

Anna Mace

www.anna-mace.com

Anna Mace was born in Devon, UK, and is an emerging writer and poet. Having studied Fine Art in Oxford, she is keen to merge the boundaries between text, art, science and performance, experimenting with different creative media and seeking to engage with a broad audience. Inspiration comes from modernist, symbolist and experimental poetry traditions. Between writing she works as a teacher at university and has lived abroad in Asia and Europe but now resides in Bristol, UK.

Currently she is involved in a number of projects including: writing poetry alongside fellow poet *Steven Fowler* for the limited edition bookart, *Revolve:R* (collective of 30 international and UK based artists), with poetry workshops in Bristol at the end of this year. *Revolve:R* has held exhibitions (2014) nationally and internationally and will be exhibiting work from its current edition (including her poetry) in 2016. Her poem ***Elements: 79*** inspired *Rammatik* (Film and Media winners 2014), to create a video work entitled *Eclipse* (2015, music composition *Thomas Garside*). The UK based, installation filmmakers *OneFiveWest* created a short film in response to her poem entitled, ***Not I***, and *Maria Anastassiou's* film response, *Gravity*, to her poem entitled, ***The Earth Hums Mohini***.

Anna Mace has also contributed to *Translation Games*, a project exploring literature and the fine arts with her poem, ***Shepard's Scale*** (published 2014), as a translation of *Pietro Reviglio's* drawings and her poem, ***The Tale of Illusion*** to Domingo Martinez's image, ***No Title*** (published 2015). She was resident poet for the National Trust (in collaboration with an artist) at Bucks Mill Cabin, Devon, as well as exhibiting her interactive poetry installation, ***Our Poets' Song***, at Ledbury Poetry Festival this summer 2015.

She was shortlisted for ***The Melita Hume Poetry Prize 2015*** with *Eyewear Publishing*, London, UK.

Revolve:R: <http://www.revolve-r.com>

Translation Games: http://translationgames.net/?page_id=546

and: <http://www.ahrc.ac.uk/News-and-Events/Image-Gallery/Pages/Translation-Games.aspx>

National Trust Residency: <http://explorethecoast.org/waypoint/50>

Herd

Just before the singing started,
I noticed the way your ring,
hugged the slimness of your finger
as you spoke, denting the flush of grace
here, like you were tracing maps
or diagrams with bright, just in the turn
of wrist.

Fingernails reflecting ghosts, black,
white, all I could see were the details,
reminding me of slide and sweep
of my bow on violin, and how it used
to draw a tear.

And despite the choir's beat to death
and god, the rolled up paper on the
side roared threat on rain-soaked
leaders,
claiming foreign fiends coding
messages with PS4s
sprayed messages with bullets,
spelling out plans in Super Mario
makers coins, how dare they?
Kill this harmony?
Calling fiercely to gather allies;
fruit flies, like a banana.

Tonight, this is my sanctuary,
whilst the scrawling wind screams
injustice,
sacred harp remind me
how fragile voices can break.
And hold, on. Still,
how does the scale of life measure
in the shapenotes of crescent moons
against the light? The texture
I can feel to the tips of my fingers,
in my bones, eyelashes, resting
inbetween the silence and each note.

Response to Sacred Harp Choir performance, 6.30pm 17/11/2015, Sanctum.