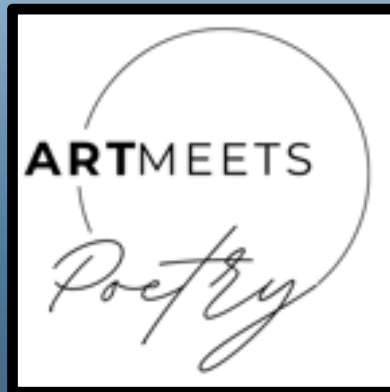


Art Meets Poetry 2025

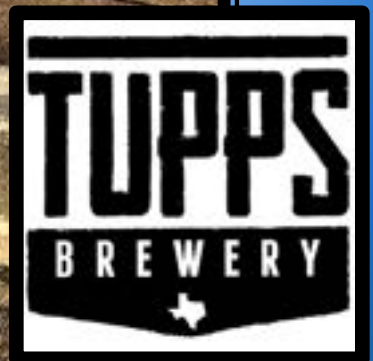
A Collaboration Between Artists and Poets
Presented by the Mockingbird Poetry Society
and the Art Club of McKinney



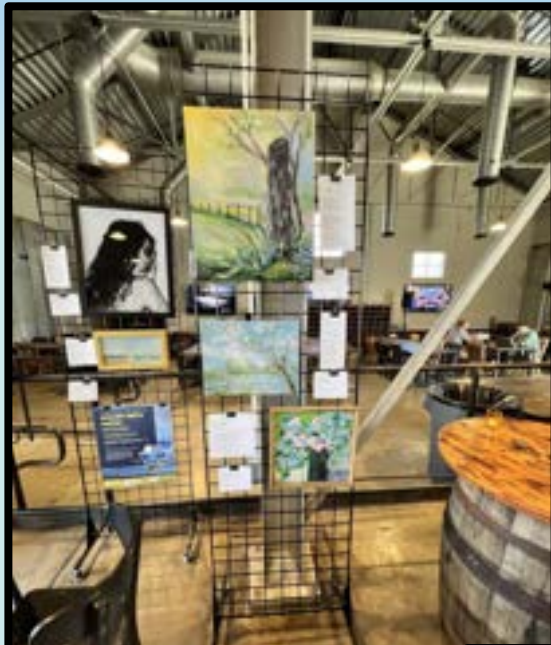
Opening Night



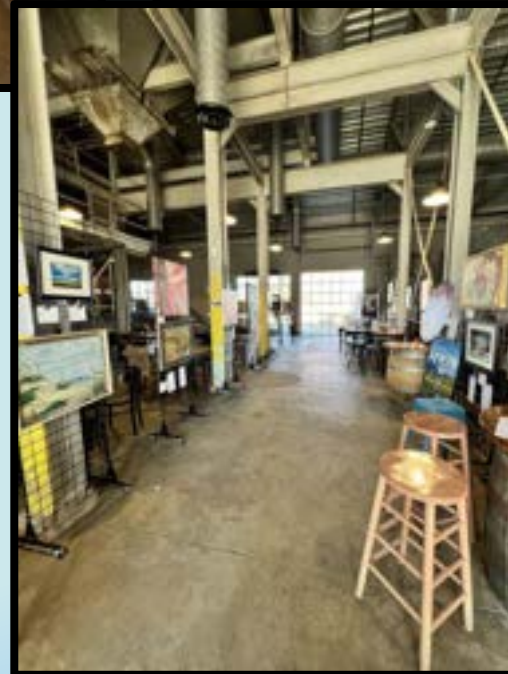
January 31, 2025



McKinney, Texas



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ARTMEETS

Poetry

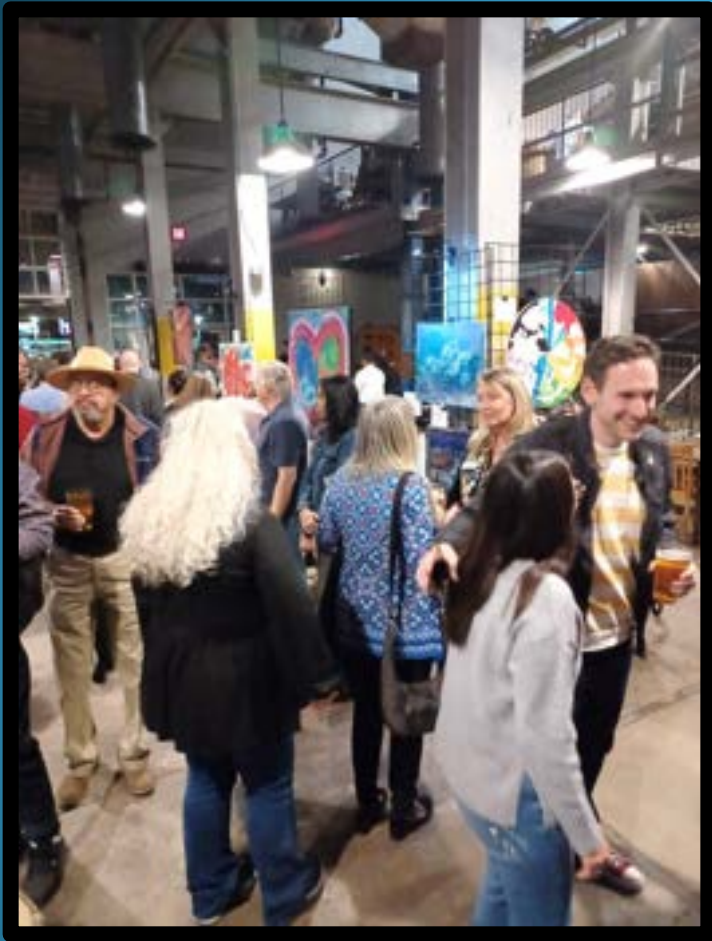


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Art Meets Poetry







Art
Meets
Poetry



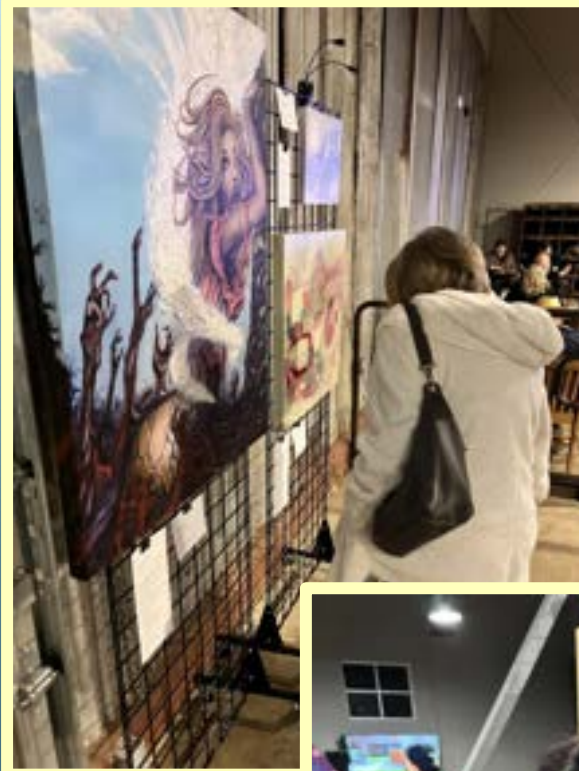
Poetry
Meets
Art















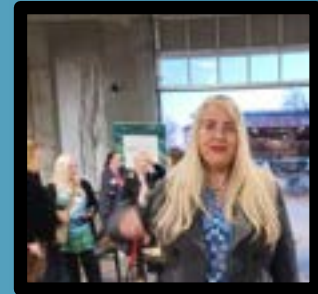








Voting for the
People's Choice Award!







Saturday, February 1st 2025



Art and Poetry Showcase

Heard Craig Center for the Arts - Carriage House





A Beautiful Day in McKinney, Texas!







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ART
INSPIRED BY
POETRY

The Art

Mind in Motion

By Anjali Golwala

Alcohol Ink and Graphite
On Yupo Paper
9" x 12"



Inspiration:

“Reassurance”

By Kavya Baburaj



The Poem



"Reassurance"

By Kavya Baburaj

I know it feels like the darkness has settled,
your choices shrinking, like stars
blinking out, one by one.
Every door closing—softly,
yet loud enough to echo in your bones.

The mirror becomes your cruelest foe,
its reflection a stranger,
a shadow of someone you once knew.
You fall, you rise, you fall again,
and it feels like this spiral
has no end, only sorrow.

But, my love, the universe has seen your tears,
has memorized the weight of your ache.
It cradles your pain in the hollow of its hands,
just as tenderly as you hold it close.

The Art

Embracing Life

By Anjali Pai

Pastel

12" x 16"



Inspiration: "**A girl child, NO less!**" By Neeta Nayak

The Poem

"A girl child, NO less!"

By Neeta Nayak



You saw me as no less
We talked for hours and planned strategy
Kindergarten through high school.

You applauded when I wrote a verse, your praise never fake
You were ambitious for me; you never ever went easy,
Even when going easy on me, may have been easier for you!

Married off at 15... You wanted education but you got babies
You wanted so badly to be a physician,
Instead your life was spent in the kitchen.

Only once were you furious with me,
When I said I'm sick of school at age FIVE, you scolded—
"Young lady, buckle up, your journey is just beginning."

Born in India at a time when a girl had little value,
I overheard your friends say with condescension,
What....your son has no sons? You scoffed in their faces
And said "my girl will make me proud".

You suffered in your life- a teen wife, mother
Young widow you were, passed from father to husband to son.
You had the biggest smile—it was armor against the world,

Being nice is not a weakness you proved,
Learn everything you can about this universe, you advised
Miss not an opportunity to grow, you emphasized.

I hugged you one last time
20 years ago this year as you breathed your last
My sweet grandmother, my soul friend.
A "girl" you were, born in the 1920's,

Always a lesser human being
But thanks to your confidence I'm a woman....no less.....

The Art

Botanical Balance

By Trina Harlow

Oil Over Acrylic
on Wood Block
16" x 20"



Inspiration: "Equinox – Balance" by Alice Parker

The Poem

“Equinox – Balance”

By Alice Parker



Each Equinox brings Balance with each change. Times - places in the past, I've seen the soft, slowly changing of leaves into mellow yellows, bursting golds and even flaming reds and purple. Paints artists dream to create.

Then other places, the seemingly-sad leaves, simply turn brown, blown to the ground, to crunch under feet and other weighty things. Yet, we know and they know, the buds will again come, popping-through another change.

As Spring Equinox beams us all in a glorious green, like we think we've never seen before. But Nature's colors again envied, with imaginative pinks, blues, glorious red, and varieties of lavender to bathe in.

We too, can learn to Balance our lives from all of Mother Nature's growth and changes. Handling the challenges weather to Her, our life's ups and downs, as each tree and bush gets stronger, so can we, also.

All God's creations have a personal energy vibration, a frequency. Which for us humans, we can control to stay positive . Your vibration, your divine signature. Like no other in the whole Universe, but You, alone!

It's a culmination of every life you've lived, every essence, thought and action had. Your energy even surrounds and permeates, every cell in your body. Your soul uniquely balanced, as you've chosen.

The Art

Roots of Gratitude

By Esther L. Jones

Stoneware

16" x 20"



Inspiration: "Roots" by Nancy Gilbert

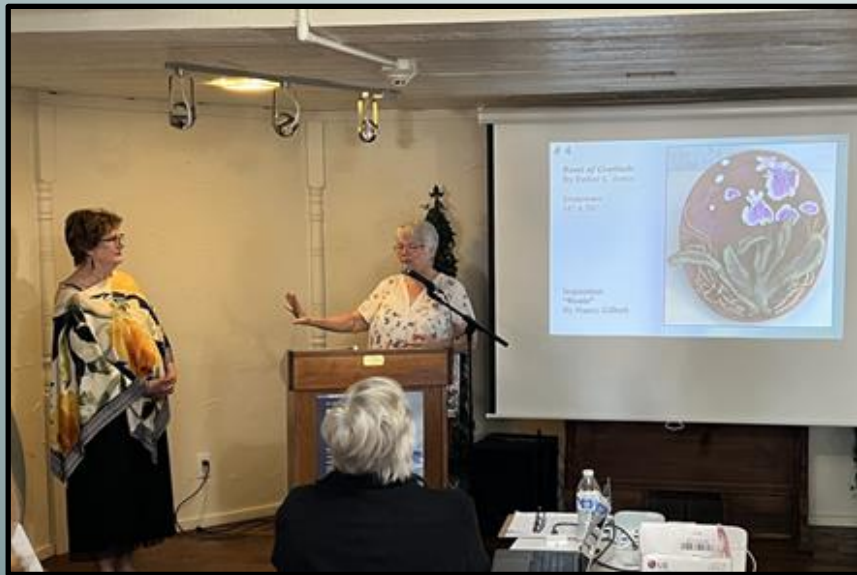
The Poem



“Roots”

By Nancy Gilbert

The women are tall and in full bloom.
They wear deep purple and bright whites,
Just as the orchids do.
Below the magnificent colors is the dirt.
The ugly things like bugs and roots,
Hidden so beauty can live.
Every beautiful, delicate orchid
Has its roots to thank.



Memories and Shadows
By Melinda Whitten

Mixed Media
15" x 22"



The Art



Inspiration: "My Love for My Departed Dear Remains" by A.J. Chilson

"My Love for My Departed Dear Remains"

By A.J. Chilson

The Poem



Whether the weather is clear and perfect,
Or if the weather is dreary with rain,
Or if snowflakes fall down from all over,
My love for my departed dear remains.

No matter where I am or what I do,
Be it to see a friend or watch the train,
Or shop or sing karaoke for fun,
My love for my departed dear remains.

As I eat whatever is before me,
Trying like I do to erase the pain,
As if pleasure food was medication,
My love for my departed dear remains.

When I watch the news on television,
To find that everything has gone insane,
It reminds me of how my life once was,
My love for my departed dear remains.

As I lay down in bed at night, I hug
A pillow and allow my thoughts to wane,
Then dream myself deep into next morning,
My love for my departed dear remains.

Morning Hope
By Cortney Baker
Mixed Media
36" x 24"



The Art



Inspiration: “**Sea Glass**” by Barry Rynk

The Poem

"Sea Glass"

By Barry Rynk



Open your eyes in a VW camper with only a band of orange and gold brushed across the horizon.

The sea's calm as glass on a Malibu beach. Tiny waves send ripples onto the sandy shore. It's still too dark to see but the sea always makes herself known.

You're cold and you close the jalousie windows, step out of a sleeping bag, light up the Coleman. Slide open the bus door under a wide awning.

Soon, a coffee pot begins percolating a happy show tune. You plop into a canvas beach chair. Zip up a warm Polartec jacket you've owned forever.

A gull stands like a sentry a few yards away, just below the kelp line, casting a soft, gray shadow. She's your only companion in the early dawn.

Groaning and feeling sorry for yourself, you say aloud: *How lonely is the night?* You wonder how long Ms. Seagull's been there, still as a wooden decoy.

Patiently waiting for first light, filled with determination and hope—living a true *mindful zen*. Waiting for the serendipitous moment a shad or soft crab

washes in for breakfast.

The Art

As Time Goes By
By Linda Herbert

Acrylic
16" x 20"



Inspiration: **"Rustic Fence"**
By Sylvia Medel



The Poem

"Rustic Fence"

By Sylvia S. Medel



Trunks and big limbs
cut to size from felled trees
made up the rustic wooden fence.
Trunks used as posts,
vertically aligned about five feet tall
from the ground, and set apart
at arm's-length with the limbs
clamped strongly onto the posts.

Agrestic simplicity
Defines the wooden fence,
its barks likened to human skins—
peeling off and etched with deep furrows
that can make one guess the age.
Copious bluebonnets in their splendor
grow inside the fence
while brahman cattle
nibble wild yellow blooms at their leisure.

A lifetime thing, the fence stands
unaware of the clean pastoral air
and of its rustic awkwardness amidst
the magnificence of the rural scene.
It serves just one purpose—the reason
why it was built there in the first place,
as a barrier, or marker to set property boundaries.
Lifeless, it can't multiply, unlike bluebonnets
that propagate, and cattle just like man that procreate.

The Art

What Funeral Flowers Mean

By Miranda Williamson

Watercolor, India Ink,
Acrylic Ink
20" x 20"



Inspiration:
"Goodbye My Friend"
By Brian Cummings

The Poem

"Goodbye my Friend"

By Brian Cummings



That chill I just felt,
was that you finally leaving?
You waited 'til the first shovel-full
was poised over your shiny wooden box.
Together we'd watched your last breath,
watched as you let slip
the last finger grasping the ledge.
You stayed to watch us mourn,
resisting the intoxicating light
that must have beckoned.
You stayed to hear the
Dies Irae.
No cocktail party sadness for you
hearing/telling stories
around your portrait on
a draped, flowered table.
A full requiem marked your exit,
not to proclaim your faith,
but to ease our sadness.
The eulogies were nice,
weren't they.

The Art

Sky Pearls

By Darby LaGrave

Acrylic on Birch

11" x 14"



Inspiration: **“Lustrous”** by Carol Thompson

The Poem

“Lustrous”

By Carol Thompson



A necklace
of porcelain pelicans
undulates in winged choreography
above the country highway.

Bright morning sunshine burnishes
each pinkish pearl
with the golden iridescence
of an oyster shell
turned inside out.

The jewels nestle
against blue velvet sky,
a string of shimmering light
floating gracefully beyond reach.
A gift to anyone looking up.

(Linda Herbert shares thoughts from the artist: Darby LaGrave)

The Art

Frosted Spring
By Karren Case
Oil. 11" x 14"



Inspiration: **"Delicate Flakes of White"** by Beth Ayers

The Poem

“Delicate Flakes of White”

By Beth Ayers



Sunlight signals winter's edge
With comings and goings
Confusion
Between the new warmth of Spring
And the tentacles of Frost

There are days like this
When delicate flakes of white
Swirl
Held whirling in breeze
Before gently falling

Landing on brittle grass,
Waiting on the verge of green,
Covering
The brown, the curbside
The edge of the road

With a blanket of white
A certain sign of seasonal
Change
The Bradford Pear has bloomed
Winter slips away on white petals

Starlit Echoes

By Heidi Kidd

Pastel. 12" x 18"



The Art



Inspiration: **"Song of the Sun"** by Shiny Wu

The Poem

“Song of the Sun”

By Shiny Wu



In times long past, ancient and dim,
Forever night in the murky sea's brim.
How and when, none could tell,
A sunbeam pierced the ocean's swell.

Mermaids and Mermen sang in delight,
Scales glittering like sunbeams bright,
In the sea of meaninglessness blue, they swam,
Yearning for love, hoping for hope's span.

Breathing in, praying out,
Harmony echoed in each bubble's about,
Carrying life's seed from ocean to earth,
In the song of the sun of hope and rebirth.

Before the mermaids extinction final call,
Lifted from the sea, they bid farewell to all,
Gazing at the Earth, hard to please,
Stars so far, a distant tease.

Song of the Sun, a Dao Art divine,
Drawing others from darkness to shine,
In marvelous sunlight, their last insight,
A secret profound, in sun and ocean's might.

The beginning and end veiled in eternity's hue,
Like stars and sea, like sun and moon too,
Man and woman, in pairs they flew,
Harmony in singing, eternity two by two.

The Art

The Thunderous Sea

By Carol Kovacs
Acrylic. 16" x 20"



Inspiration: **"The Waves Still Call"** by Peyton Morgan

The Poem

“The Waves Still Call”

By Peyton Morgan



The sea salt air and waves crashing make me want to stay
But I have to go and can't look back
But the waves still call
And the fish still cry
I smell the salty air and hear the waves one last time
As I step forward into the new day



The Art

To See –Through Me

By Glynis Lumley

Acrylic

24" x 24"



Inspiration:

"Sidewalk Chalk"

By Susan Mardele



The Poem

“Sidewalk Chalk”

By Susan Mardele



The artist's heart beats in colors—
Magenta and turquoise, scarlet and royal purple.

It sings a song of harmony and discord,
In crystal highs and growling lows.

It pours life and movement into humble things—
Stone, wood, canvas, paper.

It crafts a secret thought into a tale
That speaks truth for generations.

It dances with joy,
Arms flung wide, face to the rain

It squeezes out in the margins of lined paper
Masquerading as notes in a corporate boardroom.

It's a couple of jazz steps
To muzak in the produce aisle.

It lives in the sidewalk masterpiece
That washes away in the next hot summer rain.

It bursts into an alchemist's flame,
Turning daily dross into living gold.

It craves the thing that has never been
And demands expression.

It is a truth that must be told in our acquisitive world
Of concrete and spreadsheets.

The artist's heart is the heart of humanity,
Pouring out life and color, song and poetry
To the very...last...beat.

The Art



Summer Memories – Tides of Glory

By Pernie Fallon. Oil. 6" x 12"



Inspiration: **"Sea Shells"** by Barry Rynk

The Poem

“Seashells”

By Barry Rynk



forever dot the summer beaches of childhood memory—

Raising conch shells to ear to hear the salt ocean's roar,
lining broken shells around the parapets of sand castles,
or, plucking a perfect whelk from crackling sea foam.

Running ahead of everyone on a silver morning's shore,
hunting for seashell treasures washed up from caches
high tide found the night before.



The Art

The Lips of Love

By Janis Buck

Acrylic

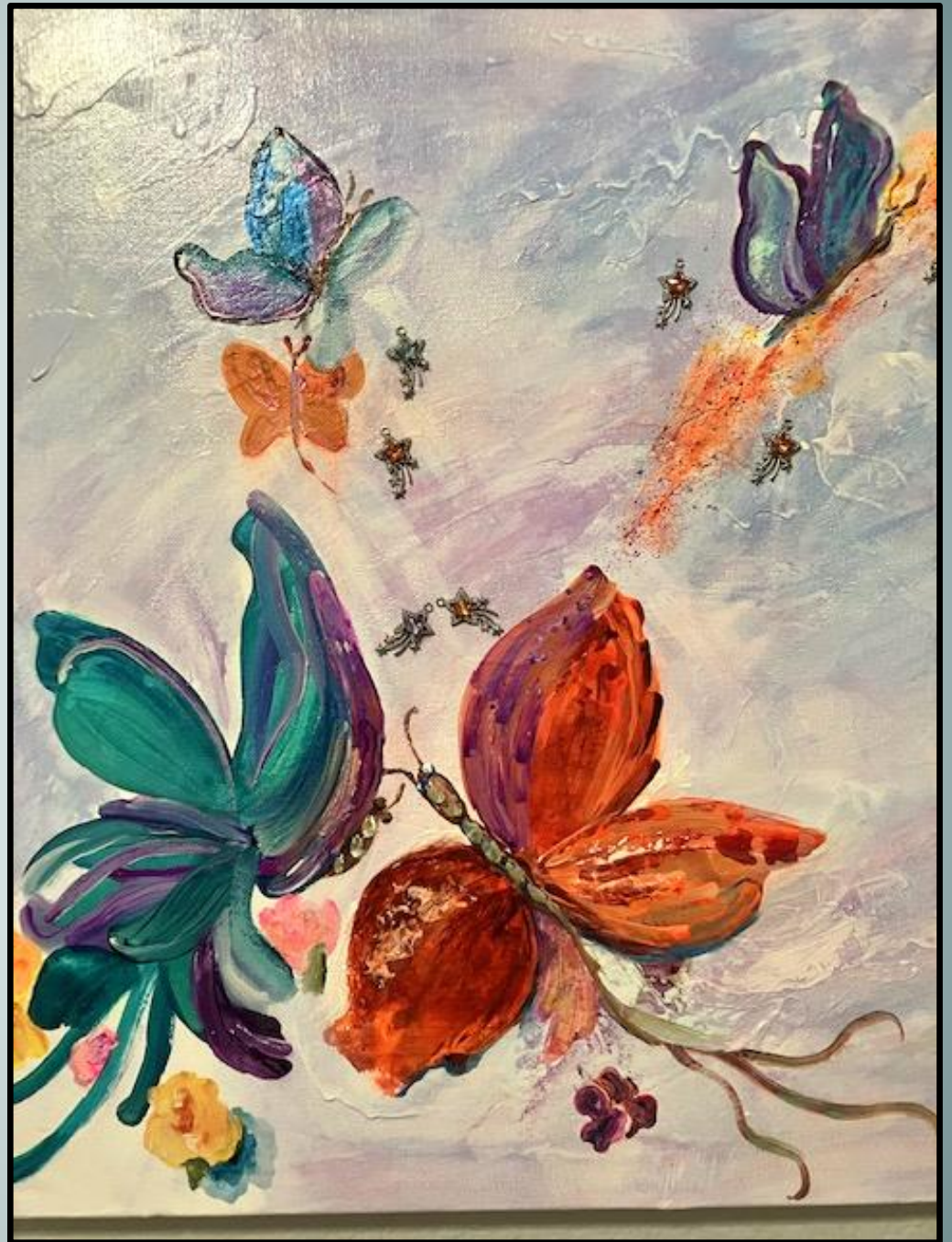
20" x 20"



Inspiration:

"The Lips of Love"

By Peyton Morgan



The Poem

“The Lips of Love”

By Peyton Morgan

The lips of love are two butterfly wings ripped apart

A promise so strong, the butterfly stays together

But the butterfly is broken

The love is broken

The promise is broken



The Art

Life After Life After Life
By Miranda Williamson



Inspiration: **"What Love Is"** by Iris Lee

The Poem

“What Love Is”

By Iris Lee



wedding bells ring as two stand facing one another
one veiling thin line of mouth
smiling. this is our future, 80 years with you.
two sides of the same coin meant to gather dirt
lose luster over time
used and used and used again.
less copper more zinc the metal on top is only sheen
one layer to get scarred.
clean it please lest the neighbors
find us ugly, with our arguments, stretch marks
and the distance that grows then snaps.
always mending back together somehow for forever's sake.
but tonight i sit by you
weathered hands finding old skin. just as warm as before.
beautiful in the way a vintage dress hangs in the back of a closet,
damp and worn with love.
we don't spend late nights partying anymore,
nor hike to sunset cliffs, laughing in the way only youth could.
but God how this has been a dream – us as one, side by side,
empty nesters perching on a tree far from the mainland
watching ocean tides fall - moon and sun dancing
while time goes by.
you ask me if we did well.
if i liked this.
sea salt stings my eyes as i turn towards you.
oh love, it's been wonderful.

The Art

Prismatic Ballance By Darby LaGrave

Acrylic
24" x 24"



Inspiration:
"The Butterfly Eater"
By Nicole Metts



The Poem

“The Butterfly Eater”

By Nicole Metts



The spider on the pond bridge
Comes out at dusk.
Yes, it's a dragonfly eater,
But don't be angry at the spider
Cause dragonflies eat Monarchs.
They are the same really,
Dragonflies and Spiders.

I see fluttering wings in the shadow of the tree.
I want to be the shadow bird, part of the shadow tree.
Is that what dying is like?
Not an emptiness, a joining.

But I have always loved solitude.
Watching the living from a dark corner.
Moving oil on water.
How funny, to be surface dwellers.

All the things of this world in some form,
Are carried across the planet gently.

I stare at the shadow waiting for little ghost birds,
The long shadows of branches,
The flickering darkness inside the trees and think—
That could be me, my wild spirit
A beautiful dark thing
Surrounded by light,
Eating butterflies.

The Art

Shima Ndee
(Mother the Sacred Hoop)

By Anthony Estorga

Charcoal and Graphite
10.25" x 18"



Inspiration:
"Wild Moon"
By Nicole Metts



The Poem

“Wild Moon”

By Nicole Metts



I gave you the moon of my body to first sail the world.
How easy it was to love a stranger, as you grew,
A blossom that knows only the primal pull.

When you fell out of the sky, the moon lit the grass.
You cried the sorrow of losing something,
Something I wish I could remember.

You floated into my arms, your ancient eyes of ocean
Taking in the light between us.
I gave you the river of my body. Then watched you dream.

Under the waning moon, your father curled beside us.
Time stopped then jumped.
Until the impatient ticking woke the moon in you.

The moon, in a river, the river going to the ocean,
An ocean deep and dark and endless, I cannot stop.
All I can do is show you the light to come back to.

Witnessing the city of my dreams
The clenching and unclenching
Of dominant, ruthless hands of unseen men and women,
I hear the dark, echoing jungle voices of wild love
And strangers stirring up the dust
In the devouring landscape of my sleep.

It is a night for half-fed, subconscious songs
And the lilting sameness of words
Words and the city of my dreams peering through
The frozen air of wild, wild longings, lies,
And a stabbing wound of despair.
In the city of my dreams, I race towards closure, I wander aimless.

I slide down, in spirals of trust and distrust,
through the labyrinth of pain.

The city of my dreams, a communion between
Burnt skins of my days gone by and the pent-up fire
A brooding, silent lust that builds around an armful of darkness
That reclaims its wild, wild love, and I construct, deconstruct.
Am I a freak, tripping over old, mossy buildings,
Dark dungeons in between messed up sleep and waking?

I've sold my nights to the city of my dreams
Smelling of charcoal-dark spaces and sleep's sunken flames.
I've perhaps died long back, in the city of my dreams.

The Poem

“Witnessing The City of My Dreams”

By Lopa Banerjee



Chosen by Artist Taylor Matthews
Art unavailable

The Art

Believe in Blessings

By Deana McGarr

Acrylic on Canvas

12" x 12"



Inspiration:
"Spring Comes Anew"
By Becca Ikle



The Poem

"Spring Comes Anew"

By Becca Ikle

Rain falls and allows plants to flourish.
It sprinkles down quickly to help the environment nourish.

Flowers bloom in many beautiful hues.
Butterfly wings are touched by morning dew.

Rainbows shine as a sign.
It's a promise that everything is going to be fine.

It's a reminder of God's love for us.
Even when we complain and make a big fuss.

Birds fly this way and that;
They sit outside of their houses to chirp and chat.

Rabbits hop by once in a while.
Ducks line up and march by single file.

A gentle hand tends the flower beds.
So that nothing in the garden ends up dead.

Even when it's hard to smile, the flowers brighten up a cloudy day.
They can assist in expressing yourself when you don't know what else to say.

A song in the wind can help to believe in dreams.
Especially when coming up with new ideas that can be turned into pleasant schemes.



POETRY
INSPIRED BY
ART

The Art

Mischievous Joy

By Anjali Pai

Pastel. 11" x 14"



Reserved by poet Neeta Nayak

The Poem

“Barefooted Joy!”

By Neeta Nayak

Inspiration: *Mischievous Joy* by Anjali Pai



A moment of sweet respite well-deserved,
From hours of backbreaking chores, undeterred.
Four women in playful surrender,
Kicking a ball- front, side and center!

Days spent caring for sick in-laws and hungry babies.
Cooking, cleaning, caring, they long for a minute with ladies!
Fetching water from drying rivers far far away,
Tribal Women from tiny towns, a momentary outdoor getaway.

Four saree clad rainbows in locomotion,
Bindi streaked foreheads seeking momentary liberation.
Is this their first time playing ball?
Rapturous countenances in childlike recall.

Have they ever worn shoes in their lives, I wonder?
How did they find this soccer ball I definitely wonder?
How could they do something so unexpected?
In 6 yards of heavy fabric, kicking ball so unanticipated.

Light as birds in magical flight,
Barefooted sisters in sheer delight.
Of them, what would think our Statue of liberty?
Would she come off her tall pedestal for a moment of gaiety?

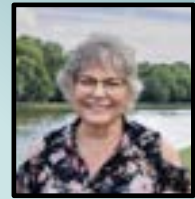
Sunkissed brown skin that's never seen sunscreen,
Glistening teeth that never met toothpaste to clean.
Feet that have never been shackled by shoes,
Smiles that belie their daily poverty and blues.

A moment of mischievous joy,
A fleeting feeling of forbidden joy,
An instant of child-like joy,
Indeed - A lifetime of friendship and sisterly joy!

The Art

Going Home

By Myryn Elizabeth Clark
Pastel. 8.5" x 6.5"



Reserved by poet Carol Thompson

The Poem

“A Singular Journey” for Ted

By Carol Thompson



Inspiration: Going Home
By Myryn Elizabeth Clark

“But beauteous fields arise before me... I’m just going over home”
From “Wayfaring Stranger”

The girls and I brought your spirit home today,
a breezy morning of yellow butterflies and pink wildflowers,
white pillowy clouds of comfort,
the citrus scent of meadow grass and humus.

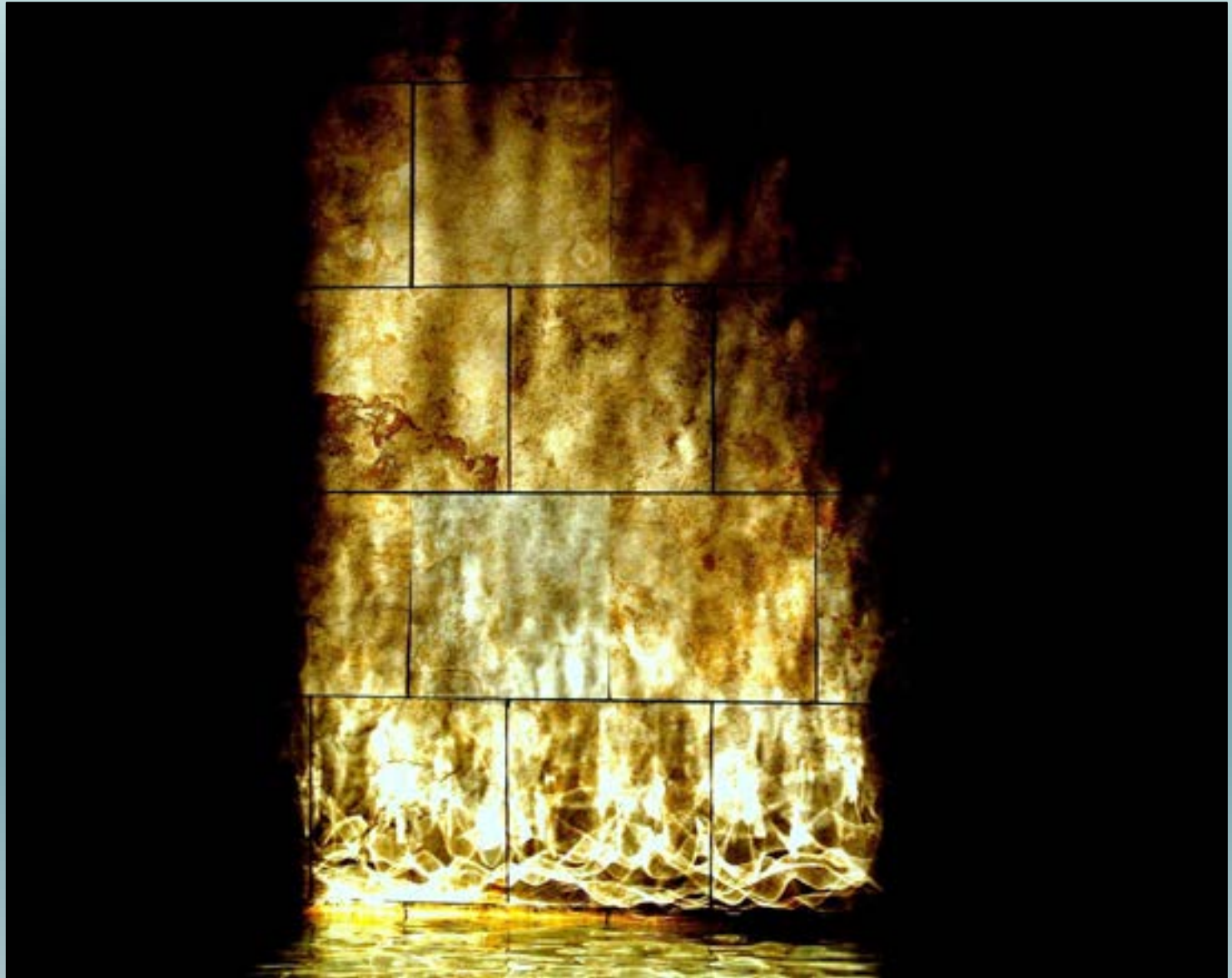
Across the road from your family home,
we scatter your ashes in the wooded pasture
beneath sheltering trees
near the ponds you fished,
and in the springs
you prodded and poked over the decades,
assuring they will bubble up
and turn to brooks.

The cows trot up in a pack,
stand and stare almost respectfully
as we honor husband and father.

The brass and copper angel
I find in the antique shop later in the afternoon
reminds me of the girls’ blonde hair
gleaming in the sunshine,
seals my belief
that your soul flies freely,
feathered in gold.

The Art

Convergence by Lavanya Acharya. Photography, Giclee. 24" x 36"



Reserved by poet Doris Brogan

The Poem

“Convergence”

By Doris Brogan

Inspiration: *Convergence* by Lavanya Acharya



I am humanity's many faces, the raging fires of consequence,
accountable to life and death.

Take care to plot paths thoughtfully.

I am the eyes of a hungry lioness, voracious in appetites,
fierce in my protections, violent in my rejections.

Approach with caution.

I am faces from pasts and futures, wandering crooked paths
ephemeral as smoke, impossible to distinguish
lifting arms as lamentation's and adoration's voices blend.

I am the faces melting in the roaring heat of lost moments,
clouds pouring disappointment's waters,
unable to quell inflamed emotions.

I am altercation's faces, adjudicating differences:
Difference is divisive, deadly. Burn it down.
Difference is affirmative, liberating. Lift it up.

I am the faces of those frictions,
forging fires, igniting guilt, creating imbalance,
preventing punishment's healing redemption.

I am the faces of weary travelers whose bleary eyes bear
burdens of guilt weighed down by the inability to forgive
themselves, or society, for humankind's unkind inflictions.

I abide in voluminous numbers of faces,
grieve with their myriad grievances,
eyes awash with the pain of their burdens.

I thirst for friendly faces who listen with forgiving eyes,
desperate in their search to find words that heal wars;
humanity's shameful metaphor. Convergence opens paths,
soothing, cool waters of peace pooling underfoot.

The Art

Atlas Alone

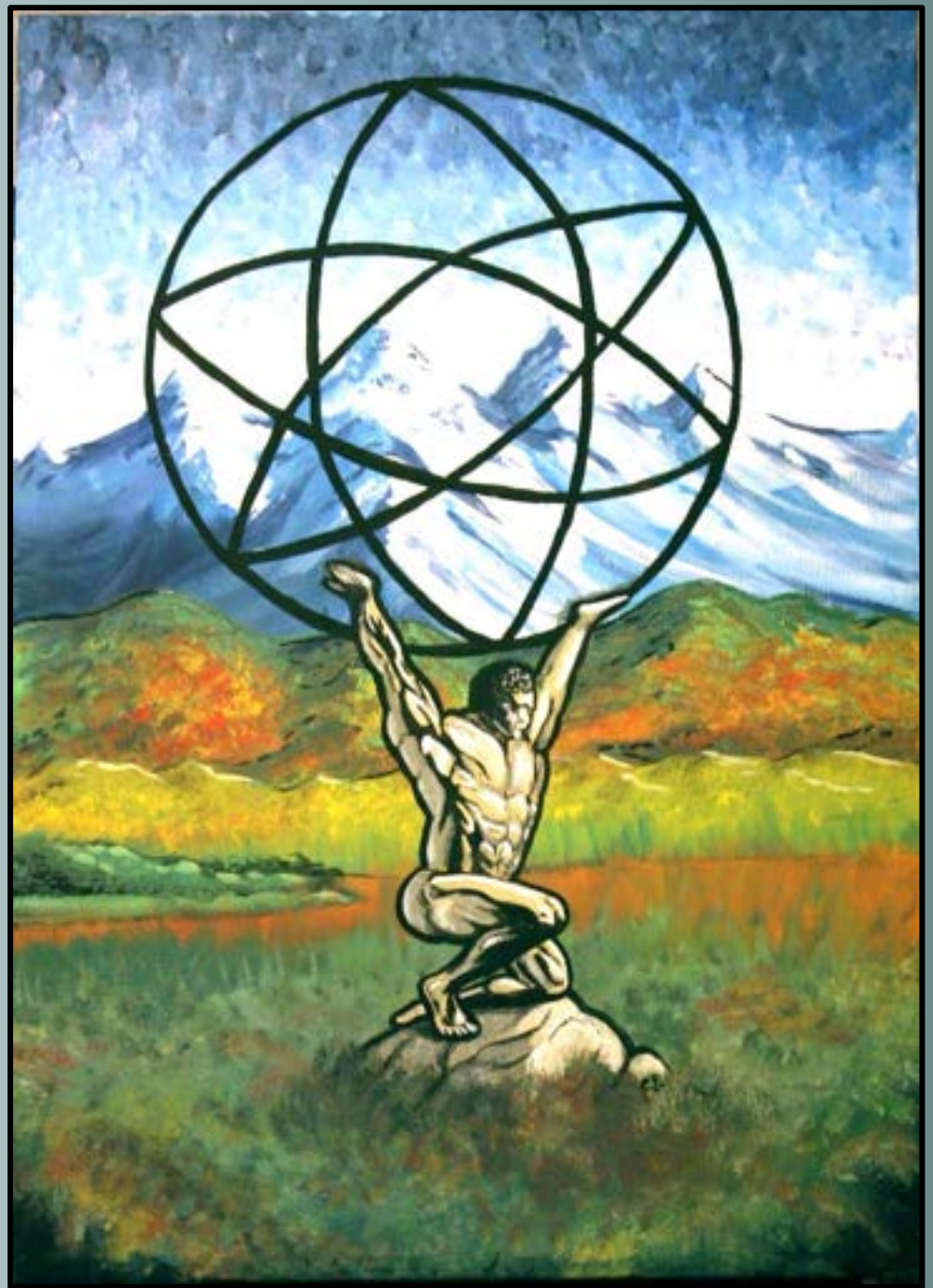
By Ceri Powers

Acrylic on Canvas

25" x 24.5"



Reserved by poet
Lavanya Acharya



The Poem

“Atlas Alone”

By Lavanya Acharya

Inspiration: *Atlas Alone* by Ceri Powers

"There is beauty in our burdens." —Ceri Powers



Atlas holds up worlds of everything ever experienced,
dreamt, or imagined. Burdened muscles honed
by ages at the task, calloused knee pressing into
cold stone rooted deep in the Earth. Atlas bears
a firmament of everything. Atlas alone.

With eyes closed, I hold up the weight of all my burdens:
Pain—as it burns its bright path through my life to the end;
Shame—with its whispers in my ear; Despair—that gently folds
long fingers tight around me; Anger—relentless, bitter bile
and dark globules of tears. Bent into a motionless crouch,
I wait alone. Eyes closed; I dream my big dreams.

Atlas holds up a world of longings caught in a cage like
birds. Distant, beautiful, insurmountable mountains of wants
stand proud, framed and trapped in an ornate decoration.

Yet, Atlas Sees. Bright skies, wildflowers, trees;
rolling hills, and vibrant colors: reds, yellows and greens;
sweet scents of earth and life; sounds in the breeze.
Atlas bears burdens, but knows to seek joy and peace.

Eyes open I See, as Atlas, beauty past the burdens I bear—
there, in the laughter of my children; there, in
the arms of my love; there, in the art and the books
strewn about my room; there, in the voices of friends;
There, in poetry. There.

The Art

Chasing Butterflies

By Vigi Venkataguru

Acrylic

36" round



Reserved by poet
Lori Hawk Fyfe



The Poem

“And The Butterflies Came”

By Lori Hawk Fyfe

Inspiration: *Chasing Butterflies*

By Viji Venkataguru



We had packed up the house, salvaged remnants of what was
a marriage and a family and our life.
Ready to lock the front door for the very last time,
My oldest son, only 10 years old, said, Momma, don't forget the sundial.
It had been a mother's day gift from my three sons.
A garden sundial with mandala art swirling around the top.
Tiles of blue, purple and maroon, offering me comfort.
It stood in a once pristine garden, no weeds or dead flowers but
plants cared for and tended.
I held back tears as the older two loaded up my precious sundial.
Unpacking and regrouping at the new house
We placed the sundial beside the shed in a new garden.
My middle son was soon a proud helper of the tomato plants and later,
We buried Sam-Cat under the apple tree beside the shed and garden.
The youngest one insistent, from there she could see the birds and
chase butterflies in heaven.
We cleaned up a new garden and tended it with care.
We tended to each other and moved on from our past.
The boys grew and thrived, now grown men.
My garden is now cleaned up and ready for winter.
I step outside into a chilly fall dawn.
A shadow falls, soft wings beat and dance across the early morning sky.
A butterfly hunting for nectar before the first frost.
I smile and release my breath, visible in the cold air.
I nurtured my sons and my garden, my sacred space,
and the butterflies came.

First Light
By Russ Reed

Oil and Gold
on Canvas
18" x 24"



The Art



Reserved by Catherine L'Herisson

The Poem

“A New Life”

By Catherine L’Herisson

Inspiration: *First Light* by Russ Reed



It started out just like any other day,
dark as usual. Blind since birth,
darkness was all I ever knew.
Later, begging beside the road,
I heard men asking another person
if I was born blind because I sinned
or my parents had sinned. *Neither,
but that the works of God will be seen.*

Next thing I knew, someone placed
something wet and sticking on my eyes.
An authoritative voice told me to go
and wash in the Pool of Siloam.
I did as was told, and as I finished
washing my eyes, something strange,
something very strange began to happen.
The darkness I had always known
became less dark, lighter and lighter
until I was squinting against brightness.
I could see! I could suddenly see!

After questions, arguments by Pharisees,
they threw me out of the temple.
Then the man named Jesus found me,
and I recognized his voice right away,
knew he was the one who healed me,
was no mere man, but the Messiah.
Not only did I receive my sight,
but by believing I gained eternal life.

The Art

Her Glory by Marly Lindsey. Acrylic on Canvas. 9" x 12"



Reserved by poet Sylvia Medel

The Poem

“Love and Friendship”

By Sylvia Medel

Inspiration: *Her Glory* by Marly Lindsey



A young girl rides her horse alluded to as “she,” horse and rider in sync strolling at a slow pace on a stretch of clean narrow pathway, in a land aligned with beautiful sturdy trees; a wooden bench and a cart, looking more like decors adoring the place.

Looks like the sun’s setting early in the evening, with yellow-orange hues painted in the sky. Between rider and horse, love and friendship play an endearing emotional attachment, possibly like in humans may stand the test of time.

Horse and rider out of the pathway, the horse’s feet positioned closely side by side, on a standstill; the girl on dead stop; sitting straight on her saddle, her face like a stone, unreadable. The rider takes a deep breath. What happens next, same in a novel, approaching climax.

Through the reins, the girl and horse communicate. Through the reins, the girl transmits cues and signals. Through the reins held by her right hand, cues obeyed and Through gentle squeezes at the horse’s sides with her legs,

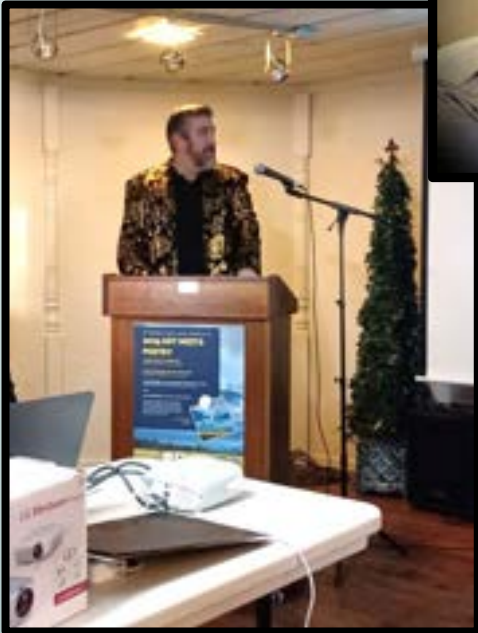
The horse runs forward with steady speed, a big smile caressing the girls face, both she and horse feel glorious—horse running excellently; girl and horse sharing quality time; love and friendship more profound as time passes by.

The Art

Broken

By Justin Zimmerman

Tissue Paper and Cardboard
Plaster on Canvas
30" x 40"



Reserved by poet
Brian Cummings



The Poem

“Fragments of Love”

By Brian Cummings

Inspiration: *Broken*

By Justin Zimmerman



Things shatter
when a love's torn asunder
pieces scatter
when something loved is lost

Pain overwhelms
sobs and shrieks
sever the silence
knifelike

The pull doesn't stop
it stays strong
slowly tearing
ripping and splitting

The ache grows
its grip tenacious
but tenuous
slowly slipping grudgingly away

Once it's gone
there's nothing to hear
little to see
just pieces scattering

The Art

A Path to Somewhere

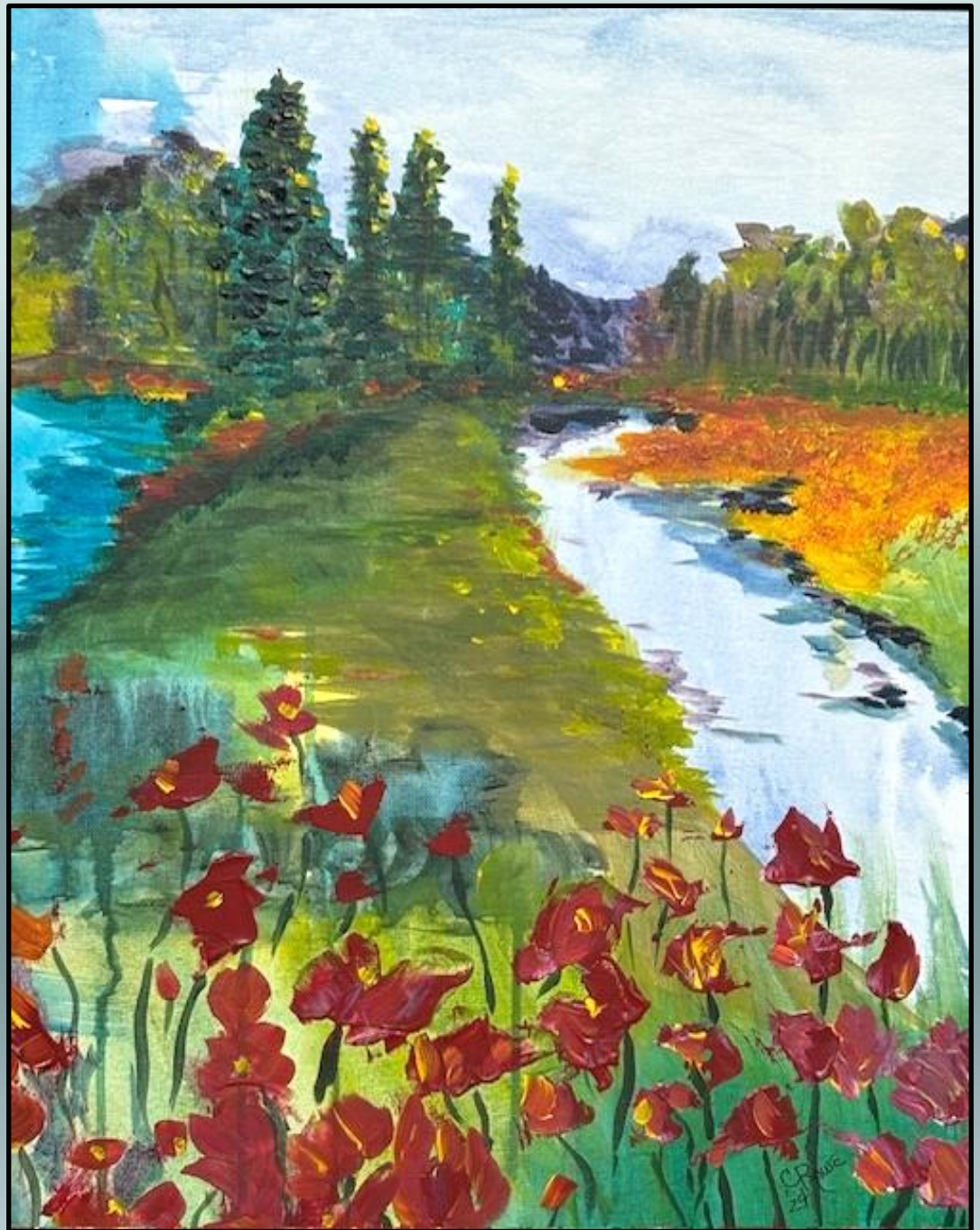
By Cheryl Rowe

Acrylic on Canvas Board

16" x 20"



Reserved by poet Alice Parker



The Poem

“Illusion of Time”

By Alice Parker

Inspiration:

A Path to Somewhere

By Cheryl Rowe



The illusion of time, a human construct we've made for ourselves. It gives you space to live in, and to work in. You view life as being on a linear-time frame, but in reality, there is only this very moment.

You have the past, which a memory; and the future, which a potential or a hope. You also have this quite beautiful now moment. But, unfortunately-difficult for most humans to live only in it, on a regular basis.

You can learn from the past, and also wish or project wants, desires or expectations for your future. These usually, cause frustration or disappointment. Your reality or fantasy, for it's all your own creation.

Sometimes you look for the path of least resistance, to avoid challenges. To supposedly-flow through life effortlessly. This truly a Misnomer - Inaccurate to the point, rarely if Ever, does anyone have such a life.

Not exactly what your Spirit had planned for most of us, since challenges give you opportunity for growth and changes. Goals specifically designed for you to learn, achieve or complete even over many lifetimes.

All your human aspects, help you get lost in your thoughts, and looking for the next step. Painful memories, sometimes cause you to alter your path. Take this moment, as a good opportunity.

Integrate the challenges you've experienced, into a more joyful state now. Don't let fear of change, or others make you stay on a path, which no longer serves you. Though, it's Your choice - as always.



The Art

Early Chill by Debbie Tesch. Pastel. 11" x 14"



Reserved by poet Brian Bowles

The Poem

“Early Chill”

By Brian Bowles

Inspiration: *Early Chill* by Debbie Tesch



A refreshing change came quickly overnight
Swirling, sweeping, swift winds came from the north
A late afternoon walk, a special delight
Crisp, cool comfort has suddenly come forth

A slight dusting of snow swirls in the wind
A signal the winter season has come
Brisk breezes have fall leaves scattered and thinned
Wispy, winter winds have made fingers numb

Gusts sway the newly leafless limbs of trees
Evergreens standing tall to the wind's bluster
Their evening shadows shifting in the breeze
Earth, leaves, and snow combine in a luster

Relaxing tranquility almost here
No birds singing; no dogs barking; no sound
A scene of serenity very near
But for the whispering wind all around

Returning home now a little bit chilled
Dry logs need to be stacked in the fireplace
The first flames of a hearty fire to build
A little warmth to heartedly embrace

The Art

Emergence by Beth Mortenson. Acrylic. 26" x 12"



In Memory

Beth Mortenson played a vital role in the early days of Art Meets Poetry.

She participated every year. As soon as one year ended, she was anticipating the next. Before her passing, she knew that *Emergence* would be her entry for 2025.



Reserved by poet Jiaan Powers

The Poem

“Grace-Filled Moments”

By Jiaan Powers

Inspiration: *Emergence* by Beth Mortenson



Diverge daily.
Skip the routine.
Take a break.
Visit long ago memories. Raspberries in Bellingham,
sweet taste at fingertips. England, a passing train, the
conductor blows a kiss meant only for you. Welcome the
tail-wagging dog in a garden in Amsterdam. Caress a calico
cat in late afternoon as shadows crawl across Haarlem.
Stop the chore list the mind relentlessly offers. Perhaps—
Taste the green in trees. Hear the red of cardinal.
Feel lizard’s eye blink. Breathe into spider’s web.
Enter a painting.
Ochre, sienna, and burnt umber swirl. A nebula appears.
Black line splits the center. Cadmium yellow draws from
the opening into gaseous vastness. What else is here?
Bright white. Viridian green. Cerulean blue.
Shapes hint of something sweet to come.
Reject rushing. Bow to patience.
Acknowledge an interim space. Be attentive.
Continue still and quiet. Notice any discomfort in the
ragged split
of choice.
Some things require long waits.
Suddenly, a miracle,
you know what to do next.
Hereafter, in review, your life lived well will reveal
an entirety of grace-filled moments.

The Art

Waiting For Morning

By Myryn Elizabeth Clark

Acrylic. 18" x 18"



Reserved by poet
Laurie Lindemeier



Playing my piano with the balcony door open
sending my favorite song “Vincent”
out to the black night sky

“... starry starry night, paint your palette blue & gray.
Look out on a summer’s day, with
eyes that know the darkness in my soul.”

I keep rollin’ the chords to hide notes
that aren’t all in the right place but
my heart’s in a good place

Although the pollen won’t let me linger on the
balcony, I sit up straight on the piano bench
just inside the doorway and inhale the cool air

A stupid cold won’t let me have the breath to sing
but my spirit’s out there gazing up at the moon
with dots of light below in trees and bushes

I keep playing with the grand piano’s lid up
and hope that somewhere my song will
land on a passerby’s ears

Someone who is perhaps walking his dog will hear,
then stop,
and take in the sound of my song

He looks up, sees striped light coming through green iron
railings on the top floor of a building; unexpectedly a woman’s
voice sings out “they’re not listening still, perhaps they never will”

His dog tugs at the leash, with a muted voice he orders
him to “stay” so he can hear her last note to the very end
then whispers up to the balcony, “I am listening”

I hold the final tone... fingers splayed on the keys “... never will...”
My tired tone fades; I smile. I managed at least one clear line
I stare out at the stars, satisfied... even if only singing for just me.

The Poem

“Starry Night”

By Laurie Lindemeier



Inspiration: Waiting For Morning
By Myryn Elizabeth Clark

The Art

Desperation

By JuJu Bartush

Mixed Media on Canvas

30" x 40"



Reserved by poet Cade Huie

The Poem

“Today She Climbs”

By Cade Huie



Inspiration: *Desperation* by JuJu Bartush

She is a soulless doll to his lusting mind,
he who thinks beauty grants him the right
to handle, to possess,

blind to the being behind her eggshell skin,
her moonstone eyes, the radiant mask
she was born to wear.

He enslaves the angel.
brands her, tattoos her with his name,
the graffiti of his ownership black on her thigh.

He ignores the words in her mouth,
silences their wisdom and pain,
sees only her flesh.

Today, the dragon in her heart
opens its eyes, awake.
Today, she climbs.

She climbs like a flower seedling
stretching up through the char and the rot,
up toward pure rain and clean sun,

climbs to evade his greedy hands,
to rise, no more the frantic prey
netted by desire,

to rise above hell
as the clouds of heaven have done,
believing in the sky—

to rise—as the clouds of heaven have done—
as the silver light of heaven
has done.

The Art

Autumn Unfolding

By Linda Katz

Watercolor and Ink
on Paper. 11" X 15"



Reserved by poet
Lopamudra Banerjee



The somnambulist lover paints in patches of burnt sienna, fiery yellow,
The blood red, the fuchsia pink melts in his palette, singing a truant autumnal sonata.

Those hands, once robust and juvenile, had crafted poetry,
romanced with words with the steady insistence of an awestruck paramour.

Juices of poesy spilled over, never a day went by when a flower
of his musings wasn't borne, the petals of their tender blossoms didn't dance.
Never did he know the dance, the fury of another wind, in yet another lifetime
The flow of time in continuum that would bring out a stark nemesis.

The somnambulist lover had touched those flowers in his canvas,
His brushstrokes had touched the surreptitious chords of a veiled autumn.
She burst open in myriad hues, textures, the sounds of tender anklets
A rhythmic cacophony, a melody that was nature's inevitable ploy.

Clasping her hands tight, his hands had reached a crescendo of autumnal mirth,
Burning in incessant flames, absorbing the lexicon of absolute longings.
The colors he sought made him a wayward sojourner,
And then, he lost those very patches of colors with whom he conversed,
he lost his night musings.

The petals of the flowers had burst open in sweet surrender in his quivering hands,
His thirsty lips bade them his farewell kiss, as if he had sworn
to lose himself in that moment of eternal burning.

The somnambulist lover had spent himself entirely, the beggarly man.
In the dark room where he wilts now, winter engulfs him in its monstrous arms.
The burst of colors in his last autumn had their roots in his lovelorn soul,
With his unbridled love, he had given them wings to fly.

The Poem

“The Lover and His Muse

By Lopa Banerjee

Inspiration:

Autumn Unfolding by Linda Katz



The Art

Imagination By Moonlight

By Melinda Whitten

Ink and Watercolor

11" x 14"



Reserved by poet Nancy Gilbert



The Poem

“Diana Gene”

By Nancy Gilbert

She sat in her rocker filled with despair.
And stared into space, her burdens laid bare.
When the sun went down and her eyes tightly closed,
She was no longer haunted by heavy woes.
One night with the moon as her lamp,
She danced gleefully with tall blades of grass.
No more troubles. No more woes.
With the Man in the Moon, at last, she found home.



Inspiration:
Imagination By Moonlight
By Melinda Whitten

The Art

I Can Paint Myself Flowers By Trina Harlow

Oil over Acrylic
On Wood
16" x 20"



Reserved by poet Susan Mardele.

The Poem

“For the Love of Flowers”

By Susan Mardele

Inspiration:

I Can Paint Myself Flowers

By Trina Harlow

Brush strokes laid down,
dabs of color blurred by tears,
a permanent bouquet.

Flowers for remembrance,
for celebration, for gratitude -
they're all on the canvas.

My father's roses
perfuming the plane ride home,

A bouquet dried
after a rainy outdoor wedding,
trashed after the divorce.

Roses from a lover now gone,
blood-red petals and grief
scattered in the gutter.

Dozens of bouquets
on my mother's grave,
gone in three days – policy.

Yet here they are
in this misty bouquet,

All the faded flowers
of my memories
dewy and beautiful again,

Misty through welling eyes,
just like the day they arrived,

For remembrance, for celebration,
for gratitude.

For love.

The Art

Free to Fly

By Sherri Murphy
Acrylic. 24" x 36"



Reserved by poet Toni Andrukaitis

The Poem

“Broken Wings”

By Toni Andrukaitis



You just found me there with my broken wings
And a broken heart, among other things.
Then you picked me up in your strong safe hands
Giving only love, making no demands.

You wiped away the tears
Whenever I would cry.
You always held me close
You never questioned why.

You kept me safe from harm
When nights were dark and long.
You cared for all my needs
Until my wings grew strong.

Now you look at me with my mended wings
And a joyous heart, among other things.
Then you set me free with your open hands
Now the choice is mine, there are no demands.

So very scared at first
Much too afraid to try.
I said, "What if I fall?"
You said, "What if you fly?"

Inspiration: *Free to Fly* by Sherri Murphy

The Art

Summer Breeze by Cheryl Rowe. Acrylic. 20" x 24"



Reserved by poet Catherine L'Herisson

The Poem

“Morning After the Storm”

By Catherine L’Herisson

Inspiration: *Summer Breeze* by Cheryl Rowe



At the beach early after last night’s storm,
skies were still overcast this summer day.
Beach morning glory vines and patches
of swaying wild sea oats stabilized
the sand dunes, keeping them from
shifting in the brisk sea breezes.

A few moon jellyfish had washed ashore,
and shells, oh my, how many shells
had been discarded by the raging sea!
As I walked toward the waves, ghost crabs,
the color of sand, were busy re-digging
the entrances to their homes, scurried
into a nearby hole if I got too close,
then cautiously crept out as I passed by.
The little sanderlings’ legs almost seemed
to disappear as they ran so fast to probe
the wet sand for food as each wave went out.
Other shore birds had left footprints like
delicate stitches in the damp sand, as gulls
called overhead and pelicans flew by.

With a sigh of sadness, I stepped into the sea,
felt the sand underneath my feet ebb away
with each wave back out into deeper water
where I could not follow, on this my last day.
Longing to stay, but knowing I must leave
for my city far away, I turned for one last look.

The Art

Strength in Fragments

By Anjali Golwala

Digitally-enhanced Print
Charcoal and Gold Foil



Reserved by poet Kavya Baburaj



The Poem

“A Vessel of Hope”

By Kavya Baburaj

Inspiration: *Strength in Fragments*

By Anjali Golwala



I've held myself together
with trembling hands,
afraid to let the pieces fall,
fearing the emptiness that followed.
My body was scarred,
a map of all the ways I'd failed.
Wondering where the light had gone,
and if it would return at all.
But there's beauty in the breaking—
I didn't know this then.
I thought the cracks were wounds,
wounds that could not heal.
I've risen from the pain,
patched, but not perfect.
But I no longer fear the breaking.
For in every crack,
I found God waiting—
I am a vessel of hope.



The Art

Cinderella's One Shoe On and One Shoe Off Moment

By Shiny Wu

Multimedia Collage
on Steel. 12" x 12"



Reserved by poet Elizabeth Riddle

The Poem

Bell dongs deep in the distance, echoes from path that I've dared to take,
True enlightenment from chance pursued brought dream while awake

Safely stepping in previous paved ways puts mind at comfortable ease,
Tiptoeing with dips to test tide, retracting from unknowns that lie beneath

Carefully consider directions and guides to meet imposed restrictive deadline
While walking, grounded with others' given expectations like entangled vine

Thoughts race through mind so caught up in rush, realizing running late
That not noticing in the hurry, extraordinary beings, beauty and love all around me lay

Foot exposed feeling sensations, unshielded from eggshells and broken glass,
Balanced by dangling carrots in front, luring to better things with below soft grass

Decide to unravel from binds weighing down, glide in determination toward destiny,
Feeling of freedom, now fate and purpose see, like my slipper perfectly clear before me

Fearless as in youth, "what if" is not doubt to hold back but for immeasurable possibilities,
Ready to run forward fulfilling my own true wish, pure joy fills pounding, racing heartbeat

Look back on former footsteps, not to reverse but remember and respect where started.
Celebrate from all the parallels and contradictions offered, choices wanted

Break of day puts thoughts imagined during slumber swirling with serendipity,
Pondering life is but a dream, but to dance with boldness made personal reality

Resonate rumbling ring fades into sound of alarm clock, time to rise, shine, restart routine,
Only find one shoe to slide back onto bare feet, wonder today where will life take me

"Dream Life"

By Elizabeth Riddle

Inspiration:

*Cinderella's One Shoe On and
One Shoe Off Moment*

By Shiny Wu

The Art

The Red Door

by Heidi Kidd

Soft Pastel. 6" x 8"



Reserved by poet Aby Law



The Poem

“Secret Door”

By Aby Law

Inspiration: *The Red Door* by Heidi Kidd



On my street there was the beautiful house
With a beautiful door and
some beautiful potted flowers.

I've never seen anyone leave or enter this house.
Make you wonder.

What could be inside
It could be anything really
The imaginations the limit

It could be a loving family
Waiting for guest
To enjoy their lovely meal

It could be another universe
Waiting to be explored
By the right people

It could be a room
With a locked box
God only knows what's inside

Maybe it's nothing
Just an ordinary house
With an ordinary residence

But I'd like to believe differently
I'd like to believe that maybe
Just maybe there is something extraordinary

Lying within the walls

The Art

Her Majesty

By Janis Buck

Acrylic. 24" x 20"



Reserved by poet
Elizabeth Riddle.



The Poem

“Bold and Beautiful”

By Elizabeth Riddle

Inspiration: *Her Majesty* by Janis Buck

Regal and prominent, naturally exuded confidence as hailed leader destined to be
Spread splendor of wings not to serve self but to protect those underneath

Adorned in brilliant colors, enrobed like rich velvet encrusted with precious gems
Heroin, but with humble nod to value of each of her subjects, theirs without the opulence

Although some could have fallen prey to the evil that underlies emerald green envy
Instead crowded around their crowned queen, all rose to gloriously rejoice in her royalty

Appreciated and admired for blessings that she bestowed on the others' feathers
With watchful eye, made her flock stronger and shine brighter as grandly symbiotic together

The Art

Rooted Resilience

By Brianna Ortiz

Acrylic. 12" x 30"



Reserved by poet Beth Ayers

The Poem

“Rooted Resilience”

By Beth Ayers

Inspiration: *Rooted Resilience* by Brianna Ortiz



A dark, earthly womb protects
the tendrils that first seek soil
then dive deep into the moist provider of
life to secure strength, to send an envoy
climbing toward the sun.

Beneath the surface, above the surface,
a symbiotic search for growth continues
striving for opposite directions.
Delving down, climbing up,
each depends on the other.

The waking world sees the growth,
the green that unfolds to flutter and dance,
the trunk that hardens, allowing
bark to thicken, a barrier to assault,
protection for preservation.

Unseen, diving deep into the Earth,
roots stabilize, give strength for the tree to rise,
give balance with an unseen force that
clings to necessity, clings to life.
Roots replenish. Roots bring resilience.

Those of us who walk this Earth
have an unseen source of strength,
sustenance to face fierce challenges, from
inside or out. Look beneath the surface for calm.
You, too, are rooted in resilience.

The Art

Love is the Answer

By Cindy Peters

Acrylic and
Mixed Media on
Stretched Canvas
36" x 36"



Reserved by poet Oshi Sanyal

The Poem

“Love’s Fable”

By Oshi Sanyal



Love is but a song
That tells life's truest tales
We sing it not for long ,
Since eternity upon us prevail.

So let's Floriate love,
The basis of life force-
Why conceal in the core ,
Shrouded with senseless apprehensions
Stunting its growth!
'Tis an injustice done
To the poor innocence ,
To make false use of the toil
Experience heralds in our existence...

Why masquerade? ...
When Tango is so desirous
Love is life and life truth
That mortality preached
Through tears and muse---

Inspiration: *Love is the Answer* by Cindy Peters

The Art

She Gathered Her Heart

By April Buchschacher

Acrylic on Wood

12" x 12"



Reserved by poet
Leanne Mason



The Poem

“Blossomed Bouquet”

By Leanne Mason



Painfully peeling away the damaged petals and plucking off unwanted leaves
Bare stems remaining, sliced open to absorb the new lessons awaiting
Water flowing into the vase captures the essence of healing
This variety of buds and blossoms gathered and arranged...
to beautifully illustrate a loving expression
A handpicked declaration of internal approval and appreciation
Each hue of wildflower harnesses its own shade of gratitude
For growing, for healing, for simply being
Every shadow begs to stay hidden
From judgement, from shame, from inevitable confrontation
Yet, the contrast highlights struggle between desire and fear
For acceptance. For this...
array of Himalayan poppies and cherry blossoms mirror her heart,
overflowing with harmony of resilience and peace
With the passing of days admiration may fade,
though she remembers, replenishing love is only one bouquet away

Inspiration:

She Gathered Her Heart

By April Buchschacher



The Art

Silhouette

By Glynis Lumley

Photography. 14" x 14"



Reserved by poet
Irene Robertson



The Poem

“Unwise”

By Irene Cayong Robertson



Inspiration: *Silhouette* by Glynis Lumley



My friend and I, passionate adventurers, toured capital of Iceland. Seeking refuge for weary toes, sauntered in a Husky Alehouse, anticipating to fulfill cravings for lavish Cuisine from the “Land of Ice and Fire,” lend ears to good Nordic music, and gently imbibe on serene libations.

Sipped a Rayka from sparkling crystal goblet, peered Through flowered lace curtain in the window, silhouettes Of two figures appeared, rushing somewhere

Perhaps, in haste to see loved ones, late for a performance Or defying descending darkness of the day. Maybe, avoiding Allure of Bars, Clubs, in the Entertainment Promenade Perchance—discussing virtues of Proverbs 20: Verse 1 Claiming—“Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging: And whosoever is deceived— thereby is not wise.” A warning against dangers, of overindulging inebriants

Remembered Ruby Jane, fond of anything to cover Everyday anxieties— found her in a dim-lit corner table Mussed auburn hair, giggling like a teenager, glazed looks Reddened eyes, men flirting around, telling enthralling Tales, laughing boisterously at spicy humors

Slightly protesting, while I urged her away—But, Marge— She said, bibulously—I'm having so much fun. . .

Assisted her into a Hreyfill* to our hotel, flash of reality Clawed like a spider climbing into web of thoughts— Beseeching . . . say goodbye to tantalizing bubbly

Lest I, be further deceived and unwise,

*Hreyvill A Taxi Company in Iceland-pronounced He-vid





The Raffle

Thank you! To Myryn Elizabeth Clark

For sharing her artwork, *Going Home*, on our promotional poster for Art Meets Poetry 2025
And donating her original pastel for our raffle (benefiting 3 McKinney Non-Profits)



Going Home

By Myryn Elizabeth Clark
Pastel. 8.5" x 6.5"



Barry Rynk and Kathryn Ikle
Drawing and Announcing
The Winner



The Winner!
Catherine L'Herisson

Art Meets Poetry - 2025

Attendance:

Friday Night (January 31st): 267+ Attendees

Saturday (February 1st): 164+

Raffle and donations raised \$250 to be divided between:

Community Food Pantry of McKinney

McKinney Community Lifeline Center

McKinney Community Garden Kitchen

Thank you to our dedicated volunteers who made this event possible, including:

Curators: Oshi Sanyal & Darby LaGrave (Art Club of McKinney)

Mockingbird Poetry Society: Barry Rynk, Beth Ayers, Susan Mardele, Nancy Gilbert

Kathryn Ikle (Art Club of McKinney)

Event Support: Melinda Whitten, Linda McNamara, Lori Sylvester, Cheryl Rowe, Julie Kalish, Cindy Peters, Karren Case, Jiaan Powers, Marly Lindsey, Janis Buck, Tessa English, Brian Cummings Jr., Gary Patton, and many more!

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The End



See you next year!

Thank you!



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Mockingbird Poetry Society



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