

honorable mention, poetry

One Art Historian's Lament

by Kristi Kneedler

-My contribution to all the fellow blind art lovers.

So many colors fragment

Into a painted scene.

Tempera blizzards bubble

Across a wide expanse

Of freshly spread out canvas with its cloudy sheen.

Ionian temples lingered

On the plains of ancient Greece,

Their flowered volutes dancing

To thank the olive vine

For comfort during days of little peace.

Cathedrals stand transfigured

Through Western Europe's grief

Into a holy shelter

Of Roman heritage

Their painted windows weeping for Saint Augustine.

A baroquian angel sitting

Amid pearly mystery

Exalts the ornament

Of Holland's purity

To prove God's beauty difficult to see.

Dancers by Degas

Parade before one's gaze
ontesTiny brush strokes flicker
Across their tiny forms
A plethora of colors make these girls their stage.
The writer sits distorted
In Picasso's gilded frame,
The cubist's brave supporter.
She labors patiently
To make life's turning road seem somewhat tame.
But all these things are lost
For one who cannot see.
With dreams my only friend
What good is lingering
On picture questions absent from reality?
Philosophy says that color
Could be a cold illusion
If that were so, I'd mourn
The loss of artistry
I love the paint without perceiving its flow.
And so it seems my soul
Will far exceed my head
In praising painted portraits
I will not analyze
But favor fantasy and poetry instead.