

Stone Farmhouse by Diana Mayfield



Stone Farmhouse by Rachel Rengstorf

Driving in the car,
Coming from afar,
The rolling fields go on and on,
Perfect looking, like they were drawn,
Summer's here its time to dream,
The wind blows, our faces gleam.
Grandma and Grandpa grew up here,
And raised their family year by year.
The summer breeze hits my face,
The little deer enjoy the space.
My nose appreciates the well-known smell,
Like fresh air, our senses dwell.
Time after time,
These trees we've climbed,
This farm is a part of us,
The memories we can't express,
The love we've shared, the tears we've cried,
The summers we've seen with our eyes open wide.



The Butterflies
by Lexi Koudele

They said not to touch the butterflies.
That they were fragile.
That they could break.

They said not to get too close to them.
Because we could hurt them.
Because they might die.

Why, then, would a butterfly land on me?
Did it want to get hurt?
Or maybe we just don't understand?

We're not supposed to touch the butterflies.
Because we don't understand.
But the butterflies do.

Margo Borders
1 Hour
March 1, 2010
Ekphrastic Poem



The Trevi Fountain (Fontana di Trevi)

Where three roads meet
And different worlds collide.
Where water pours delicately
Over the soft stonework
In a puddle of glistening coins,
Here is the Trevi Fountain.

Neptune's garments flow,
His face raised towards the sun.
He stands tall and definite on his seashell,
Like nothing can touch him.

Two women gaze on,
Abundance and Salubrity
The health and well being of the fountain,
Simply a backdrop to the beauty of the sea.

Rocks and vegetation
Paint a scene that can be rivaled by no other.
Running smoothly along the gleaming water,
With small drips trickling down its sides.

Two seahorses,
One docile, the other wild
Show the true nature of the sea in all its forms,
Constructing the view of the mighty Neptune.

In this symmetrical balance, the conch is blown,
And the sea starts to respond,
Splashing its way all around the rocks and people,
Seeming to have no limits.

This is where flowers are sculpted
In the tiniest hiding spots,
Just waiting for the joy it will bring
When found by the curious eye.

In the darkness,
The stone glows golden,
Reflecting the pools of light up the high wall.
And all that can be heard is the soft drips of water,
Misting along the sides of curved stone.

In breathtaking awe and wonder,
The coins glitter in the hands of visitors,
Waiting to splash into the water,
Ensuring that they will return again soon.

Emily Borders
1st hour
March 1, 2010
Ekphrastic Poem



Por los Ojos de Guernica

A mother shrieks in *angustia*
As her *bebé* dies in her arms,
Her chest bared while she mourns
The death of Guernica.

The horse rears its head
While the men watch in *dolor*
As despair cascades like smoke
Through Guernica.

Whispers of *muerte*
Were heard all around
As mothers searched for
Precious *caras*,
Lost forever in Guernica.

¡Venga más cerca, el avión!
The mother cries,
Wishing her anguish would be over
And she could die too,
In Guernica.

A heavenly light bearer
Shines over the destruction.
Like an angel sent by God.
But she sheds little *luz*
To moaning Guernica.

A flower *solitaria* lies like a lost soul
In the arm of a dying man,
The last beautiful image
Por los ojos de Guernica.

The end is gone,
The destruction fathomed.
Little is left to see
Through the eyes of Guernica.

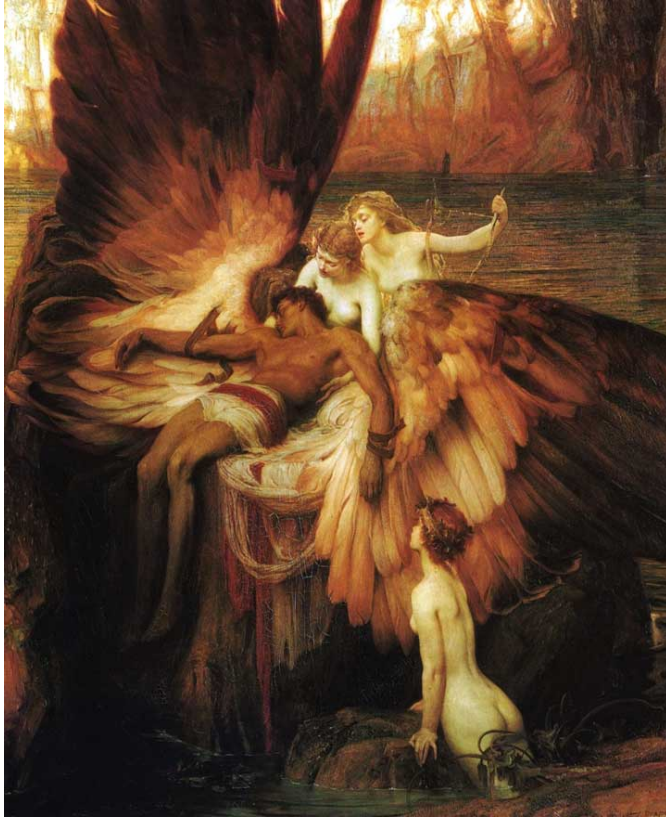
Jessica Brewer
1st
March 1, 2010
Ekphrastic Poem

“Walking Along”

I walk the street corner,
Like it's any other day.
But it isn't,
Not since the weather's changed,
It's fall now, summer has gone.
Two young people embrace,
A child, with no care in the world
Chases along
Everyone is busy with life,
And the tasks it gives out.
But not me,
It's too empty,
And I pale from being alone.
The sun shines on everyone but me
Everything is still, sharp.
I'll just keep walking,
Feeling the rough breeze in my fingers,
Until I have something to cross the street for again.



Balthus, The Street



Icarus

Maddie Farber

2nd hour

Lament for Icarus by Herbert James Draper

Oh Icarus how freedom has broken your wings.

You never listened to the sounds of the wise, but only the sounds of fools.

Icarus how you let yourself fly so high.

Where the sun casts shadows through the ends of your transparent wings,
melting them away.

There you go Icarus, there you go.

Falling, falling, and falling.

Into the arms of the ocean.

To be surrounded by angels, who lie with your dead soul.

Mourning.

And your great majestic wings

Never to be used again.

As the angels sit beside you and sing songs with sad tunes.



Sunflowers
by Allie Mattson

Sunny shapes of round goodness
lightly placed within a vase
A still life it may be called
but the sun's rays still shine through them

placed on a table
in a large round vase
your thick light brush strokes blend through

It's almost like newborn faces
greeting you every morning
please don't stop smiling

Girl at Sewing Machine
by Vivian O'Hara

Bright red walls,
And off white dress,
She keeps on sewing
And seems to caress
The carefully put-together curtains.
There's not a bend in her back
As she bends from the hip.
She seems a big girl,
From her head to her tip,
Carefully sewing her curtains.
Small painting on the wall,
Sun shining from the window.
See her long chocolate hair
Doesn't look like a widow,
As she sits, sewing her curtains.



Girl at Sewing Machine by Edward Hopper



Self
Portrait by Leonardo da Vinci

Joe Webber-2nd Hour

Ekphrastic Poem

3/5/10

The Thinker

His face, his hands

Wrinkled, folded, twisted, warped,

His mind, his psyche

Old, new, fresh, worn.

His experience, his competence

Useful, needed, impressive, acknowledged,

His wisdom, his knowledge

Questioned, accepted, popular, contentious.

His books, his work

Bought, sold, read, known,

His thoughts, his opinion

Scorned, loved, desirable, heretical.

His ideas, his dreams

Radical, incredible, novel, innovative,

His vision, his philosophy

Startling, well received, traditional, upsetting.

His life, his memory

Recognized, celebrated, known, famed,

Him

Feared, loved, rejected, needed, present, hiding

The thinker.

Dance Class by Edgar Degas



Katie Boecking
4th hour
Ekphrastic Poem

Point your toes says the instructor.
Routine demands, she does as she's told.
Her toes point, until they tremble.
If only everything she did were this bold.

Her bow tied tight, her shoes drawn up,
Everything is settling in place.
Make up on, smiles drawn to perfection,
Her legs shake under the lace.

Sheltered girl in a sheltered world,
Dances to please the crowd.
But when the curtains come down, so do the tears,
Even if they are not allowed.

Dance Class by Edgar Degas



Dance Class
by Katie Hogsett

Prim to the bone
& proper at simple ease
The tips of the toes worn
Seizing challenge with a breeze

Chin up straight now
No room for loose limbs
Pay attention now girls,
& watch the stage-light dim

Your hair in a tight bun,
& flexibility is a must
Gracefulness a reward,
if you leave them in the dust.

The spotlight will glimmer,
& your smiles shining bright,
Prance onward now girls,
& stardom is a might.

***Iris* by Vincent Van Gogh**



**War of the Irises
by Bronte Yardley**

Indigo silence
Fills the air,

Deep and heavy
Darkened by their colors.

Twilight drips
It slips
It seeps.

Into the abyss
It calls to me.

Alone and yet
Surrounded

A single soul
Stands to fight

A war against
All things

That threaten
To suffocate
The light.

Group members: Emily Hall
Lauri McIntosh
Jennifer Bell
Ashleigh Stutz



Presentation (2005)
Dana Schutz

Modern Prometheus

Bodies lifted from the ground
dismembered, bruised, rigid.
One large foot hangs from the table,
jaundiced. He needs a clipping.

Our female Frankenstein with
her Napoleonic need to display her strength, and
the neighbors looking on in wide-eyed disgust,
explore the depths of gigantic stature.

Soulless eyes,
unblinking, fogged, wasted,
endure the surgical precision
with unexpected patience.

His mate, dead as he,
turns her back on him.
The Doctor, cold and rigid,
takes another slice.