

*The Drawer*  
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## Carolyn Carlson

*Choreographer, poet and artist, born in 1943, lives  
and works in Paris, [www.carolyn-carlson.com](http://www.carolyn-carlson.com)*

**Black, the color of drawing?**  
an artist attempts the unseen  
a hand reach before the untouched canvas  
a spontaneous plunge  
inside whiteness  
a jewel of ebony.

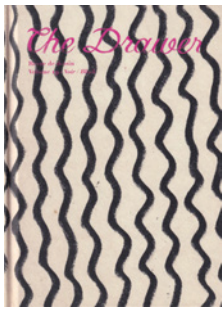
**Is black necessarily dark?**  
Oceans in storm churning lampblack hues of thunder  
The Pacific shores of my childhood drawings  
water-waves turning pages of inspiration  
little wet feet still traveling on watered inks

**Black, the color of the times?**  
A blind touch of remembrance for the dreams you left behind  
Pages burn to black ash, a beating of the heart in each ones' own story

**The most beautiful black?**  
Our home in a Mother's womb before the first cry.  
  
A splash of perception on a dark sky, no stars tonight,  
only the beautiful empty.  
A soul meeting itself in eons of lifetimes.

A Mountain dressed in black  
drawing inwardness  
stillness unraveling mystery  
nature's tableau of Presence

**Does black can all?**  
A velvet black curtain upstage  
A Grandmother moon descends



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absorbs illusion in a black box  
an event for one dancer

The sound of black- a voice in rebellion  
dropping stones in a metal can  
echoes in the valley below

**Black, an excess of?**

To dive into a living spirit force

Rothko's last works were black, but he saw beyond this...  
rather he entered into a soul space where black contained  
everything in all colors of his life.  
Returning as a child in wonder.

*Black which appears as if it is looking into eternity*  
*Noir dont on dirait qu'il scrute l'éternité\**

\* Dernière phrase extraite de *Dialogue avec Rothko* par Carolyn Carlson, traduit de l'américain par Jean-Pierre Simeon, éditions Invenit, 2012.