

# The Henna Page® Calendar 2018

### **The Amazing Inhalation**

Ladies and gentlemen. Boys and girls. Humans of all ages.

Step right up.

Don't be shy.

Let us begin.

Sights you have never seen. Feelings you have never felt. Sounds you have never heard.

A feast for the senses.

Not for the faint of heart. Not for the weak of mind.

All you need to do Is breathe in.

Move in and Watch closely As I light it up.

Inhale. Hold. Exhale.

And let the journey begin.

### **Foreword**

The 2018 Henna Page Calendar

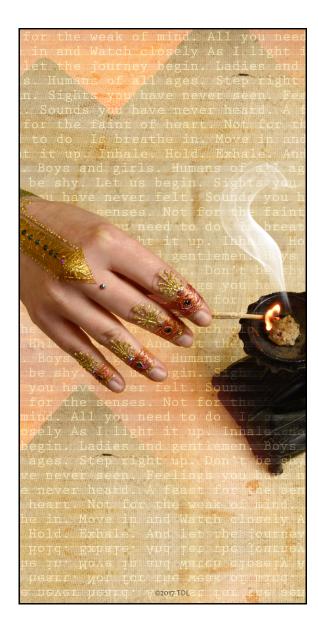
One of the things I've learned and continue to learn as I've worked on developing my technique as a photographer is the importance of the areas of darkness and shadow in an image. The shadows in an image give shape and definition. Without them, a photograph would be nothing but an undifferentiated flash of light with no real visual meaning.

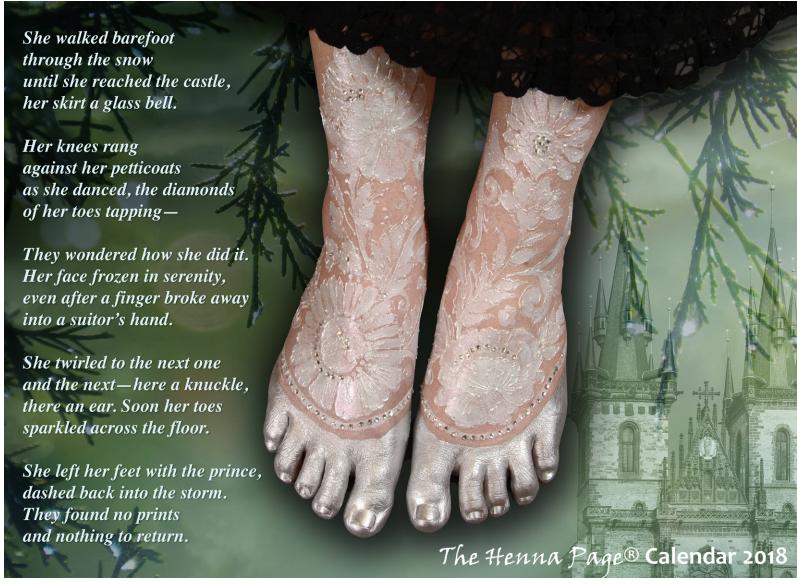
We humans also have dark and shadowy areas within ourselves and they are as important as the shadows in a picture. There's a touch of that inner darkness in the images and words of this year's Henna Page Calendar. Our inner darkness can protect through concealment. It is also a source of seriousness - gravitas - that gives human character shape and definition, just as shadows define shape in a photograph. Being able to see and to understand the darker parts of ourselves, helps to make us more human and more humane.

The 2018 Henna Page Calendar is available as a free download at our website at: <a href="http://www.hennapage.com/henna/calendar/index.html">http://www.hennapage.com/henna/calendar/index.html</a>

This calendar is our annual gift to everyone who's supported us over the years.

Roy Jones





#### **Missed Connections**

She walked barefoot through the snow until she reached the castle, her skirt a glass bell.

Her knees rang against her petticoats as she danced, the diamonds of her toes tapping—

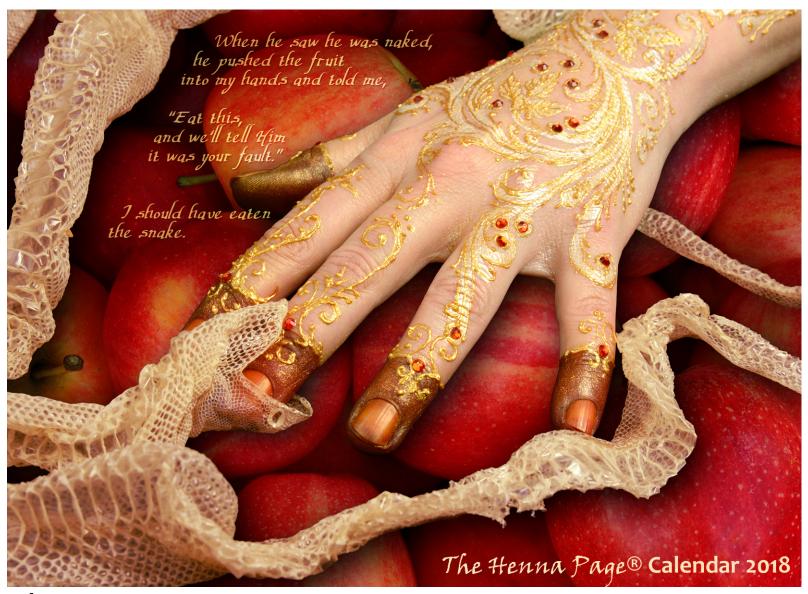
They wondered how she did it. Her face frozen in serenity, even after a finger broke away into a suitor's hand.

She twirled to the next one and the next – here a knuckle, there an ear. Soon her toes sparkled across the floor.

She left her feet with the prince, dashed back into the storm. They found no prints and nothing to return.

**January** 

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#### **Eve's Lament**

When he saw he was naked, he pushed the fruit into my hands and told me,

"Eat this, and we'll tell Him it was your fault."

The snake was draped over his shoulders. The juice still glistening on his chin.

"Obey me, for you are my wife."

I raised a brow.

"Please, Eve.
Just do this for me."

And what's a girl to do when she's one of two people on this planet?

Damn those puppy-dog eyes.

I bit down, chewed, swallowed. "You owe me, big time."

Damn boys and their damn snakes.

I should have eaten the snake.

# **Febuary**

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#### Penumbra

I caught a flash of moonlight in a bucket of rain, so I strained out the scum, the wriggling nymphs,

and I drank it with a lump of sugar.

And now the wolves howl inside me. My hands open-desert flowers to the storm. The glaciers of my lungs slide and recede in their slow, giant dance.

Every month I run from the sun, and run again to meet it.

I smile from both sides of my face.

### March

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#### A Girl I Knew

She was strong from a lifetime of hardship.

Beautiful. Damaged.

(and isn't it the damage rather than the beauty that draws the eye?)

Muscular. Scarred.

(she was stronger than whatever had tried to kill her)

Bright, cheap dress. Golden, brown skin.

Laughed like she knew something about you. Smiled like she'd never tell.

Smelled like sunshine. Tasted like she could drink a man under the table.

And my GOD you should have seen her move.

## **April**

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#### Thumbelina's Ah-Ma

When she was born the size of a thimble, her mother cradled her in the dip of her collarbone.

Those calm eyes observed the oscillating fan, and I swore she could see the air change colors as it swooped in and fanned out.

At three, she cried when the snowflakes melted on her hands, the plates of lace softening into droplets.

At five I caught her dancing on a soap bubble, riding the pearl of air up and up over the plum tree.

Not so high, I called. Her laugh was a silk thread I could barely catch.

# May

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#### **Etiquette and Blood**

Where did your eyes land? What did you see? What did you think? What did you WANT to say?

My courtesies are my weapons And they cut just as deeply.

Do you see restraint?
Do you see elegance?
Do you see feminity?
Do you see something trivial?

My courtesies are my weapons And I will make you bleed.

### **June**

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#### Jezebel

Jehu's riding up, now, and I'm oiling my hair, rouging my cheeks, my lips.

Jehu's breaking down the door, now, and I'm lining my eyes, darkening those perfect eyes.

Jehu's storming up the stairs, still got time to fix stray hairs, dab on the best perfume.

Yes I'm Queen, going out as one. Jehu's caught me red handed, red headed, red soled...

Jehu's sent me flying But I'll slay my way down, fingers twisting, red locks on fire.

Hounds growling, now, licking dripping jowls.
Come, meet your Queen.
Eat my heart, but leave those prettiest parts be.

July

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S	М	Т	W	Т	F	S	S	М	Т	W	Т	F	S	S	М	Т	W	Т	F	S	S	M	Т	W	Т	F	S	S	М	Т
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#### Unnecessary

These dark eyes slanted eyes weren't made to gaze submissively blink sweetly.

They glare and dare you to say that again. Go ahead, I heard you.

Hey, Asian Persuasion Hey, China doll (What?)

I'm not here to be the balm for your Yellow Fever, not here to say "Hello" in Chinese, tell you what kind of food I eat, or where I'm "really" from. (Cleveland.)

Strangers think of me undressed— an obsession with the sweet exotic flowers of the East.
Yelling "ching-chong" (Yeah, that's sexy.)

The sh\*t I go through for a soda and ten dollars on pump two.

# **August**

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# Laments & Considerations Five Minutes to Curtain

I am seven feet tall and weigh ten pounds. My bones are hollow. (birdlike)

My elbows are imperceptible And you will never see my palms. (beauty of line)

I have bled.
I have starved.
I have neglected all other spheres of my life.
(romance is for the lazy)

The entirety of my mathematical knowledge is Counting to eight.

And for now, That's okay.

One day I may move on. Meet a man. Eat something? Have a child.

But not now.

Because, now, Just for now, All I have is all I need.

And just for now, Just for this moment, I am sharp, Weightless, And perfect.

# September

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#### **Sucrose Overdose**

FOR ME?!?!

I have discovered compound C<sub>12</sub>H<sub>22</sub>O<sub>11</sub> And I truly understand its addictive properties!

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I can hear colors! I can see sounds! And everything is so beautiful and bright! Disaccharides are EVERYTHING.

I want to run up a mountain!

### October

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#### On Early Revelations of Emotional Labor

Everyone.
Please.
Just.
Leave.
Me.
Alone.

I understand that I am a Person in Authority. I understand that each one of you needs something.

But, seriously . . .

I need a minute.

I often have vivid hallucinations
In which
I cut parts of my body off one at a time,
Handing each to one of you
And giving consideration to the meaning of
One's pound of flesh.
I would bleed for you all until
There is nothing left of me
For what but that is expected?

I must help.
I must be kind.
I cannot right now.

I have given so much of myself.
It wasn't enough.

Fetch my knife.

### **November**

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#### **Three Sisters**

When the king came for the first sister, she turned herself into stone and he could not break her.

And he cast her aside.

And when he came for the second sister, she turned herself into water and he could not hold her.

And he flung her away with the first and they held each other, water and stone.

When he came for the third, she turned herself into steel and he could not bend her.

And she sharpened herself on stone and water until her edge sang with light

and then they came for him.

### **December**

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# **Image Credits**



**Cover** Bodyart by Robin Jaeckel Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



**April** By Catherine Cartwright-Jones PhD Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



August Bodyart by Rebecca Chou Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



**December** Bodyart by Alexander Limbach Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



January By Catherine Cartwright-Jones PhD Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



May Bodyart by Alexander Limbach Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



September By Catherine Cartwright-Jones PhD Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



**Febuary** By Catherine Cartwright-Jones PhD Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



June Bodyart by Alexander Limbach Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



October Bodyart by Rebecca Chou Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



March Bodyart by Rebecca Chou Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



July Bodyart by Noam Sienna Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Rebecca Chou



November Bodyart by Wendy Rover Photography by Roy Jones Montage by Alex Morgan Words by Gwyneddh Jones



Body Art Materials Mehandi.com

# **Contributors**

Catherine Cartwright-Jones, PhD. TapDancing Lizard LLC. Kent, Ohio

Rebecca Chou. Henna Vendetta. Montreal, Quebec, Canada

Robin Jaeckel. Henna Rising. Rochester, New York

Gwyneddh Jones. Bittersweet's. Stow, Ohio

Roy Jones. StreetLevel Technologies. Stow, Ohio

Alexander Limbach. Empire. Kent, Ohio.

Alex Morgan. Spellstone Studio. UK

Wendy Rover. Roving Horse Henna. Portland, Oregon

Noam Sienna. Sienna Arts. Minneapolis, Minnesota





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