

12.6 percent national average revealed in the Public Library of Science study. “Exhibitions are sort of an invitation to inventory, so we have a keen sense of where our deficits lie,” Bedford says, “and where our collecting biases have been.”

“2020 Vision” encompasses seven thematic exhibitions and 13 solo shows, including a large-scale commission by visual artist Mickalene Thomas, who has transformed the museum’s East Lobby into a 1970s and ’80s-inspired living room; a show of beadwork by 19th-century Lakota women, opening in June; and a complete reinstatement of

“WE HAVE A KEEN SENSE OF WHERE OUR COLLECTING BIASES HAVE BEEN.”

the museum’s contemporary galleries to exclusively present work by women artists. “If we were not properly and justly focused on women for over a century, how do you acknowledge that and begin to repair it?” Bedford says. “It requires real focus and force, as opposed to just a token.”

As the museum works to make its collection more accurately represent its majority black home city, it’s also finding ways to better engage with residents. Programming like “The Necessity of Tomorrow(s)” — an event series that has brought writers and artists like Ta-Nehisi Coates and Boots



Amy Sherald's *Planes, rockets, and the spaces in between*, acquired by the BMA in 2018

Riley to discuss art, race, and social justice—has helped grow attendance among Baltimore’s black community. And through its new satellite museum in the city’s historic Lexington Market and a partnership with Green mount West Community Center, an

art space for underserved youth, the museum shows a deep devotion to the world outside its walls. “When we first began exploring this direction, I don’t think there was abundant trust,” Bedford says. “It’s something you build and maintain.”

A Partnership with the Poetry Society of America

BETWEEN THE LINES

A POEM BY MAJOR JACKSON

ILLUSTRATION BY RAQUEL APARICIO TORINOS

VERMONT ECLOGUE

Damp patches of mountain fog. Late afternoon country roads clamoring for sleep. Light snow, patient as an assassin, through leafless branches mists your car. African masks with half-closed eyes on a living room wall seem disoriented. House lights flash on like strong-scented signals. Below, two moles cross a paddock in opposite directions. A transient sculpture of blue jays vaults toward a cluster of white pines. Behind the thickening sky, the peaks are shy as migrants. Earbuds fastened in, you sing, don’t disturb this groove, your voice its own woodland where a man stands at the edge of a pond watching crystals dissolve in midair.



AMY SHERALD, PLANES, ROCKETS, AND THE SPACES IN BETWEEN, 2018. THE BALTIMORE MUSEUM OF ART; PURCHASE WITH EXCHANGE FUNDS FROM THE PEARLSTONE FAMILY FUND AND PARTIAL GIFT OF THE ANDY WARHOL FOUNDATION FOR THE VISUAL ARTS, INC. BMA.2018.80