

POETREES

Ever wished for a work of art that says on it "PLEASE TOUCH"?

The DNA of Poetrees is simple.

Interactive Literary Sculpture.

Sculpture + Literature = The ability to rub the poems on the sculpture and take them with you, or give them away.

The brainchild of American poet Lucien Zell, in connection with Czech artist Tereza Hradilková, Poetrees aims to plant its very first tree in Europe in 2021, and gradually cultivate a forest of Poetrees across the planet.

With branches at heights accessible to both adults and children, each Poetree will help all who come into contact with it carry a free page of thought a little bit further.

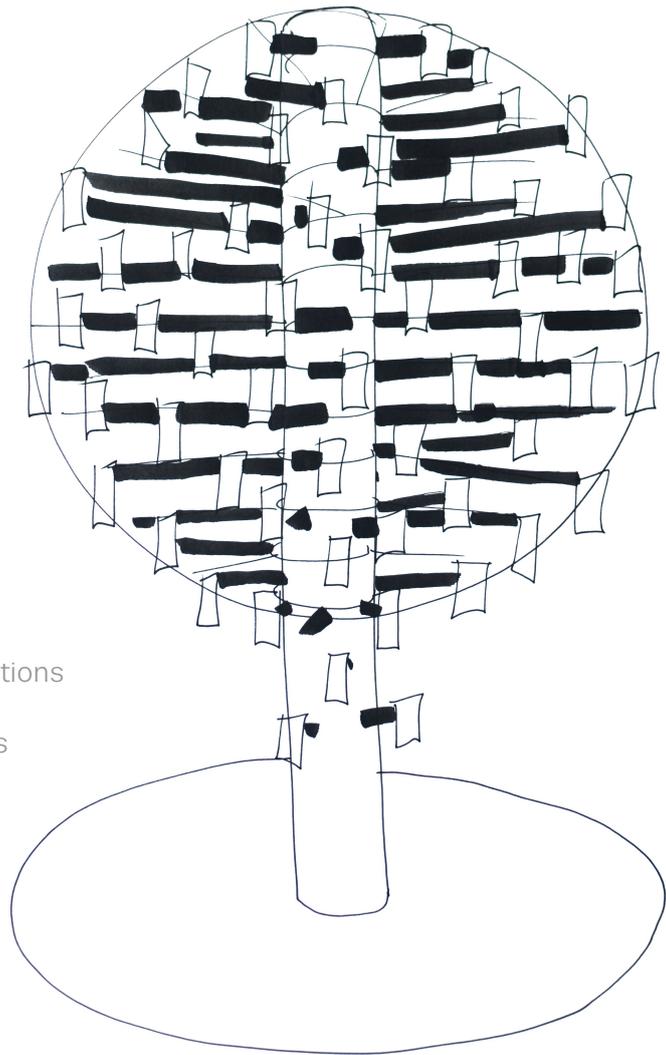
Lucien Zell
art director, poet
www.dos-madres.com/shop/tiny-kites-by-lucien-zell/

Tereza Hradilková
architect, designer
www.porigami.com

Calvin Arthur Rambler
graphic designer,
author of the logo



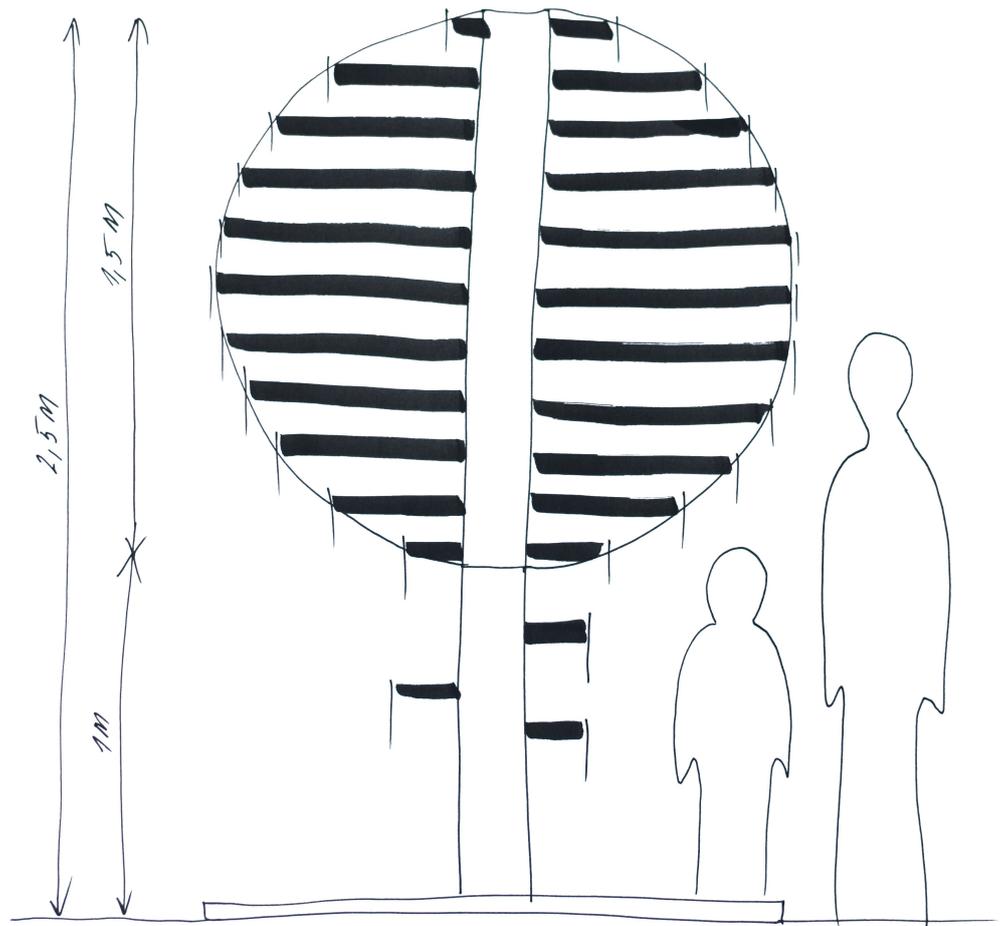
POETREES



- wooden construction
- engraved poems on the branches
- poems for children on the lower sections
- hooks with papers on the branches for making rubbings from the poems



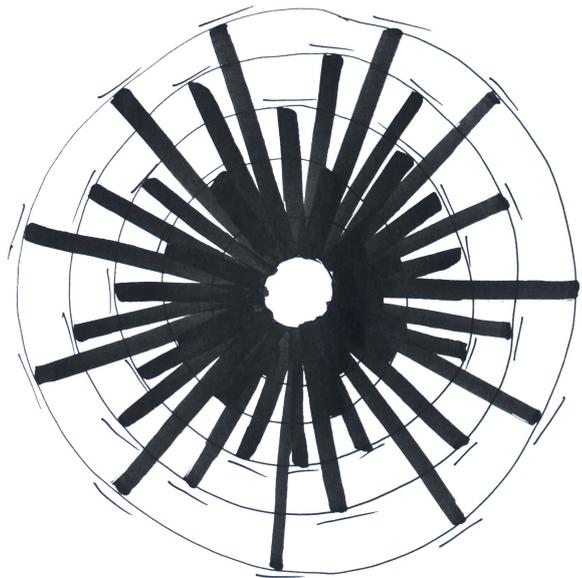
POETREES



She danced me to the edge of the cliff
Broke my heart into a thousand birds
Then leaping off without a word
She taught them to fly

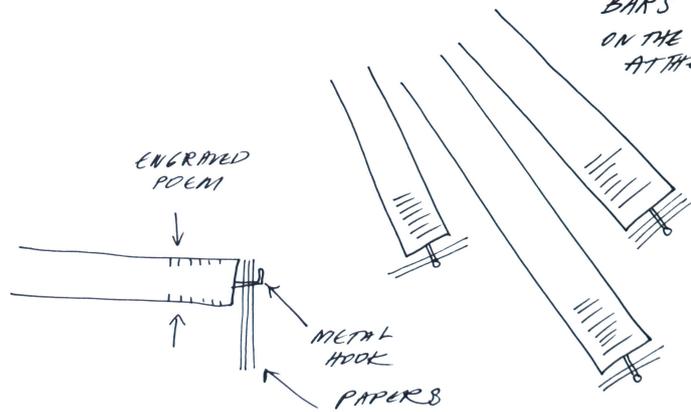
She danced me to the edge of the cliff
Broke my heart into a thousand birds
Then leaping off without a word
She taught them to fly

POETREES



Ø 1,5M

POEMS ENGRAVED
ON THE WOODEN
BARS
ON THE TOP &
AT THE BOTTOM



She danced me to the edge of the cliff
Broke my heart into a thousand birds
Then leaping off without a word
She taught them to fly.

 Lucien Zell

...to the
To death, perchance to death, to
For in that sleep of death what dreaming may
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause—there's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and stings
Of oppressor's wrong, the proud man's
The pang of despised love, the law's
The insolence of office, and the spurs
That patient merit of th'unworthy
When he himself might his quietus
With a bare bodkin? Who would
To grunt and sweat under a weary
But that the dread of something
The undiscover'd country,
No traveller returns, puzzles
And makes us rather bear
Than fly to others that we
Thus conscience doth
And thus the native
Is sicklied o'er with
And enterprises
With this regard
And lose the n

William

reference paper sheets



For more information, please contact:

Lucien Zell
Lucienzell@yahoo.com
+420 608 619 489

