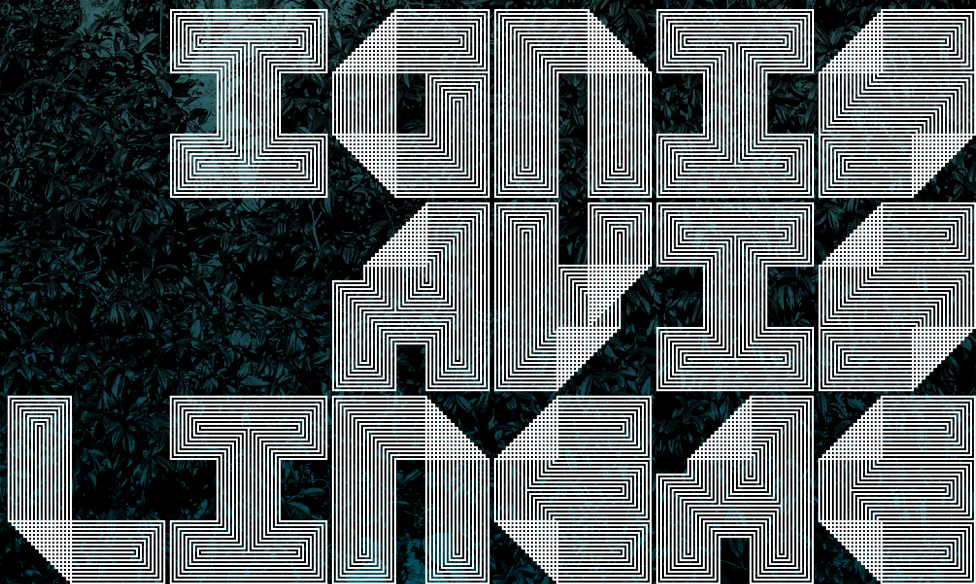


Photography
Maryam Eisler

Poetry
thomas Paul

Ignis Avis Lineae
(Lines of the Fire Bird)



Introduction

'Ignis Avis Lineae' is a study of the deconstruction of archetypal influences and expectations of both the setting, beautiful 16th Century Parnham house, and the muse, standing tall, dressed in her permanent warrior-like body armor, an art form in her own right.

'Lines of formality I laugh at thee
Parades of pomegranate, instillations to divide or protect
To contemplate on your walls of culpability
Your fruitless endeavours, moulded me'
thomas Paul

Eisler takes the 'Sublime Feminine' one step further, with a Phoenix Rising approach, symbol of hope and life, in this collaborative dialogue with poet, thomas Paul and creative director, Cavan Mahony, all the while exploring themes around form, beauty and power.

The conversation between image and word, also raises questions around societal archetypes, Greek mythology, Roman hierarchy, the British class system and even recent advances in technology. All shining a light on our collective constructs.



Divine

I do not gaze, I reach
Piercing societal archetypal bleach
Breaching suppression, deterioration of type
Your temples, your stone, your tyrannical might

Emergence, Kundalini rising
I am tribe, not hidden by creativity within
Pre-existing patterns, similar sin
Trauma elongating in permanence
Now provocations power to ignite, in vacuums under living skin

Elegance in form, beauties face
To overwhelm, blinding fears and scorn
In images of dreams, in fairytales
I hear your screams, your conversation within

I am sun, I am power, I am love
I am art, I am poetry, I am evolution
I am intellect, I am mother, I am life
I overcome. I am sublime, the divine
I am the feminine

thomas Paul 8.3.23



Drawn

Your form confuses me
Parallels and paralysis
That of love and loss
Perfect intensions tailored by disillusionment
Turning twisted to the wisteria garden
Taken from my mind
Burning, burning, burning
You'll have it return
Skin to skin in arbitrary function
Living in a smile of displeasure
Self-consciousness dispelled
Flowing ink, circles, lines
No barren wasteland, none to reach
The fullness of form beneath
Fragments of dereliction
You lean, toward crumbled Parnham walls
Walls of heart and mind

Open to sky, fingers claw by nail
They screech, burn me once more
Perfect towers will be no more
The clouds a thunder
Black clouds washed in pain
Needles in the soul, the thirst, the rain
Light lost, panes of glass to connect,
smothered again
Engineered to function, to listen, to speak
For the arm of function, the emptiness
So I loitered in the grandeur
And weep for your beauty, I weep.

thomas Paul 17.10.22



Courage

How is it you are not afraid?

Afraid of the snake that lay
A bridge to fall, spring from human cord

How are you not afraid?

Of spider's crawl, yet others scream
Darkened corridor, nightmares not dream

How is death not your fear?

And yet I lie awake afraid
Of what I lack for what's ahead

I fear the most, the light of day.

thomas Paul 9.3.22



Paradox

Refraction of light
Perfect lines, moving softly
Embracing form
Innocence of intimacy leaving scars
Returns of you in my mind
In these moments, a soul revealed to me
My darkness turned
Love, I will find.

thomas Paul 12.4.23



Lake

Plumes, imposing, how they collect to deaden
Entitled stillness, defined, silence ensues
But not the end, these rigidities in patterns,
now broken and reborn
Tis the emergence of the feminine,
a fortitude evoked in this instinct of form
Unto glistening pearls of uniformity
Trickle down eyes blue, calm ensues
And the imposing eye it fades,
fades the will of the bloodless
For the glory of lines become

Look at her.
I'm done.

thomas Paul 21.4.23

Suppress

The immersive displacement of form
Monument of power I circumvent
Marble fists and narration by lifeless eyes of history
This absurdity of admiration, of dictatorial prescriptions
I'll not bow to thee or stoop, though I coil
The movement is instinctive
Mystery's warmth to contemplate
No serpents fate, free air I breathe
My choice, my decadence, my right.

thomas Paul 12.4.23





Free

Lines of formality I laugh at thee
Parades of pomegranate, installations to divide or protect
To contemplate on your walls of culpability
Your fruitless endeavours, moulded me

I recline.

Mine is the surrender of the linear
Canopy of manipulations and desires
Enlightenment of power cast no fear, nor blind me
To lie here in serenity

I recline.

Liberty from this tongue of authority
I breathe, that that swirls about me
Surrendering to my own perpetuity
In form of vulnerability, I show my strength

In exultation, I recline.

thomas Paul 1.5.23

Subterfuge

Confines of experience of mind
Seeking pleasures and release, pain behind
Don't read my lines in your mind
They are mine, by design, to wear, a life you'll not find
We see patterns, creating a conscious image, not retreat
Eyes can lie, give deceit
Look inwards for your pallet, go deep, a subterfuge of complete
For mine is comfort, yours a monotony of repeat.

thomas Paul 21.2.23





Study

The grain of hardened wood, wisdom told,
so you'd have me believe
Born of shadows in this room
Collected memories in dust,
evaporation of closeted antiquities
And yet as I rest your misplaced fantasy
I know I am not alone
I blind with signals on repeat, of delight
I sit as I please
I glance, the comedy in your traditions, this place, your space?
Let's continue to talk, talk in silence.

thomas Paul 12.4.23



Stephanie

Troubled soul?

Look at me

Your own life view is what you see

Open your eyes and breathe, don't run from me

Not covered, no insecurities

I'm alive. My skin sings to me

My feeling, my poetry, my symmetry.

thomas Paul 17.10.22



Truth

For in this moment there is serenity, I can see
Shards of light you send to mesmerise the very heart of me
Burn away minds mists of insecurity

You the art I hold close to me
Not bound by preconceptions to defy obscurity
But those of defined expression, individuality

So you see, lights divinity
Clouds no longer linger or envelope me
I am yours to read, nothing haunts me.
My own protector.

Do you believe me?

thomas Paul 11.4.23



Bring

Bring Bring. Bring Bring.
Bring forth your bloated sack, the greed,
so called progress seed
A hunger of eternity, the never end the need
Sit instead in beauty, no laughter,
but pity in form of your vulgarity
Bringing in the ear of reason

Bring Bring. Bring Bring.
Bring rigid spine of uniformity, plagued with misogyny
Crafted intelligence charged to build,
to ultimately shatter the empathy they lack
To sing, to cry, to love, to create, I turn my back
Don't bother to bring me back

Bring Bring, Bring Bring.
Bring me desire, a line to your gaze, what you feel,
your very soul
The patterns you see, upon me,
within me
The feminine, the womb of humanity
Bring understanding for me

I'll not answer. Not to you.
Bring Bring. Bring Bring. Bring Bring.

thomas Paul 2.5.23



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