



A snowy
afternoon at my
neighbor Betsy's. I'm
admiring her grandmother's
lovely Victorian china —
a creamy eggshell color,
splashed with gold.

Literally the

Crème de la Crème.

Which gives me an idea... *maybe a
flower design could simply suggest
a classical and timeless ceramic shape —
a pitcher, an amphora, a bowl.*

To start with, I'm positively *bowled over* by an *upside-down Victorian lampshade frame*.

I rummage through a dozen boxes of *Dried Stuff*

and decide to **branch out:**

Glossy magnolia leaves. Wavy pin oak foliage. Long wands of fat baptisia pods. Popcorn-ball hydrangea. Tiny crinkled roses.





Guilty pleasures:

I play around a little with gold paint —

*smudging,
swiping,*

*dotting,
spotting,
barely brushing
the very edges, like
sunlight.*

The golden rule is:

Keep to the bowl shape, but keep it chaotic.



Do you know the Wallace Stevens poem about the Jar in Tennessee? This one is the Vase in New Jersey.

