

A black and white photograph showing the underside of a wooden pier. Numerous vertical wooden pilings support the structure, extending into the ocean. Waves are crashing against the pilings, creating white foam and spray. The perspective is from within the pier, looking down its length towards the horizon. The lighting is dramatic, with strong highlights on the water and foam, and deep shadows under the pier.

# WHAT REMAINS

CRYSTAL D. EVANS

What Remains made its debut at the Herbert Read Gallery, Canterbury, UK, where Crystal D. Evans garnered attention for her evocative black-and-white photography paired with original poetry. Evans' previous experience, including an exhibition at COP29 and active involvement with The Arts Society, has contributed to the growing recognition of her work. What Remains has resonated deeply with diverse audiences, sparking conversations on themes of identity, memory, and social change. The collection's emotional and intellectual depth, grounded in phenomenology and stoicism, continues to engage both critics and viewers, establishing Evans as a thoughtful voice in contemporary art.

Across my practice in fine art, whether in photography, film, painting, sculpture, poetry, or composition, I explore how narratives are constructed and how memory, bias, and perspective shape what we see and what we choose to remember.

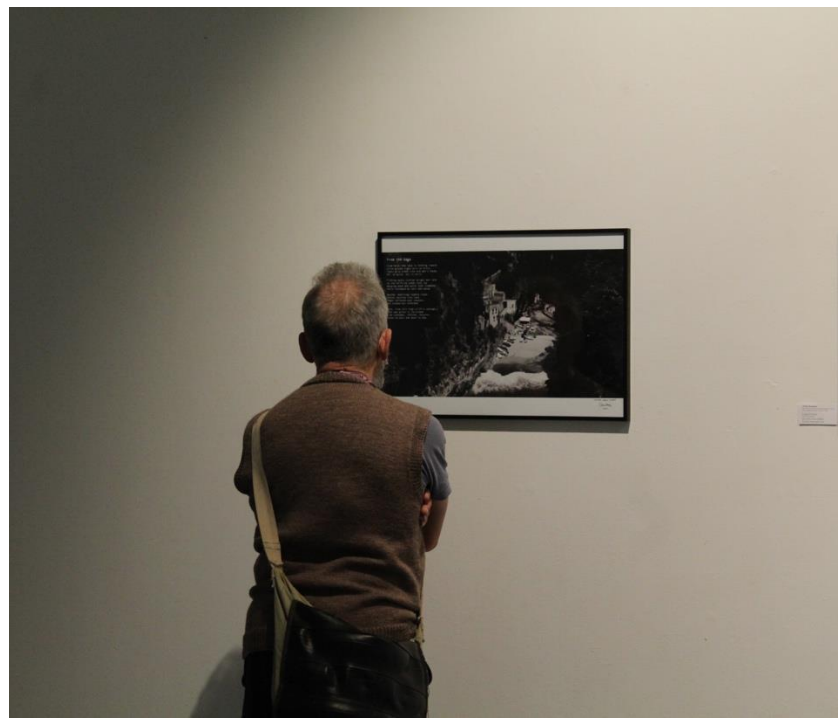
Rooted in phenomenology with a healthy dose of stoicism, my work examines the spaces between reality and interpretation, challenging assumptions and inviting introspection.

The interplay between photography, philosophy, and poetry in *What Remains* allows me to navigate these shifting landscapes, creating a meditative experience that is both personal and universal.

What remains is never fixed—only glimpsed, reframed, and reimagined. It is not just in what we see, but in the act of seeing itself.







### The Art of Choosing

What do we keep,  
what do we carry?  
What stays in your hands,  
what anchors your memory?  
What makes you feel safe,  
or secure, or elated?  
An expression of self,  
a sentiment held,  
a relic of faith,  
or a way to find home?

These are the choices  
that fortify strongholds,  
that offer refuge to weary,  
sanctuary for souls.  
These are the things  
we keep hidden and treasured:  
a crucifix weathered,  
old rosary beads,  
a shiny tin whistle  
in a box of child's dreams.

However you decorate,  
choose wisely your chattels—  
Because what we gather  
Harbours us in return.  
A pressure on shoulders,  
or a light in the dark.  
A tether to fear,  
or a door left ajar.

Hold loosely dear friends  
And choose kindly, with care.  
For true wisdom is knowing  
not all burdens are fair.

### What Remains

Bent over the weight of the past,  
he sifts through dust clouds of decay  
in a world that forgets its waste.  
Each memory discarded, each scrap  
a remnant of excess—  
left to fade, left to rot,  
left to linger in a silent heap  
of what no longer matters.

In this forgotten space,  
he is Lord Witness of Weak Residue,  
a kinglly shape amongst the rubble,  
tarnished and caught between  
end and beginning,  
as people hurry past,  
on their way to living—  
unaware and uncaring.

What is matter,  
but what remains?

What really matters,  
but what keeps us alive?

Here, on the edges,  
where world is treasured waste,  
existence strips to his bones—  
form without excess,  
life without weight,

Still, he persists  
against the tide of our forgetting.

What remains when his days are done?  
What survives when all is gone?

It is this:  
the burden of necessity,  
the quiet endurance of a stranger  
Nimble picking with thin fingers—  
sifting through what was,

making it what must be.

Hoping

for

tomorrow.



### In The Eye Of The Storm

The churn of the bodies,  
the crash of their voices—  
A city of passion,  
a great restless river.  
Feet drum the pavement,  
plates clatter and chatter—  
their ode to a nation:  
a dervish in dance.

This symphony of motion,  
Fearless men—  
they feel reckless.  
Words thrown like a stone,  
sharp as flint newly broken.  
Tempers taut as a bowstring.  
All boils in the sun.

But just for a moment—  
A cry calls above it,  
piercing from minarets.  
Muezzin's song for the masses—  
"Pause battles and passion!"  
Pray, centuries on.

The jaw slackens,  
And fists loosen.  
Steps slow, and minds still  
Air shifts, bodies yield,  
the city exhales.

There he sits, smoke unfurling,  
watching the currents.  
Untethered yet present.  
In the eye of the storm.

Stillness, not silence,  
a knowing, a patience.  
Apart from the rhythm,  
a picture of calm.

### Keeper of Light

The boy plays on the sun-warmed stone,  
feet skimming ribs of history,  
laughing while that sentinel beams,  
locked in time, and timelessly free.

The ever-beacon dares to shine,  
cutting through shadow, defying decline.  
But silent guardian, cold and tall,  
he guards your rights—he sees you all.

But does not hear the echoes spun,  
the dream once dreamt beneath this sun.  
A young Black voice, a promise made,  
So, this child runs unafraid.

How can we claim what's locked away?  
How do we rise without a fray?  
The bloody riot, the pressure still—  
when tempers burn, when voices spill.

Yet Wisdom hums in whispered haste:  
"You will not be the face of death.  
Nor past, nor pain, nor struggle, nor chain.  
You move, and wild momentum make,  
a fleeting flash, a living thing.  
In pursuit of joy, you stand,  
judged by heart and not by brand."

Dignity, integrity, respect now sown—  
a future shaped by hands unknown.

See Liberty, how she walks this ground?  
Her step is light, her voice profound.  
But note—she's nearly thin as air,  
a fleeting gift, a sight to spare.

So, coax her close and bring her near,  
protect her presence. Please keep her here.





### Unseen

A promise of something other-  
bigger, brighter, clean.

It beckons,  
crisp and blinding,  
unmoved by heavy eyes  
that settle, slow,  
on drink-stained clothes.

the sweat of loss,  
the shape of hunger.

It aims beyond,  
toward passing feet—  
the well-heeled,  
the unseeing,  
who slip between shadows,  
hesitate, reluctant,  
and move on.

Hoping for elsewhere,  
for the glitter beyond  
gutter.  
For something new,  
something better,  
for distance  
from this shame  
of in-between.

# SUPER LUCKY

### The Shape of Quiet

The world does not vanish when you are alone.  
It gathers closer—  
the hush of water against stone,  
the weight of sky upon your back.

There is no emptiness here,  
only space to listen,  
to trace the shape of your own thoughts  
lest they slip away untended.

Love is not always a hand to hold.  
Sometimes, it is the stillness  
teaching you how to hold yourself.

### The Rope

Two men, rooted to earth,  
hands clenched on braided line,  
pulling against unseen reward,  
their boat a distant silhouette—  
tethering them from known to unknown.

One man leans with all his might,  
his muscles taut as drying leather,  
the other steady, patient, firm,  
bound to him in strain, in trust,  
knowing their ocean will not yield  
without effort and tenacity.

Between shore and sea,  
between their past and fate,  
the rope - it hums with quiet demand—  
a threshold where these men are measured,  
where strength is not in pulling alone  
but in the digging in and refusing to release.

I watch, feet buried in silky sands,  
and think of things I, too, have yearned—  
dreams that strained against my grasp,  
losses that dragged me seaward down,  
hopes as heavy as waterlogged nets.

But the lesson here is in their stance,  
in woven twine that creaks and rubs,  
to hold, to pull, to bend not break,  
to trust that what resists  
is the making of you.

For the boat is not our end,  
nor the shore our beginning—  
it is the line between the two.  
A trembling becoming,  
where hands will burn, muscles quiver,  
and still—still—the rope will hold.

And I see it now:  
what resists us shape us,  
And what pulls against  
draws us on.

### Held By Many

Stand here by me, beneath the weight of it—  
Notice the tide swell, the wind's ceaseless pull.  
See these wooden bones braced against the crash?  
Unwavering, not alone.

Each beam holds because others stand,  
rows upon rows, firm in time  
never ending, fractal echoes of resilience.

Notice too how the waves do not ask permission to smash and roar about?  
They do not yield to wood or iron.

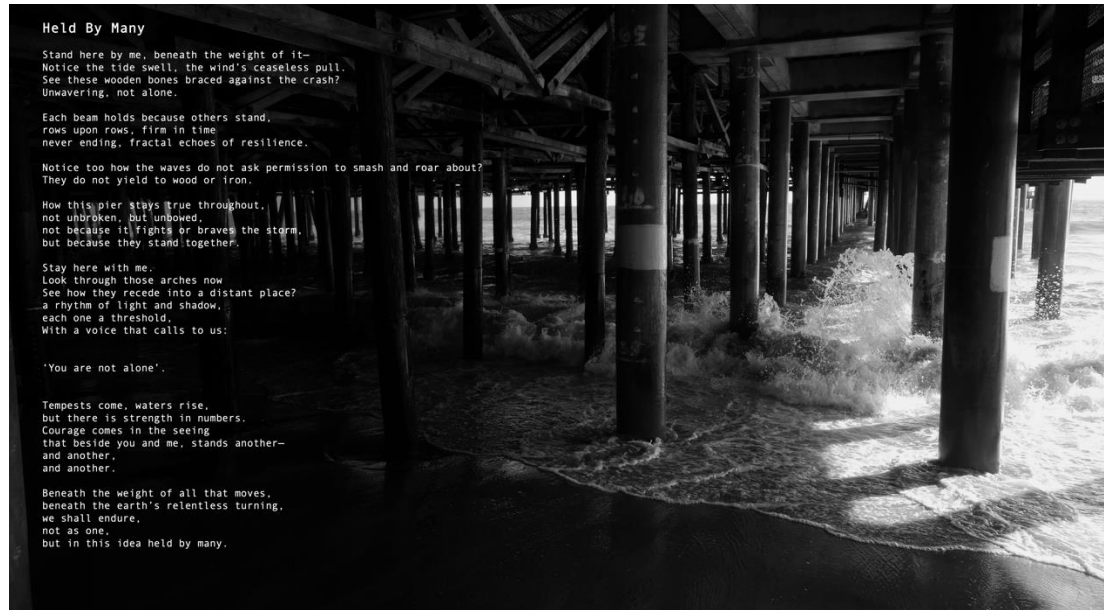
How this pier stays true throughout,  
not unbroken, but unbowed,  
not because it fights or braves the storm,  
but because they stand together.

Stay here with me.  
Look through those arches now  
See how they recede into a distant place?  
a rhythm of light and shadow,  
each one a threshold,  
With a voice that calls to us:

'You are not alone'.

Tempests come, waters rise,  
but there is strength in numbers.  
Courage comes in the seeing  
that beside you and me, stands another—  
and another,  
and another.

Beneath the weight of all that moves,  
beneath the earth's relentless turning,  
we shall endure,  
not as one,  
but in this idea held by many.









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