Impact of ekphrastic poetry upon my writing

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IMPACT OF EKPHRASTIC POETRY

UPON MY WRITING

By

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ABSTRACT

This thesis contains an introduction in which I will define ekphrastic poetry and provide an explication of some ekphrastic poetry written throughout history, followed by a conclusion in which I will include my own poetry, both ekphrastic and non, followed by an explication of my progress. The first section will be about questioning how the selected poets use their chosen image to enhance their own writing, and the true purpose of ekphrastic poetry. The second section will show how my poetry has developed since this project began and I started focusing on ekphrastic poetry. When I write ekphrastic poetry, not only is my writing stronger because my readers can follow my image both visually and mentally, but further, I am able to incorporate my own photography into my poetry as literary art.
DEDICATION

My work is dedicated to my parents, my only sister, Kelsey, and anyone else who has ever encouraged me to write or be myself.
ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

I would not be the writer I am today, or will be one day, without the guidance of Dr. Richard Jackson. He has been instrumental in helping me to understand what poetry is and how vital it is to culture and history. It was in his classroom where I discovered there are literary formulas for analyzing how the world works and functions, through the associations between images and truths. This literary formula is known as poetry. The most important lessons, however, that I learned from him were not in a classroom, but were through Meacham’s and creative writing trips where he connected me to a community of writers who love poetry as much as I do, that I can make relations and correspond with for as many days as I write. Dr. Jackson, I am grateful for the past four years I’ve had with you as a mentor and how ruthless you have been in encouraging me to write.
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PART I
I. INTRODUCTION

Since the emergence of art and language among the human race, there has been the tendency for one to inspire the other. From this, the term ‘ekphrasis’ formed, a word in Greek which means ‘expression’. It is composed from the roots of ‘ek’, out, and ‘phrasis’, speak. Since poets draw from the sensory details of their scenery and surroundings, it makes sense that the genre of ekphrastic poetry emerged as a space where the visual art world can meet the literary. I need to define what constitutes appropriate artwork for an ekphrastic poem. For instance, ekphrastic poetry has been written about pristine and famous sculptures and paintings, so historically they are the oldest sources for ekphrastic poems. Another device used as a source for ekphrastic poems is derived from literature. Poets have often used these poems to describe famous objects from a text, such as how in the eighteenth chapter of *The Iliad*, Homer describes the forging and physical details of the Shield of Achilles in an epic and lyrical fashion. One medium that can be added to the list of subjects for an ekphrastic poem thanks to technological innovations is photography. Thanks to the availability of cameras, a landscape, piece of art, or moment can be captured instantly and later used for an ekphrastic poem. Further, to be the subject of an ekphrastic poem, an image does not even have to be real. Instead the image can be imagined or something that is only present within myth, such as the Shield of Achilles. If it can be observed visually or described contextually, or even if it is only existent inside one’s mind, then it could be possible material for an ekphrastic poem if the scene so moves the writer.
When well-known works of art are used for ekphrastic poetry, people who might have viewed that piece of art one hundred times before can now see it in a new way. Readers of ekphrastic poetry get to experience what the poet did when trying to process that art and how it made such an imposition on their life that they had to write down a poem. This can reveal interesting results when different poets look at the same piece of art and produce radically different poems. Ekphrastic poetry lets the speaker openly speculate about what is happening beneath the skin of the artwork, what is its driving force. While the poet’s conclusions might not be anything that the artist originally intended his or her artwork to say, the result is still a genuine expression and extension of that original art.

One beautiful aspect of ekphrastic poetry is that it is a venue for artists to collaborate with one another to let their work move outside of itself. If the artist and poet are not alive at the same time, ekphrastic poems are a way for poets to keep up a dialogue with the artist. They are keeping that work alive, keeping it relevant. Poets get to continue asking artists questions which can never be answered, not in vain, but so that their readers may ask those questions as well, to pinpoint what they discover when they too see that image. Further, ekphrastic poetry is a genuine form of showing respect to an artist. It is saying, “your expression moved me so much that I have to now go express myself.” It is a way of linking minds through time and space. If the artist is still alive, then there is the possibility that he or she could participate in interactions together, letting images inspire poetry to inspire more images. Probably the best advantage to ekphrastic and poetic conversation is that the artists get to read these responses to see where their artwork took their viewer.
II. EXPLICATION OF SOME FAMOUS EKPHRASTIC POEMS

Following Homer’s suit of describing an ancient artifact, John Keats wrote “Ode on a Grecian Urn” in 1819. Like subject of Homer’s ekphrastic poem, this subject cannot be physically viewed today outside the realm of an artist’s rendering of what the supposed artifact should have looked like according to the poem. There are some museums that have claimed they contain recreations of the urn that inspired Keats’s favorite poem, but the actual urn has not in fact ever been found. This could be because the actual urn was lost, or it could be because Keats was not actually consulting an urn, but rather piecing together the visual components of the urn residing within his imagination.

Keats is successful in getting the reader to visually see the urn in his ekphrastic poem. The importance of a poem accompanying a work of art is that through it, the reader or viewer may learn something more about the piece that it alone could not say. Within a Grecian urn’s landscape, there are bound to be images of gods or humans engaged in everyday activities, unless it is an urn purposefully meant to commemorate a specific battle or hero. Without a famous reference, Keats relies on his power of description so that the reader can imagine this urn. What is important to note about those descriptors is that they are not focused on geographical landscape, the culture, or the time, but rather the different characters of the scene and their emotional conditions. He writes,

“More happy love! more happy, happy love!

For ever warm and still to be enjoy’d,
For ever panting, and for ever young;

All breathing human passion far above”       (Keats)

In this moment, the subjects of the scene and the urn are deliriously happy, and craving more of this happiness, forever. However, just as no season can stay around forever, no man can live that long. By the end of the poem, the speaker encourages the reader to understand that “Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all/ Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.” This is because in this world, suffering is as random as joy. With that truth in mind, Keats prescribes that humans pursue and focus on beauty since it is the only constant assurance in life. It is powerful that Keats places this message on an urn, a vessel meant to hold human remains, a place for a person to place a final declaration of advice they think others should adhere to in life. His ability to convey his message and different metaphors without the presence of an actual physical urn to reference is one testament to the strength of Keats’ ekphrastic poem.

A famous painting for ekphrastic poetry is Pieter Brueghel’s *Landscape with the Fall of Icarus* painted in 1558. This work of art had two poetic responses: one from W.H. Auden in 1940, and the other from William Carlos Williams in 1960. Brueghel’s painting, as shown on the next page, is unique because while it advertises that a famous figure such as Icarus is a character within it, he does not make Icarus the focus of the scene, or even the day, but rather depicts Icarus’ failed attempt as a uneventful moment in time, not even as important as the man sowing his fields in the foreground of the painting. Brueghel is commenting on the vanity of man and how he perceives both his problems and accomplishments to be occurrences worthy of notice in history, when in fact, there are usually too many preoccupations in life for any one man to be the total focus of a city
for any one day. Even Icarus, a now famous mythical figure, was proved to be not as noteworthy as the legend has portrayed his tale to be.
Landscape with the Fall of Icarus, 1558. Pieter Brueghel
The differences Auden’s and Williams’s ekphrastic poems about Brueghel’s painting reflect the different styles of the different poets. Auden’s poem, “Musée des Beaux Arts,” is more lengthy and contains many more descriptors that Williams’s poem, “Landscape with the Fall of Icarus.” That, however, is one aspect of Williams’s style, his tendency to use brief sensory poems to say more than seems possible. Auden provides the reader with more physical components of the scene to show what it would look like for the town to be too concerned with themselves to notice Icarus’s fall. One strength of Auden’s poem arrives at the end when he makes a final comment on that ship in the bay. He notes that the men on the ship witnessed the sight of Icarus’ magnificent fall, but they “had somewhere to get to and sailed calmly on” (Auden). Here Auden is at least giving Icarus some credit that some people were there to witness his failure, his attempt did not go totally unnoticed, but it wasn’t enough of an event to keep a ship from leaving the bay.

Williams’s poem contains a briefer structure than Auden’s, which mirrors the tendency of his style to compose short poems with only the images essential to conveying the message. Williams notes that even though Icarus tried to reach for the sun, the foreground of this landscape is the man plowing his fields. Auden’s conclusion is a bit more lighthearted than Williams’s. Auden focuses on the ship sailing away even here at the end when Icarus obviously needs help in the water, and on how it didn’t have the leisure to stop to aid him. Williams, instead, uses the specific word “drowning” to describe what Icarus is doing in the water. However, Williams doesn’t give him credit forgetting anyone’s attention with his stunt, but rather implies that no one noticed it. So while in Auden’s poem, Icarus had spectators of his failure but no one had time to help,
Williams makes Icarus’s fall completely insignificant to anyone besides Icarus, the one drowning.
The Old Guitarist, Pablo Picasso, 1903
“The Man with the Blue Guitar” was written in 1937 by Wallace Stevens after Pablo Picasso’s 1903 painting, *The Old Guitarist*. Since this painting comes from Picasso’s Blue Period in which he painted a series of paintings using a color palette of emotional blues to depict people in states of solidarity, Stevens’s poem, too, evokes in the reader a sense of loneliness. Stevens opens his poem with the truth that speaker does not possess many outlets to have control of his own life, but rather has to “patch it” as he can. Aside from merely being able to patch up the world for a sense of control, the speaker also has control in how he composes his descriptions of other people. Because the speaker cannot completely understand the complexity of the world, he compensates by patching over the gaps in his knowledge. The point that Stevens reaches at the end of his poem is that while the man with the blue guitar is establishing his sense of control by trying to create what he doesn’t know, he is really only putting a label on how things truly are without trying to understand the essence of how they work. Unlike Auden’s previous poem, this ekphrastic poem is not concerned with establishing a diverse landscape for the reader to understand the implications of the poem, but rather only needs the insights into how this man with the blue guitar views the world opposed to how it really is. So, rather than relying on visual, situational metaphors to convey a message, Stevens needed only the emotional descriptors of how a man attempts to create understanding and control in a world where there are gaps to his knowledge, but by doing so fails to see that he is mislabeling aspects of his life.
Nude Descending a Staircase, Marcel Duchamp, 1912
The final work of art and poem combination that I will be examining is poet X J Kennedy’s poem written after Marcel Duchamp’s 1912 painting, *Nude Descending a Staircase*. This is one of the ekphrastic poems that I found to be most impressive since it is written about such an abstract piece of art. Kennedy has a musical way of writing in which his words seem to lead one another: “Toe after toe, a snowing flesh/…she sifts in sunlight down the stairs/ with nothing on. Nor on her mind.” Here, Kennedy beautifully transitions from the woman’s physical state to her mental, and how to him, they seem to coincide. The movement in this poem does not follow merely the scene as in Auden’s, or the emotions as in Stevens’s, but examines how this woman’s physical transition down the stairs seems to describe her state in life. To go along with the abstract painting, Kennedy has the woman engaging in physical transitions to illustrate how fluid her existence is: “her lips imprint the swinging air/ that parts to let her parts go by.” (Kennedy) This movement down the stairs that the painting conveys is the entire scene of Kennedy’s poem, one woman walking down a staircase. However, he finds a way to make this woman appear to be carefree when at the top, by asserting that she has nothing on her mind and further that the air seems to support her weightlessness by parting to let her pass by. At the end of the poem, the woman’s image catches back up to her as she pauses on the final stair, which almost seems like Kennedy is giving time for the movement in Duchamp’s painting to catch up with the poem. This is one example of ekphrastic poetry where I wasn’t sure what the painting meant or was trying to say before I read Kennedy’s poem, but after reading it, even if Kennedy’s conclusion is not one that Duchamp intended, it led me to see and understand his painting in a fresh, new way.
PART II

I. MY NON-EKPHRASTIC POETRY
VETERANS DAY IN CHATTANOOGA CONFEDERATE CEMETERY

Battlefields of wildflowers
and our great grandfathers’ bones.

We climb on their headstones
withered down from snow and rain,
the engraved names no longer visible,
like the brand name on a used soap bar.

Over a hundred bodies were buried
originally in a plot by the river, but when
strong rains came they were taken
down stream. The company was made up
of men from the same simple hometown,
who spent the summer nights of their youths
in small boats on a dark river with
a single candle in the middle, using
the light to lure in their fish.

Now they rest in a plot at the north side
of this cemetery, with a pavilion and
a picnic table to commemorate their place.

We squint at smudged markers,
stomp on the ant mounds
and press our ears to the ground.
You smile. I don’t know what you think you’ve found down there, but I can
tell who are, with your stubborn
face, wide palms and cheekbones.
I can’t tell you who your grandparents
imagined you would be, maybe
they figured everyone in your family
would be farmers until the day
the sun burns out. I can tell you,
they knew with certainty, that when
darkness comes, they can expect
a light to be on the river, to guide
their souls as they swim to shore.
CRAFTSMEN

If you want to know
what a carpenter knows
then you have to learn the
language of the trees,
which songs their rings sing
that make his rocking chairs
sway to and fro.
If you want to know
what the chef in the kitchen knows
then you have to know
which poems the vegetables
in the garden recite within their leaves,
which words make them want to grow.
If you want to know
how the writer in his study knows
the secrets of how the world
works and doesn’t, then you
have to know, what tree he looks at
everyday trying to understand
change, which bean of coffee he grinds
up as he slaves away his soul
for rhymes, for reason, the elements

he draws from when he’s looking to know.
RUNNING SO FAST YOU CAN’T SEE WHERE YOU’RE HEADED

Deep into the night, your cries for help
pull me from dreaming, you keep asking for
someone to find you. You legs are tangled like
you’ve been fighting with the sheets, your back
is wet with sweat. I attempt to soothe you,
but you mumble about wolves stalking you
through dark woods. I cradle you, curious
I ask you, “They don’t try to strike?”
“No,” you say, “they’re the patient type,
they wait for me to tire myself out,
running from them.” That’s brilliant,
I think, but I don’t say so, instead I
imagine your fleeing rabbit feet, and keep
blowing cool air on the back of your neck,
encouraging you to keep running.
But to where? You tell me you don’t know
the way out of the trees and you think
the wolves are tricking you into fleeing
farther into the unknown, into their den,
they’re getting you to run to them.
Brilliant, I think again, and my mind
drifts from comforting you to herding
you, wise yellow eyes begin to hunt
their closest love under a yellow moon.
FUNERAL FIT FOR A NORSE GOD

My father told me he wants to be buried in a cigar box
and wrapped in a human size tobacco shell.
He then insists on a Viking funeral
where a flaming arrow is shot at his corpse
and the whole community gathers for his ascent
into Valhalla. There should be
barrels of ale then, he said, and a giant toast
when the arrow is released. My father
doesn’t drink beer or smoke tobacco,
so I only could commend my father for how
even in his death, he was thinking about
the happiness of others as he insisted I should
pass around cigars as well, so everyone
can light up as his body burns.
To conclude, he calls for a giant feast
to be held as his body, aflame, drifts away.
A feast, he made, the previous day
along with fifty plain vanilla cakes
for everyone to gather annually to eat
to commemorate the god they only briefly knew.
WHEN TRADITION AND FATE CHOOSE YOU

The time for praying has come,
but first there must be some sacrifice
of body, of dignity, of romance
to end my drought now that the lands
are bare, the rivers have dried,
and my womb is empty.

Time to sacrifice my best cow,
because she had no problem bearing
her calf, my favorite hen because her eggs
are the tastiest, my own mother
because she had no problem conceiving me.

Time for gathering the trinkets of
every culture’s fertility goddesses
to surround myself with
spill my blood upon, mumble to
about how badly I want this,
I need this, squeeze my eyes
as tight as I can until I can will myself
to not be alone in my own body.

I worry, that even if I were to finally
have a child, that the village priest
would notice him, and thinking
he must be a god, declare that
my son is meant to be a sacrifice
for the gods. “Before the sun’s spring
can bring growth to the starving mountain,
this child must first be thrown off
the cliffs by the sacred pool.”
I would never wish death upon
my neighbors, but what about
this miracle of my own flesh and blood?
I will be forced to watch as he is tossed
into these silent waters of tradition, sinks
to the bottom for his soul to be
recycled into rain to feed the world.
I will be left, with plenty of food and
figurines of goddesses representing women
who were better mothers than me,
unable to try again, I will be stuck,
forced to watch the nearby mountain grow.
II. MY EKPHRASTIC POETRY
Alcatraz Island, California. Lacy Snapp 2014
We built a home on Alcatraz, together.

Tried to ignore the building full of criminals,
murderers just next door, and raise our children
on a windy island in the bay. I have dinner ready
for us at seven, but you are often late,
off dealing with a confrontation on the prison’s
baseball field, a man was stabbed with
a fork confiscated during their previous meal.
He was in the dusty outfield, refused to let
Big Al sub in, that was the last thing he
ever did, other than letting a seagull carry his
soul away into the receding fog.
That seagull visits our kitchen window
every morning, before the kids take off for
the schoolhouse, a building just past
the morgue in which they can cultivate
their dreams of being someone someday,
being somewhere other than this
stagnant island. The bird makes a nest
on our ledge, tucks his beak behind one
of his wings to sleep for the night, and hopes
that his home is not blown away by the winds coming from San Francisco, hopes it can last long enough to endure the island’s prime period of existence. As he sleeps, ivy grows over his nest, over his back and the bumps of the eggs nestled beside him, and feels like he has developed a treasure here in the unsightly overgrowth that for him, is an opportunity of island paradise.
Alcatraz Island Prison Yard Baseball Field. Lacy Snapp 2014
A Family in a Fountain, Lisbon, Portugal. Lacy Snapp 2013
WITH RED NOSES LIKE CLOWNS

What a perfect, chiseled family.
Doves bless their union as
a father and a mother, equally
doting on their firstborn,
framing their life around him.
They bow on their knees
to make his cheeks rosy, Joseph
cradles him with his defined
carpenter’s arms and promises
protection, and that one day,
he will amount to more
than his father, whoever he may be.
They will challenge him.
They will not lie to him,
not spin reality so it seems
more optimistic than it is,
instill in him from a young age that
fame is not realistic, his chances
of becoming a professional athlete
are not a reasonable in today’s age.
Perhaps an accountant,
they will tell him, there is a need
currently for tax collectors.

He will instead try to be an individual.

Make a name for himself as a movie star, because he wants his name to be the one on everyone’s lips, he wants to show everyone from his hometown who gossiped about his mom when she got pregnant at such a young age that they couldn’t see the miracle that had just occurred.

He will want to venture beyond what is conceivable, despite his parent’s desires. But his dreams sound instead like jokes to his parents, who know the world and how it works. They will tell him he cannot change the entire system, no one person can, unless you’re king, nobly born, a crown upon your head.
Saguaro National Park, Tucson Arizona. Lacy Snapp 2014
WHAT EXACTLY DEFINES A VICTORY?

A nine spoke wheel rests,
imprinted on a rock face outside of
Tucson. Another rests beside it.
From here these eyes have watched
all colors of men fight for land
and rights. The outcome was always
suffering. Blood spilt at the base of
Saguaro cacti which have been
sweetering from the heat, dying
for a drink for decades. Each of the
black-eyed Susans saw everything, too.
And would bend themselves down to kiss
the earth, for each fallen man and
for every soul returned. Whether
white man or native, they now lie
together, in a state of psychic unity.
But humanity’s wars are not all
that these eyes have seen. Their first
sight witnessed a single man with intention,
one that let the effort from his back
carve artwork onto stone rather than
upon his brother. His victory can still be seen. Initially by his own people, who came long after him and although they could not physically see him, they viewed straight into his soul.

Now tourists, fat men with large cameras and students with iPhones can still know him, through petroglyphs, peaceful silent symbols that mark his soul’s presence in time, a statement that has never needed a war cry or bloodbath to be liberated.
Rainbow Lake, Chattanooga Tennessee. Lacy Snapp 2015
LOSING LUMINOSITY

You will harden as you stray away from light
crawl to the outer edges of what you can see,
can comprehend. You teeter. Between the warm
comfort of knowing, and being patient enough
to let your eyes adjust to the night. Here,
there is mystery. There are endless wooded paths
to carve. Beware growing too comfortable with
this unfamiliar place, the longer your face
is exposed to the darkness, the more violently
it reacts to the light. I lit some candles for you
before you adventured away. I stand here
as a beacon for you, my love now expressed as
a flame. I worry you’ll be too wild now
to reenter the limits of my beckoning glow, and
I’ll have to go after you, violently search like how
when hot wax begins to flow, it seeks out a slope.
I’m not sure how far I can venture for you. How long
I can stray from my candle’s fire before I too am lost.
Blue Nude, Pablo Picasso, 1902
He is in love with the loneliness of the sea, and she, with loving someone adrift in it.

He plays his guitar on a bar stool like he’s sitting atop a crow’s nest, and sings of how his heart expands like the ocean and laps at foreign shores, but is never satisfied.

She longs to fill him up, with sea creatures, with seaweed, with currents. Her movement from his surface to his depths. She longs to be a giant squid residing within his most unknown caverns, so just when he thinks no one could understand the tremendous weight he bears, she can let him know, she does, she’s felt every grain of salt he’s ever carried. He doesn’t notice how she has always swam beneath him, he’s been too distracted by the cycle of a far off lighthouse, the flux of how it calls to him, then shies its face away.

She wants to be both that stable and
inconsistent for him. A flicker to guide him
back from his solitude sea, back to reality,
but ultimately she can never really be
with anyone for too long. When ships
sail towards her lighthouse, they always
crash into the cliff of how she really
only loves the idea of loving someone,
of saving them from those moments
where they feel colder than the darkest,
deepest part of the ocean, even though
she doesn’t contain enough heat or consistent
light within herself to warm them back up.
EXPLICATION OF
MY EKPHRASTIC DEVELOPMENT

My poetry benefited from the visual stimulant that comes with ekphrastic writing. During times when I would normally begin to feel stuck when writing a non-ekphrastic poem, I was able to let my eyes refer back to the picture to see what images were just beyond that focal interest point, and how they could possibly develop my idea further, rather than feeling stifled by my writing environment if I wasn’t sitting in a desert in Tucson, or by a fountain in Portugal. This was a further way I could incorporate my photography into my writing. Maybe old pictures of buildings from when Alcatraz was active wouldn’t be the right trigger to write “Dreams Overrun with Ivy” because I needed that image of a building, one full of purpose and promise, now taken over by overgrowth, to understand the conundrum of wanting to raise one’s children on an island meant for housing the worst of criminals. Or with “With Red Noses Like Clowns,” perhaps when the sculpture was built, the faces of its subjects were meant to be complete and perfect like the rest of the scene depicted in the sculpture. If the sculpture was recorded in that moment as being the final and only version of this piece of art, then future generations would not get to know and perceive it as I do now. It took someone defacing the sculpture, and me recording the picture, for this adaptation to come together to generate my poem. Thus, the modern importance of the photographer, the individual, to capture their life as they live it is essential so that they can reflect back on those moments which
serve as a record of the art’s state in that specific time, especially when the fate of a piece of art can never be ensured.

One difference between my ekphrastic poetry and my poetry that is not derived from a specific piece of art is that the reader can probably tell that in one, I am letting my imagination or emotions lead the progression of my poem while in the other, I am letting the image drive my thoughts. As I mentioned above, in a non-ekphrastic poem I often reach stopping points where I wonder where the poem is going to take me next, and have to backtrack to see where the already established images or feelings can propel me. This especially happens if I am not in a beautiful, exotic place when trying to write and instead have to mentally call upon those details, either created or from experience. With ekphrastic poetry, I can let the entire scene drive me. I am able to pull up that tourist snapshot I took while visiting Saguaro National Park so I can recall what exactly that petroglyph looked like. Further, little details that I might not have initially picked up on, I can investigate later. For example, with “What Exactly Defines a Victory,” it wasn’t until a year after the trip, when I decided to try to write a poem about the picture, that I decided to go back and try to figure out what type of flower the yellow ones in the background are, that I found out they are called Black-Eyed Susans, a coincidence that seemed almost fated considering my conclusion that the petroglyphs remind me of the eyes of the earth.

Before starting to write ekphrastic poetry through this project, I often felt a little lost when intentionally trying to sit down and write unless I was being driven by a very specific memory, occurrence, emotion, or concept. Thankfully, there is an endless amount of art in today’s time to examine and draw from. In times when I don’t know
what to write, I can now let someone else’s artistic expression drive and inspire me to make one of my own. I can take notes from poets like X J Kennedy and let my poetic interpretation of a piece of art help me to divulge its meaning. Through this medium, I am able to converse with artists from different times and cultures by feeling and seeing what they do. When I respond to them, I am artistically supporting their own creation, and perhaps, as with Williams and Auden, there will be others who respond to the same pieces of art that I do. That way, there will be more examples of how each individual has a unique perception, and can see one image but reach two radically different conclusions. Further, as in the case of Metka Krašovec, the artist wife of the famous poet Tomaz Salamun, perhaps there will continue to be artists who respond to poetry. Krašovec takes lines of poems from poets such as Emily Dickinson and creates visual art depending on how those move her. When artists begin to correspond with one another through diverse medias, they are able to integrate multiple sensory aspects that enable an attempt to explain or understand existence.
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