Glenna Holloway 913 E. Bailey Rd. Naperville IL 60565

AVONNA LEE'S MOUNTAIN

She's made it hers, climbing it when the light is right, struggling up its steepness with easel, oils, canvas, investing long hours in its moods.

She lives in shades of sky and aspen leaves, breathes conifer shapes and shadows, sathers captured shipe shapes all into mitered wood corners, capturing the scent of seasons, winged silhouettes above variable shipe - (he felicity and sheen, unknown rustlings out of sight. Mixturgs)

Decades ago she began with a palette of synset and moonrise, a blend of other earth, an eagle feathers through pigments, mastering margins, dimensions, even the fourth.

Her palimpsest is bear prints, gray trails, mauve dust, discarded antlers, roots, old ashes. Her foreground remembers songs men long ago forgot, the pulsing undertones of hidden hues, the arcane movements of metamorphic rock.

Her patient brushes repair eroded slopes where colonnades of pine and spruce colonized the eastside gulch but failed to hold against vindictive rains and wind-wash. Exulting in each small survival, each new stroke of green, her composition grows with chiaroscuro changes, commanding the cold strokes of dawn, the knife of noon, the stiff bristles of winter.

No one knows her age but the mountain--keeper of all good and sacred secrets.

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Glenna Holloway 913 E. Bailey Rd. 331-472 4966 walkingtomorning@gmail.com