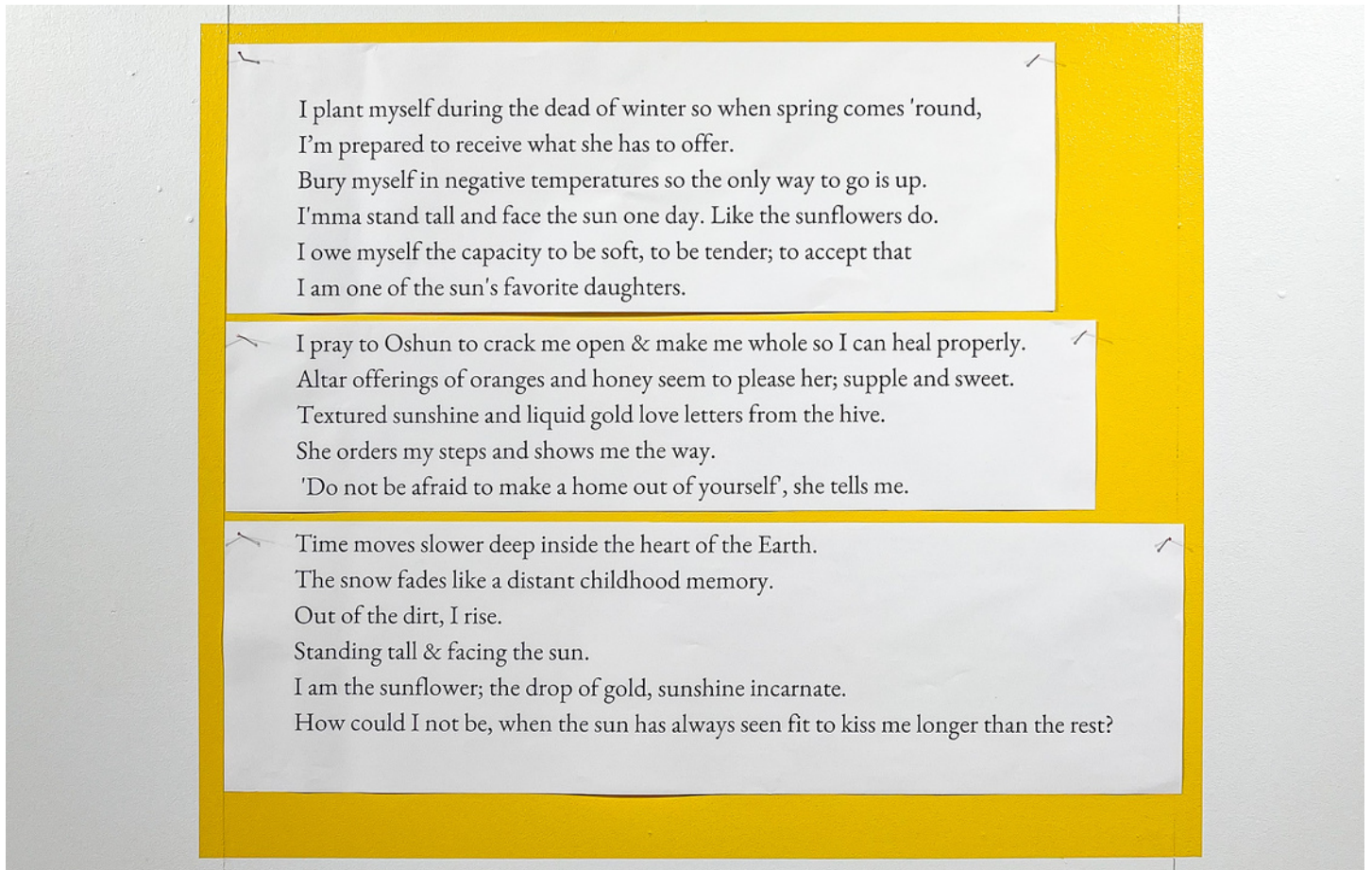


"Ice Worlds"



"Ritual"

Ciara Hendrix

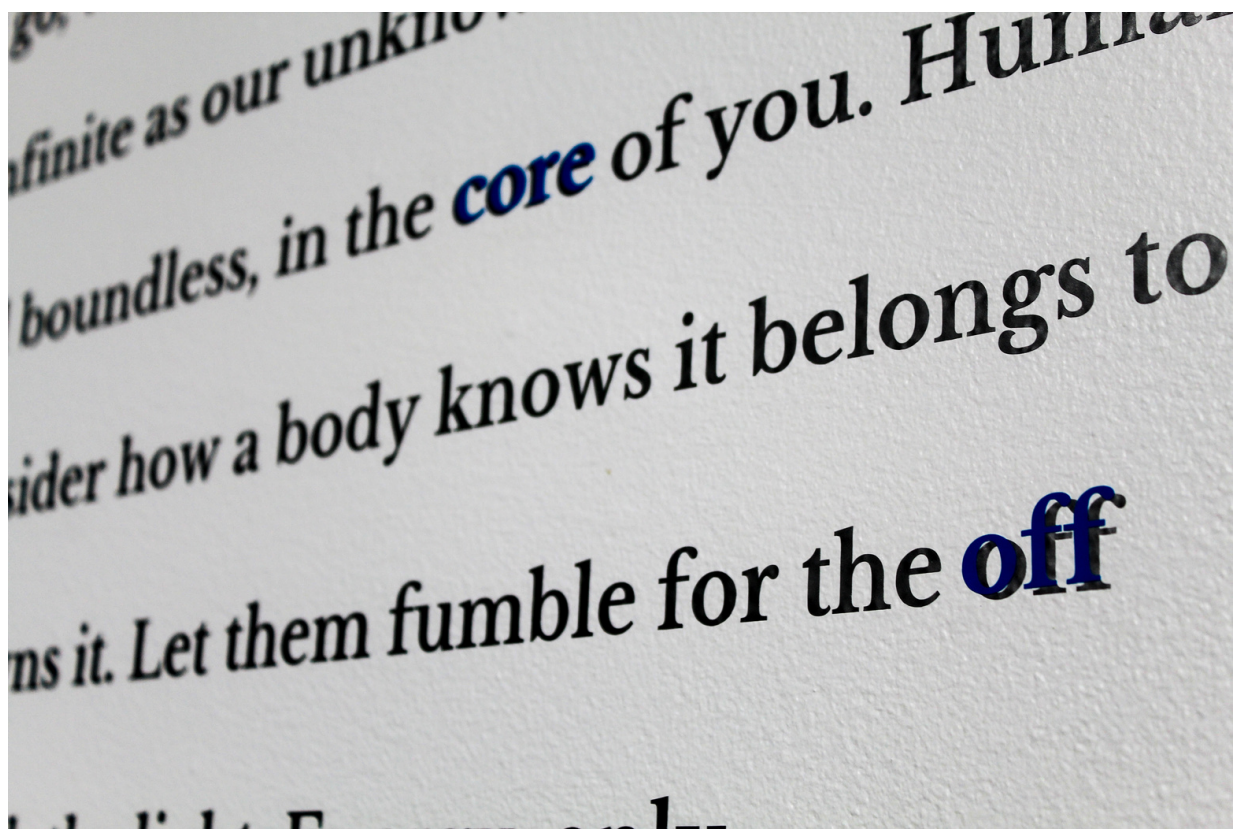


"For the Times I Buried Myself and Forgot I Was A Seed" (Installation)

I plant myself during the dead of winter so when spring comes 'round
I'm prepared to receive what she has to offer.
Bury myself in negative temperatures so the only way to go is up.
I'mma stand tall and face the sun one day. Like the sunflowers do.
I owe myself the capacity to be soft, to be tender, to accept that
I am one of the sun's favorite daughters.

I pray to Oshun to crack me open & make me whole so I can heal properly.
Altar offerings of oranges and honey seem to please her; supple and sweet.
Textured sunshine and liquid gold love letters from the hive.
She orders my steps and shows me the way.
'Do not be afraid to make a home out of yourself', she tells me.

Time moves slower deep inside the heart of the Earth.
The snow fades like a distant childhood memory.
Out of the dirt, I rise.
Standing tall & facing the sun.
I am the sunflower; the drop of gold, sunshine incarnate.
How could I not be, when the sun has always seen fit to kiss me longer than the rest?



"Off Switch" (Installation detail)

When everything must go, what can't be bought or sold remains: energy. Light is neither created nor destroyed, infinite as our unknowing. But you must know you carry what you own, liquid and boundless, in the core of you. Human, imperfect blackbody, radiating. Consider how a body knows it belongs to itself when told someone else owns it. Let them fumble for the off switch—they can't extinguish the light. Energy, only converted from one form to another (like rage to resistance, or distraction to creation), cannot be liquidated, so let it flood over the frame, yes, like water, every slick surface bright as a morning song against the blue streak of day.

Erica Socorina Mohan

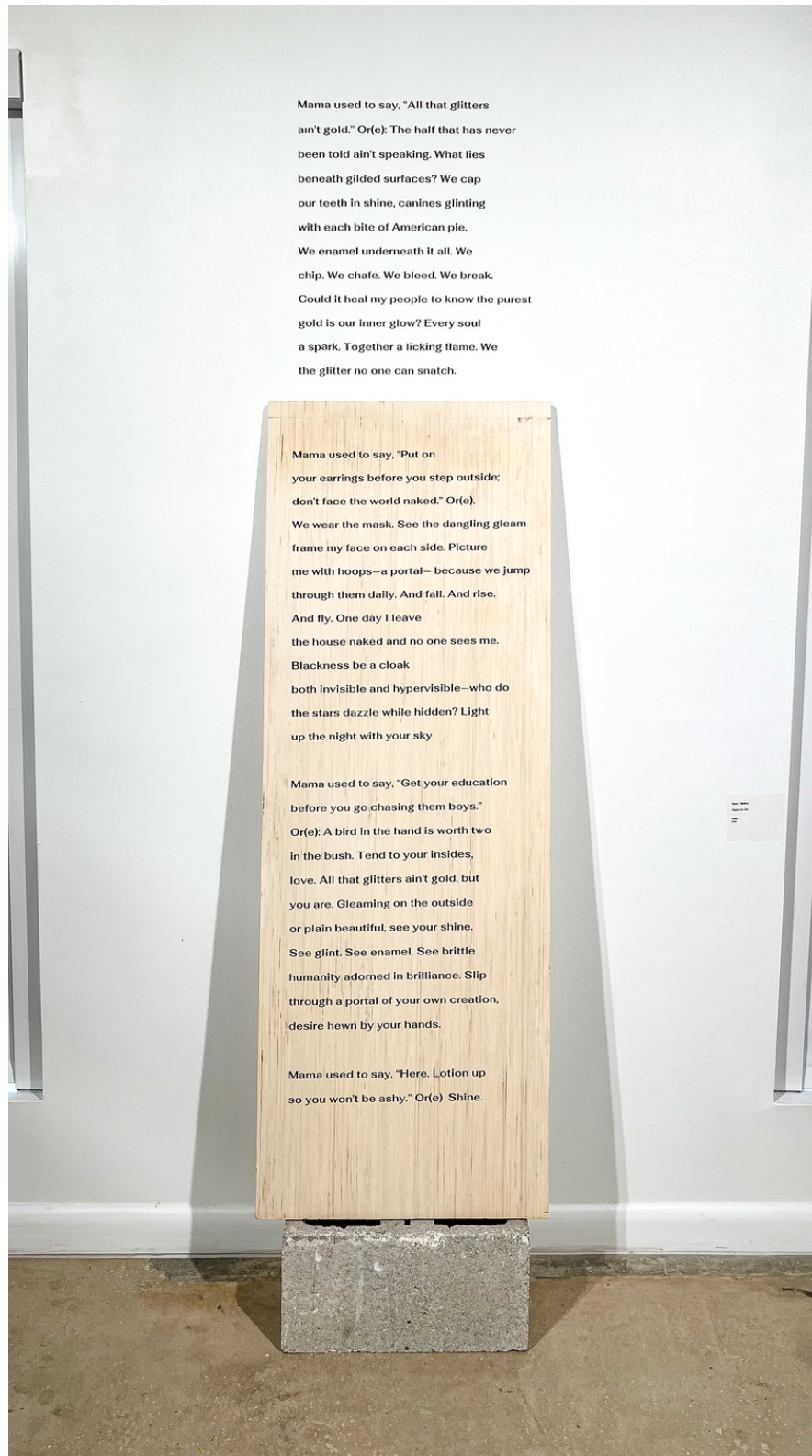


"Film Shade"



"Essential Luminosity" (Installation)

Dara T. Mathis



"Digging for Ore" (Installation)

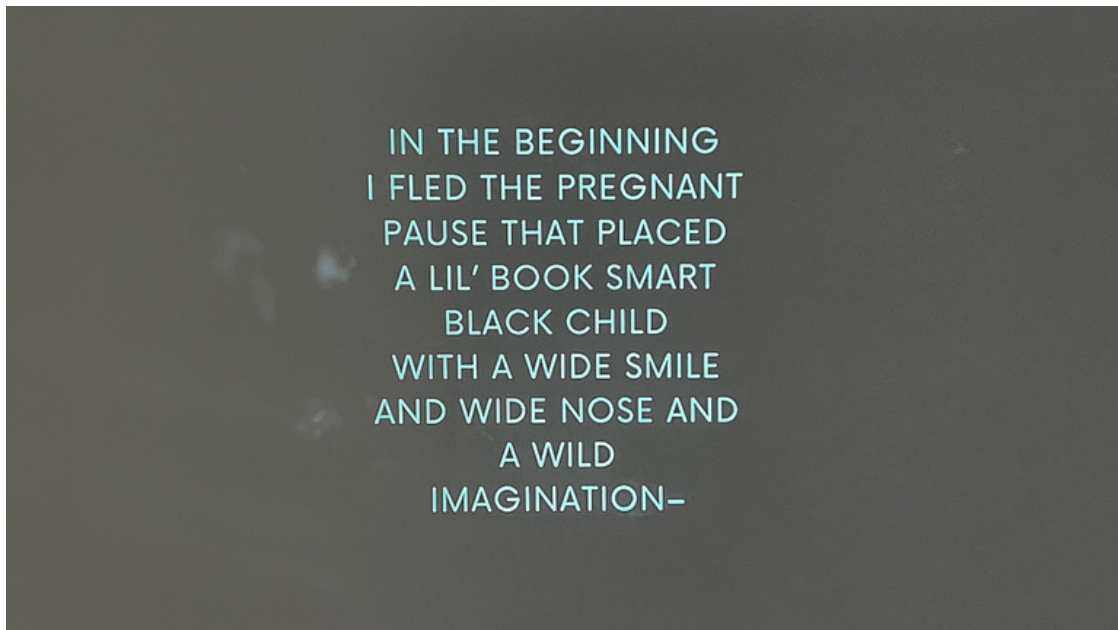
Mama used to say, "All that glitters
ain't gold." Or(e): The half that has never
been told ain't speaking. What lies
beneath gilded surfaces? We cap
our teeth in shine, canines glinting
with each bite of American pie.
We enamel underneath it all. We
chip. We chafe. We bleed. We break.
Could it heal my people to know the purest
gold is our inner glow? Every soul
a spark. Together a licking flame. We
the glitter no one can snatch.

Mama used to say, "Put on
your earrings before you step outside;
don't face the world naked." Or(e):
We wear the mask. See the dangling gleam
frame my face on each side. Picture
me with hoops—a portal— because we jump
through them daily. And fall. And rise.
And fly. One day I leave
the house naked and no one sees me.
Blackness be a cloak
both invisible and hypervisible—who do
the stars dazzle while hidden? Light
up the night with your sky.

Mama used to say, "Get your education
before you go chasing them boys."
Or(e): A bird in the hand is worth two
in the bush. Tend to your insides,
love. All that glitters ain't gold, but
you are. Gleaming on the outside
or plain beautiful, see your shine.
See glint. See enamel. See brittle
humanity adorned in brilliance. Slip
through a portal of your own creation,
desire hewn by your hands.

Mama used to say, "Here. Lotion up
so you won't be ashy." Or(e): Shine.

Lizz Straight



"In the Beginning" (Video Still)

in the beginning
my brown eyes opened
from my throat
an existence proclaimed
curses rebuked

in the beginning
I fled the pregnant
pause that placed
a lil' book smart black child
with a wide smile
and wide nose and a wild
imagination–

a lil' pigtail
and Buster Brown wearin'
chile please to meet you manners
and a lust for literature
a star in the small
town rumor mill
she loved the track
and field and football
and basketball
playin' boy rising from
the wrong side of the railroad
falling behind in his classes
cased in the sassafras
scent of his Cherokee
mother's love

a lil' quiet shy girl
who ain't tell nobody nothing
till the tide rushed in
and out of her barely
pubescent body
and my heart absorbed
everything to come from within
a woman not a women
yet except from blood
letting and accepting

Lizz Straight

that life grows
in the most soft and
quiet places
like behind bleachers
laying on an athlete's
letterman jacket

In the beginning
I absorbed the dark
from inside of brown paper bags
from my daddy's side
from that yak
from virginia slim ashes
from katydid candies
and old fish grease
and engine oil
and shame

I absorbed the pain from you ugly nappy headed loud weak no good ain't shit dirty
niggerish foolish fast mutha fucka done lost yo damn mind ass backward stank just like
yo daddy yo momma yo uncle and his shootin' up ass friends

I absorbed tall tales of abandonment
masked as the village
raising a child of a child
the stories
stains
sentiment
and capitalized gains
of guilt
the heavyweight
responsibility
that already existed
before I was a light
in my momma's eye
before I was a thorn
in my daddy's side
I bore witness
to the birth
of myself
not of blood
not of flesh

but of god damn
Mississippi

but in the beginning
there was the word
and the word
was God
he consecrated me by name
my God is an oath
and the truth
and the light
and mississippi be damned

here
I
am.



"Farewell, Beloved"



"All the feels"



"Homecoming" (Video Still)

She is now—
ancestor of honor
dream visitor
Etta James on the radio
an echo in my laugh and in my daughter's every single drop of rain that falls to Earth a
coalescent of ninety-one years of lessons a solid gold casing
for the broken heart
of her children
her children's children
her children's children's children
and her children's children's children's children

She is now—
a masterclass on pulling up one's bootstraps on the low crawl under rapid fire tragedy on
drawing blueprints for building family on letting go and letting God
on healing oneself out of hell

on setting boundaries
on not being with the bullshit

She is now—
a forging iron
a map to the high road
a legend that New Orleans built
proof
that time heals
that prayer changes things
that love is an action word
that black is a color wheel
that gumbo is a love potion
that cussing is an art form
that forgiveness is a rare craft

She is now—
the gathering of light that
comes for me at each waking
that enfolds me
uplifts me and
empowers me in the now
that connects me to
my future better brighter self that tethers me to my kinfolk guides me
illuminates me
and reveals me
to myself
each new day
that cradles me
and warms me
that shines
from within me
that welcomes me
home.

Sheree L. Greer



"Now" (Installation)

I read somewhere that time is an illusion
I read somewhere that carbon is the foundation of all life

If those things are true:

I move through block time as both container and contents

I bloom and burn immortal
I fade and shine impossible

I don't need to be purified.
I need to be present.

Khaulah Naima Naruddin

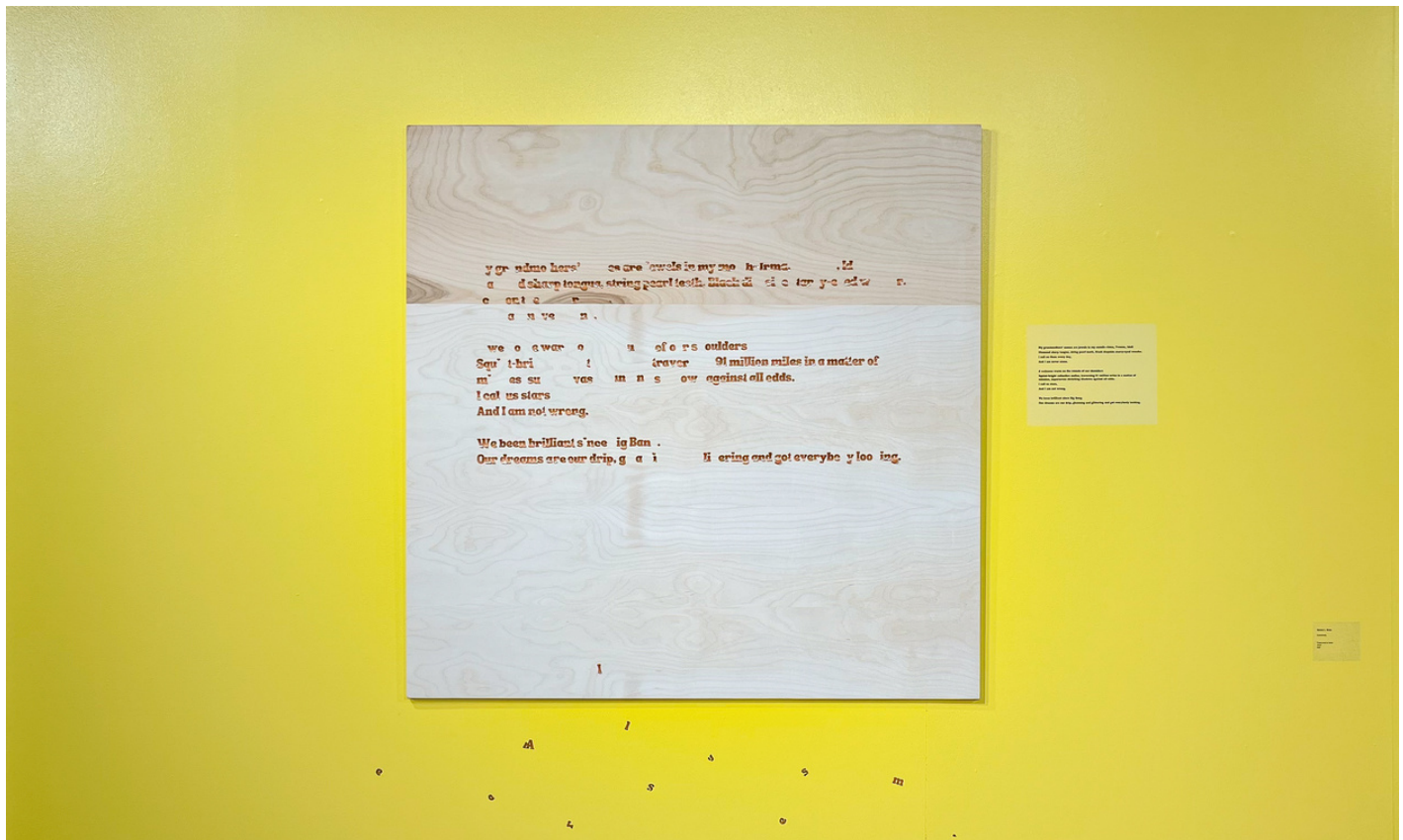


"Nature Always Finds a Way"



"Designed By All the Mothers"

Sheree L. Greer



"Luminosity" (Installation)

My grandmothers' names are jewels in my mouth—Irma, Yvonne, Idell
Diamond sharp tongue, string pearl teeth, Black diopside starry-eyed wonder.
I call on them every day,
And I am never alone.

A welcome warm on the rounds of our shoulders
Squint-bright collective smiles, traversing 91 million miles in a matter of minutes, supernovas
shrinking shadows against all odds.
I call us stars,
And I am not wrong.

We been brilliant since Big Bang.
Our dreams are our drip, gleaming and glittering and got everybody looking.

Label Catalogue

BlacJak

"Her Chandelier". Spoken Word. 2022, NFS

"Voices of Suffrage". Poem. 2023. NFS

Marie Vickles

"These Are Her Shiny Things". Mixed media on watercolor paper. 16" x 20". 2023. \$850.

"Lifting As We Climb (To Harriet, Ginger, and Faith)". Mixed media on watercolor paper. 16" x 20". 2022. \$850.

Ciara Janay Hendrix

"For the Times I Buried Myself and Forgot I Was A Seed". Poem. 2023. NFS

"Andromeda". Poem. 2023. NFS

Sharene Mullings

"Ice Worlds". Acrylic on canvas. 36" x 48". 2022. \$1200

"Ritual". Acrylic on canvas. 24" x 36". 2023. \$600

Dara T. Mathis

"Digging for Ore". Poem. 2022. NFS

"Off Switch". Prose Poem. 2023. NFS

Erica Socorina Mohan

"Film Shade". Light sculpture with New York Times microforms. 13" x 6" x 6". 2023. \$300.

"Essential Luminosity". Light sculpture with New York Times microforms. 8' x 4' x 4'. 2023. \$2,000.

Lizz Straight

"Homecoming". Poem. 2023. NFS

"In The Beginning". Poem. 2023. NFS

Niki Lopez

"Farewell, Beloved". Acrylic on plaster with fabric and artifact. 18" x 28". 2022. NFS

"All the feels". Mixed media. 4' x 5'. 2023. \$12,500

Sheree L. Greer

"Luminosity". Vinyl poem on birch. 2022. NFS

"Now". Mixed media poem and palo santo ash on paper. Dimensions Vary. 2023. \$950.

Khaulah Naima Naruddin

"Nature Always Finds a Way". Oil on canvas. 36" x 36". 2022. \$3,500.

"Designed By All the Mothers". Enamel and oil on birch with greenware. 60" x 83.5" x 16". 2023. \$17,000.