

Backstreet Community Arts

ZINE

& ART & POETRY & CRAFTS & FICTION & ESSAYS &

CONTRIBUTORS

WRITERS

Marianne Heames is a Clay Artist, Storyteller and Teacher. She comes from a family of artists and sees life through lenses of Hope and Light.

Dale Lyles is the writing coach for Backstreet Arts Writers Group and the editor of the *Backstreet & Zine*. He writes about creativity at lichtenbergianism.com.

Danny Maldonado is a poet, storyteller, and wood carver, writes poetry, science fiction, and fantasy. A Backstreet Arts regular, he shares his work at dreamsmithcodex.substack.com.

Robert Thompson is a singer, actor, and now embracing poetry. Still a gen. x kid at heart with gray hair. He still dreams of Broadway and is trying to decide what to be when he grows up.

ARTISTS

Faith Farrell spends her time at Backstreet Arts and Newnan Theatre Company. Her bimonthly column “Getting Frank With Faith” can be read in the Coweta Magazine. She hopes one day to finally figure out how to play the accordion.

Marianne Heames is a Sculptor ; Storyteller; Teacher; Commercial Art Woodbury College; 18-year exhibitor at L.A. Religious Education Congress; Creator of Faith Expressions, resin cast figurines from clay originals for children to present.

Mike Stillman is an oil painter who grew up in Fayetteville, GA. He is a veteran and also does leatherwork, teaches ukulele, and acts in live productions.

Robin Blake is a lifelong artist, writer, and fashionista. She is a talented pet care specialist at PetSmart and hopes to be an author someday.

THE BACKSTREET & ZINE: VOLUME 1 ISSUE 1 AUG 2025

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The *Backstreet & Zine* publishes four times a year. Come join us at Backstreet: Check out all the opportunities at backstreetart.org.

QUOTES From NON-FAMOUS PEOPLE

... (TAKE THAT! - BARTLETT'S BOOK OF QUOTES!) ...

#1 Grandma Seering

BLUEBIRD OF HAPPINESS



FUN FACTS



GRANDMA SEERING WAS ONE OF 17

WHITE EINSTEIN HAIR



FLAWLESS SKIN!

"OH FAY, YOU'RE NOT REALLY FRIENDS WITH SOME ONE UNTIL YOU FIGHT WITH THEM ... OR FART IN FRONT OF THEM"

the ever WISE, ever MISSED

GENEROUS & ever GRANDMA SEERING

*** "OH MY STARS" ***

IF YOU HAVE A GRANDMA - CALL HER TODAY

OR BETTER YET



KIDS FROM A RURAL WISCONSIN FARM. SHE COULD BAKE THE PANTS OFF A PIE, WAS A WHIPPERSNAPPER WHEN IT CAME TO GAMES.... AND SHE BELIEVED IN THE MAGIC OF KICK'S VAPOR RUB.... AND THE MOON. SHE COULD BAKE THE PANTS OFF A PIE, WAS A WHIPPERSNAPPER WHEN IT CAME TO GAMES.... AND SHE BELIEVED IN THE MAGIC OF KICK'S VAPOR RUB.... AND THE MOON. SHE COULD BAKE THE PANTS OFF A PIE, WAS A WHIPPERSNAPPER WHEN IT CAME TO GAMES.... AND SHE BELIEVED IN THE MAGIC OF KICK'S VAPOR RUB.... AND THE MOON.

I MISS HER GRANDMA SMELL

TAH

Welcome world
arrived seventeen
years ago
Tender, sweet
Baby empath!

He cried when we left
A grandson of heart.

Genius Lego engineer
And created years of
Assemblage of things
With boxes and
duck tape
inventor of the
Leprechaun Catcher.

Now at six feet tall
Super Lifeguard but
A bit clumsy on land
Really good big brother.

Receiver of many honors
and a tower of awards
Governor's School
and State Best
in Techno Theatre Lighting
Eagle Scout on horizon.

Voted BEST
No humble pie
Served here!

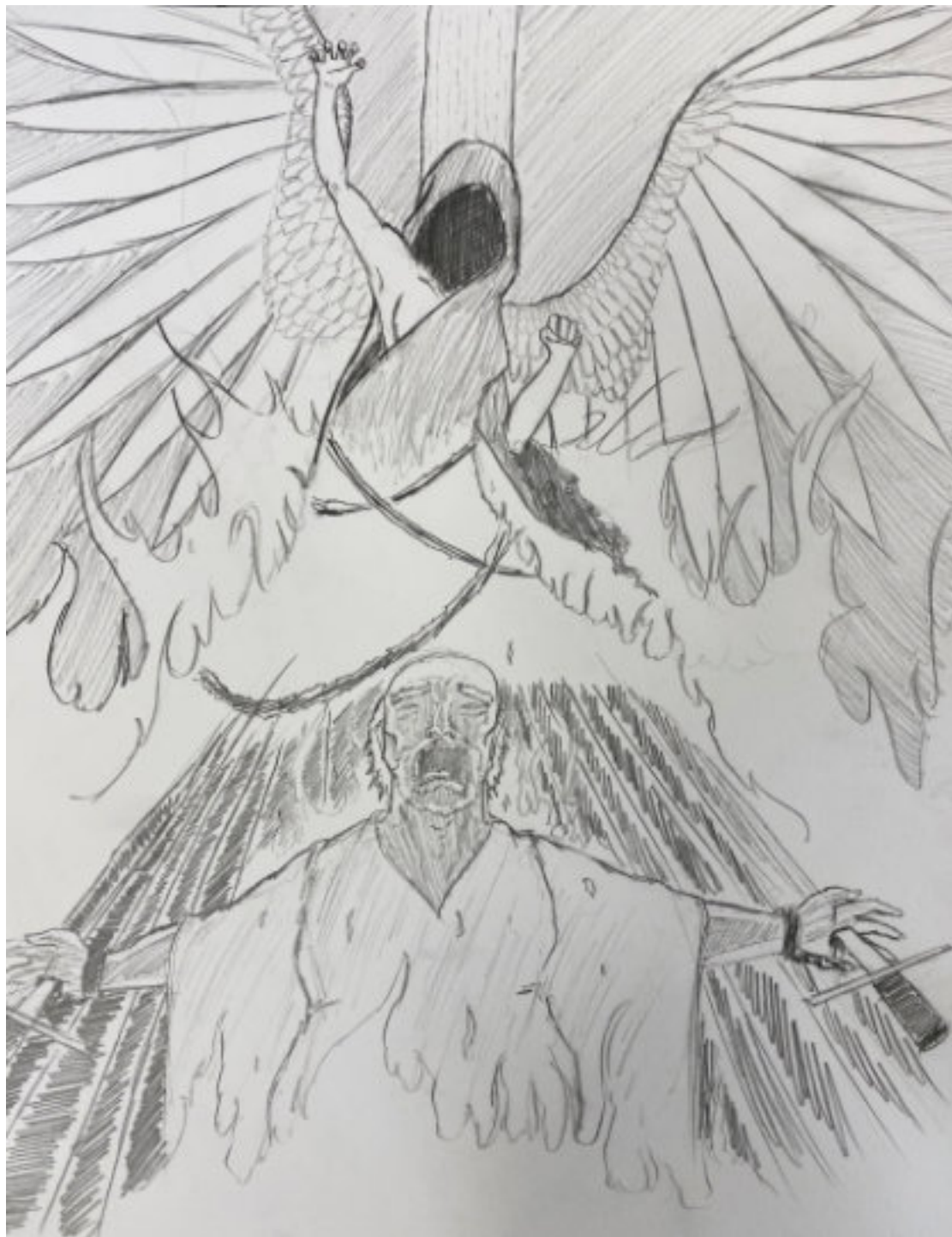
Growing upwards
we all look up to TAH!

— Marianne Heames



TAH, the assemblage piece of art was created by a Grandma who saw a great way to tell TAH how much he is loved. A light switch for his theatre work; a heart for the empath he is; a crystal for good energy; a clock for time; wings for soaring; orange bow tie from prom; chains for dancing legs; clothes pin arms; bottle of tools and wires; electronic grid; feet of smiles and imagination; great swimmer; reaching out with stars and hearts. Love you TAH!

Thank you to Back Street Community Arts for their vast collections of other people's junk for inspiring wonderful assemblages of art!



The Priestess Triumphs — Robin Blake

I do not wish to Rest In Peace.

I do not wish to Rest In Peace.

I do not wish to rest at all. I have slept too long as it is.

I want to walk, I want to run, I want to fly.

I don't want to be still anymore.

I don't want to rest at all.

It hurts too much to be still.

I want noise.

Loud laughs, loud music, and mostly the fireworks.

I don't want peace.

The quiet kills me.

I don't want to lose the battle.

Don't remember me as defeated.

I do not wish to rest at all.

Don't miss me yelling because of all the peace.

Let me be quiet but let the world be loud.

I want to see the lights again.

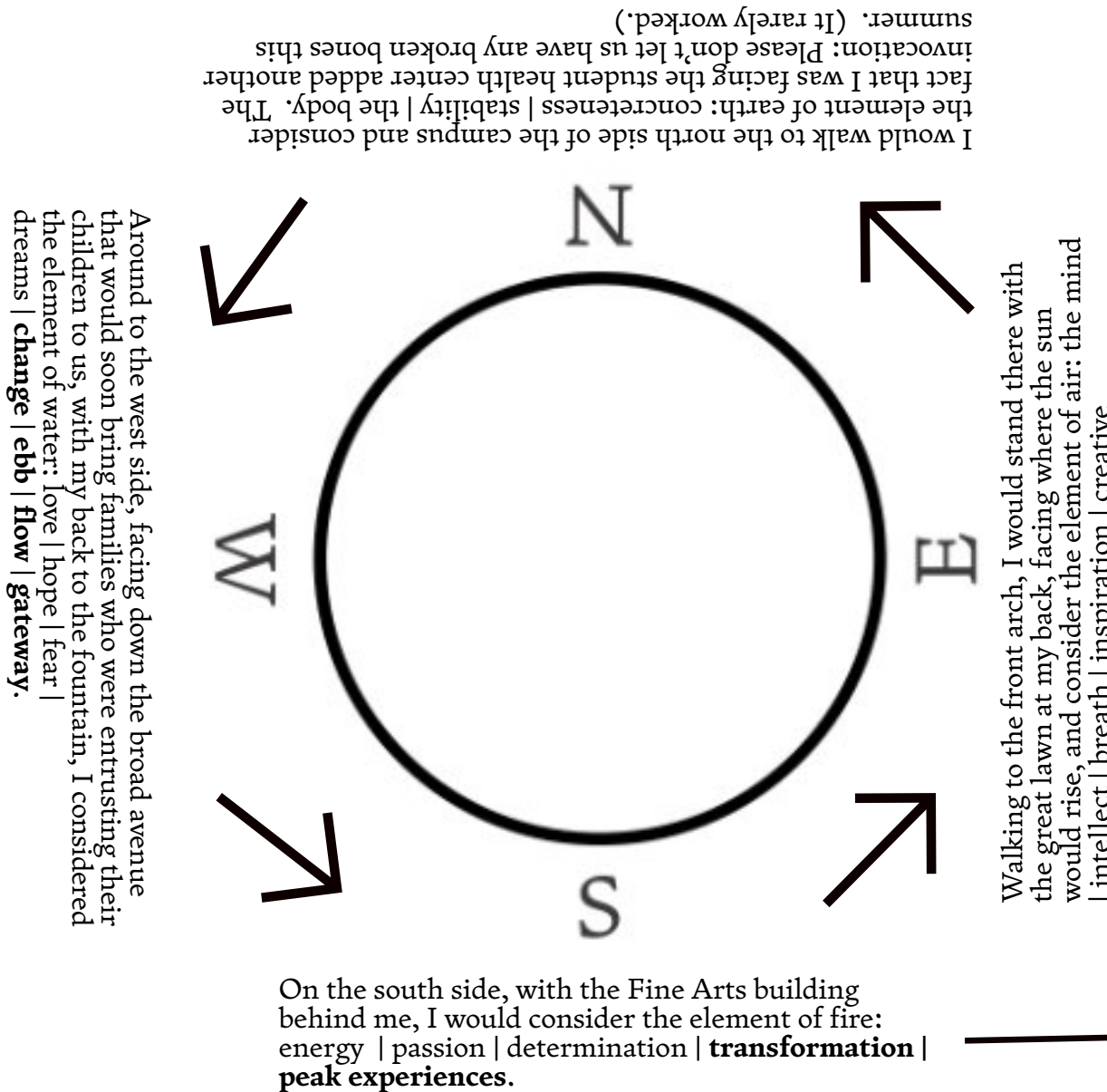
I want to be in the crowd in awe of the beauty in the brightness and
the noise.

Let the tears come; not from misery, but from appreciating the
beauty.

I do not ever wish to rest, no, not ever again.

—Robert Thompson

Drawing the Circle: a ritual meditation on



‘community’

Every summer, I would go to the eastern entrance to the campus, and I would begin to draw the circle.

breakthroughs | beginnings. I would invoke all these attributes for the children who were heading my way.

Finally, I made my return to the front entrance and finished my meditation. The circle was now drawn.

This was the Magic Square. And into it we invited 700 of Georgia’s brightest, most talented, funniest high school students. For six weeks they lived out all the attributes of the elements—and more—and created a community, one that ebbed and flowed and transformed them into something more, something that would remain with them for the rest of their lives.

And then we sent them home. We exiled them. We broke the circle and dissolved the Magic Square and broke their hearts.

One summer, on the last day, after most students had gone, a viola player who had formed an attachment to me found me as I walked across campus. With tears streaming down her face, she asked, “Will we ever have this again?”

“Yes,” I told her, but I didn’t want to lie to her. “Yes, it’s possible, but it’s very hard—and you have to make it happen.”

created at an [InterPlay](#) “performance jam,” Dec 8, 2014

— Dale Lyles

Kintsugi: the art of the broken

I am not some pristine chalice
Sitting behind a glass cabinet.
I have been out in the world.

I have been used —
Chipped and cracked and dropped —
Broken.

I've been glued back together,
With gold in my seams.
I still hold water.
I am a good cup.

— Danny Maldonado



Ants of Creation

Like ants pouring out
from their mound,
ideas swarm through the chambers
of the mind.

Hands tremble.
Legs run,
like melted wax.

A once steady heart — disturbed.

Rumbles from colony:
They march to nourish the soul
Of their Queen, compelled
to birth dreams.

— Danny Maldonado

A Starry Night

Filled with sadness, rejection,
hopelessness she went
alone in silence outside into her
dark back yard late in the night.

No phone, ear buds
no music, movies or phone calls
restricted from her computer
and gaming, no filling herself
with all her favorite noises.

No searches on YouTube,
Pinterest, TicTok, Music
Videos, TV, her life was gone
she felt emptiness and
the silence was too loud!

No matter why she was so
restricted, she thought parents
don't know anything, they don't
get it in our world, these things
are necessary for survival!

She lies down on the soft grass
thinking how boring, nothing to
do except look at the stars,
how long she lay there, in silence
she cannot remember.

For a long time her attention was
emersed in the dark sky and the
glittering array of beauty and then
it happened, a rush of HOPE
washed over her, where is this
coming from, she didn't know.

— Marianne Heames



A Starry Night — Marianne Heames



Pop's Barn — Mike Stillman

Not High Enough

Can't jump off the old grain tower down at the tracks
I'll probably fall before I got to the top cause them
stairs they ain't attached.

There isn't anything tall enough to jump off round
here. So I guess I'll just lay low for now.

Sheriff said ain't you got someplace to be? I was
laying on the ground near the factory.

I said no sir. I ain't got nowhere to be at all. Stay here
on the floor no further to fall.

Something round here's got to give and I think that
something's me.

It's hard being un-stoppable when you have no place
to be.

— Robert Thompson



BACKSTREET

COMMUNITY ARTS

Backstreet Community Arts exists to provide a safe, welcoming, creative environment to anyone who may benefit from the healing power of art and community.

Study after study proves that Art has a positive effect on the mind, body and soul.

Backstreet Arts reaches out to adults who may not be aware of or have access to the proven healing power of art: those who have experienced trauma, illness, or grief; veterans; homeless and limited-income individuals who cannot afford art classes, and anyone who wants to practice art in a comfortable, non-intimidating, inclusive atmosphere.

Backstreet is a 501(c)3 nonprofit. We believe that Art Saves Lives...because it saved ours.

19A First Ave, Newnan, GA (behind Bridging the Gap)

<https://backstreetart.org>