

Art Tales

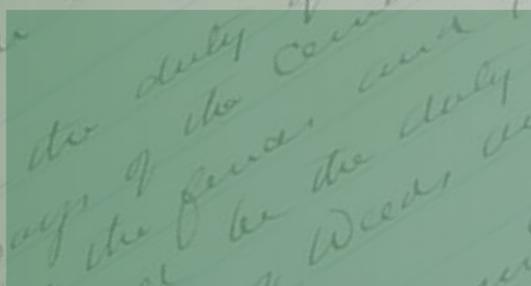
About the Contest

Beginning in 2008 the City of Ventura, in partnership with E.P. Foster Library, has sponsored “Art Tales,” a creative contest for local writers inviting them to submit an original short story or poem inspired by selected works from the Municipal Art collection on exhibit at the Library.

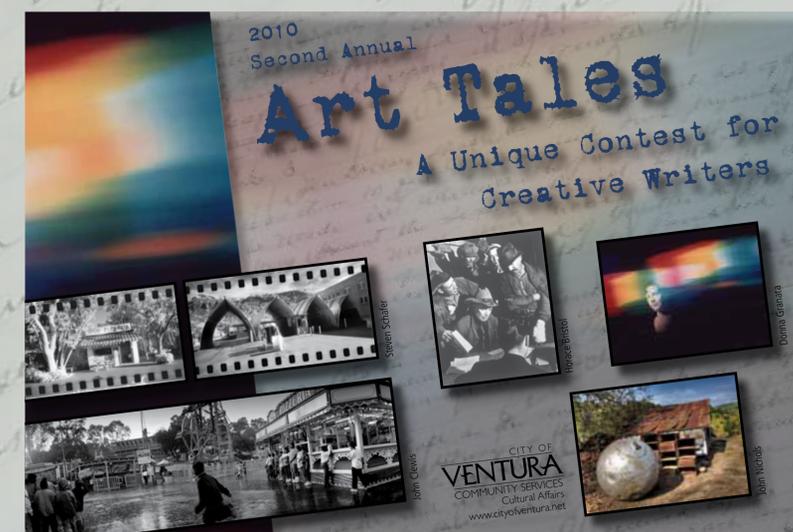
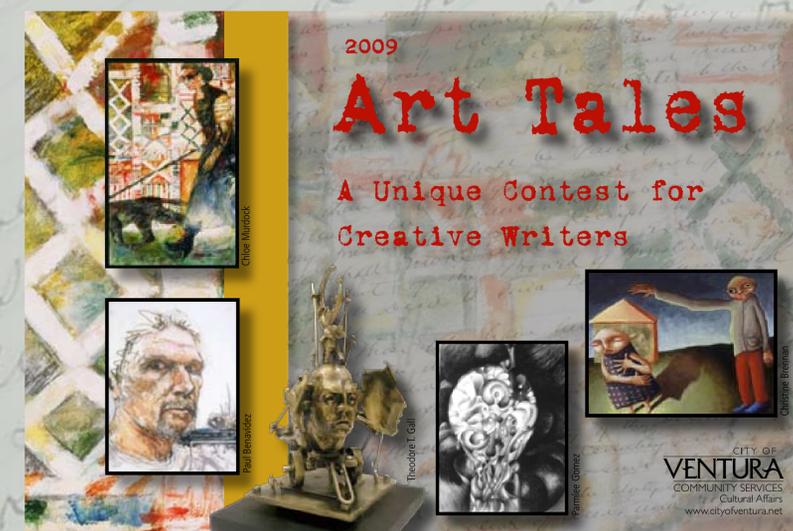
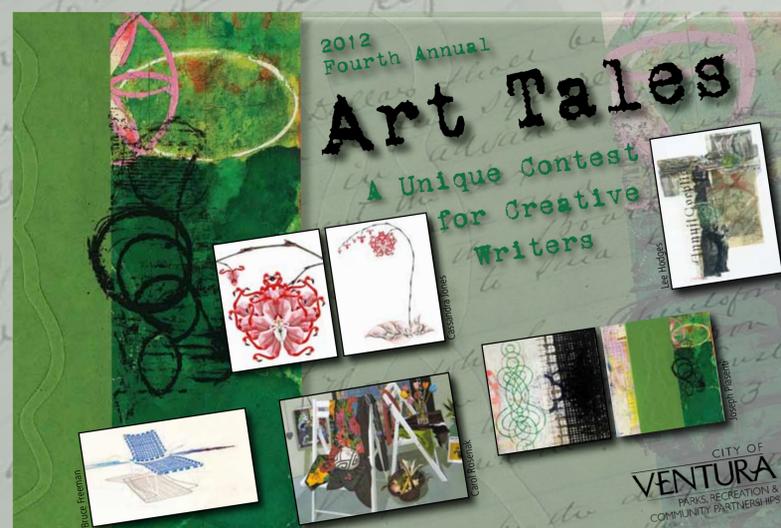
In the contest writers are asked to interpret an artwork broadly using a technique called *ekphrasis*. This method, which literally allows one work of art to inspire another, has been in practice for over 2,500 years, giving a fresh “voice” to art and offering a unique and symbiotic exchange between two creative and inspired minds.

Using this method, for example, a writer today could compose a poem or story that interprets the enigmatic smile on the *Mona Lisa*, painted more than 500 years ago.

Winners over the past three years have risen effectively to this challenge, producing some extraordinary literary responses, including these six prize-winning works from the 2011 contest.



Art Tales 2012 Entry Information



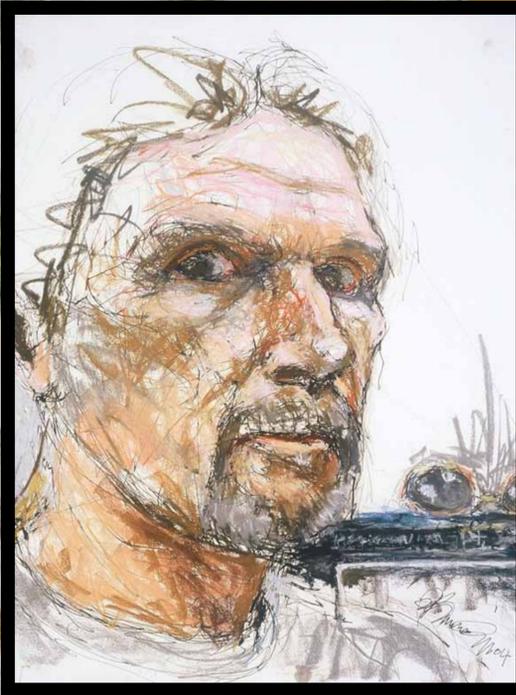
2009

Art Tales

A Unique Contest for Creative Writers



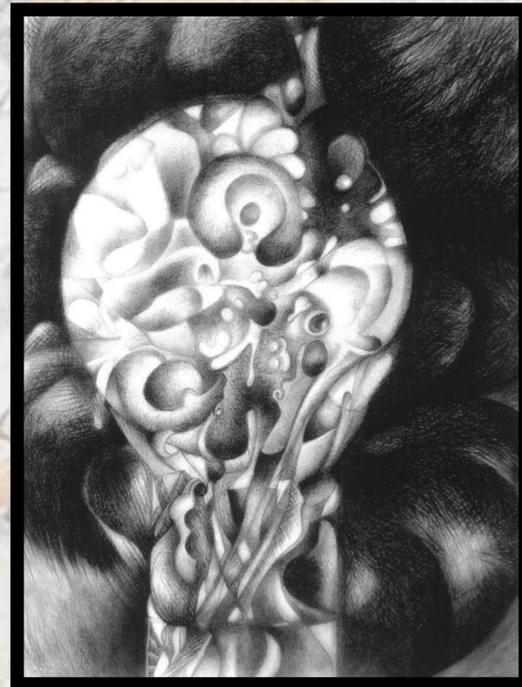
Chloe Murdock



Paul Benavidez



Theodore T. Gall



Parmlee Gomez



Christine Brennan

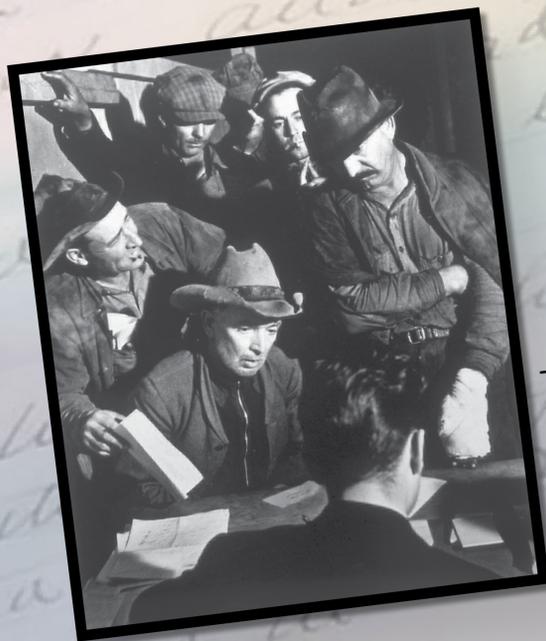
2010
Second Annual

Art Tales

A Unique Contest for
Creative Writers



Steven Schafer



Horace Bristol



Donna Granata



John C. Lewis

CITY OF
VENTURA

COMMUNITY SERVICES
Cultural Affairs

www.cityofventura.net



John Nichols

2011
Third Annual

Art Tales

A Unique Contest for
Creative Writers



Duane Simshauser



Hanna Lore Hombordy



Geri Johnson-McMillin



Duane Simshauser



Connie Jenkins

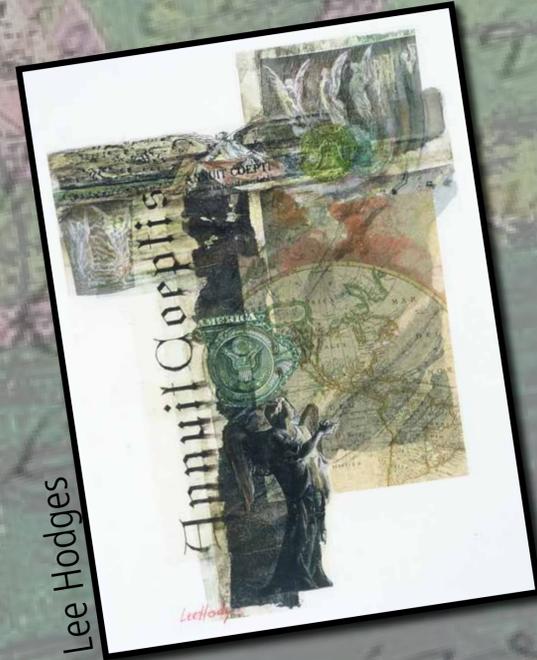


Jack Farquhar Halbert

2012
Fourth Annual

Art Tales

A Unique Contest
for Creative
Writers



Lee Hodges



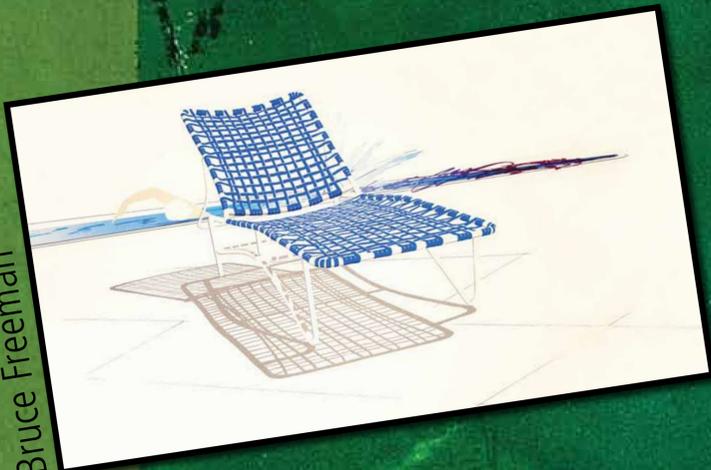
Cassandra Jones



Joseph Piasenti



Carol Rosenak



Bruce Freeman

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COMMUNITY PARTNERSHIPS

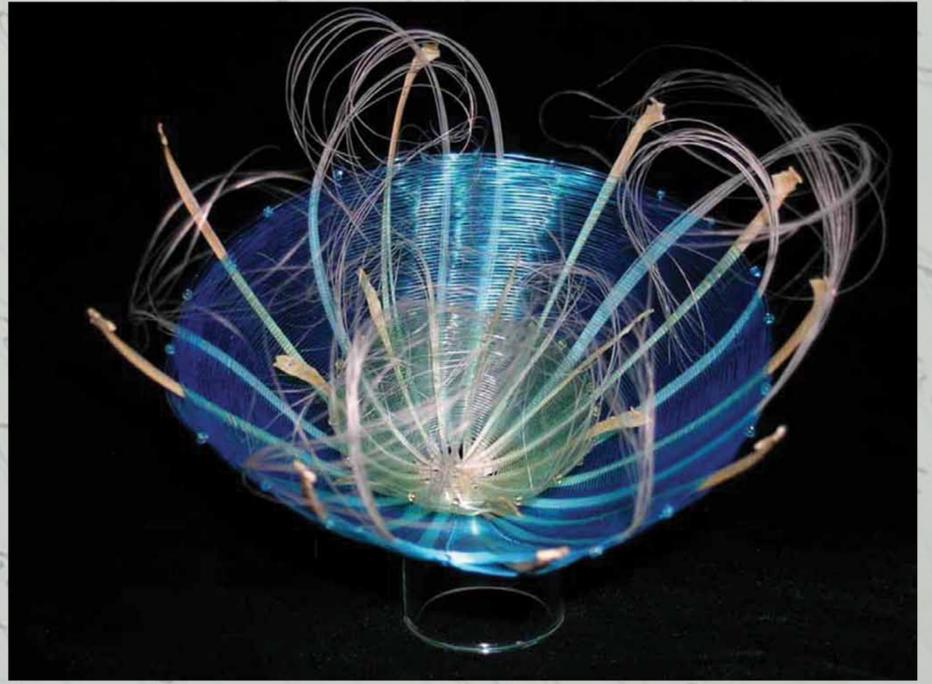
Art Tales 2011

First Place

Youth Poetry

Beaded Glory

By Sophia Dufau



Wire Reflecting,
Twine so tight.
Gone are the fish
that once held the light.

Green is the center,
Aqua surrounds.
People are wandering
throughout the grounds.

I wish I could touch it.
It seems so far.
Plastic is covering,
Slightly ajar.

People surrounding
soon are gone.
I am the last.
Second to none.

Walking away slowly,
Longing to stay.
But I'll come back,
again someday.

Inspired by "Caribbean Sun & Giant Green Anemone"
by Gerri Johnson-McMillin

Art Tales 2011

Honorable Mention

Youth Poetry



The End of the Rainbow

By Alexis Kost

the dark sky
shining star
fields of corn
a vase of love
the eye of gold
the clock is ringing
from side to side
a fresh orange smell
the green color of grass
the blue color of sky
an egg going to hatch
the red of the sun
the blue of waves
paths for walks
a window for a house

Inspired by "End of the Rainbow" by Hanna Lore Hombordy

Art Tales 2011

Third Place
Youth Poetry

My Pond

By Annie Castaneda



I am a rock,
The biggest of all the rocks.
I love my pond,
But I would like to be in different spots.
Maybe at the bottom of the ocean,
Where I will look up
And see shark and fish
And many other sea creatures,
Beautiful, interesting ocean
But I can't even if I was able to.
I must take care of leaves, smaller rocks, or even
The reflection that comes on the puddle.
I am not naïve but very strict.
I am grateful for this.
Beautiful and quenching pond that I love so,
I am in charge of everything,
Even the leaves.
There is a nearby mountain,
This puddle used to be just dirt,
Plain dirt and water
Then a fool walked by and yelled and screamed and clapped,
Then he ran.
I had no idea why,
But then I realized I was a part of an avalanche.
I fell with the crowd and splashed into this quenching pond
And to this day I'm still here, waiting for a change.
Maybe someone will pick me up,
Take me home,
And put me in a pile with a bunch of decorative rocks.
Then take me to the beach,
Leave me there,
And the waves will take me away.
And my dream will come true
And see many creatures, but I am still here
Just waiting for something to happen,
Just waiting in my pond.

Inspired by "October: Waiting for El Niño" by Connie Jenkins

Art Tales 2011

Honorable Mention

Adult Poetry



Crow and I Search the Harbor

By Tim Pompey

Black feathered vagrant
grips his talons on a glass ledge.

Both our eyes skim the air
like psychics reading tea leaves.

His robe a solemn shield,
my shirt and hat wind-blown.

Where to go from here?
Bird and human joined in quest.

Toward this end we fly, but I
with rising fear like waters to my neck.

One to another, journeyed by fate,
we both sit still and wait.

Inspired by "Raven Reflecting" by Duane Simshauser

Art Tales 2011

Second Place

Adult Poetry

Four Seasons

By Kimbrough Ernest



Spring

She was in need of a good, hard rain,
one that would wash away this stubborn
hesitation
and get the calla lilies to bloom.

What she got was this decadent wind,
wind that stirred things up,
blew the dead fronds off the palms,
and put a wild look in her eyes.

She left the letter under a glass
so it wouldn't blow away,
and held the door so it didn't slam behind
her.

She knew she was going to disappoint
someone,
but it wouldn't be herself.

Summer

Remember, there was that camping trip
on Lake Evelyn, in the Trinity Alps Wilderness,
our one and only backpacking excursion,
Tarzan and Jane with a French press.

We sat on the flat stones beside the clear
fiercely cold water for hours,
so still the deer came down to watch us.
And when darkness fell, everything tasted so
good.

Someone told us that we hadn't actually
made it
to Lake Evelyn, but were on the lake
next to it--
but that's not how we remember it.
It will always be Lake Evelyn to us.

Fall

All eyes turn,
eager with anticipation,
as she sweeps in
late to the party,
brilliant with possibility.

Too soon,
they have had enough.
She hints at more
than she can deliver,
laughs too loud,
and doesn't know
when to leave.

Back home, alone,
she drops her bright garments
before the mirror,
humbly
reminded
that she is not
evergreen.

Winter

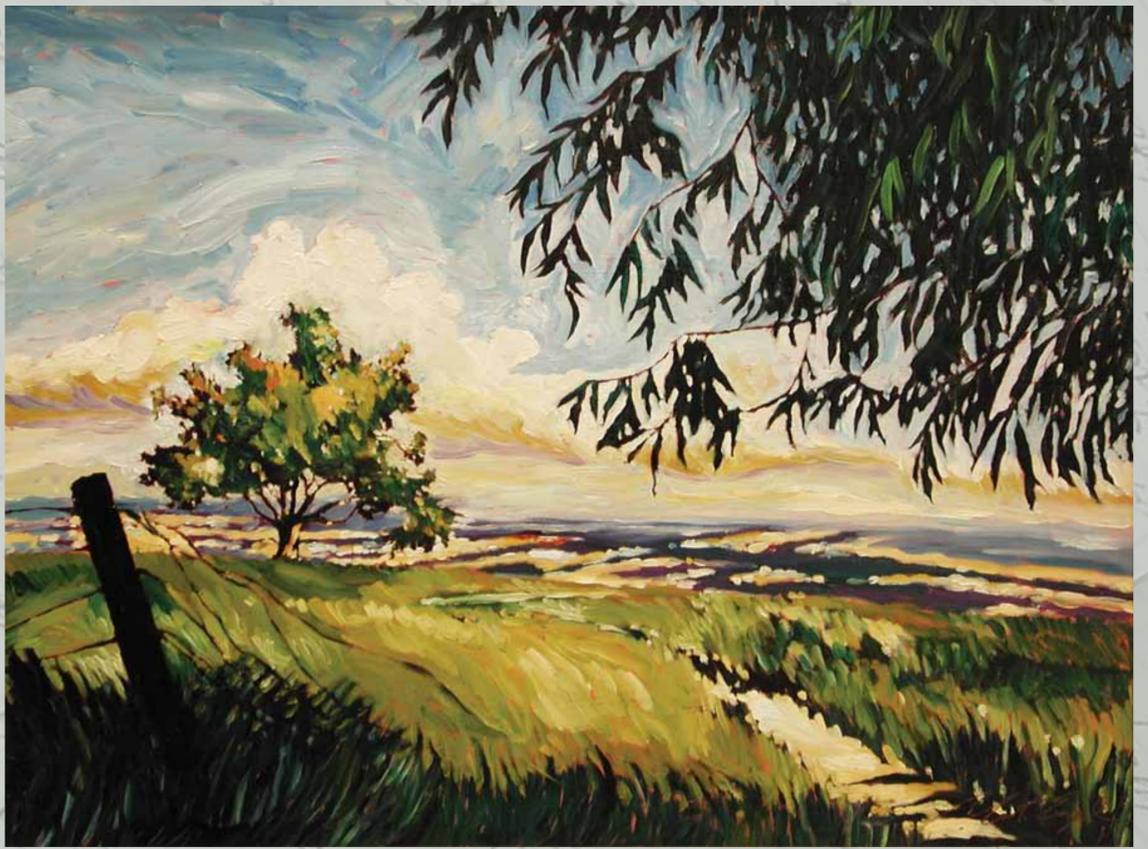
It was the season of blizzards,
and funerals.
Those of us left to mourn
watched the snow tumble about
like restless souls
beyond the frosted panes.
We gathered to hold each other close,
to look for signs,
and offer up a silent prayer:
more time, more time.

Inspired by "Four Seasons" by Jack Farquhar Halbert

Art Tales 2011

Honorable Mention

Adult Poetry



Here

By Consuelo Castaneda

Shush shush shush
The twin trees say to me
The world is quiet here.
Here-
in this moment-
is where I stand.
(on solid earth that pulses with life)
Crisp whispers of wind fan across my face.
It is here
that I understand with clarity all I could not see previously.
Here,
I am statuesque and infinite.
Life courses through my veins, my soul ignites.
Across the landscape the ocean's faraway cerulean merges
with ochre skies:
a world both separate and nigh.

Inspired by "From Two Trees" by Robert Engel