

JUDY DAVIES

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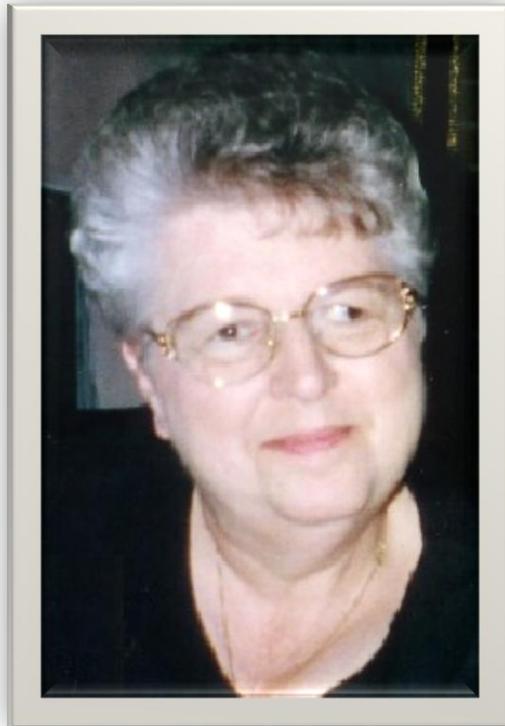
In addition to being a retired professional French hornist and now poet, Judy also manages her husband's music and book publishing business. She is the recipient of numerous awards and has published poetry in the United States and abroad.

Her first book of poetry, *POETIC IMAGES*, was released in 2011.

Her first collaborative CD with husband Ken Davies, *POETIC SOUNDSCAPES*, was released in 2012, featuring her poems and his custom-crafted music.

Judy is the 2013 National Senior Poet Honor Scroll winner.

She was born in Detroit, Michigan, and currently resides in Gautier, Mississippi.



Artistry

by Judy Davies

An intricate pen and ink drawing hangs in our entrance hall;
it defines our home as welcoming to artists one and all.

The canvas is always ready, the mission always clear,
an atmosphere for creativity is allowed to flourish here.

Precision and patience work magic in clay and in stone.
Potters fashion their clay; sculptors chip away the unknown.

The artist is poised with his brush in hand,
“Bring the canvas to life” is his internal command.

The composer refines sound using ear and electronics,
stringing together pitch sets, notes and harmonics.
Sensitive creativity and originality he must release
providing the framework for each masterpiece.

Dancers develop poise in body with purposefulness,
from plié to pointe, the embodiment of gracefulness.
Dancing with abandon, each performance flawless,
speaking through motion, the epitome of artfulness.

Through prose and poetry the writer’s feelings are heard
as he hones his craft of the written word.

Drawing in his reader, giving voice through technique,
with spirit and soul his art form must speak.

Whether captured in clay, on canvas or in stone,
via music, dance or simply words alone,
the creative process brings new life to our health
when we hunger for culture, not just monetary wealth.

Each form of artistry plays a critical part;
each displays vision through its own brand of art.
Absence of the arts points us down a black hole.
The essence of art is it enriches the soul.