

# Nature's Own Static

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I created this piece after returning to a poem I had written on the fixed motion of the world around us. There is subtle motion filling the spaces between us as humans; it only stops moving when we catch sight of it. The swaying of pine tree branches, the minuscule ripples of rain drops on a lake, moths fluttering from tree to tree. The only way to experience these things is to stop focusing and explore the periphery. I had the conception of fashioning a piece that embodies this feeling; little beauties ubiquitous but imperceptible to the analytical eye.

