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Artist Statement - Under Moonlit Skies ©2018 DMC

Inspiration

One late spring evening, I sat quietly in my garden beneath a glowing full moon. The moonlight brushed the red Cordylines, and their soft crimson seemed to reach toward the scattered stars in the velvety sky. The night hummed with gentle, comforting sounds from Country, and the black sky felt healing and all-embracing. That tender, luminous moment became the soul of *Under Moonlit Skies*.

Process

1. On a 33cm x 22cm x 2mm oval hard board, I painted a thick carbon black acrylic background to form the night sky.
2. While the paint was still wet, I pressed a mother-of-pearl slice into the surface to symbolise our moon.
3. I sprayed the piece with isopropyl and dropped metallic silver and gold, allowing them to bloom like delicate constellations.
4. Mixing crimson and titanium white with flow medium, I dipped strands of 16-ply wool, then laid and gently pulled them across the board to create soft gestures of movement.
5. Finally, I placed red mica glass beads into the 'sky,' completing the five-colour palette and adding the final whispers of light.

Reflection

When I returned the next morning, the work radiated more than the memory of a spring night. It carried the presence of Country itself. The warm, fragrant air seemed to rise from the surface, and I heard the soft songs of night birds echoing through the layers of paint and beads. In its quiet depths, I felt my connection to the land: the soil beneath me, the trees that shield and whisper, and the sky that shelters all.

Under Moonlit Skies is a reflection of that spiritual dialogue, where the land and sky meet in stillness and hold me in belonging. It is an offering to Country, honouring its guidance, its comfort, and its enduring presence in every breath and every night's embrace.

Mediums: Acrylic paint, ink, Jo Sonja flow medium, mica, mother of pearl slice, glass mica beads

Support: 33cm x 22cm x 2mm oval hard board, wall hang

Finish: Sealed with resin-based UV block sealer

Weight: 0.4kg

Beneath a glowing moon I lingered,
In the hush of my own garden's heart,
Where red Cordylines swayed like
whispered fire,
Their soft crimson fingers reaching for
scattered stars.
The breath of night, damp soil, wild
blossoms,
Wove its tender spell through the air.
Frogs murmured, night birds sang,
And the velvet sky wrapped me close in
its healing embrace.

Upon an oval board, I poured the
memory;
Thick carbon black stretched to cradle
the night.
A mother-of-pearl moon sank into its
dark bed,
While isopropyl mist drifted, sweet and
sharp.
Silver and gold bloomed into shy
constellations,
Crimson and white spiralled along
strands of wool,
Bending, flowing, tracing the wind's
own breath,
Until red mica beads glimmered: sparks
of quiet fire.

By morning, the work began to sing:
Warm spring air seemed to rise from its
surface,
Carrying the scent of earth and moon-lit
leaves.
Red beads shimmered like tender
dewdrops,
Whispering the songs of the night birds I
once heard.
I felt the soil beneath me, steady and
grounding,
The trees above, murmuring in their
ancient tongues,
And the eternal sky, sheltering, calling me
home.

Under Moonlit Skies became my hymn to
Country,
An offering to the land that holds my
every breath.

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