

# BEAUTY



# ESCAPADE

Beauty spreads through denim sews,  
Zinnias grow alongside pavement crows,  
Barren tundras of whispered screams,  
Mischievously cover fairy dreams,  
Mind aching for some sort of stimulation,  
Crescent moon is waxing, eliciting tender ovulation,  
Spiritual beings make love in the burning fire,  
Yet humans trudge on by in proper attire,  
Beauty lies in silent eyes,  
Where imagination reaps comforting sighs.



PROCESS BOOK

CHLOE MEANEY

CM

# DESIGN METHODOLOGY

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A collaboration between my friend Rhys and I about the most pressing topics of the youth.

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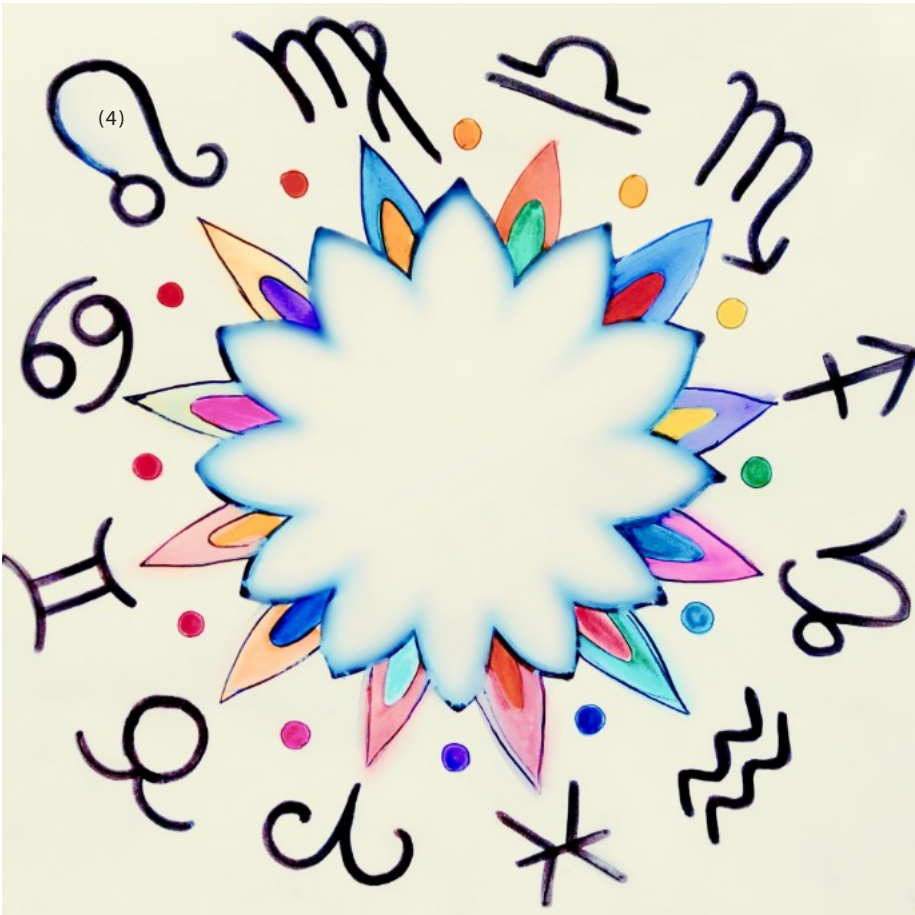
Designs come to life through the printing of the book.



01 CONCEPT

Dreamer’s Oasis is a poetry book based off of a collection of poems written by one of my close friends, Rhys Werny. Rhys is currently studying Psychology and Anthropology at the University of Temple.

These poems focus on the struggles of mental health, and how spirituality can be used to escape mundane life. The emphasis on the importance of mental health is so important, especially in times of a global pandemic. We all have become “dreamers” of what non-pandemic life is like, and we crave human interaction, traveling, dining in, and other luxuries that we had and took for granted pre-COVID. Nature is an underlying theme to many of the poems; because nature is always there for us, and always has been. Nature will continue to be beautiful and impressive as long as we treat it with respect, and it has served us so well this past year. The powerful force of simply spending time outside and being one with nature is amazing, and is described so elegantly throughout this collection of poems.



Appealing to the youthful generation, this poetry book is like a portal to another world, with themes of love, nature, and mental health, and a whole spectrum of emotions that they can interpret and apply to their own lives.

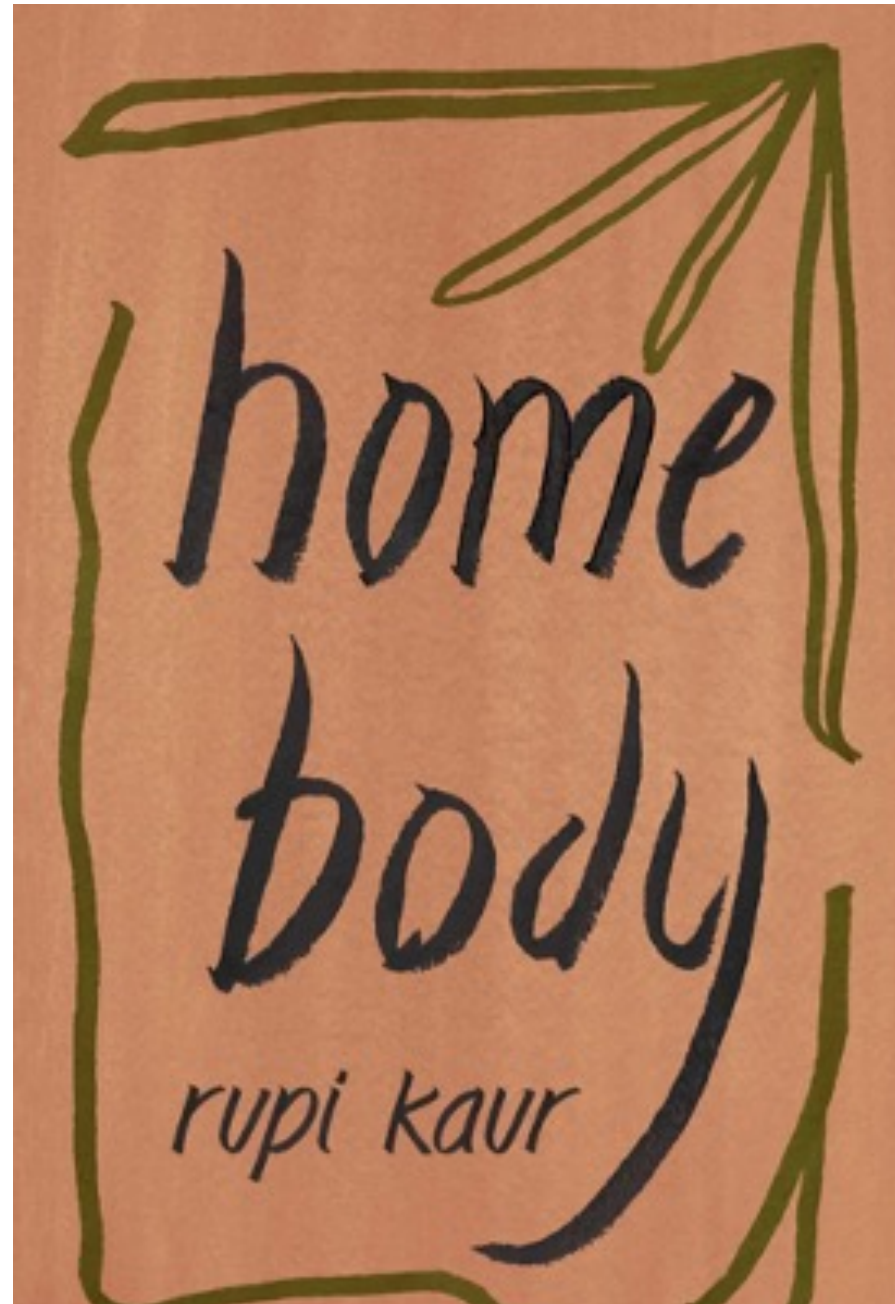


The vibrant, trippy, and abstract illustrations attract a more youthful audience, who do not typically read poetry as much as older audiences.

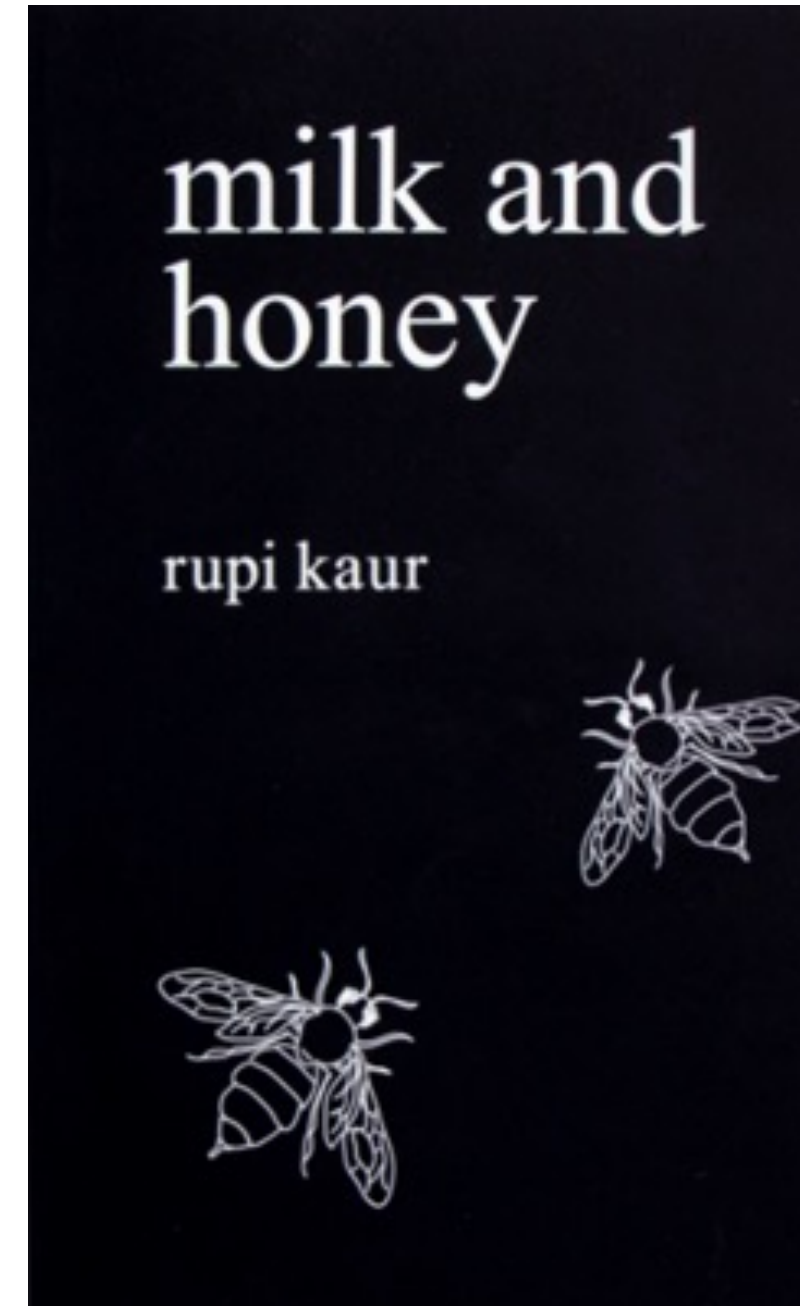


Spirituality plays a large role in the poems as well; offering a meditative solution to problems we can not change, and learning to accept ourselves. These poems are grounded in human emotions and connections, emphasizing that all emotions are valid and important.

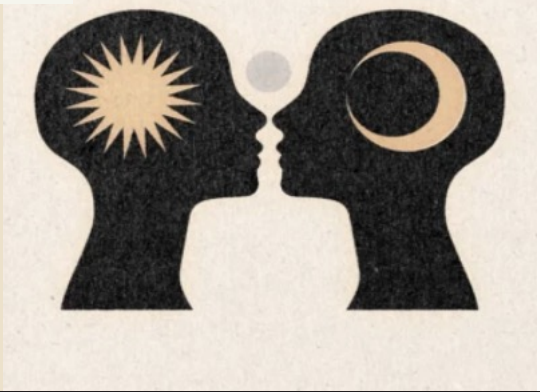
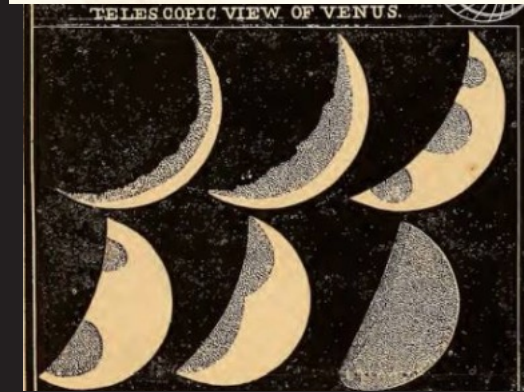
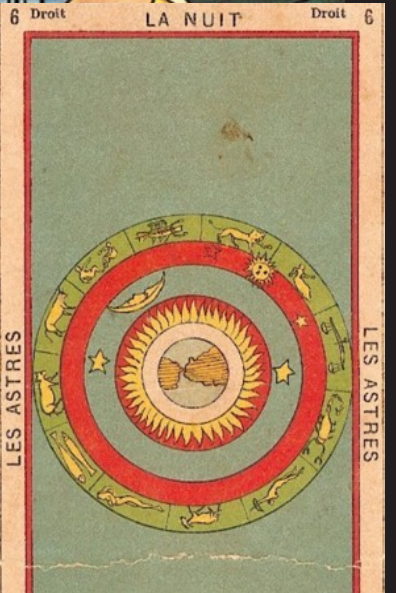
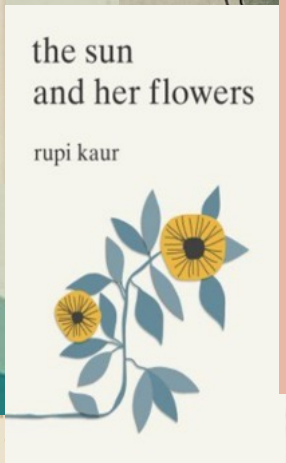
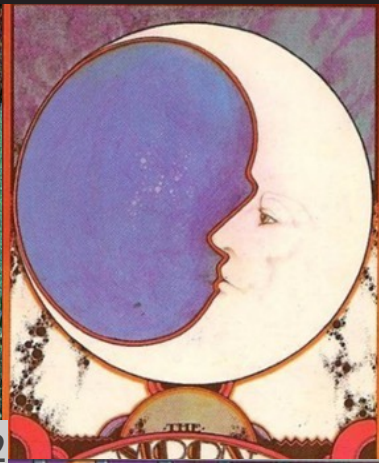
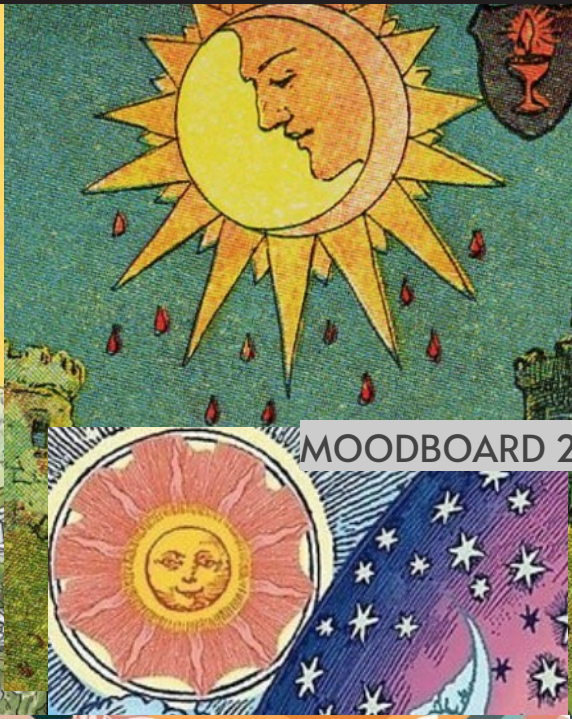
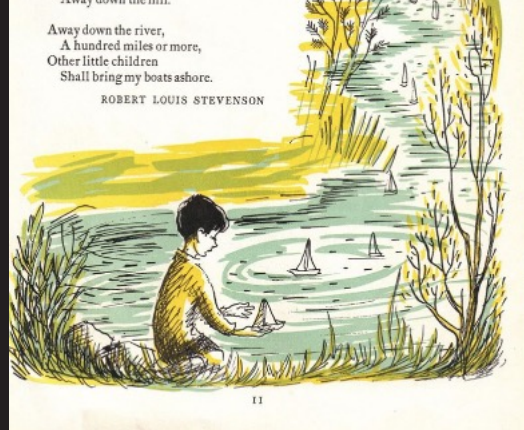
## MARKET ANALYSIS



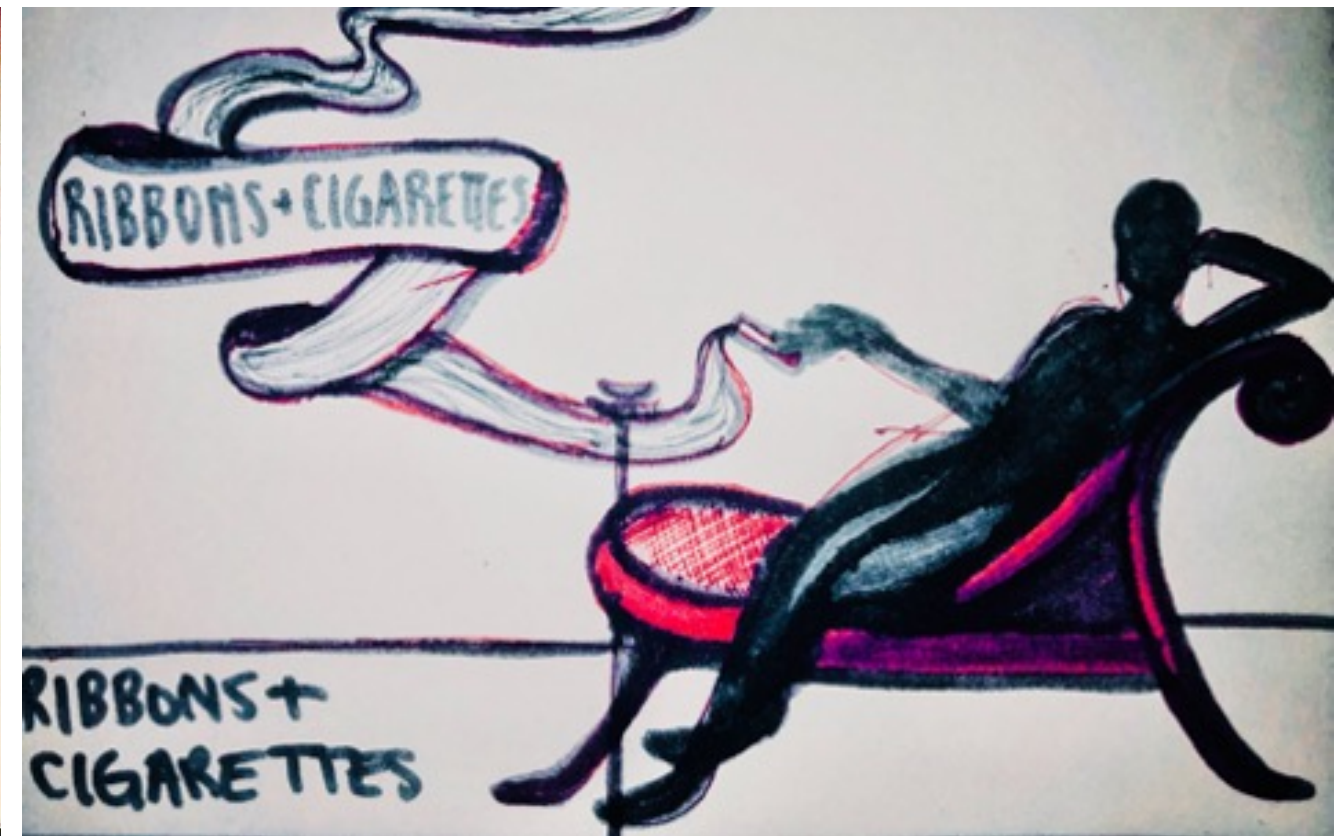
Poetry has been making a comeback with young adults recently, largely due to Rupi Kaur's widely successful poetry books. She reintroduced simplicity into poetry, with her easy to read yet thought provoking poems. I think that the same can be done with illustrations and poetry to attract a wider audience.



Home Body by Rupi Kaur  
Milk and Honey by Rupi Kaur (self published in 2014)



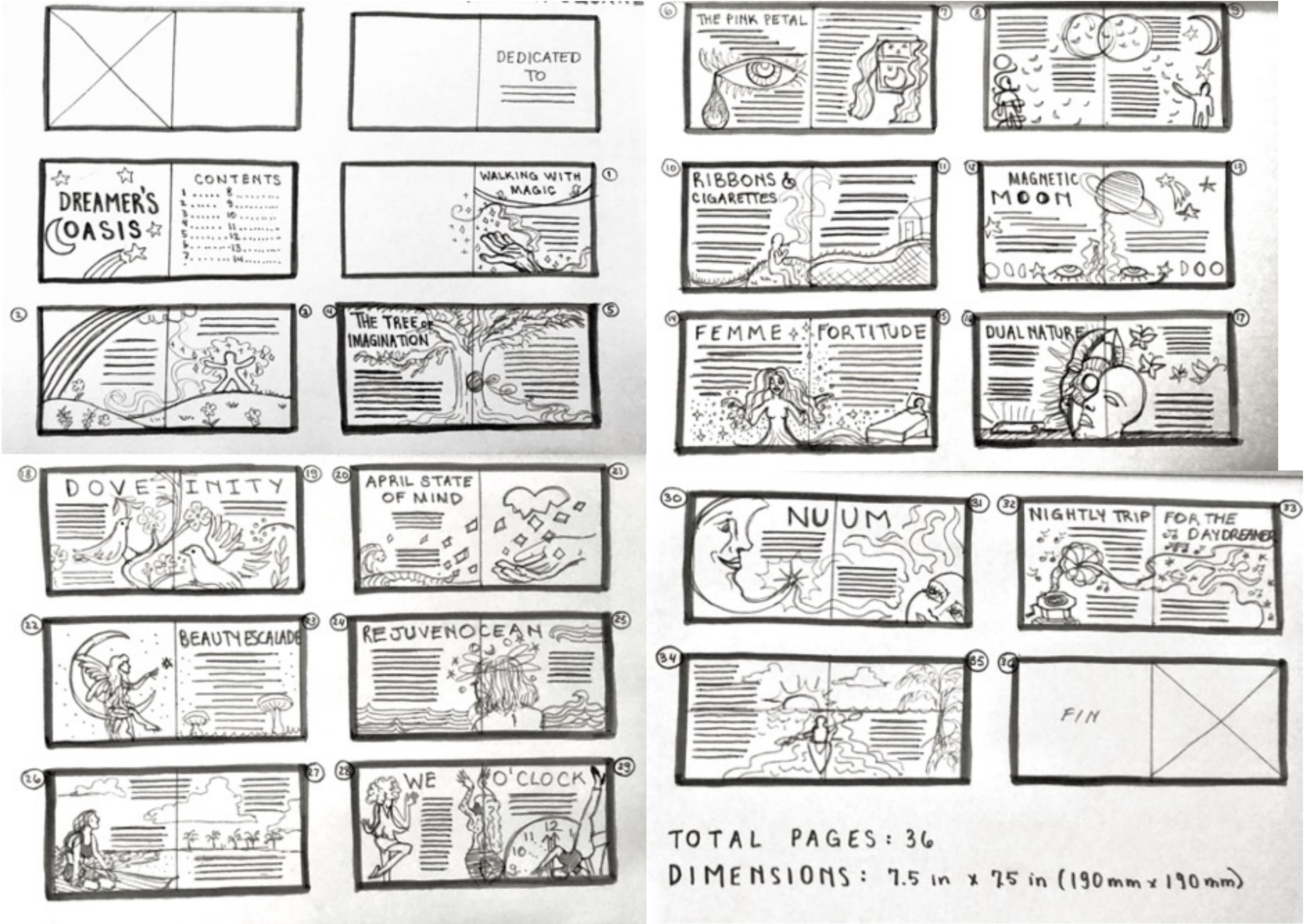
02 EXPLORATION: Sketches related to each poem (for spreads)



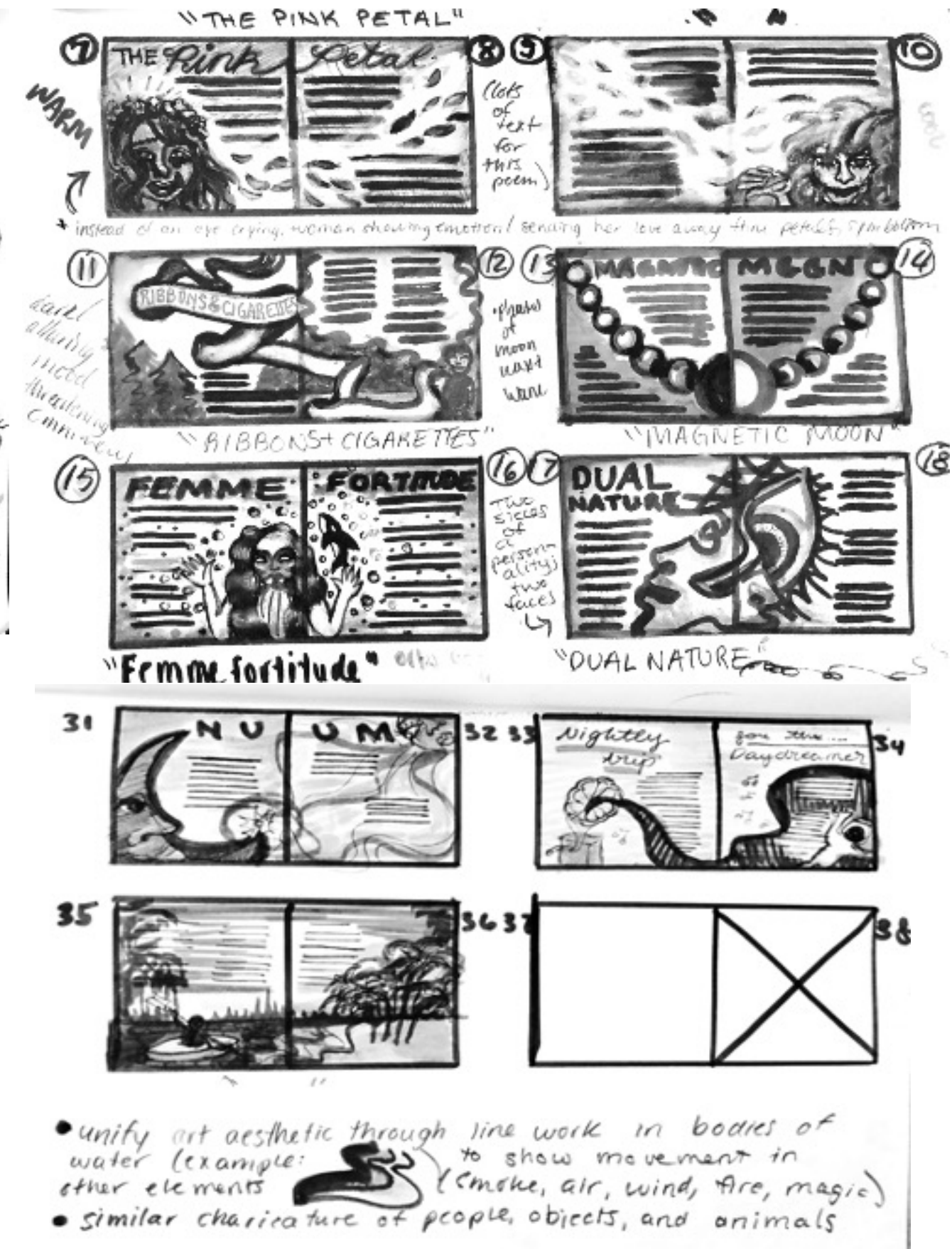
Sketches II



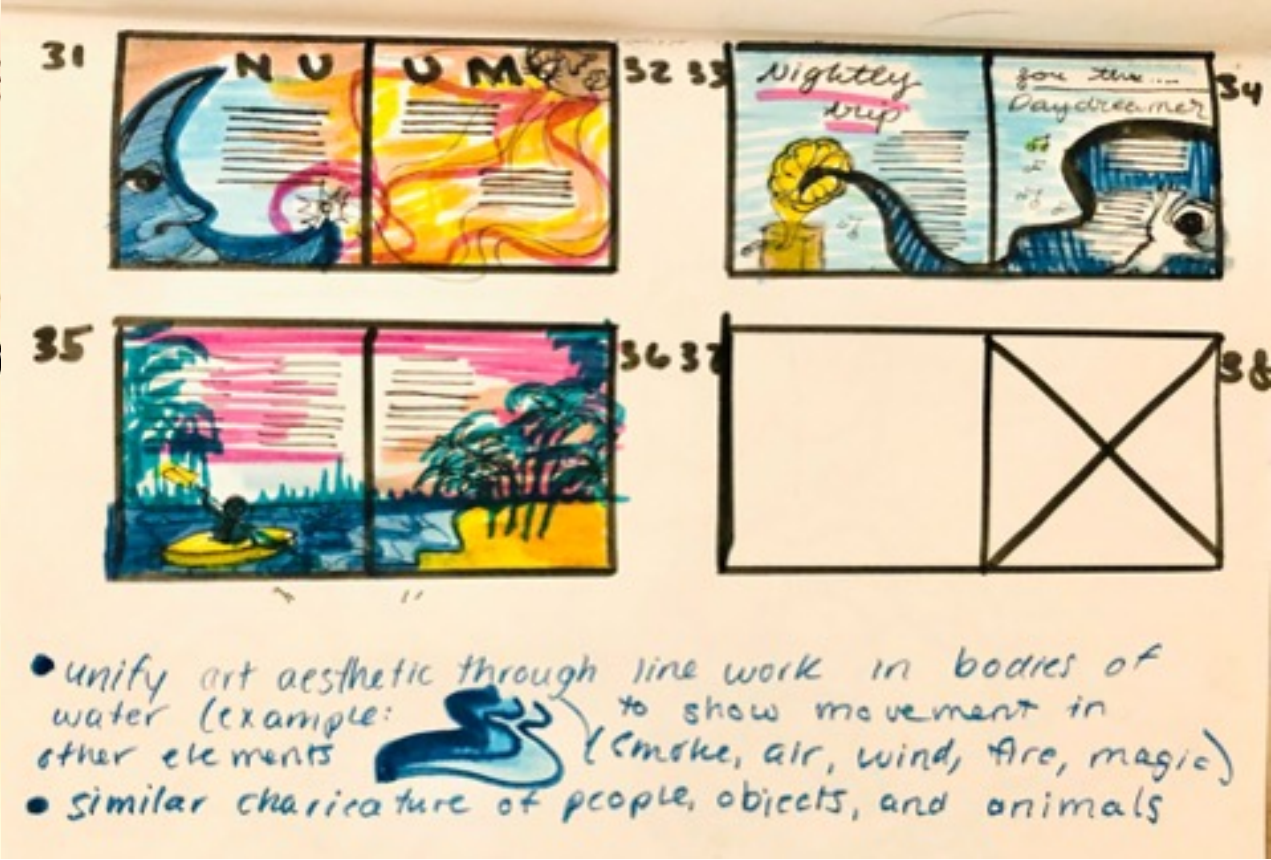
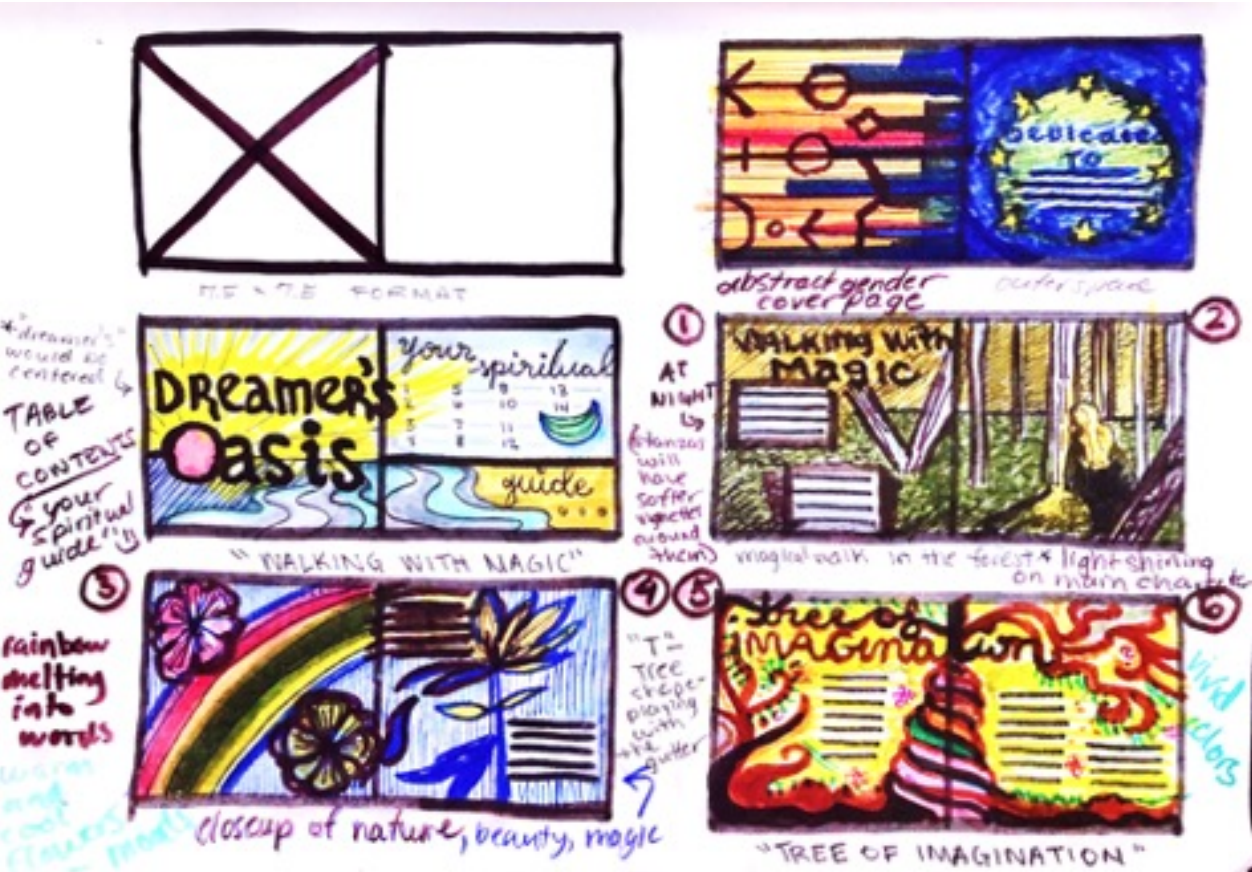
SKETCH DEVELOPMENT FOR SPREADS



SKETCHES FOR SPREADS ADDING VALUES

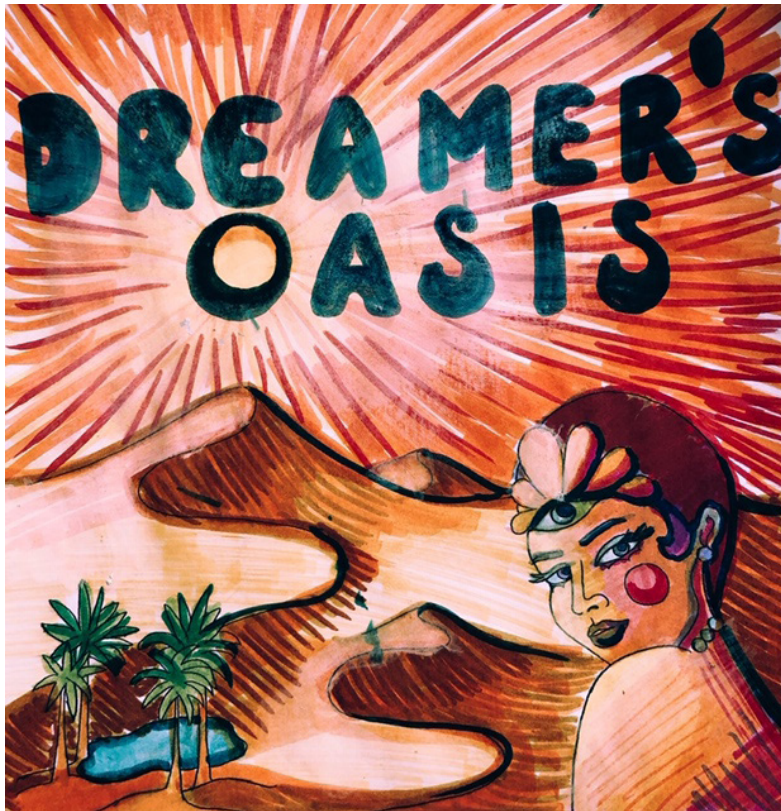
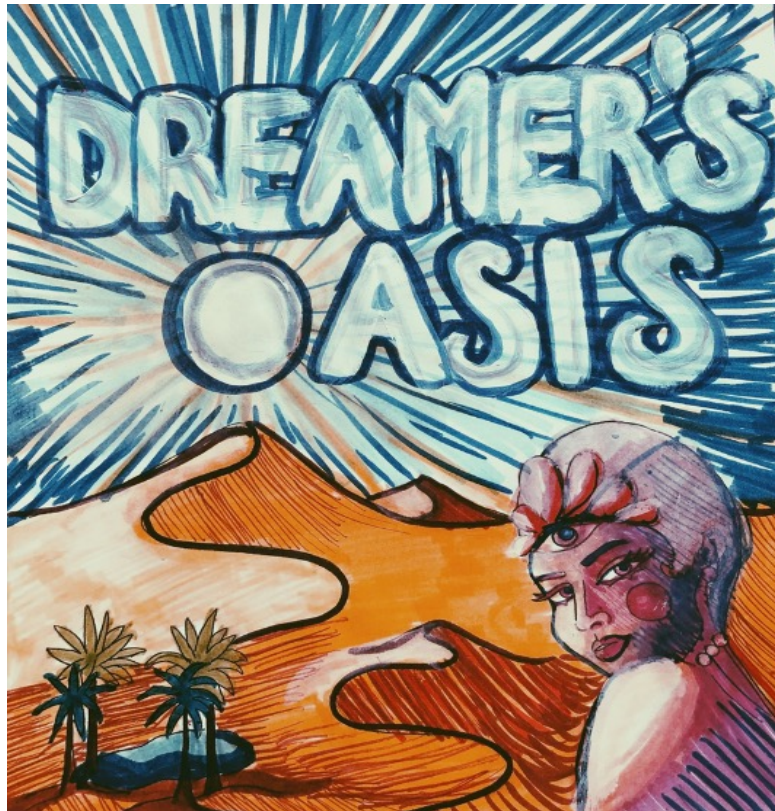
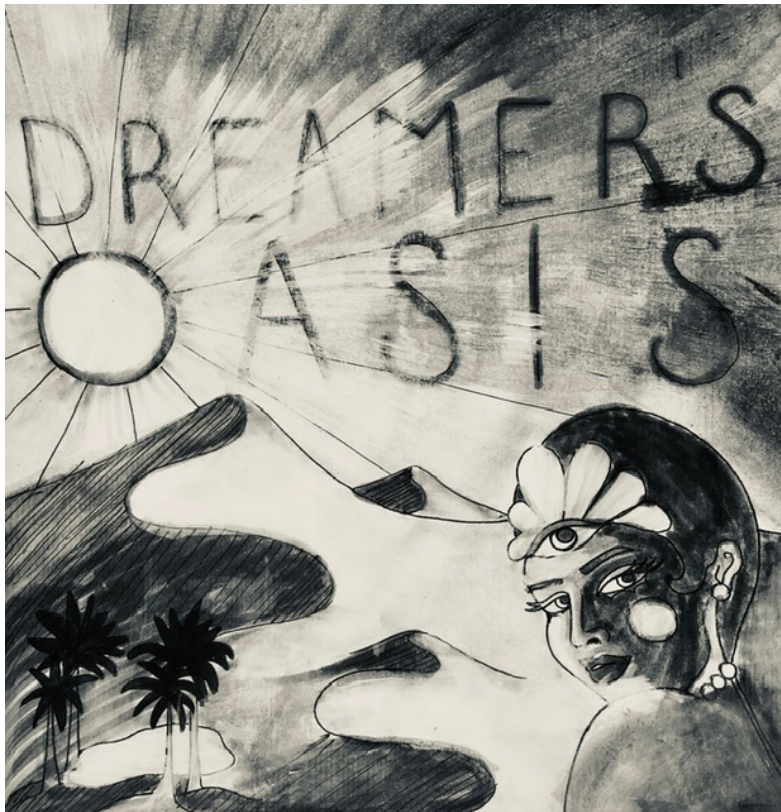


COLOR SKETCHES FOR SPREADS

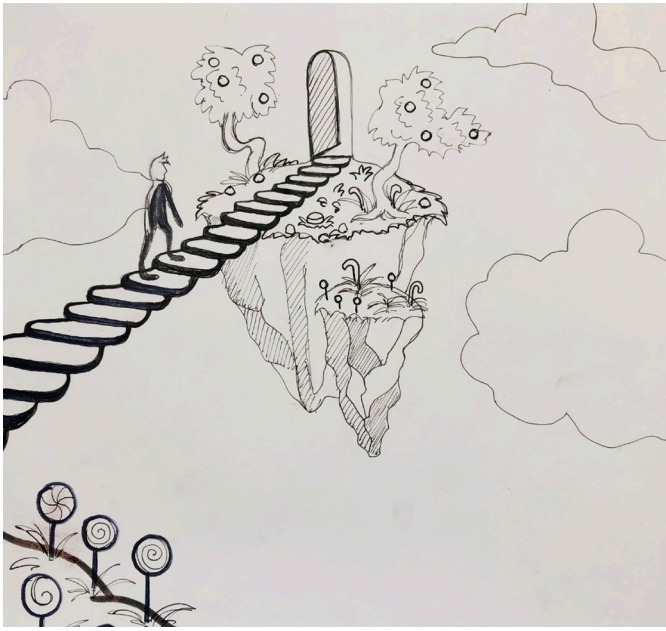
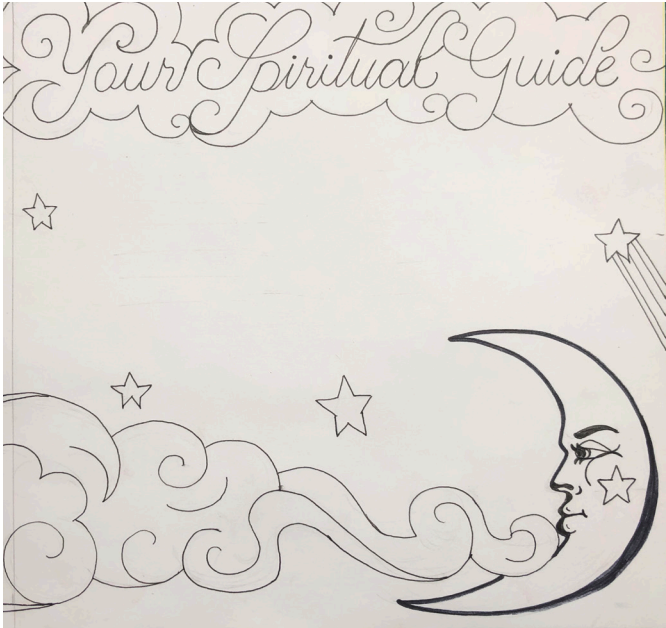


- unify art aesthetic through line work in bodies of water (example: to show movement in other elements (smoke, air, wind, fire, magic))
- similar characterization of people, objects, and animals

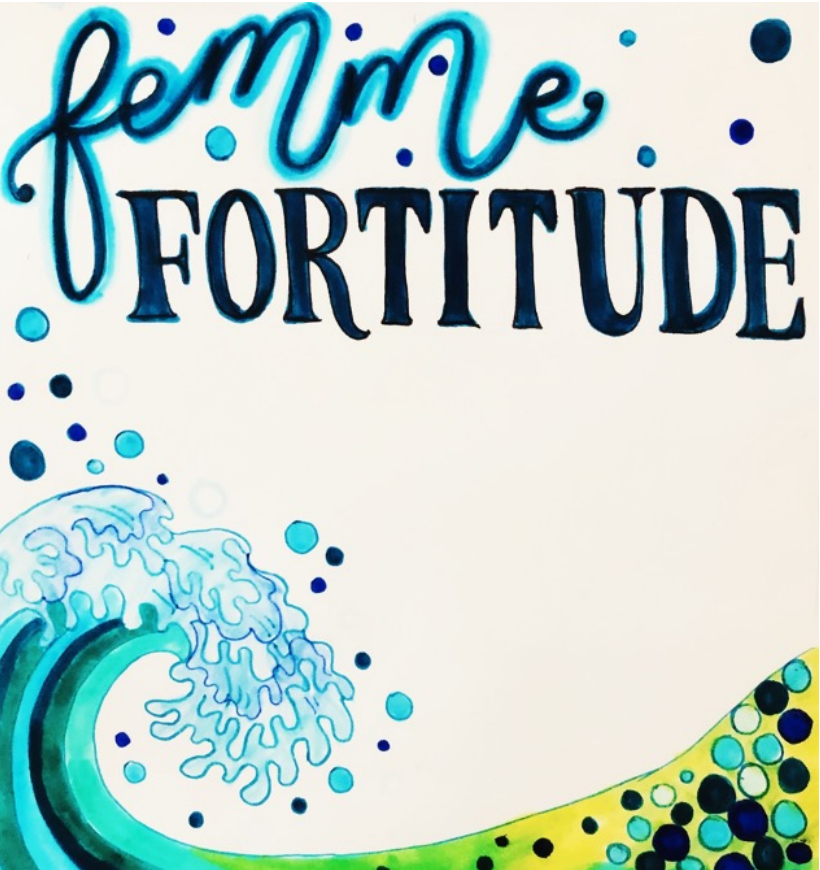
FRONT COVER DEVELOPMENT



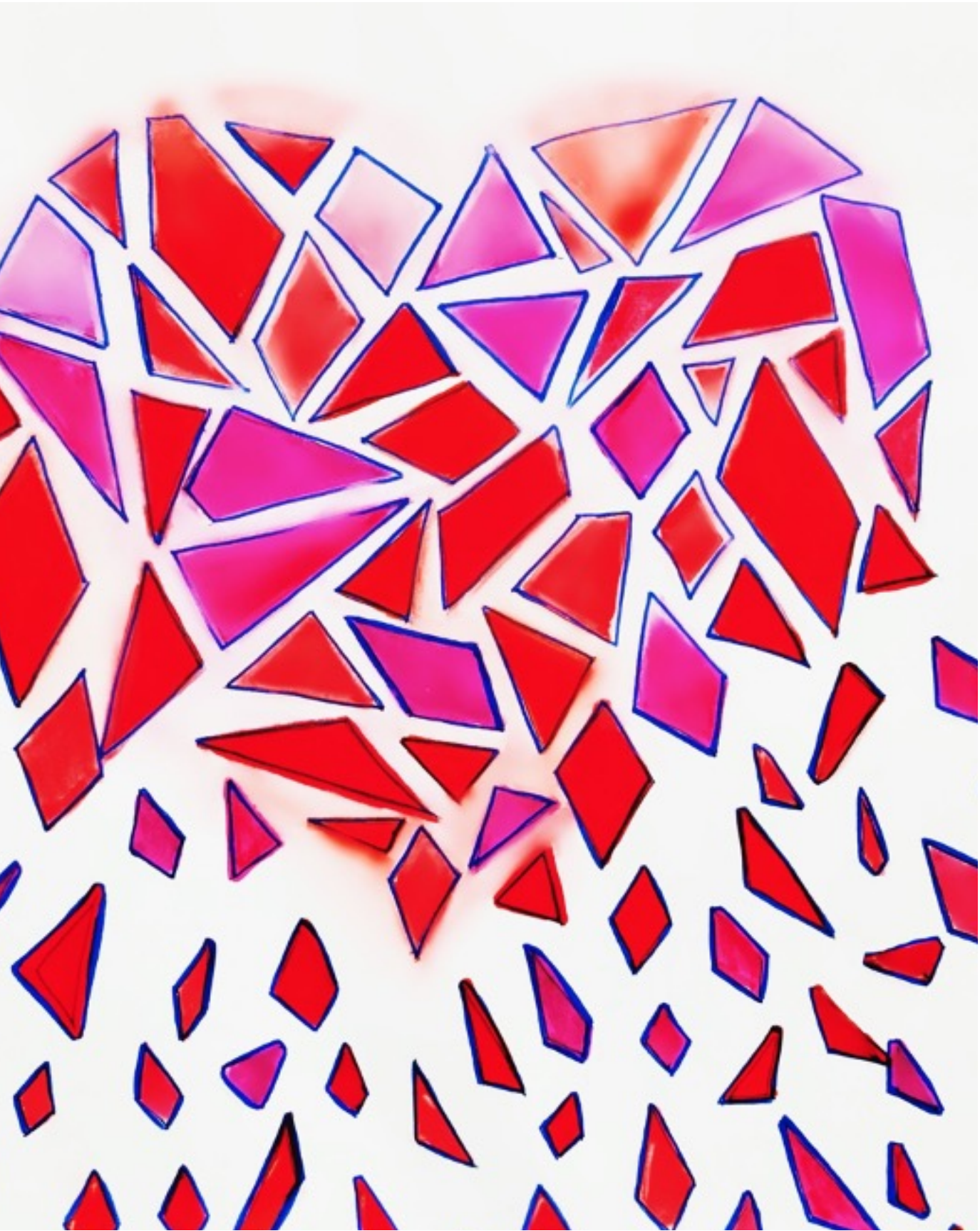
03 DESIGN: PRELIMINARY PEN OUTLINES

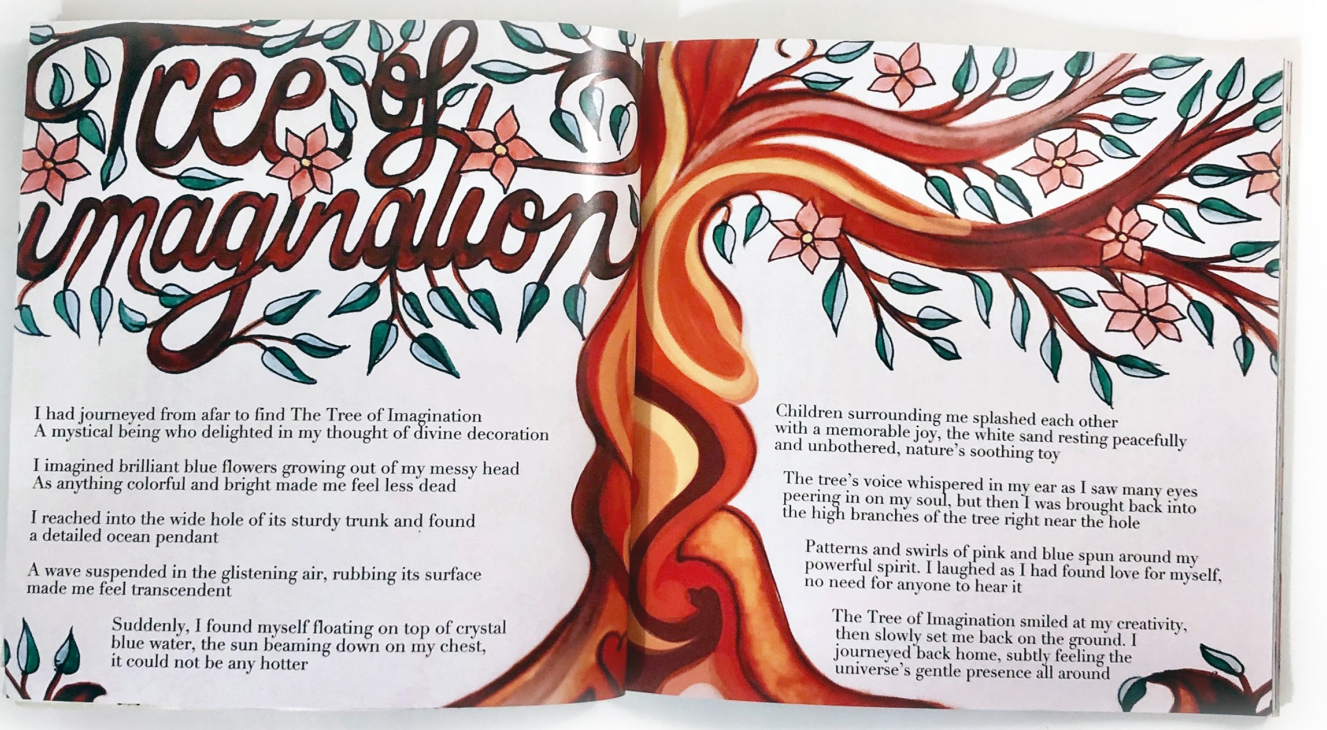
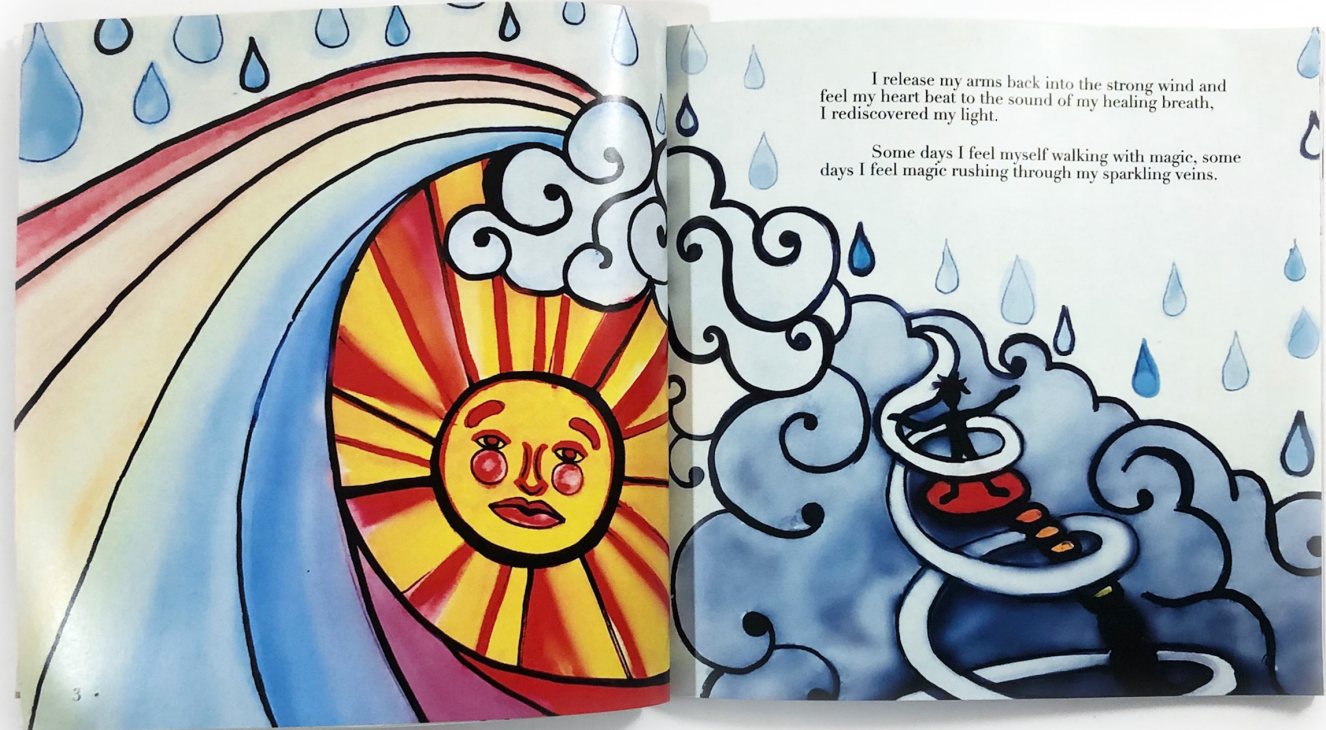


CALLIGRAPHY



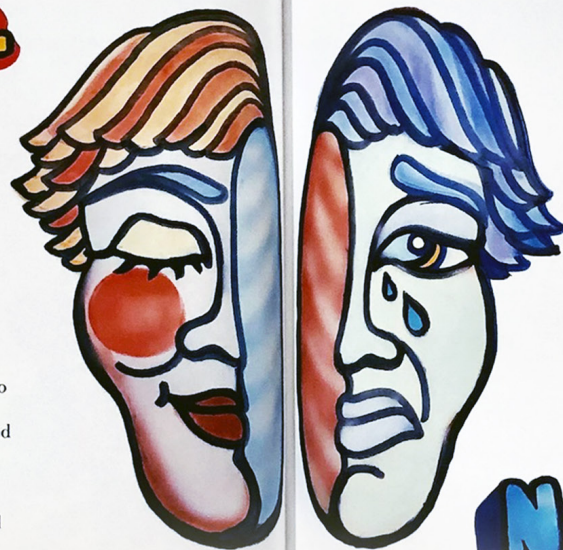






# DUAL

I cling to my obsessions with a growing fear  
Two sides of me split throughout the years  
An infinite imagination growing with light  
Turns to a downward spiral in the early night  
A string of butterflies hangs from my hand  
While a scream rests beneath the land  
I gaze up to the clouds, transcending into the blue  
Yet my capacity for love, I've only allowed a few  
Daydreams of beaches and forests take me away  
Frozen terror trapping me in my head all the same



I am the sum of my memories and long for connection  
But the people just drink away their rejections  
When will be the day my soul takes its final rest  
Endless pain in my mind and body, all a test  
To the universe do I owe my unconditional gratitude  
Yet to my family I am nothing but fiery attitude  
I have portals to beautiful worlds inside of me  
I want someone to pick away at my walls unseen  
Just once I want to grow wings and fly with the birds  
Locked in on buzzing screens, my story unheard

# NATURE

# Rejuvenocean

As she dreamily walks along the foggy moonlit beach alone,  
a distant memory tangles her hardened face into a warm smile.

The thought of holding hands with a creation of the universe  
was enough for her to conflate unbridled happiness with vulnerable  
imagination, colors exploding in her head as she synchronizes the  
outward spirals with premeditated movements.

Her arms swirl in a circular motion with rapid speed: an obnoxious  
but beautiful laughter that she then lets escape her salty lips thereafter.



One pink, one blue, both taking on perfect circular shapes, the blue spirit frantically tears away with a sickening force and an audible crackling that causes it to dissipate into the air.

The pink spirit is left haphazardly buzzing around the street, looking for anything to distract itself. It grabs a fallen pink petal and an ink pen tossed onto the curb probably by some schoolboy fed up with his calculus homework. It encrypts the petal with the message I now reread in my mind, puzzling together the purpose of my vision.

Even love guided by pure spirit tears away at some time or another, let infatuation not carry one away from the beauty of solitude.

A smile strikes my face without a second thought as I scramble back down the stairs onto the street. Even though it is pitch black, I feel the presence of the petals, spinning me around with gentle power and even with a hint of love.

Let this love be the kind that drives me forward, in a way that falling for his diamond tricks will never scar my intuitive being. I wander down the silent street in my still, windworn jeans, wrapping my arms around my body in a delightful self-embrace, for the spirits have a subtle way of comforting guidance.



# NUM

The sun and the moon had a baby.  
Their name is Num, a being of neutrality.  
It can be toggling between a clawed arm and a hopeful smile on any given day or night.

An impartial guide to it all, the meeting point of water and fire.  
A clashing, but there is no point without the growth that comes from the inevitable conflict of mismatched identities. For unfathomable identities take form in an infinite universe with Num watching over each one's progress and journey through time and space. Don't be fooled, Num can be quite unpredictable as it can smile when you spiral into a mental pit of darkness and neglect and can become enraged as you fall in love within a lakeside cabin in the middle of nowhere.

Num sees beauty in the black hole's destruction and horror in the budding of an innocent tulip, for good and bad are relative and bend with perspective. All that we know is but an hourglass in the eyes of Num, a settled pile of sand at the bottom represents our entirety of wisdom which can be flipped upside down at the delightful whims of the universe.  
The sun and the moon laugh at Num's knack for medium grounding, a restoration of the extreme ends of the universe including themselves. Num flattens the spikes in the radar of both love and fear, for balance is an eternal harmony as defined by the duality of universal realities.

