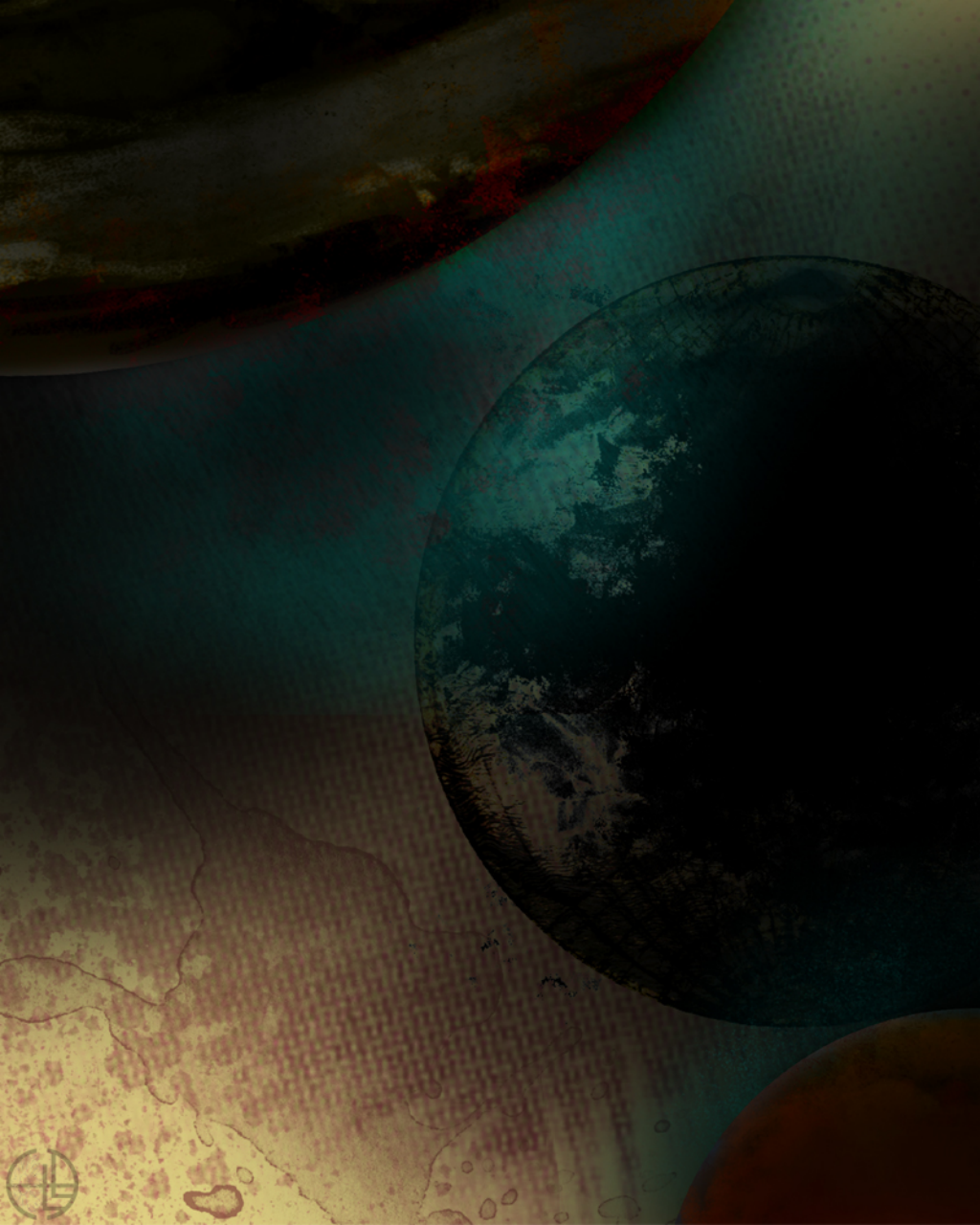


I had a dream, which was not all a dream.  
The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars  
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,  
Rayless, and pathless, and the icy earth  
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air;

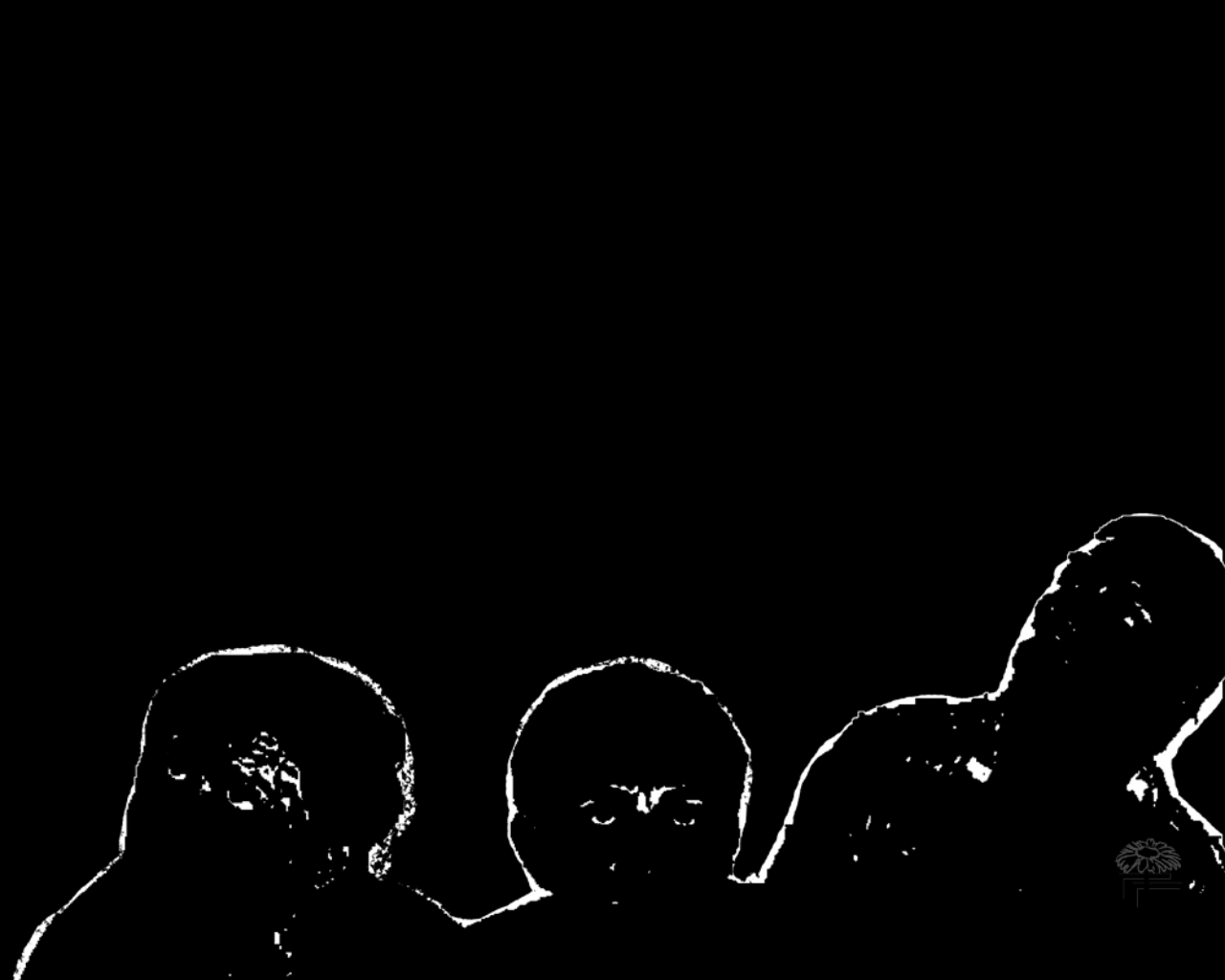




Morn came and went—and came, and brought no day,  
And men forgot their passions in the dread  
Of this their desolation; and all hearts  
Were chilled into a selfish prayer for light:

And they did live by watchfires—and the thrones,  
The palaces of crowned kings—the huts,  
The habitations of all things which dwell,  
Were burnt for beacons; cities were consumed,  
And men were gathered round their blazing homes  
To look once more into each other's face;









IT'S THE SAME OLD STORY...  
MAYBE IT'S A LITTLE DIFFERENT















Happy were those who dwelt within the eye  
Of the volcanos, and their mountain-torch:  
A fearful hope was all the world contained;  
Forests were set on fire—but hour by hour  
They fell and faded—and the crackling trunks  
Extinguished with a crash—and all was black.



And, to the south  
And flared  
Came faint















the wild birds shrieked  
And, terrified, did flutter on the ground,  
And flap their useless wings; the wildest brutes  
Came tame and tremulous; and vipers crawled  
And twined themselves among the multitude,  
Hissing, but stingless—they were slain for food.

The brows of men by the despairing light  
Wore an unearthly aspect, as by fits  
The flashes fell upon them; some lay down  
And hid their eyes and wept; and some did rest  
Their chins upon their clenched hands, and smiled;  
And others hurried to and fro, and fed  
Their funeral piles with fuel, and looked up  
With mad disquietude on the dull sky,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled:





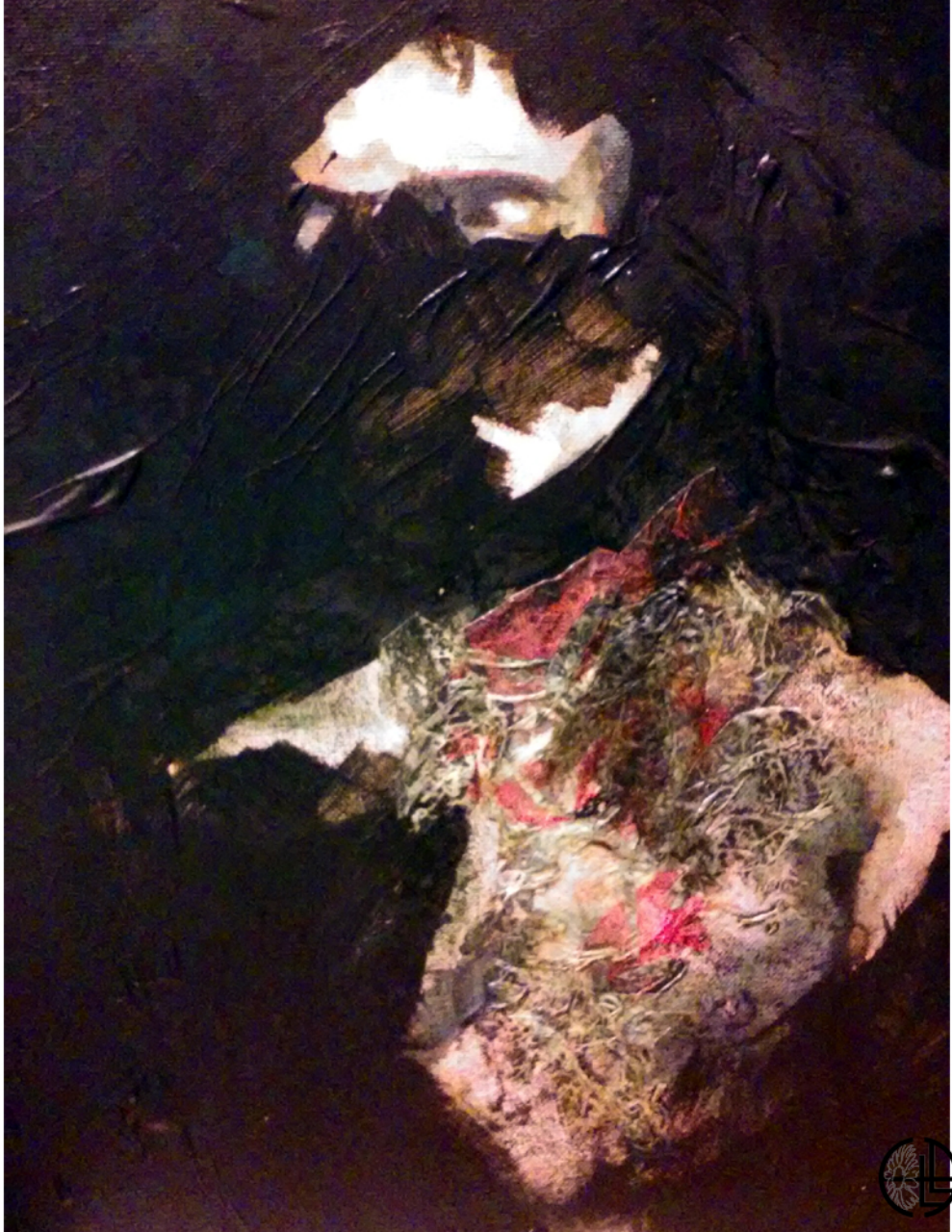






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With curses cast them down upon the dust,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled:





Their funeral piles with fire and smoke;  
With mad disquietude on the dull life,  
The pall of a past world; and then again  
With curses cast that shuddered on the air,  
And gnashed their teeth and howled their pain;

And War, which for a moment was no more,  
Did glut himself again: a meal was bought  
With blood, and each sate sullenly apart  
Gorging himself in gloom: no love was left;

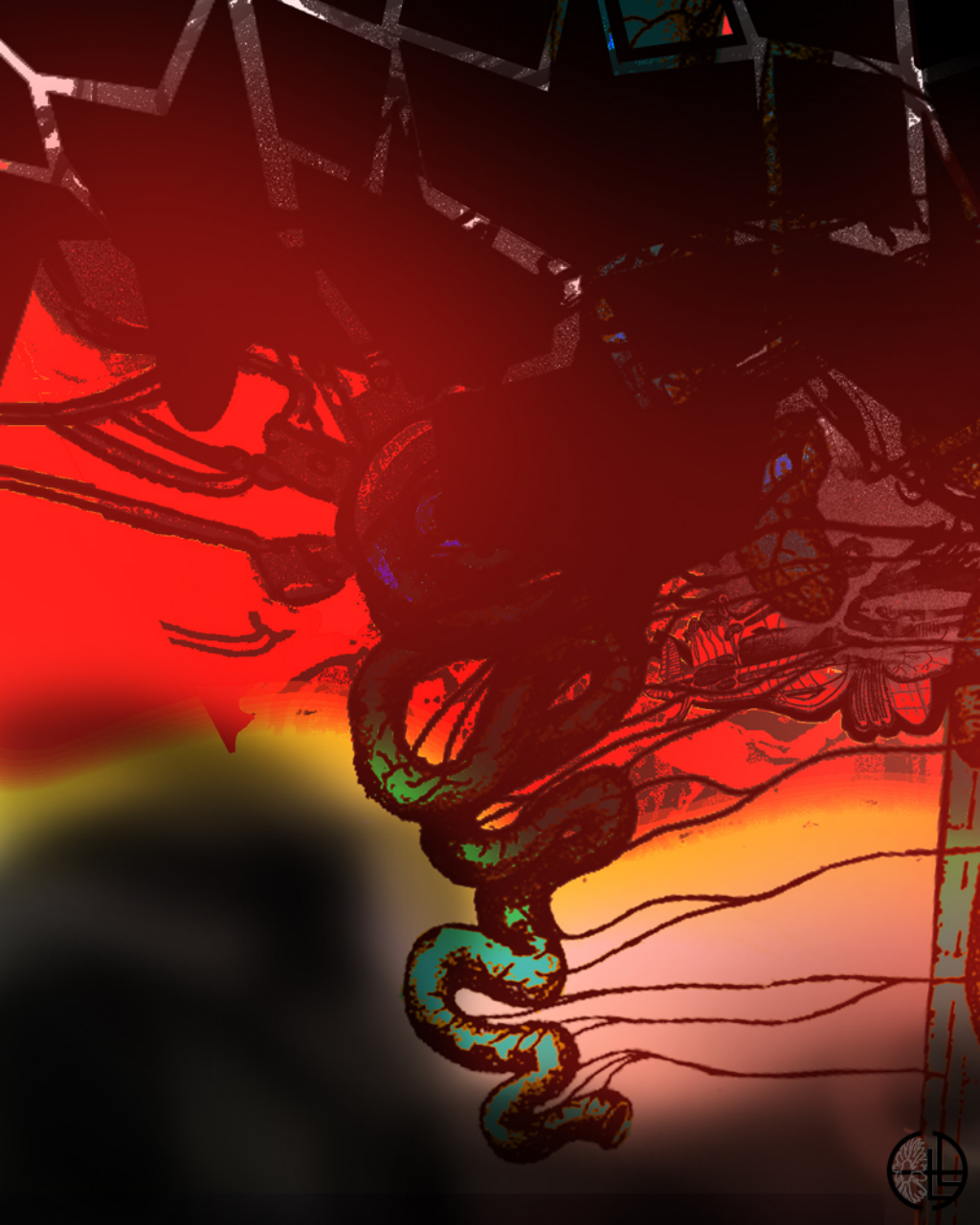
All earth was but one thought—and that was death  
Immediate and inglorious; and the pang  
Of famine fed upon all entrails—men  
Died, and their bones were tombless as their flesh;  
The meagre by the meagre were devoured,













Even dogs assailed their masters, all save one,  
And he was faithful to a corse, and kept  
The birds and beasts and famished men at bay,  
Till hunger clung them, or the dropping dead  
Lured their lank jaws; himself sought out no food,  
But with a piteous and perpetual moan,  
And a quick desolate cry, licking the hand  
Which answered not with a caress—he died.





The crowd was famished by degrees; but two  
Of an enormous city did survive,  
And they were enemies: they met beside  
The dying embers of an altar-place  
Where had been heaped a mass of holy things  
For an unholy usage; they raked up,

And shivering scraped with their cold skeleton hands  
The feeble ashes, and their feeble breath  
Blew for a little life, and made a flame  
Which was a mockery; then they lifted up  
Their eyes as it grew lighter, and beheld  
Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend.











Each other's aspects—saw, and shrieked, and died—  
Even of their mutual hideousness they died,  
Unknowing who he was upon whose brow  
Famine had written Fiend.

The world was void,  
The populous and the powerful was a lump,  
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—  
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.

The rivers, lakes and ocean all stood still,  
And nothing stirred within their silent depths;  
Ships sailorless lay rotting on the sea,  
And their masts fell down piecemeal: as they dropped  
They slept on the abyss without a surge—  
The waves were dead; the tides were in their grave,  
The moon, their mistress, had expired before;

The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need













The winds were wither'd in the stagnant air,  
And the clouds perished; Darkness had no need  
Of aid from them—She was the Universe.



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Of them—She was the Universe.

The brows of men by the despairing light  
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# DARKNESS

by Heather Landry  
poem by Lord Byron



PG

In George Gordon (Lord) Byron's masterpiece "Darkness," reproduced here in its entirety, Earth devolves into chaos when our solar system is thrown into endless night. I once created a folio of traditional prints for my father illustrating this poem, his favorite. It has since been destroyed. In my subsequent decades-long effort to create him a new version, I thought often about the ruined art and I began to wonder if the only way to illustrate Byron's horrific vision of Destruction was to destroy something in the process.

I wanted to destroy things that represented human knowledge and achievement, to echo the events of the poem. To represent the destruction of memory, I took my own irreplaceable early canvases and covered them in black. For human achievement, I took well-received digital paintings from my professional career and covered them in black too; distorting them, cutting them up, and recombining them. For the destruction of knowledge, a stack of outdated schoolbooks got the black treatment, nailed shut and covered in Byron's apocalyptic words as their last testament to you.

Ironically, this ended up being an uplifting process. Destroying so much of my work left me feeling cleansed, as if all this destruction merely cleared the way for new creations to be born. It also made me appreciate the sun more than a little. For me it was a real lesson about rolling with change and loss. But I don't want to get too preachy; enjoy Byron's amazing poem, and enjoy the show.

—H. Landry AKA Sandpaperdaisy Art, 8/11/2015  
sandpaperdaisy.com sandpaperdaisy@gmail.com



**PG**



art by **Heather Landry** aka **sandpaperdaisy**

# DARKNESS

PG Gallery 1418 W. Franklin  
Aug. 15 thru Sep. 18

I HAD A DREAM, WHICH WAS NOT ALL A dream.

