IT ALL MAKES SENSE (EVENTUALLY)

This exhibition continues a journey that began with questions I couldn't yet express. Each photograph and poem grew from a desire to understand what it means to feel deeply in a world that often rewards detachment. Through them, I seek to reveal what we tend to hide — fear, desire, doubt, strength — and to explore the quiet tension between who we are and who we're expected to be.

The series unfolds as a passage from uncertainty to understanding, from restraint to release. It begins in Point of Reverie, caught between dreaming and awakening, and moves through fear, expectation, conflict, and loss before arriving at empowerment and acceptance. Life and Death closes the circle, finding peace in the rhythm of existence.

The handmade outfits became part of that exploration — imperfect, experimental, and deeply personal. Created from recycled materials like paper, old curtains, plastic tablecloths, and bubble wrap, they reflect the beauty of imperfection and the courage to try before mastery.

This collection is not an ending, but an invitation — to pause, to feel, to question. To see the beauty in fragility, and the truth in imperfection. Because even when nothing seems to make sense, it all does — eventually.



POINT OF REVERIE



I can see you through the glass, in a quiet reverie, where the time calmly passes, <u>building</u> future memories.

Such a hazy recollection of a daydream I might have had, of a face, my own reflection, of a castle made of sand.

The image captures the feeling of just waking from a dream — when reality and imagination blur, and we're not yet sure what's real. It also serves as a metaphor for life itself, reflecting how difficult it can sometimes be to discern truth from illusion, clarity from uncertainty.

The clouds, soft and weightless, create a sense of suspension and liminality, while the monoliths rise like silent markers of experience or obstacles in our path. Her outstretched hand reaches toward the viewer, inviting connection and symbolizing the courage to engage with the unknown. The green jacket grounds her humanity within this surreal, expansive landscape.

The accompanying poem mirrors this suspended, uncertain state, reflecting on fleeting memories, daydreams, and the quiet observation of oneself. Together, image and poem explore the delicate space between dreaming and waking, inviting reflection on perception, presence, and the fragile nature of clarity.

SELF-TETHERED



I could reach the top peak
with the strength I have gathered
but my wings are too weak
and my heart is still tethered

If I could quiet the voices that now murmur with judgment If I could ignore all those faces that are painted with laughter

I could sever the ropes that are tugging at my feet I could drop all the weight that keep my legs asleep

I could float through the air with the wind at my heels I could mend my soul's wear I could finally heal

The figure holds ropes tethered to her own wrists, anchoring her to the ground, while balloons float freely around her, mocking and distant. She begins to rise through the clouds, and one balloon has popped — a quiet signal of self-realization and the first moments of liberation.

This piece reflects the invisible restraints we create out of fear — particularly the fear of judgment. The ropes represent internal barriers, showing how self-doubt and conformity can keep us from reaching toward our own freedom. The balloons represent external pressures or societal expectations, seemingly untouchable, yet their mocking presence contrasts with the figure's gradual release.

The accompanying poem mirrors this journey, expressing the desire to sever the ties that bind, rise above limitation, and let the spirit soar. Together, image and poem explore the courage it takes to confront judgment, release internal constraints, and claim one's own freedom.

THE FRAGILE IDEAL



Beauty h of individualisr

the death of individualism

— in the search of perfection

Woman

more than a body
more than the womb that couldn't
conceive
more than the one that could
more than the one that wasn't interested

Freedom the strength — birthed by walking your own path

The image reflects the expectations placed upon women — what they are taught to want, to become, and to hide. The doll-like figure inhabits a dusty attic filled with children's toys, frozen in a moment of contemplation and quiet rebellion.

She wears a dress made of bubble wrap, a fragile armor that mimics the protective promises of traditional ideals. It suggests safety and conformity, yet its delicacy and susceptibility to popping reveal the precariousness of these imposed standards. Floating bubbles contain a lipstick and an engagement ring, while a wooden spoon and baby shoes lie on the ground, symbols of beauty, marriage, and motherhood. The attic and worn toys evoke the weight of history and the persistence of these expectations.

The accompanying poem contrasts imposed notions of womanhood with the strength and freedom found in choosing one's own path. Together, image and poem explore the fragility of expectations, the courage to resist them, and the empowerment of embracing one's authentic self.

THE ART OF COEXISTENCE



The mask lies in place the monster quiet whispers a quivering crack

The image is a meditation on contradiction — on how opposing forces can live within us at once: desire and duty, good and guilt, must and want. The figure's porcelain face is cracked, revealing what lies beneath, while her headdress of grapes, flowers, and a snake adds layers of richness, temptation, and natural cycles, emphasizing the interplay of beauty, danger, and growth.

The fractures in her face are repaired using **Kintsugi**, the Japanese art of mending broken pottery with gold, which honors imperfection and finds beauty in repair. This technique becomes a symbol of balance, resilience, and the quiet power of embracing one's own history. The image as a whole reflects the harmony that can emerge from contradiction, showing that strength and vulnerability, light and shadow, can coexist within a single being.

The accompanying poem is written as a haiku, a traditional Japanese form of three lines capturing fleeting moments of insight or emotion. Its simplicity mirrors the theme of coexistence, distilling complex internal contradictions into a moment of quiet reflection and harmony. Together, image and poem explore the beauty of embracing imperfection and the delicate balance of opposing forces within ourselves.

ADAPT OR SUCCUMB



I was born in a world that's on fire in a world that demands not to walk, but to run, not to follow, but to inspire

I was born in a dress made of paper
I was wrapped in the flames of the reaper
I will cut, I'll adapt
I will be in this world as a shaper

You can try to subdue
I will always pursue
what is right, what is mine
what it's justly due

The image presents a post-apocalyptic scenario, reflecting how society molds the individual and forces conformity to unnatural rules driven by control and greed. The figure stands in a narrow alley, surrounded by torn posters and debris — perhaps the aftermath of a feared political campaign — as dollars float through the air. She holds a piece of paper on fire in one hand and gleaming scissors in the other, caught in a moment of decisive action and defiance.

Her dress, made of paper, suggests both creation and fragility, something she could have crafted herself or chosen to destroy. It embodies the tension between vulnerability and agency, echoing the pressures imposed by external forces and the possibility of taking control. The fire and scissors serve as symbols of transformation, resistance, and the choice to shape one's own destiny even amidst chaos.

The accompanying poem speaks to resilience and self-determination, reflecting the struggle of being shaped by forces beyond our control while choosing to act with courage and integrity. Together, image and poem capture the tension between pressure and perseverance, showing that adaptation can be an act of strength rather than surrender.

APIS MATER



The image is a mournful tribute to the bees and to the Earth's quiet suffering under human neglect. Mother Nature kneels on a wilted flower, screaming and crying tears of honey, surrounded by buzzing bees.

Mother, forgive me;
I am not worthy of your grace —
The life you breathe in me,
The tenderness of your embrace.

In me, you've laid your faith; You've given me a place to sleep, A warm fire to keep me safe.

> You endure the pain To keep me strong; You drain your body So I may go on.

I am standing still while you drift away; I keep taking while you let me stay. I'm trying to poison you with my hate; I destroy everything that you create.

Your selfless nature is your demise;
My senseless ego will be mine.
When all your tears have finally dried,
I won't be here, but you will survive.

She stands as both witness and participant, embodying the pain of a world eroded by thoughtless actions and the fragility of the ecosystems that sustain us.

The bees, flying dutifully around her, serve as a poignant contrast: unaware of their vital contribution, they continue to give endlessly, while humans, who pride themselves on intelligence, harm the very world that supports them. The wilted flower and honey tears amplify the sense of loss and responsibility, highlighting the imbalance between human greed and nature's quiet resilience.

The accompanying poem reads as a heartfelt apology — a dialogue between humanity and Mother Earth. It acknowledges our selfishness and the damage we cause while honoring the perseverance and generosity of the natural world. Together, image and poem become a meditation on responsibility, gratitude, and the enduring, often unseen, resilience of life...

ROOTED IN POWER



Rooted in power, you made your way, your limbs claiming the ground you walked.

You created life within your body, cradling the seed you were entrusted.
Your strength is forged in your past; it has grown through your ancestors' evolution.

What you've planted will continue to scorch the Earth with the fire you've sown.

The image celebrates creation, autonomy, and the enduring strength within women, evoking a sense of being grounded while reaching toward possibility.

Roots grow from her pink, flower-adorned dress, intertwining her with the earth, while glowing flowers symbolize vitality and creativity. Moss climbs along the roots, leaving a trail behind her where she has walked, and cracked earth beneath her feet speaks to challenges overcome. Her palms face the sky, open and receptive, highlighting the balance between stillness and force.

The accompanying poem reflects this personal and generational strength, honoring the power we cultivate and the lasting imprint of our choices, resilience, and creativity on the world.

LET THEM SEE



The image is a call for vulnerability and visibility — to be seen fully, unmasked and unguarded. The figure opens the doors of a cage on her chest to reveal a forest within, smiling as crows take flight — a symbol of freedom through self-acceptance. The cage represents self-imposed limits; the forest, the depth of one's inner world. Each crow embodies a fragment of experience — love, grief, joy, loss — released into the open. Together, image and poem celebrate the courage to reveal oneself and the liberation that follows.

Open the cage to the deep inside. Free all the pain, all the joy, to the wild.

Let them see.
Let them see what you treasure.
Let them see:
one bird for each pleasure,

one for each time you couldn't speak, one for the secrets you never could keep, one bird for each made congratulations, one for every past and future rejection.

The inkiest of all—
for the friend who is gone.
The tough one—
for the love that helped you stay strong.
The fast one—
for those who can't stay in your life.
The shiniest of feathers,
the darkest of lies.

The weight will be lighter as soon as they're free.
The world will embrace you
If you just let them see.

LIFE AND DEATH



The image reflects the cycle that connects all things, portraying death not as an end but as a quiet return to origin. A woman kneels with her head on Death's lap — an intimate moment between life and its natural conclusion, evoking both fear and acceptance.

Death, crowned and holding a flaming skull, rests a gentle hand on the woman's head — a gesture of protection and inevitability. Using the same model for both figures emphasizes their unity, while the Dutch-inspired lighting underscores the quiet beauty of impermanence. The accompanying poem unfolds as a dialogue between life and death, where Death speaks with patience and tenderness, reminding us that endings are merely transformations — not loss, but continuation.

You are so close tonight.
I can feel your hand resting on my head; so many words remain unspoken.

There will always be more words, more steps to take, more breaths but now, it is time.

Why now?
The sun has just gone to rest,
the moon has yet to show her face,
and I am afraid of the dark

Do not fear me, my child. No one disappears. You are made of what cannot be lost.

Then why does everyone tremble at your name?

They have learned to call me an ending.
They forget that my embrace
holds the balance of all.

I can hear the rain falling. I just want to smell it one more time. Will I forget its touch? Will I remember anything at all?

> You will be the rain, the warmth of the sun. You will be the wind, the dusk, and the dawn.

Then take me with you mother of stillness, mother of rebirth, mother of all that is yet to come.

THE ARTIST



Maura Trice is a visual artist born and raised in Italy, where she was surrounded by creativity from an early age. Her father's photography, her grandfather's paintings, and countless hours spent drawing with her mother instilled in her a deep and lasting connection between love and art.

After moving to the United States in 2017, Maura began exploring portraiture as a way to capture the people and moments that moved her. Her first solo exhibition, *Hidden Figures* (2018), featured a series of acrylic portraits and debuted during the Art Walkabout in Fayetteville, North Carolina.

In 2022, she was awarded the Artist Support Grant by the Arts Council of Fayetteville for her project *More Than A Body*, a series of ten mixed media portraits combining photography, digital art, and autobiographical storytelling. The exhibit has since been shown in multiple galleries across Fayetteville.

That same year, Maura was selected by the Arts Council to paint a 26 x 8 ft mural that premiered at the 2022 International Folk Festival and remained on display through August 2024. In 2024, she was commissioned again to create a second 26 x 8 ft mural, which replaced the original and continued her contribution to the city's public art landscape through August 2025.

Maura's work is deeply informed by her extensive training in photography, illustration, and visual digital storytelling. She has completed over 25 specialized courses with internationally recognized artists and educators. including Lucero Trejo, Lidia Vives, Danny Bittencourt, and Dara Scully. surrealist Her studies span photography, creative direction. narrative portraiture, and advanced photo editing.

In 2025, she received her second Artist Support Grant for a new mixed media project *It All Makes Sense (Eventually)*. A project that mixes photography, digital art, hand-made outfits, and poetry.