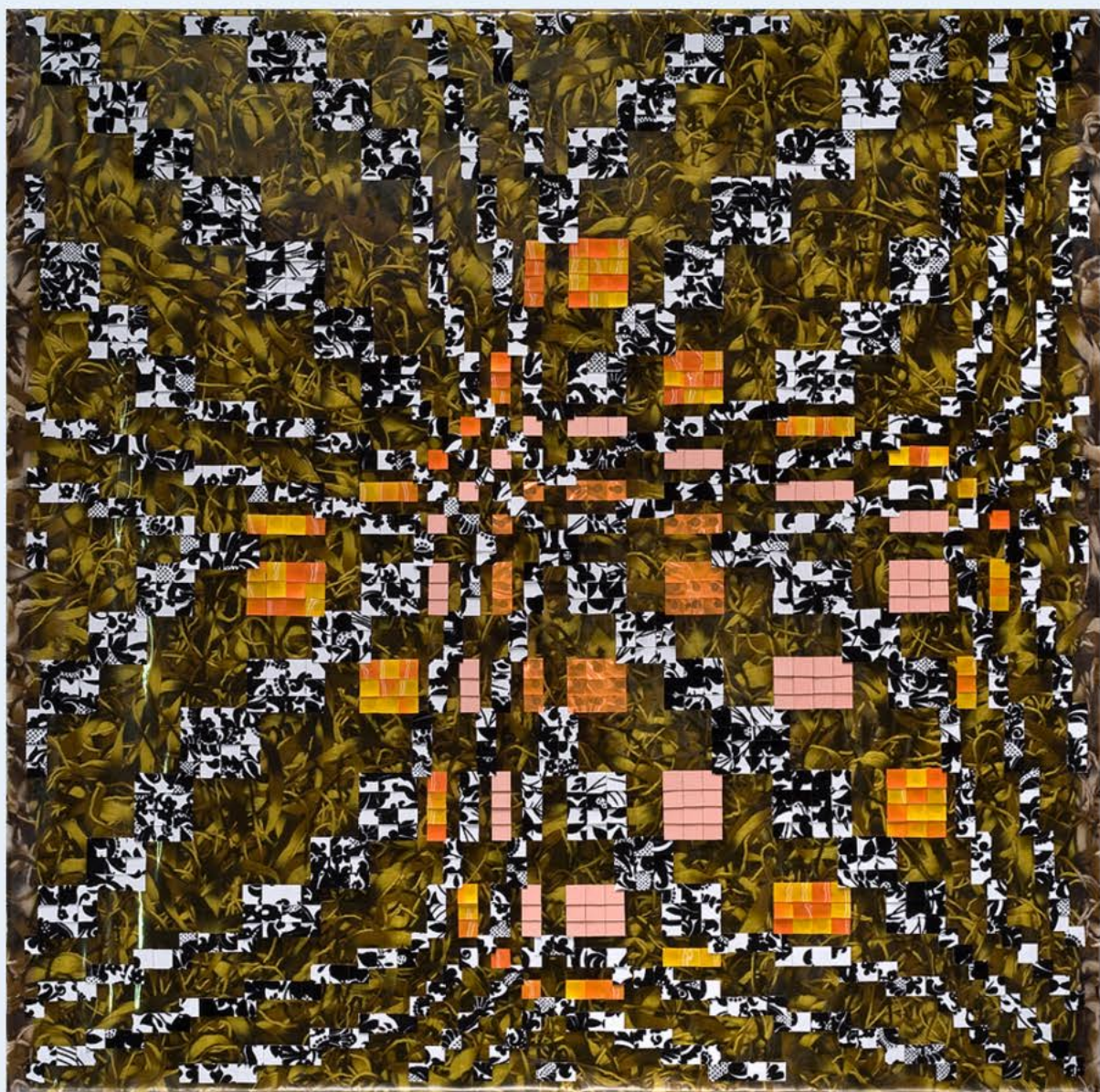


## Gerry Trilling and Nin Andrews

Posted by H. L. Hix | Category: Show & Tell | No Comments

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Gerry Trilling, "Hidden Minority"

### Gerry Trilling Artist Statement

My work is concerned with the relationship of perception to organized systems of information.

A summer spent in New York City engendered a profound awareness of infrastructure potential—both fragmentation and integration—which had a powerful impact on my work and led me to investigate the idiosyncrasies of patterned compositional structures within the visual field.

In 2010 I began using a patterned overlay to metaphorically illustrate how information can be filtered. Used in that way, patterning encourages a false sense of order even as it disrupts experiential perception. I want the viewer to be aware of both the construct and what is hidden from view, though I believe people will always try to integrate both experiences into one reality.

### Response by Nin Andrews

Only when you were gone did I hear your footsteps behind me and turn quickly,  
expecting to see that smirk on your face, not some stranger walking fast.  
Only when I stopped looking did I see you in every café or passing train.  
Only when I tried to be sweet, to say, *It's okay, don't worry*, did I taste the salt and  
bitterness on my tongue.  
Only when I said *never again* did I wish and wish, *just one more time*.  
Only when I waited for the mailman for letters you never wrote, did I think what an  
asshole you always were.  
Only when I became an insomniac, remembering your scent, your touch beneath the  
sheets, did I listen for hours to a solitary cricket rubbing its legs together, its  
song of ache and throb and lust.  
Only when I was starving did I swear I would never taste, lick, drink, sip again.  
Only when I swore of men (they're all such shits, don't you think?), did I say,  
*Okay, I give in.* (It was with a stranger with a body like yours, though it's  
true, I can't recall his name.)  
Only when I knew there is no god, no truth, no afterlife did I finally learn to pray.  
Only when I told the truth did I realize it's the lies that save you in the end.  
Only when the snow kept falling did I see no one can make it stop.  
Only when I was lost in my own house did I think, this is not my home.  
Only when the sun finally rose did the shadows fill my rooms.  
Only when I left for a small town in the south did the city light up around me, like a  
blessing, like a curse.

Gerry Trilling lives and makes art in Kansas City. Nin Andrews is the author of *Southern Comfort*.

Comments are currently closed.

### About Progressive Poetics

The Progressive Poetics project asks each contributor to respond, in light of something she or he has already said in print, to this question:

"Poetry makes nothing happen."  
(W. H. Auden, 1939)

"To write poetry after Auschwitz is barbaric."  
(Theodor Adorno, 1949)

Though often cited as timeless, authoritative truths about poetry, those two pronouncements were made at particular historical moments, in particular cultural contexts, and from particular subject positions. But we (choose any "we" from those of us alive now) occupy various subject positions, live in various circumstances, and stand nearer the mid-twenty-first century than the mid-twentieth. It is not self-evident that we should (continue to) defer to Auden and Adorno, so:

What must or might be said now about poetry?

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