



Tom Snarsky

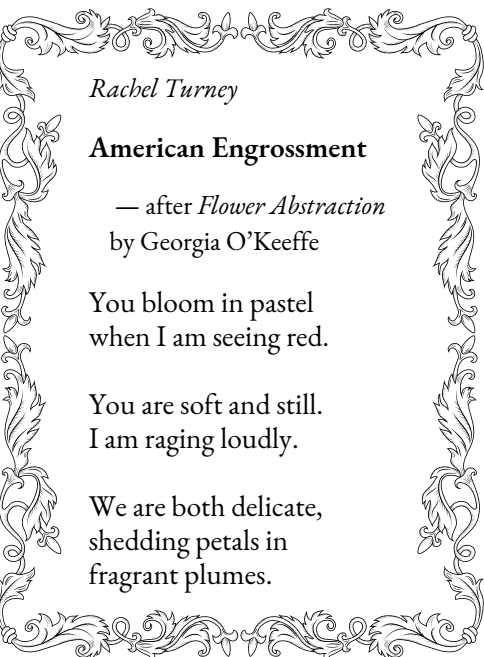
Identical twins, Roselle, N.J. 1967

— after a photograph by Diane Arbus

One small smile, one
mini-frown. Everything

is dual,
a written word

you hope
gets said



Rachel Turney

American Engrossment

— after *Flower Abstraction*
by Georgia O'Keeffe

You bloom in pastel
when I am seeing red.

You are soft and still.
I am raging loudly.

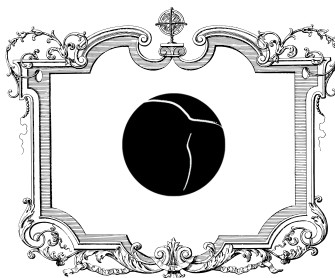
We are both delicate,
shedding petals in
fragrant plumes.



— after Frank Relle's photograph,
Relle Gallery, NOIA 2026

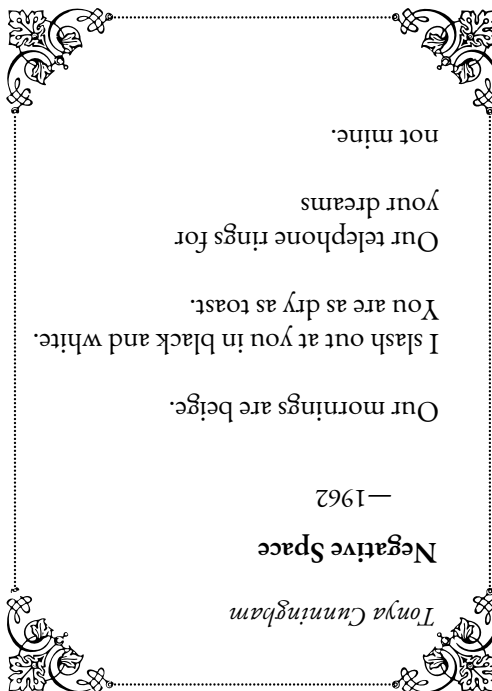
Jack Bedell
Gouffre

All light is prayer.
Even with flood water
risen halfway up
the church's front door,
it wakes the building's
steeple like tolling
the church's bell
to call us to Mass.
No need to go inside
to be sanctified. Just
look into that light
to know why we visit
this place, why we would
ever dream of staying.



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Tonya Cunningham

Negative Space

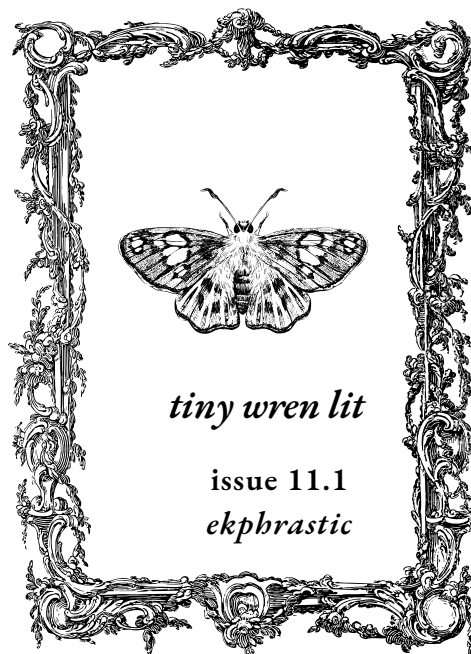
— 1962

Our mornings are beige.

I slash out at you in black and white.
You are as dry as toast.

Our telephone rings for
your dreams

not mine.



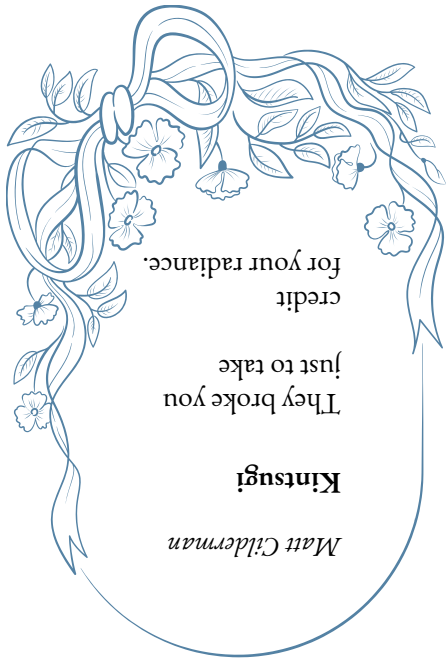
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poem for the stryge
grain-bringing rain
glistens on stone
hair. awaken.

Eleanor Ball

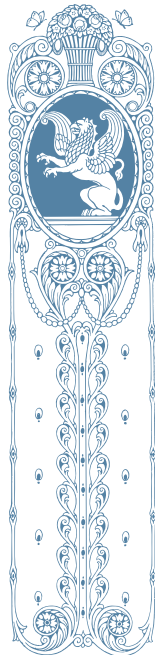


Charlene Fix

Ode to Three Horses

“There’s so much new reality,
 . . . the marvelous has gotten shy”
 Adam Zagajewski, “White Sails”

These are not golden horses, but horses that
 conspire with imagining, the first cartoony,
 painted on the Dutch door of Glen Echo Garage
 to gaze on busy Hudson Street and transcending
 the riff on rides with a live horse’s thrum,
 the second a swing in a garden skimming air
 like a swan gliding on water, a David of a horse
 a local Michelangelo freed from a rubber tire,
 legs tucked under for speed whom the child
 calls Nightmare, the first with ghost-fringe bangs
 brushed past startled eyes, the second an impassive
 face above a tethered back for rides, and suddenly
 a third pouring a lake of liquid shade, a gliding girth,
 a horse known by his shadow galloping the sky.



Jennifer Hambrick
 Our House

—after Frank Lloyd Wright’s
 Fallingwater

you are the hum inside
 this space, the warm within
 the cold-stone caves
 I have loved you
 the way lamplight loves
 a small room

incandescent
 with a touch of shadow
 on walls so thin
 I hear the river rushing
 through the years



Andrew Ray Williams
 Such Is a Life
 — after Portrait of Ria Munk III
 (1917-1918) by Gustav Klimt

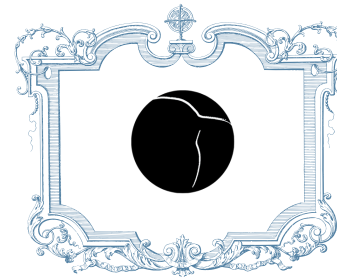
Standing before a woman
 scratched and oiled
 into being,

hung, unfinished,
 I think,
such is a life,

but the remark is
 too neat.

Look, again:

flowers wilting
 into bloom.



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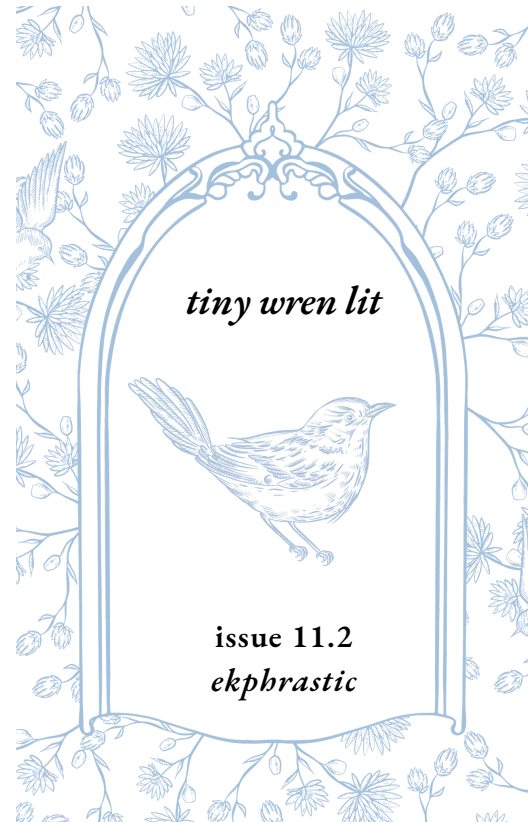


Kelsy O'Brien-Enders

Leapaway Girl

— after Ian Scott’s 1969 painting

alleys of dreams
 forged in greens
 between
 her hipbones



Charlotte Hamrick

—inspired by *Studies on Twilight Phenomena, after Krakatoa* (1888)

A strange bed sets a flickering
stage, transposed in reflected
light of oranges and golds.
Hear lightning disappears
like confronted ghosts
frightened of a full stare.
You brought me to this place
that was only a mirage in my mind,
a shimmer behind clouds.
Now it surrounds me with its
strangeness, chameleonic days slipping
through my hands while
heat lightning engulfs us in flames.

Meg Pokrass

Self-Portrait with Stereoscopic Vision

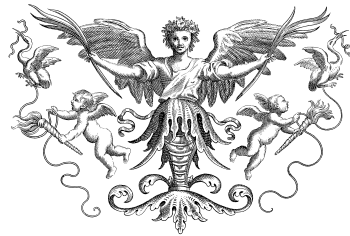
—after Frieda Kahlo's *Self Portrait With Monkey*

Today I regret nothing, not love
taking over the body, or a handrail

piercing the abdomen, being tossed
on the road by a fickle lover,

or the way monkey babies
need their mother, one with ice

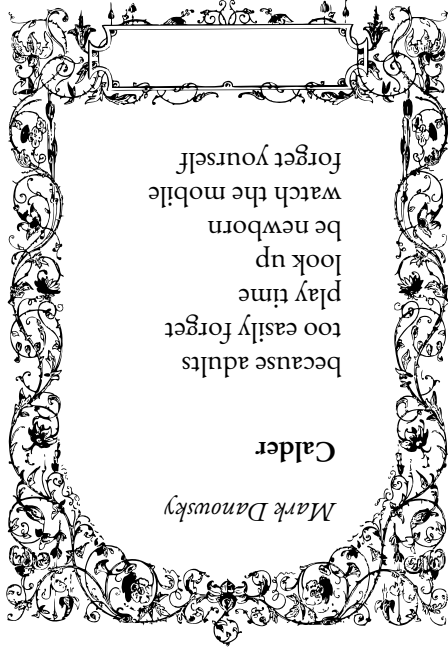
blue eyes, or dark as a Toad's arm
pulsing around a sister's waist,



Calder

Mark Danowsky

because adults
too easily forget
play time
look up
be newborn
watch the mobile
forget yourself



Étude

Dana J. Graef

—after Amy Sillman's
Little Instrument, 2023–24

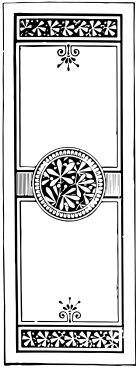
I break in
to quadrants
for you

my multicolored
strings my bouts

of green I jumble
when I walk

shapes fall
and some

hear music

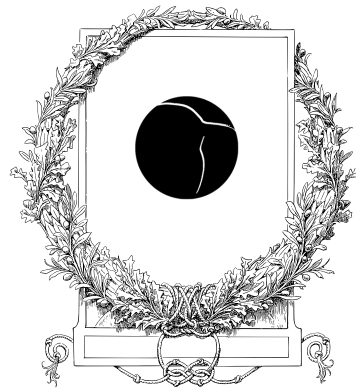


The Fisherman's Cottage

Kortney Garrison

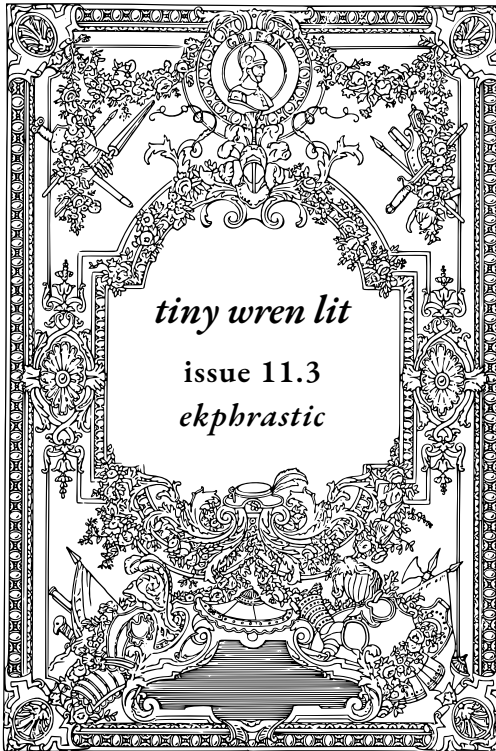
—after a painting
by Harald Sohlberg

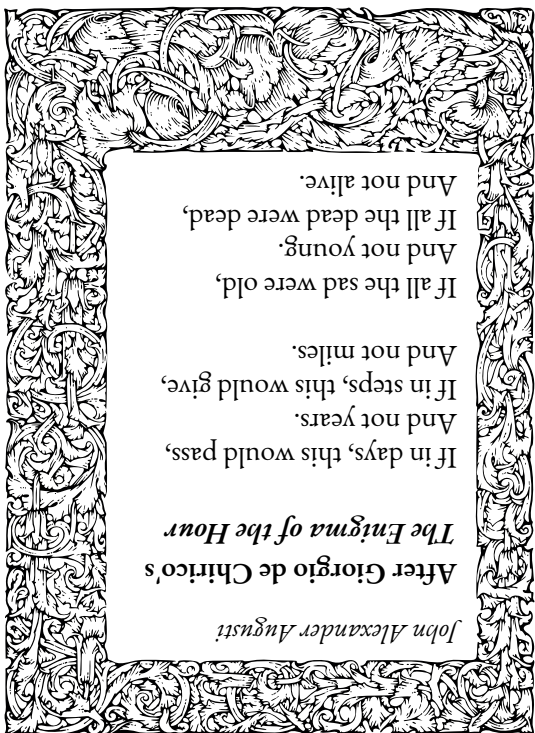
The fisherman's tempered
happiness drained away
after meager fish runs
and accidents always
waiting on the other side
of attention.



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June Jasmine

Pick Me

—after *Still Life with Milk Jug and Fruit*
by Paul Cezanne

No two things
are the same. Look
for the mouth
of a volcano,
Marilyn Monroe's lips,
strontium nitrate flare
if you're into combustion
chemistry, fire before
snuff, desire before
touch. Go on,
take a bite. Find out
where I got
my flamenco flame.



Tine Demuth

Old Woman Warrior

—inspired by *An Old Woman*
by Quinten Massys

The world may make me
toothless
But I will gather
my shattered pearls
And make a necklace
of my wayward fangs
Smiling
through my bleeding gums
as I bite my way
through the sunset

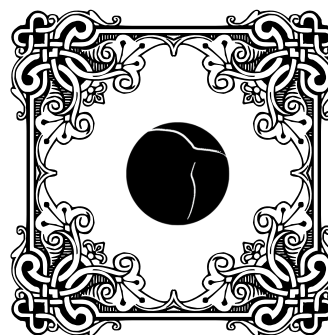
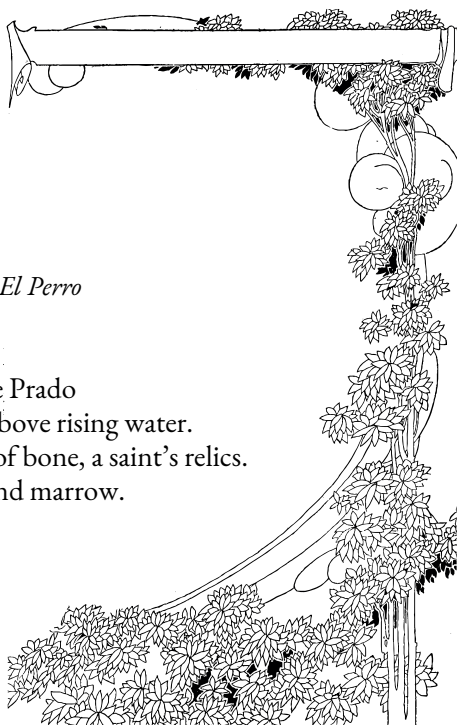


Jennifer Sime

At the End

—after Francisco Goya's *El Perro*
(c. 1819-1823)

In the darkest room of the Prado
a tired dog lifts its snout above rising water.
It detects the sweet smell of bone, a saint's relics.
Violet and myrrh. Meat and marrow.



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