

# Art Meets Poetry 2026

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



# Getting Ready!



For Art to Meet Poetry

Art Meets Poetry  
2026

MUSEUM

Collin County  
**HISTORY**  
MUSEUM

COLLEGE AVENUE



# 2026 Art Meets Poetry

Friday Reception | Feb 6th 5-7 PM (CST)

Saturday Art & Poetry Showcase | Feb 7th 12-6 PM (CST)

*\*Live presentations by artist-poet pairs*

*Collin County History Museum  
300 E Virginia St, McKinney, TX 75069*



*Melody Lewis 'Reader' 16x20 Acrylic on Canvas*



**ARTMEETS**

*Poetry*





ARTMEETS

Poetry

Presented By



Thank You To Our Partners



# Friday Evening Reception 2/6/2026



Welcome From Kathryn Iklé (President of Art Club of McKinney)  
and Barry Rynk (President of Mockingbird Poetry Society)

# ART



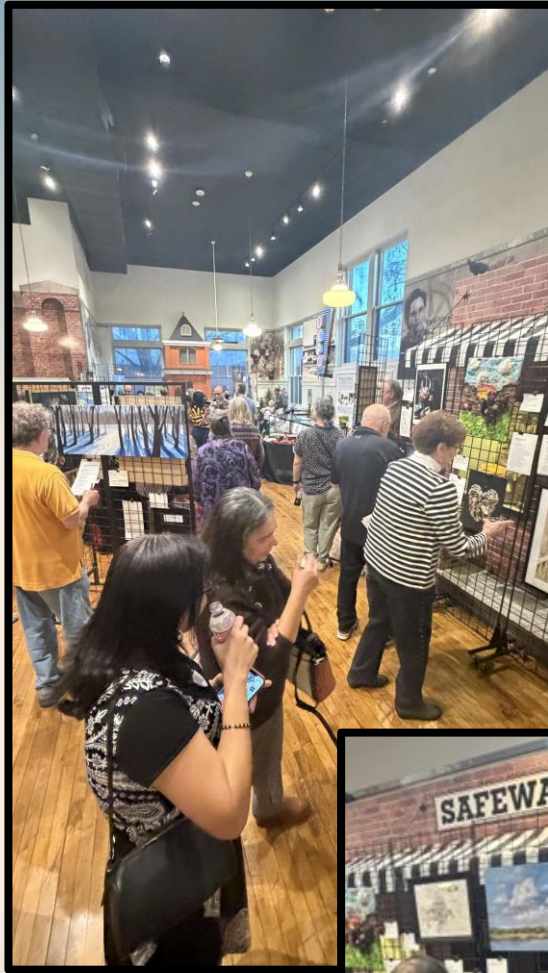
# MEETS



# POETRY



# 2026







ARTMEETS  
*Poetry*











ARTMEETS  
*Poetry*





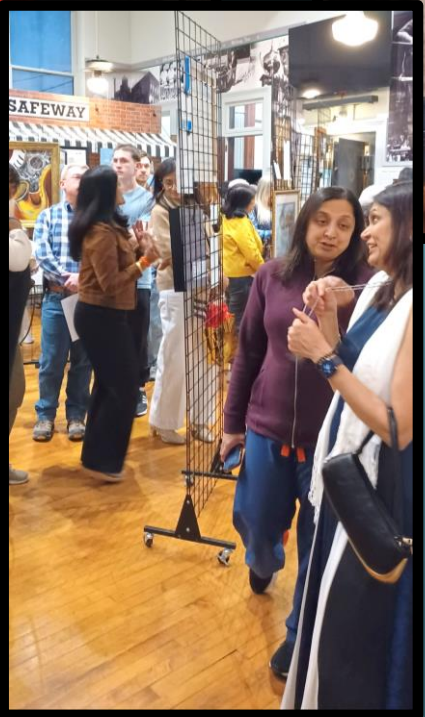
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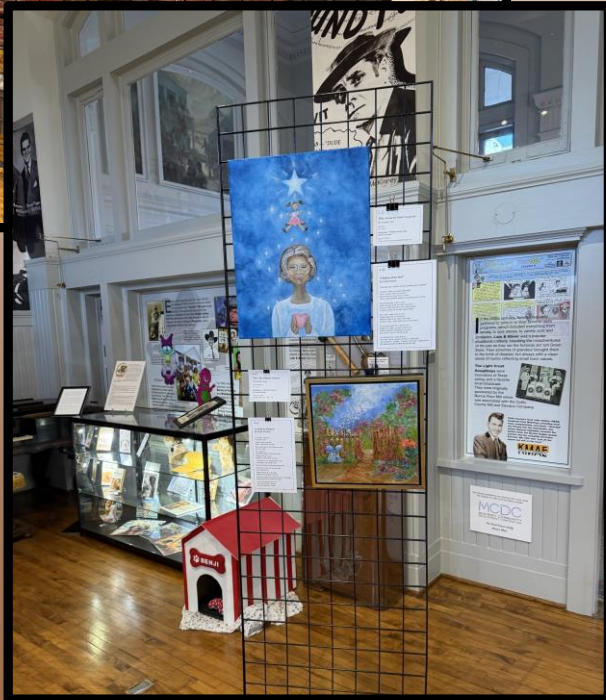
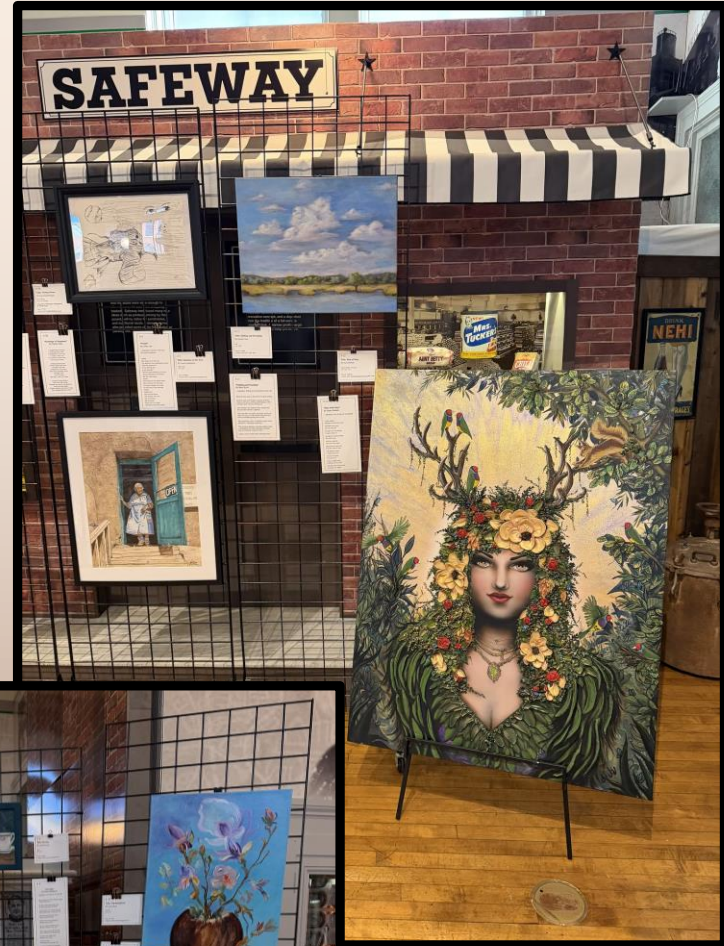
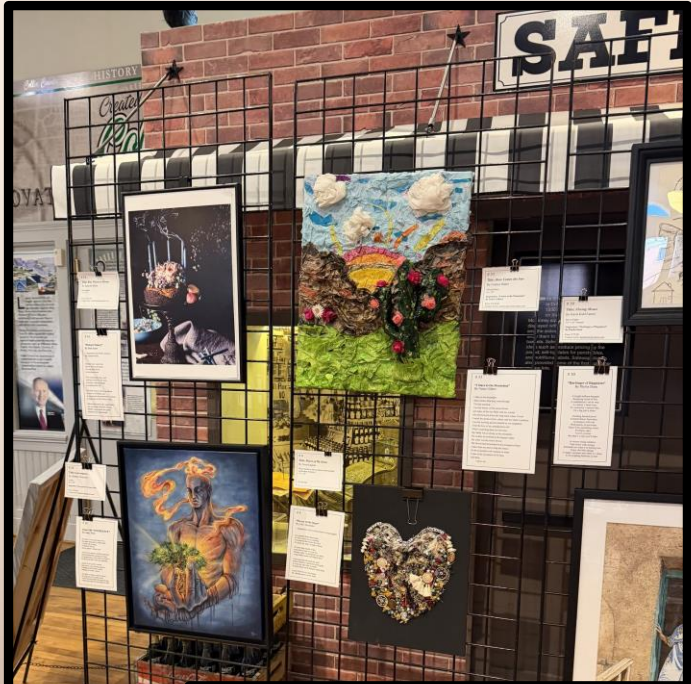


# Saturday

## February 7th



# On Display









ART  
INSPIRED BY  
POETRY



# “Children of my Soul”

By Neeta Nayak

“The body may wrinkle, but the twinkling soul is ageless.”

Twinkle, twinkle, my quiet little child,  
How I wonder where you reside?  
Deep inside my aging body so wide,  
Like a tough diamond taking every passing year in stride.

When the blazing youth is gone,  
When creaking joints toot their loud horn,  
Then my inner child shows her calming light—  
Twinkle, twinkle in the dark, dreary night.

My “outer” child is lost in time,  
Aging organs are beyond prime;  
Mother Nature to my body is not kind,  
But that “inner” child guides my soul and mind.

It’s my outer child the world can see—  
Eighteen or eighty, my age is part of me.  
Fuller and duller it might grow in dark,  
But inside, I lose not a single spark.

As I shut my eyes, I hear and see  
Poet Jane Taylor’s nursery rhyme in wistful glee—  
The melody of “Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star” singing in me;  
My inner and outer children are joyfully free!

# The Poem



# The Art

**Title:** *Loving the Child I Used to Be*  
**By** Karren Case

Acrylic  
16" x 20"



# The Poem

Poem 248: “DIVERGENCE”

By Isaac Philo

It wasn't a voice that sang to me.  
No name encircled its subtle flash.  
It spoke like waking,  
cloaked in flaking  
stones amidst volcanic ash.

And no convergence mulling markings,  
pattern-matching, counting carvings,  
in discernment, could match divergence:  
the flint and fiber, steel and sparking,

specter of the sickle's surfeit:  
sing a new song, chasing purpose;  
molding mental matter, quarry  
tantalum to Adam's glory.

The brick is broken, and the sheet's  
the flag above the golden street  
where crawling heard the upward calls;  
where mornings rise and darkness falls.



Matthew Delarocha – Isaac Philo

# The Art

**Title:** *Convergence*

**By** Matthew Delarocha

Acrylic

16" x 20"



## “Hero Within” - By Alice Parker

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Discover the hero within, accept you're capable of being a hero, beyond the normal person. Your physical and spiritual communicating, taking on your responsibility to sacrifice for a great idea.

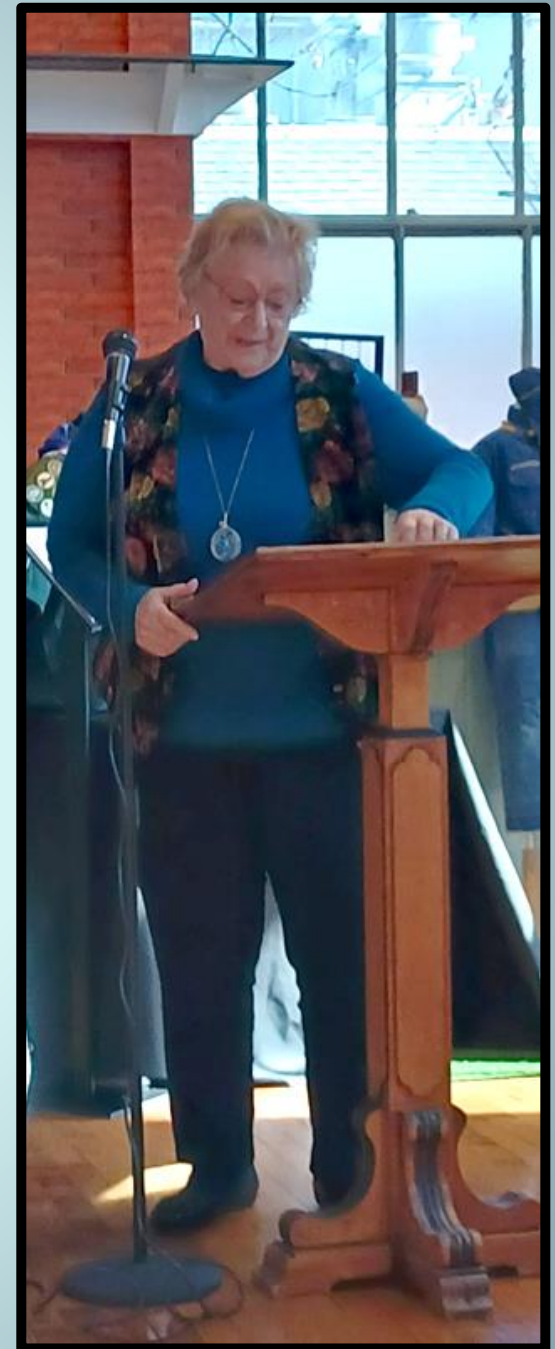
Every culture and person has their trials, on their journey for transformation of consciousness, to their powers of life. Serendipity plays its part. Every step readies you for your ascent-decision.

Listen to your voice inside. Your intuition speaks. Live life in integrity, your soul's highest vision. Your invisible plane, supports your visible plane. Dance, the soul's true art, revelling its motion.

Never forget, God's center everywhere within, everyone releasing their hero, from within them. You take care of yourself, keeping your well full, helping others even unknown, around you.

Problems only exist when we give them power through a diverted focus. Shift your attention from what's wrong, to what positive you create.

Freedom comes, as your master-mind sculpts your every experience, shaped wisely. Your challenges become opportunities for growth.



# THE ART

**Title:** *Born A Mother – Built A Hero*

By Sumeeth Mehta

Photography 16” x 20”



# The Poem

## “Rainbow” - By Brian Bowles

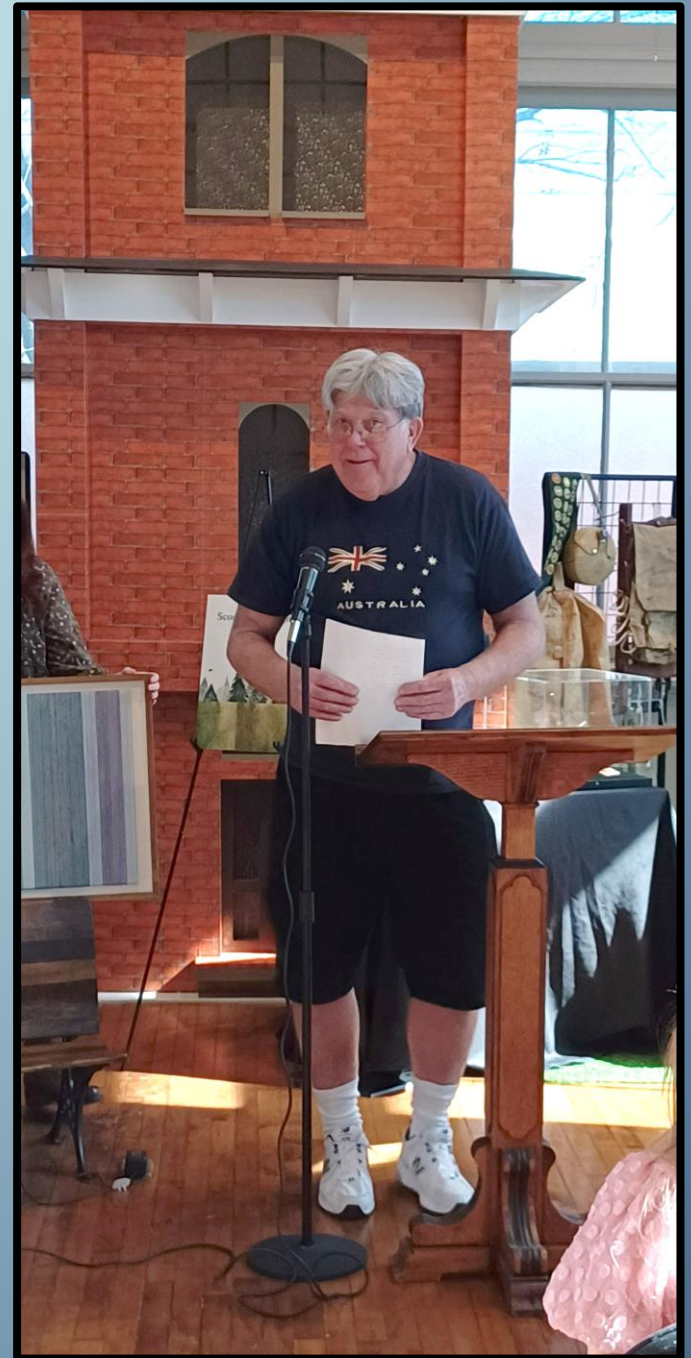
The couple named their baby girl Beaux  
She was their one and only child  
Her presence always made them glow  
When they saw her, their faces smiled

When rainbows appeared it thrilled Beaux  
Rainbows were what she loved the best  
When rain came, she looked for a rainbow  
Finding rainbows was her favorite quest

Rainbow colors decorated Beaux’s room  
Stories about rainbows were her favorites to hear  
Every Halloween she wore a rainbow costume  
Rainbow jewelry also brought her cheer

Sadly, her parent’s world was suddenly shattered  
Little Beaux died tragically when hit by a car  
Her funeral day was gloomy to all that gathered  
Dark clouds fittingly filled the sky near and far

In the cemetery grief and despair freely flowed  
Not one mourner kept a tearless eye  
Afterwards, the parents drove out the long cemetery road  
They saw prismatic colors arcing from clouds in the sky



# The Art

**Title:** *After the Rain*

By Sue Colton

Fiber

18" x 24"



# The Poem

## “Texas Moon” - By Peyton Morgan

The Texas Moon  
Shines brighter than the rest

Campfires are started  
Guitars play a catchy tune

A man in a deep voice starts to sing  
Cowboy boots tap along

It gets late, music slows  
Stories are told of ancestors long ago

Riding horses in the heat  
Natives shooting bows for meat

Mexican troops fight wars  
That almost took Texas’s joy

Year after year, day after day  
Through stories passed down to you and me  
Standing here today

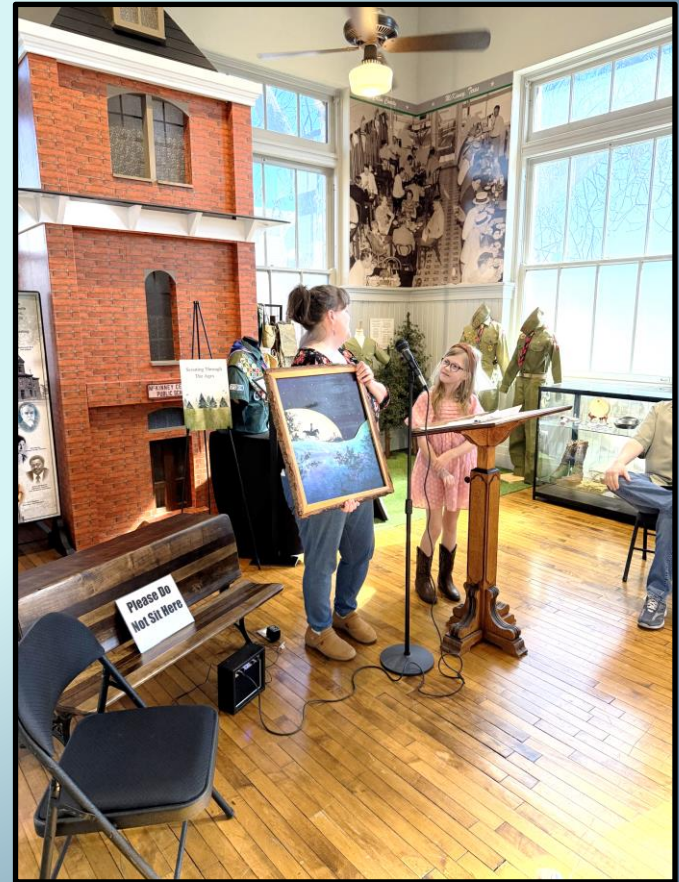


# The Art

**Title:** *Texas Moon*

**By** Jeni Tomlinson

Acrylic, Mixed Media  
16" x 20"



## “Reminiscing...” - By Sylvia Medel

That spring after graduating from college,  
how delighted I was when my grandparents  
asked me to stay with them in their cottage  
in the Valley by the town’s mountain river,  
where the music comes from the ripples  
of the water and the hymnal voices of  
the birds floating in the breeze.

That first night, I wondered if my eyes  
could ever close when my ears listened  
to the night rain falling, the frogs endlessly croaking,  
and the big trees couldn’t stop talking to each other.  
The Valley never slept. But I finally did.  
The fragrant scent woke me up, tip-toed to my bedroom.  
Opening the window, sunlight kissed my face.

Oh, silky white and dainty Jasmine blooms beneath  
the window. Lo, Jasmine bushes planted around  
the cottage, beaming with flowers. A tall bush let climb up  
a pencil-like coconut tree whose outstanding height  
defies the claws of adverse weather conditions like hurricanes.  
And gifted by nature this pencil-like coconut tree can dance,  
swaying with the tune of the fiercest wind. I’m enthralled!

Dear Jasmines, your beauty and fragrance truly delight me.  
Where you are, what a gorgeous place to go back to and away!

# The Poem



Barry Rynk – Carol Kovacs – Sylvia Medel

# The Art

**Title:** *Memories and Melodies of Love*

By Carol Kovacs

Pan Pastel Chalk, 16" x 20"



# The Poem

“Color It Beautiful” - By Brian Cummings

Mostly, we agree on beauty—  
vaulted, endless skies,  
fierce green forests,  
blazing, vermilion sunsets,  
dappled fields of wistful wildflowers.

But what if our eyes were different,  
and we saw through a veil of twilight hues?  
Azure skies were umber,  
emerald leaves turned sepia,  
rosy dusks were tawny twilight,  
wildflowers were variegated shades of brown

Would it change our perception of beauty,  
or the poetry it drives?

Could we find splendor in sepia tones?  
Could we smile  
at chestnut skies dotted with golden clouds,  
at forests carpeted with beige and umber,  
at fading auburn sunsets,  
at yellow-flecked fields of wistful russet wildflowers?

Perhaps vibrancy and gloom  
would shift like sand beneath the tide,  
creating new landscapes in our minds.



**Title:**

*Thought to itself “Shakespear Sonnet 94”*

By Lynn Martin

Watercolor

12” x 16”

The Art



## “Green Grapes” - By Beth Ayers

# The Poem

Pecan leaves filtered sunlight  
streaming through windows to the west  
highlighting the gray-haired woman, sitting,  
bent in concentration, hands slowly pressing fabric  
beyond the rise and fall of the needle as heavy black shoes  
move in time with the rise and fall of the pedal,  
driving the motion, sewing a seam.

She paused, sensing my presence.  
Perhaps the tap of black patent leather on hardwood floors  
gave me away, prompted her attention, her call for me  
to come closer to comment on her choice of cloth  
as she gathered and shifted it to reveal a small drawer,  
slightly open. Her encouragement sent my tiny hand  
reaching to open a wider crack, to discover hidden treasure.

Did she see disappointment in my eyes?  
My only experience told me those green grapes  
held no value. Scuppernongs grew wild on the back fence,  
made my mouth shrivel and spit, offered no enticement,  
made me reject those perfect green globes  
until her affirmation of delight pulled my fingers forward  
to pluck a single grape.

Still, with hesitation, I pierced the peel with first teeth,  
Releasing a burst of joy to tickle my tongue,  
To make me think twice about first perceptions.



# The Art

**Title:** *Oscillating Stitches*

By Ryan Bledsoe

Tapestry 5" x 5.5"



Beth Ayers Sharing Ryan Bledsoe's Tapestry

# “Walking in Forest on Winter Eve”

By Carl Reinelt

Delicate crunch of  
crinoline dust bathes this  
forest nocturnal white,  
  
descending to water’s edge,  
as whitetails snort and breathe,  
hooves piercing the crested snow.

Save for gossamer fallen  
flakes, my senses turn  
to silent whispers

through the limbs,  
of frosted sighs upon my nose,  
the cleansing snow of

no regrets, gratitude for  
the frozen nip of  
frost upon my fingertips.

In bite of winter’s  
blushing mist, I take my  
leave with blessing prayer,

a moment for a melting  
kiss, in faith of finding you  
always there.



# The Poem

# The Art



**Title:** *Hush*  
**By** Heather McEnroe

Acrylic Paint on Canvas  
12" x 36"

## “A Wish for Flowers” - By Susan Mardele

I'm a fairy, said she.

I see that, said I.

I grant wishes, said she.

That's what fairies do, said I.

Your wish today is for flowers, said she.

Oh, is it? Said I.

Yes! Said she,

and off she tripped to her next client

Wings on elastic straps

flopping loosely down her back.

I continued on my neighborhood walk.

ruminating on all things adult.

But this morning I kept getting distracted...

By electric purple salvia spires here,

coral cannas there,

Magenta hibiscus to the right,

bright pink echinacea to the left.

Back home again, the gladiolas in my front garden

had just burst into full-blown bloom.

I guess fairies really do exist.

I saw one just this morning,

and she granted me a wish.



Michele Hart – Susan Mardele

# The Poem

# The Art



**Title:** *The Wish for Flowers*  
**By** Michele Hart

Oil on Canvas  
12" x 12"

# The Poem

“Seeing is Believing”

By Elizabeth Riddle

To the thought "I'll believe it when I see it"  
Ponder a much different way of approach  
Like SOUL supersedes over underlying love  
We feel even though can't tangibly touch  
When a tree falls crashing to its forest floor  
If eyes not there, still nature is its witness  
Our physical bodies limit where each are for  
But with heart view boundless beauty hidden  
Like precious art covered under coat of paint  
Elaborate ceiling unexposed under drywall  
Shooting stars in atmosphere and contrails  
In infinite sky above through galaxies across  
Faces of loved ones in the clouds are there  
Softly subtle and can be found everywhere  
Bright yellow from removed chlorophyll green  
Single leaf that drifts on air to lay at my feet  
Magical wonder of Rainbow that is rare to be  
Still connects all of us behind the scenes  
Rather than waiting to see to say that believe  
If you believe with faith then will always see



# The Art



**Title:** *Seeing is Believing*

**By** Pernie Fallon

**Oil and Cold Wax**

**18" x 24"**



# The Poem

“Simply a Flower” - By Shiny Wu



Linda Katz – Shiny Wu

So many flowers  
and still simply a flower

Extraordinary blooms  
and yet just a bloom

A hue of f l o w e r s  
Spinning Dissolving  
in Black Theater  
on White Canvas  
My Stage

All night  
I dance the bloom  
I paint its breath  
Depart Melt Gone

All night I move  
Into petals my step  
Into the stroke tip my toe  
I leave the dark in the corner  
No way to move  
A pause  
as a symbol of sadness still

Bloom in joy  
Bloom in death  
Bloom in your arms  
I burn

# The Art



**Title: *Bloom & Burn* - By Linda Katz**  
Acrylic on Canvas 18" x 24"

# The Poem

“The Artist”

By Janet Tyner

That morning, after soaking bands of rain,  
I stepped alone into a fresh-washed land.  
Although the sky was covered with gray clouds,  
an unseen sun still cast an ambient glow—  
enough to luminesce scattered algae,  
pale green against the trees’ rain-darkened bark.  
A scent of earthy richness filled my breath  
where yellow coreopsis hung their heads.  
Just then a sunbeam broke the overcast  
and touched cerise rose petals and a bee.  
Before my eyes, the sun transformed the scene:  
pink rose, translucent now, a stained-glass pane;  
veined wings a crystalline bejeweled pin.  
The might of daylight granted this to me—  
a gift of beauty, sun-made artistry.



# The Art

**Title:** *Colorful Renewal*

By Melinda Whitten

Mixed Media

(Ink and Watercolor)

14" x 16"



# The Poem

“Winter Sabbath”

By Carol Thompson

I welcome winter, settle in  
like a dormant plant communing  
with earth beneath the straw-colored grass.  
I praise the shorter, darker months,  
hours crisscrossed with pale, sun-washed rays.

The world, visible in this season of naked trees,  
dresses in earth tones, sages and grey plaids  
woven within these sheltering days  
of ordained rest,  
a haven for my spirit.

Cold winds blow leaves the color of toast,  
brittle and crumbling, up against the front door  
to gather in crackling piles  
awaiting a clean sweep of the broom,  
the clean threshold revered by my German parents.

The iron bottle tree, a vibrant explosion  
of orange and blue glass, dazzles like a bellwether  
in the sun, as faded hydrangeas bow their heads  
in expectation of verdant green, the advent  
proclaiming earth’s next season.



Heidi Kidd – Carol Thompson

# The Art

**Title:** *Winter's Sunwashed-rays*

By Heidi Kidd

Soft Pastel

8" x 10"



# THE POEM

## “Lighthouse” By Kavya Baburaj

My heart is not a waiting room,  
not a lighthouse for the lost.  
It is an ocean, vast and wild,  
pulling with tides of my own making.  
I will not stay where I am not seen,  
where my giving is a given,  
where they sip from my well  
but never wonder if I thirst.  
No, I am not a lesson in patience.  
I am a lesson in leaving,  
in knowing when a heart this big  
deserves to beat elsewhere.



# The Art

**Title:** *Not a Lighthouse for the Lost*

By Chris Alcott

Oil 20" x 32"





Sherry Murphy – Toni Andrukaitis

# The Poem

“Winter’s Travesty”

By Toni Andrukaitis

The chill of Winter's travesty  
With barren landscape chides  
Then welcomes Spring's sweet majesty  
Where soft green growth abides

Now hasten into Summer's scorch  
Warm sultry melted nights  
Paint brilliant bursts of Autumn's torch  
Each leaf and limb ignites

From frozen time to earth's reprieve  
Sweet robin's songs declare  
The proof for those who now believe  
We bow our heads in prayer.

# The Art

**Title:** *Seasons Come and Go*

By Sherri Murphy

Acrylic 16" x 20"



“Harbinger of Happiness”  
By Phyllis Dunn

# The Poem

A bright balloon bouquet  
Bouncing cloud of fun.  
A celebration's on its way.  
A victory's been won.  
It's someone's special day,  
Or a big job is done.

Floating faceted jewel  
Foretell future festivities.  
Joyfulness will rule  
With plenty of activities.  
There'll be something sweet.  
Probably cake.  
You'll overeat.  
But that's a risk you'll take.

A riotous rising rainbow  
Tied down with strings.  
Reminds me when I'm feeling low  
Enjoy the little things  
A happy moment and when it's done  
Even popping balloons is fun!

Note: Because of a miscommunication, there is no interpretive art for this poem.



# The Poem

## “Vacation Aspiration”

By A. J. Chilson

Oh, I just can't wait to go on a vacation;  
Not having one has led to so much frustration.

I really need to travel and visit places,  
Locations known to create smiles on faces.

I want to see rivers, mountains and monuments,  
So I can have memories that are permanent.

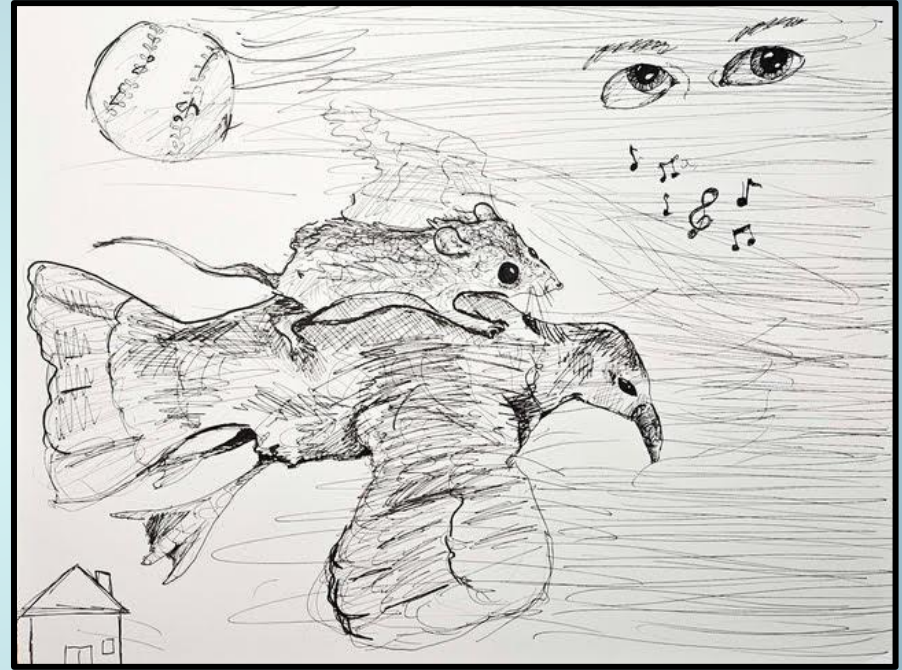
I would like to cheer at ballgames in different states,  
And watch the athletes compete -- both average and great.

It would be nice to go to a music concert,  
Or attend a matinee performed by experts.

Anything that I can witness during my life,  
That's what I want -- to avoid loneliness and strife.

Because I'll tell you this: staying at the same house --  
All the time -- it makes me want to run like a mouse.

# The Art



**Title:** *Fleeing Mouse*  
By Gavin Kidd Fantoli

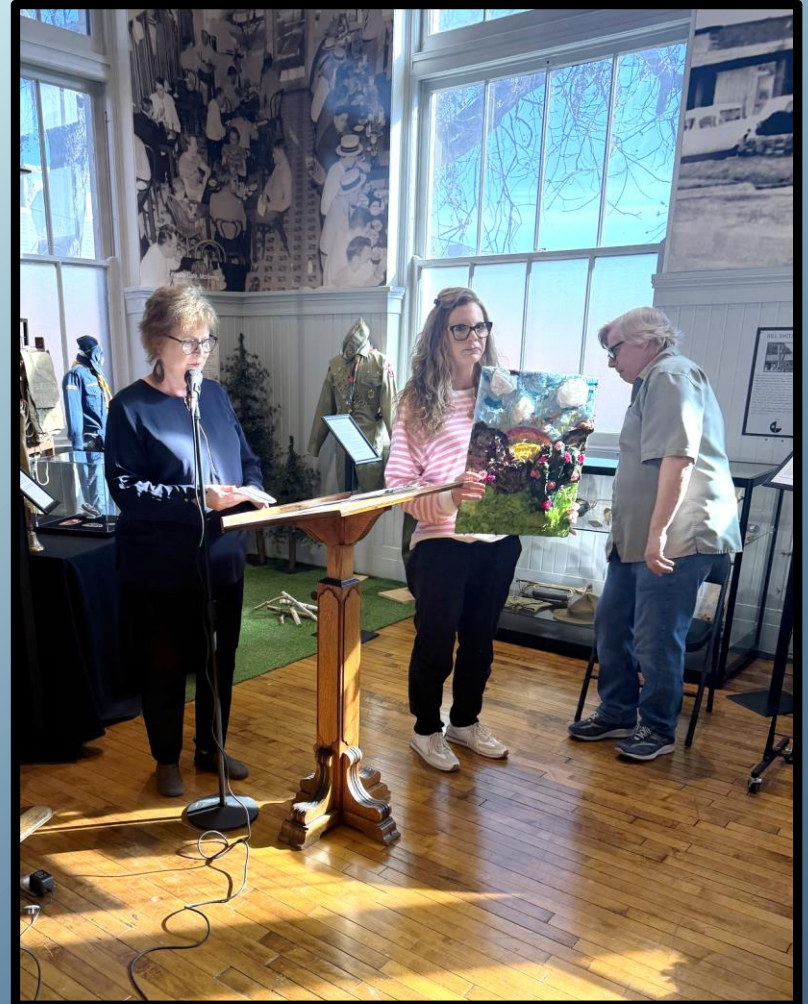
Ink on Paper  
14" x 18" Framed

# The Poem

“I Stare at the Mountains”

By Nancy Gilbert

I stare at the mountains  
And wonder what they went through  
To keep standing.  
I see the beauty of the cactus flower  
and lights of the city filled with my secrets.  
My mind travels down the long street where I lived.  
I smell the aroma of pies, cakes, and my sister’s perfume.  
I see the morning glories planted by our neighbors.  
I feel the love of my grandparents and  
Wish I could hug them one last time.  
My father was as strong as the mountains.  
My mother as troubled as the deepest valley.  
My sister was the cactus flower,  
The flower that blossomed in the strongest of heat.  
I draw from my past to help the future,  
So the mountains will continue to stand.  
I stare at the mountains of El Paso,  
And then,  
I move on.



Nancy Gilbert – Cortney Baker – Barry Rynk

# The Art

*Title: Here Comes the Sun*

By Cortney Baker

Mixed Media

16 x 20"









Collier County HISTORY MUSEUM McKeavy Trust

Created Collier County

INNOVATION

EXIT

Collier County HISTORY MUSEUM



Maria Luisa Vega Ph. D. McKeavy

SAFETYWAY

T...  
D...

GETTYSBURG

Document on chair

Document on chair

POETRY  
INSPIRED BY  
ART



# The

# Art



**Title:** *The Reader*

By Melody Lewis

Acrylic on Canvas  
16" x 20"



# “Daughter of Stars, Story and Sacredness” - By Neeta Nayak

Burning luminosity ignites her soul,  
Mirroring the stars in the universe,  
Ablaze like lamp-eyes, brighter—  
Illuminating each page like a supernatural miracle.  
Is she an oracle?

Is she the Greek goddess Athena, the Roman goddess Minerva?  
Learning, knowledge, strategic insight—  
Her glowing book shining so bright.

Could she be the Hindu goddess Saraswathi?  
Intellectual awakening, knowledge divine,  
Her beautiful lustrous face so sublime.

Could she be the Egyptian goddess Isis?  
Her focused gaze shimmeringly radiant,  
Mystical symbolism—brilliant, incandescent.

Is she the Navajo Spider Woman?  
Weaving sacred cosmic threads from text to text,  
Creation and storytelling in each line she reflects.

Is she the Chinese moon goddess Chang'e?  
Ethereal glow beneath the crescent moon,  
A mysterious beauty, a celestial boon.

She..... is feminine power, an aura of radiance—  
Mystery, magic, wisdom bright,  
The rising dawn ending an endless night.  
She is the Star, the Story, the Sacredness.



# The Poem





# The Art



**Title:** *Virditas*  
**By** Linda Katz

Acrylic on Canvas  
16" x 20"



# The Poem



## Poem 255: “Viriditas” by Isaac Philo

Wake up, soil, humus, stones!  
Wake up, ye wild and waste!  
Wake up, chitin, ossa, bones!  
Wake up, thou child of haste!

...

And I wake,

Formful, worm-full, worthful, earth-full,  
Mirthful, birth-full, fern-full, circled  
Round above by cotton clouds,  
Atop a crop of lilac shrouds,  
They clothe, oh how they sage adorn,  
The stems where never blade has shorn!  
The plot where never plow has touched,  
The cushion to the wayward clutch,  
The carpet to the barefoot sole,  
The harvest to the hungry bull.

Ye speak to what the springs beget;  
Ye sing while lies the paint still wet;  
O Aijalon, wouldst thou remain,  
That never shall thy sun be set!

Thou art the cottage of my soul,  
The Earth that Adam worked and kept;  
Within thy arms my blade grew dull,  
Thy bosom, every sorrow slept.

# The Art

**Title:** *Should*  
By Ryan Bledsoe

Tapestry  
5" x 13"



# “My Mother’s Loom”

By Catherine Kelley

# The Poem

My mother’s side of the family was from the Southwest, Colorado... New Mexico.  
Some children vacationed at Disney, my sister and I spent hot and dusty summers exploring family ranches and farms, with side trips to cliff dwellings and long abandoned pueblos, choosing our souvenirs from dimly lit trading posts. We are both thankful for this.  
Later in her life my mother became an avid collector of Navajo blankets.  
In retirement she would take weaving tours of the Southwest with her friends.  
Grey haired ladies piled aboard tour buses, concho belts and squash blossom necklaces in abundance, and set off across the mountains to the desert.  
They stopped at the reservations and trading posts deemed important enough by the tour.  
Discussion of waft, stories behind blanket patterns a dull background prattle to their journey.  
The tours helped fill the gaps left by children grown, out of state grandchildren, husbands who still worked, and too much time. Always so much time to fill.  
When she returned from one such trip, my father built her a full sized loom.  
It reigned over the sunroom, surrounded by light and plants, the chaise cowering to the side.  
After his death, my uncle’s famous Saquaro cactus even kept it company from the corner, however briefly, before his gardener came to claim it.  
My mother would call the grandchildren out and show them how to run the shuttle in and out, in and out, tapping the weave ever tighter with the comb.  
The rhythm a calming balm to children in a house with no internet, no video games, where some were in bed by seven-thirty with the expectation of quiet.  
There was a blanket still on the loom only half finished when she died.  
The loom is dismantled now. In pieces like her life... her family.  
Like the pieces of my father’s life as his patterns begin to change.  
I wonder what became of the unfinished piece when he took the loom apart.  
I wonder what became of my mother, and what will become of my father without her.



# The Art



**Title: *Pieces of My Heart* - By Tessa English**

Mixed media on canvas 12" x 18"

# The Poem

“Pieces of My Heart”

By John Alexander

I’m grateful that I have today,  
So soon tomorrow’s yesterday.  
I’m grateful that I have this time  
To share my heart, to spin a rhyme.

If I peer deep inside of me,  
And shine a light so I can see,  
Perhaps there’s something I can share,  
Long hidden gems still hidden there,

A treasure placed inside my soul,  
When shared is valued more than gold.  
It is my joy each day on earth  
To find those words and give them birth.

I pray God’s love I can impart  
By sharing pieces of my heart.



# The Art

**Title:** *Sunshine in Her Eyes*  
**By** Laurie Lindemeier

Watercolor  
16" x 20"



# “Finally”

By Abby Law

Finally

She walks out on her own.

The darkness was consuming her whole

Until she stepped out.

It was difficult and

It was beautiful!

With the harsh sunshine in her eyes

Almost blinding her with beauty

She felt whole again.

Finally

She could hear the children play!

She could hear the birds sing.

No longer trapped in her head

Or her house of the lonesome.

Finally

Thank God!

She feels the breeze.

The warmth of the sun

She can breathe-

She is strong!

Finally she is so strong

And forever that shall remain.



# The Poem

# The Art

**Title:** *Buckets of Laughter*

**By** Anu Gupta

Pastels

16" x 20"



“How does a moment last forever?” - By Tessa English

# The Poem

A grandmother fills a bucket of water outside  
Her granddaughter is so enjoying Summertime

She is playing outside with her dog while grandmother is getting things done  
All of a sudden she can't help but have some fun

Laughter ensues from the deepest place  
As the last drip of water falls over her face

Mundane, everyday tasks can get so boring,  
Much more fun to create a funny story

Both of their faces like the morning sunrise  
The granddaughter reflecting her grandmother's beautiful smile

You see the similarities they share  
We have no idea what lies ahead for this young girl,  
But her grandmother wants her to be prepared

Her grandmother knows what life can do to us  
Whether she's ready for it or not, life does tend to get rough

What a gift this grandmother has bestowed with a bucket of water  
To not take life too seriously and to hold on to laughter

We don't know what her future holds  
But with this kind of love, they will always be connected, heart and soul

How does a moment last forever?  
Maybe these two have the answer





*The Art*

**Title:** *Uniquely "YOU"* - By Viji Venkataguru

Acrylic 24" x 24"

# The Poem

“Forever Pink”

By Elizabeth Riddle

—Inspiration: Uniquely “YOU”

By Viji Venkataguru

When I see pink, I see you, my precious friend  
Your pawsteps met by feet and happy grins  
Always concluding our strolls on the small hill  
Looking out over lake, my heart with joy filled

We've been blessed by others' stories shared  
Telling, collaborating, and being part of theirs  
Some personalities with colors brightly bold  
Then those of soothing comfort in pastel gold

What was the present now memories of past  
Laughter formed lines on former fresh face  
Infants and children grown, pups to seniors  
But uniqueness together made a bigger picture

Forever celebrating you, spreading the word  
To know none ever lost when have true love  
Each one's flower has left beauty in path there  
With you my Daisy, see happiness everywhere



Viji Venkataguru – Elizabeth Riddle

# The Art



Michele Hart – Sylvia Medel

**Title:** *Mountain Lavender*

**By** Michele Hart

**Oil** 12" x 12"



# “Mountain Lavender” - By Sylvia Medel

—Inspiration: Mountain Lavender by Michele Hart

## Part One: Introduction

I laid my eyes on the framed painting  
I felt stillness envelop my curious heart  
I wondered why? Ahh, it was the place—  
Where peace and serenity meant to exist.

The painting shows four slender, stalwart Aspen trees  
with blue green leaves, well spaced and a stump  
and lavender blooms grew barely apart.  
Cotton clouds in blue and white float in the sky,  
seemed like open umbrellas to naked eyes.  
The Lavender mimicked a lady, prim and proper.

## Part Two: Main Description and Narrative

Lavender thrives in the Rocky Mountain of Colorado,  
and found its name there—Mountain Lavender.  
It loves mountain soil, its dryness; from roots to stalks,  
foliage, light purple blooms, all adapted to the range’s  
well drained earth. At higher ground, it makes up  
breathtaking landscapes, being closer to full-eyed sun  
emitting warmth and life. But in winter, lavender plants  
freeze dead in the snow, even at zero temperature  
for six months, till summer helps them breathe again.

How wonderful to know: the Mountain Lavender,  
a special plant, never truly dies. It’s just the cycle  
Mother Nature makes it so. No need of replanting.  
It’s in the mountains, where the soil is dry, seldom wet,  
with the sun watching over from the time it awakens  
till it sets, the glorious vast sunset on the horizon.



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# The Art



Melinda Whitten – Barry Rynk

**Title:** *Let the Muses Play*  
**By** Melinda Whitten

**Ink and Watercolor** 14" x 17"



# The Poem

“My Muses”

By Toni Armenta Andrukaitis

The muses take my pen  
Then hum a happy tune  
Composing all my thoughts  
There by the midnight moon

Words written in the sky  
Come flowing from my heart  
Expressions of true love  
Though we are worlds apart

Golden stars sprinkled there  
Between each thought and word  
Of joyous times of peace  
Or painful screams unheard

I scribble in the sand  
My muses share my strife  
For only they can see  
True words that are my life



# The Art

**Title:** *Where is my breakfast?  
Sincerely, Harriet the Heron*

By Cindy Luvender

Acrylic 16" x 20"



# “Jake and Harriet the Heron”

## By Catherine L’Herisson

—Inspiration: Where is my breakfast? Sincerely,  
Harriet the Heron by Cindy Luvender

There she is, waiting for me again this morning.  
Since we moved to Florida, I fish a lot,  
and she hangs around, waiting for a handout.  
My wife, Liz, and I nicknamed her Harriet.

One day, I decided to have a chat with Harriet.  
Harriet, here is the ocean, plus canals all around  
filled with fish, crabs, all kinds of things you eat.  
Why aren’t you out catching your own food  
instead of hanging around me and other fishermen  
waiting for me or others to toss you a fish?

Jake, just look at the mud on my feet, all the way up  
my lovely long legs past my knees from muddy canals  
where I can’t see to catch anything for breakfast.  
You catch so many fish, you can’t possibly  
eat them all. Just throw me a little one that you  
don’t need. P-l-e-a-s-e. I really am hungry!

So I gave in, finally did toss a fish her way.  
I wonder if she is old, not good at catching prey.  
Is she lazy, or is she smarter than we thought...  
has trained us all to feed her, meet her needs?



# The Poem

# The Art



**Title: *Drifting and Dreaming* - By Karren Case**

Oil 16" x 20"

# The Poem

## “Drifting and Dreaming”

By Barry Rynk

When the only sanity in the world is the pink morning  
mystical silences are broken in staccato moments.  
Alone on the bayou, drifting and dreaming in a flat-  
bottomed skiff—stars just winking out.

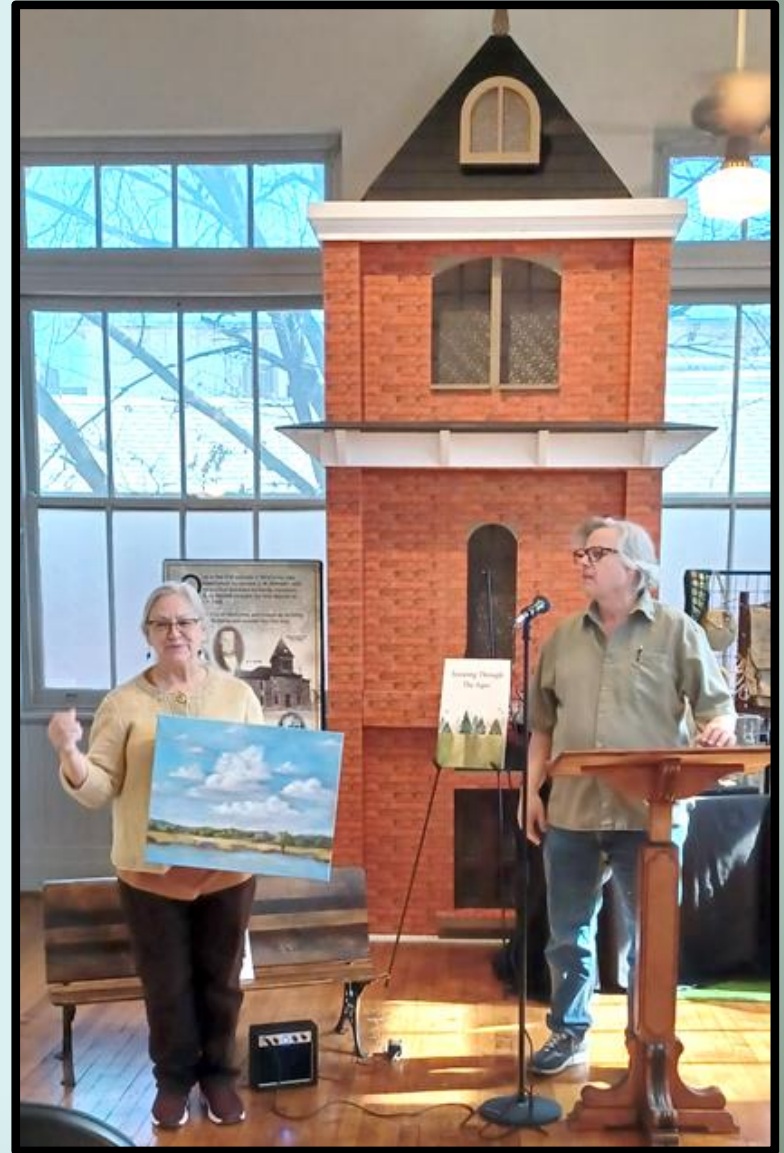
Early thrashers and cardinals chirp, seagulls call;  
the near-shore cricket’s symphony.

The rough fiber of a casting net draped ‘round your  
ankles; the grip of wooden planks under bare feet;  
worn out shoulders pulling oars in a tide.

Then, appearing, shelves of building August clouds  
adorned in a welcoming, peach glow.

The salt breeze lapping at your lips, smiling toward  
a serendipitous sky filled with beauty and hope;  
just you among the weeds and reeds

trying to come to terms with a world gone mad.



Karren Case – Barry Rynk





The

Art



**Title:** *Elen of Ways*  
**By** JuJu Bartush

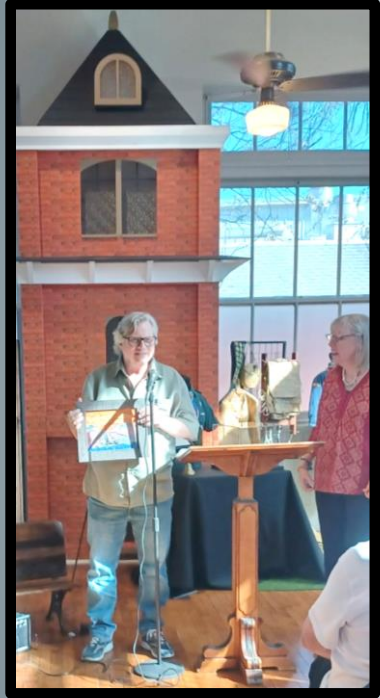
Mixed Media  
on Canvas  
48" x 36" x 2"

## “Elen of the Ways” - By Susan Mardele

I stride eternal  
through the wild living wood  
millennia in my eyes  
the evil and good  
the paths seen and unseen  
I wander them yet  
through the mystical forests  
that rustle beset  
with tiny creatures  
who trust in my hand  
protecting the large ones  
from the wants of man  
soul paths are rocky  
I wander those too  
seek me for solace  
I will hear you  
in this wooded world  
I embrace all who seek  
with the sweet wind of soul  
the divine ever speaks



# The Art



**Title:**  
*Caribbean Sunset*  
By Barry Rynk

Stencil Print  
9.5" x 12"



# “Sailboat Daydreams” - By Phyllis Dunn

My little boat sails along  
On the beautiful sea.  
I’m singing a song  
And I’m feeling free.

There’s life everywhere,  
Flying fish and albatrosses.  
Jellies float without a care,  
And gulls scream they’re the bosses.

I’m having fun but at what cost?  
Now I’m losing the sun and I think I’m lost.  
The water all looks the same.  
And I can’t find the shore.  
I don’t know which way that I came.  
Have I been here before?

What’s that swimming out of the dark?  
Is it a tuna or a grouper?  
No, it’s a great white shark!  
Quick, call Mr. Hooper  
Better yet Sheriff Brody  
With his gun and a floatie  
Cause there’s nowhere to run  
And I just want to note  
We are definitely gonna need a bigger boat!

I make myself laugh,  
And I’m starting to prune.  
It’s time to get out of the bath.  
And I will, pretty soon



*The Poem*

# The Art



**Title:** *Blue Bell Field with Sunset*

**By** Veronique Lemay

Acrylic Paint  
12" x 36"



Veronique Lemay – Carol Thompson

## “Chimes” - By Carol Thompson

“Never send to know for whom the bell tolls;  
it tolls for thee.” John Donne from “No Man Is An Island.”

From across the road  
we watch daylight descend into evening.  
Clouds of angel wings spread across the sky  
reflecting the last of the golden sun.  
An endless wave of bluebells,  
each fairy flower with its own little face,  
washes across the meadow  
as if violet-blue paint was poured over all the earth.

Like sentries on duty  
we watch in safety here from the windows –  
that’s me in the middle pane.  
The soldiers passed by again today,  
one about my age who looked like someone  
who could be a friend.  
There is no path through the blooms –  
I can’t bear the thought of trampled stalks.

When darkness comes, a gentle wind  
will ripple through the bluebells,  
across the plain and into the night,  
where the moon reflects longing and light  
on the sea of blue paper lanterns.

# The Poem



# The Art



Cindy Peters – Shiny Wu

**Title:**

***Creative Conundrum***

**By Cindy Peters**

**Acrylic**

**36" x 36"**



“A Song of Lines and Layers”  
By Shiny Wu

# The Poem

With lines we speak  
From layers we dream  
Stirring the mind till the images sing  
Take wing Take wing

Layers on layers  
become a child's free hands  
A puzzle of impulses  
Unshaped Unplanned Unleashed

Oh yeah Let the line free and fly  
To twist To turn Across the sky

Oh yeah, let it wander wild  
Let every stormy crack be seen

Where edges bloom  
Where stories stream  
Speechless  
Conundrum fills the air

A splash  
Blowing wishes into the wind

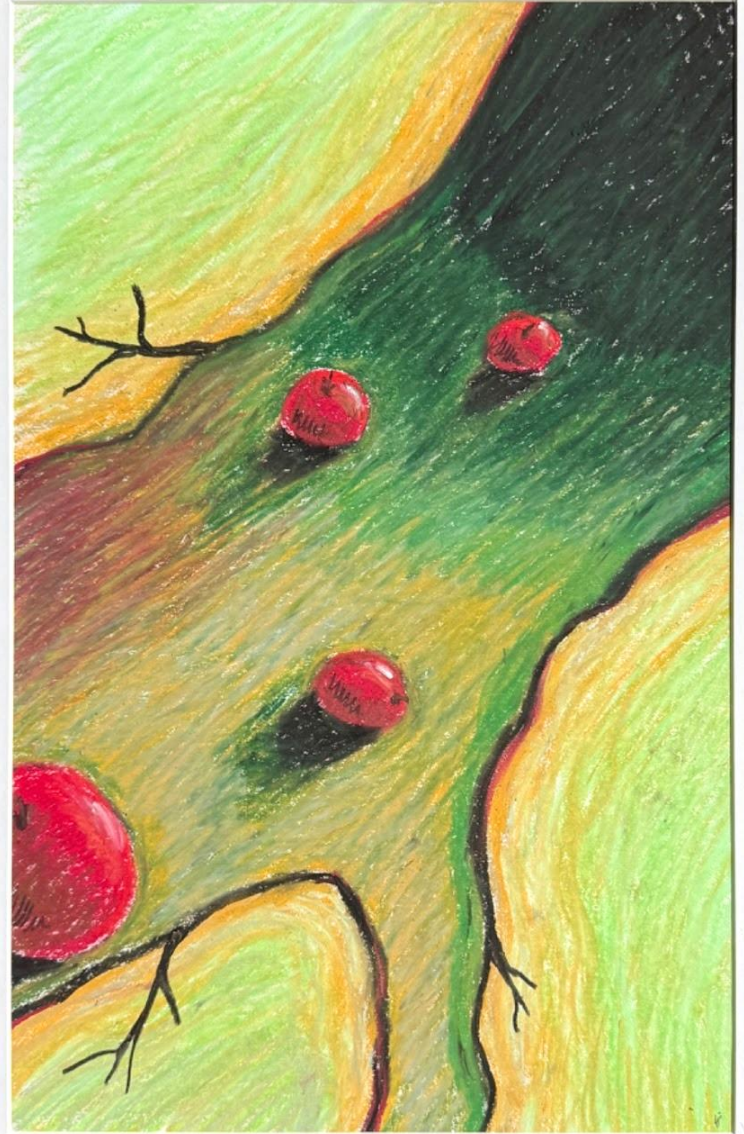
A burst of feeling  
A beating heart  
A universe entangled  
A uni-verse  
A square space



# The Art

**Title:** *Fall of Man*  
**By** Heather McEnroe

Oil Pastel  
11" x 17"



## “Fall of Man” - By Carl Reinelt

O timeless tree of ageless  
wisdom, enthrall me  
with your deathly fruit, feed  
my lust for knowledge  
from your deadly roots, that  
I shall fill my darkest needs.

From innocence to  
experience, the God who  
took my rib fashioned  
woman to lure me with  
the serpent's promise  
of being my own god.

O untimely sin of original  
umbrage with Architect  
unseen, before me stands  
a naked truth unleashed:  
your shadow darkens  
every cradle, evening

lullaby and morning dreidel,  
our unnatural lives a-spinning.  
Forbidden fruit that never feeds

insatiable thirst of human  
greed, we feast and lose it all  
by our own immortal fall.

# The Poem



# The Art



**Title:** *Blue Wishes in Bloom*

**By** Sumeeth Mehta

**Photography**

12" x 18"



# The Poem

“Delicate Memory”

By Beth Ayers

—Inspiration: Blue Wishes in Bloom

By Sumeeth Mehta

Ordinary days vanish into  
thin air without an anchor  
to weigh them down,  
to keep them close.

Even extraordinary days need  
coaxing to remain in the mind,  
to become a lasting thought,  
a recollection for life.

A worthy memory may be as delicate  
as roses on a birthday cake,  
as sweet as the first strawberry in summer,  
as temporary as both of these, unless...

When breath releases the candle flame,  
cup your hands around the memory.  
Breathe it deep inside then gently  
whisper it into a photograph.



# The Art



Janis Buck – Kavya Baburaj

**Title:** *Hummingbirds*

**By** Janis Buck

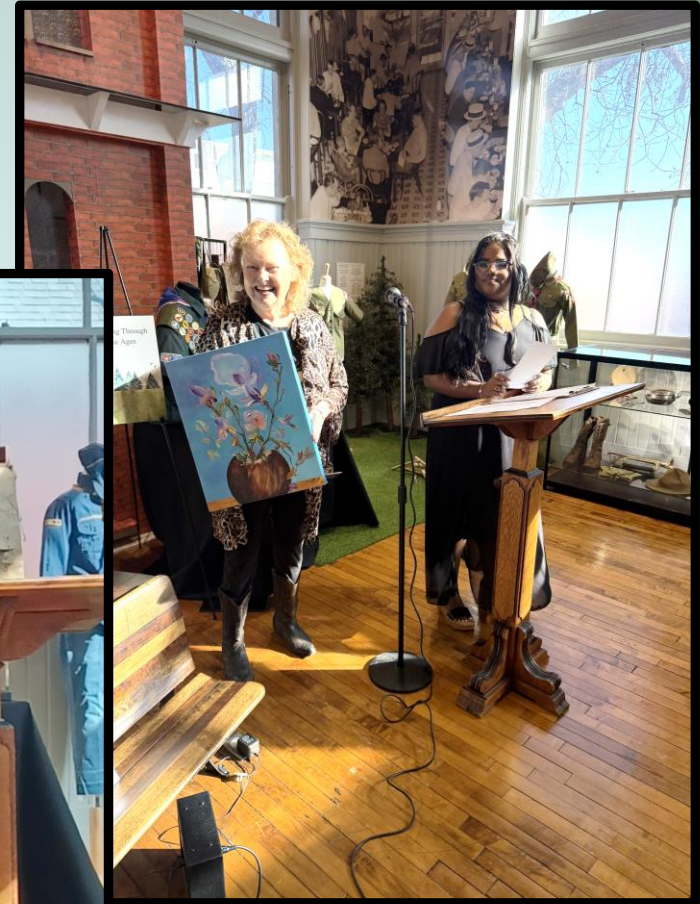
Acrylic  
20" x 16"



# The Poem

## “A Hummingbird” By Kavya Baburaj

I am a hummingbird,  
and the orchids are my mirror,  
our lives entwined in a fragile dance.  
My wings flutter me around  
as I stitch sunlight into shadows.  
I sip nectar,  
sweet as starlight,  
soft as the moon’s quiet secrets,  
each drop a shimmer of beauty,  
a pulse of wisdom,  
a flicker of strength.  
I dance along petals,  
painting the air with gold,  
teaching the world  
that even the smallest heart  
can hold a universe of magic,  
and still take flight.



# The Art



**Title:** *Chicago Slice*

**By** Christopher Alcott

Oil -18" x 24"



# The Poem

“Currents”

By Janet R. Tyner

I trudge concrete floors of canyons  
whose walls of stone, steel, and glass  
pull my eyes  
above the straight-ahead,  
beyond framed reflections of azure and white,  
still higher—into boundless sky.

I remember—  
on the high place  
leaning into the wind, pushing against its power,  
laughing as fingers of air tangle tendrils of my hair—  
I imagined flying.

From its nest on a high ledge,  
the peregrine falcon bursts out and up,  
soaring twice the skyscraper’s height, then  
diving steep—a hunting missile—faster,  
higher, freer than  
any other earthborn creature.

Imagine flying.



Christopher Alcott – Janet Tyner – Barry Rynk

# The Art



**Title:** *Tea Time* - By Lori Sylvester

Oils - 8" x 10"

# The Poem

## “Tea Time” - By Elaine Henderson

Every afternoon at three, Big Ben bongs,  
“TIME FOR TEA!”

Business stops, good friends meet  
In cafes up and down the street.

And in homes, too, pots are brewed.  
Change takes place: A calming mood

Descends upon the tables where  
Warm aromas fill the air.

Friends lean forward sipping tea,  
Sharing secrets quietly.

Tarts are added, strawberries, too,  
Biscuits, crumpets - just a few.

Time slows down; work can wait.  
Roses climbing on the garden gate

Call out to us to linger here,  
Breathe in the scents,

Release the fear  
Of striving year after busy year

To find some purpose in our quest.  
Balance is the key to best.



Lori Sylvester – Elaine Henderson

# The Art

**Title:** *Still Standing*

By Matthew Delarocha

Acrylic  
16" x 20"



# “Standing High”

By Brian Bowles

—Inspiration: Still Standing  
By Matthew Delarocho

Long after death the tree projects skyward.  
A proud pillar to its life,  
majestic limb remnants admired.  
A bulwark feting existence’s cruel strife.

Heartwood, expanding in summers of heat,  
retracting in the coldness of winters.  
Roots, wide and deep, yielding little retreat.  
Timber holding strong, solid, with few splinters.

Living hundreds of years  
branches and limbs had covered the sky.  
Rough trunk stubbornly perseveres,  
A monument still standing high.

On its summit birds of prey survey.  
The trunk, home for beetle burrows,  
a woodpecker haven in hollows of decay.  
Roving rodents prowl the twisted roots below.

On its surface green moss grows.  
A statuesque symbol of eternity,  
where natural life and death juxtapose.  
An edifice embracing life’s cycle and diversity.

# The Poem



# The Art

**Title:** *The Scream* - By Melody Lewis

Acrylic Painting on Recycled Canvas 16" x 12"



# “Embracing Kali” - By Lavanya Acharya

Note: *In Hindu mythology Kali is the Goddess of Time, all-devouring and unstoppable.*

I see you, my love.

I See You as you slip away with a  
horde of endings in your wake. Dark  
enticing raging red the white heat  
of fear swirl in your head. The world  
has slowly lost its form muted dulled  
and begging scorn.

They say a goddess once emerged from the brow of Mother to  
burn to purge the world of evil but lusting for more blood  
desolation and gore danced horror across the universe  
breaking killing tearing all that was hers. It was all hers.

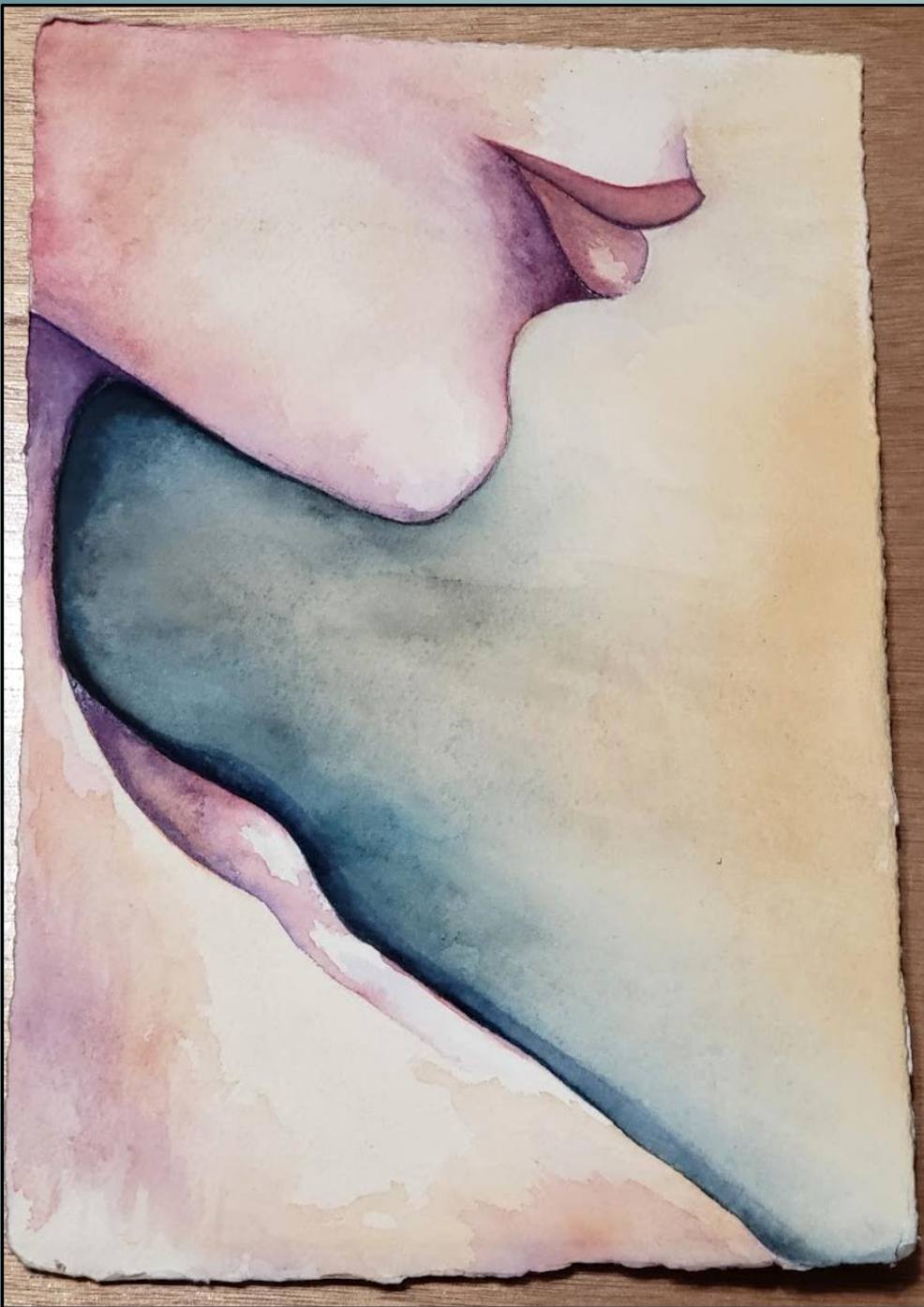
And then love bloomed. Love blossomed quietly at her feet  
as her consort lay himself beneath her dancing form and so she  
froze eyes wide with his chest under her toes, she bit her  
tongue her fury sated her fear subdued her pain abated.

I see you as he saw her.  
Though you feel lost I know  
how much this pain has cost you, your  
world has been dismembered dismantled, now lean  
on me to right this battle. Allow my  
heart to temper yours and let my love give fury pause.

# The Poem



# The Art



Lopa Banerjee – Elizabeth Matlock

**Title:** *Eau de Parfum I*

By Elizabeth Matlock

Watercolor

10" x 14"

# "The Lip and the Body: A Dialogue" - By Lopa Banerjee

# The Poem

The lip, to the body:  
My architecture of the flesh  
Is a complete study in fruition, in fullness.  
The fullness of murmurs, desires soaked in my luminous skin.

Embracing the cloudburst of words, kisses  
And the perfumed downpour of centuries of my wants.  
In my supple contours, I am the cradle of misty fantasies, of cadences born.

The subtle jijaad of my throbbing, pulsating truths  
A manifesto of the 'eau de parfum' of whispers buried deep  
Inside layers of smoldering skins and membranes one dare not unfold.

Two shimmering petals, sealed with the hues of promises  
Stretched out towards the prairies of the body, an enchanting maze  
Cutting through slender valleys of the neck and shoulders, an elongated rhapsody.

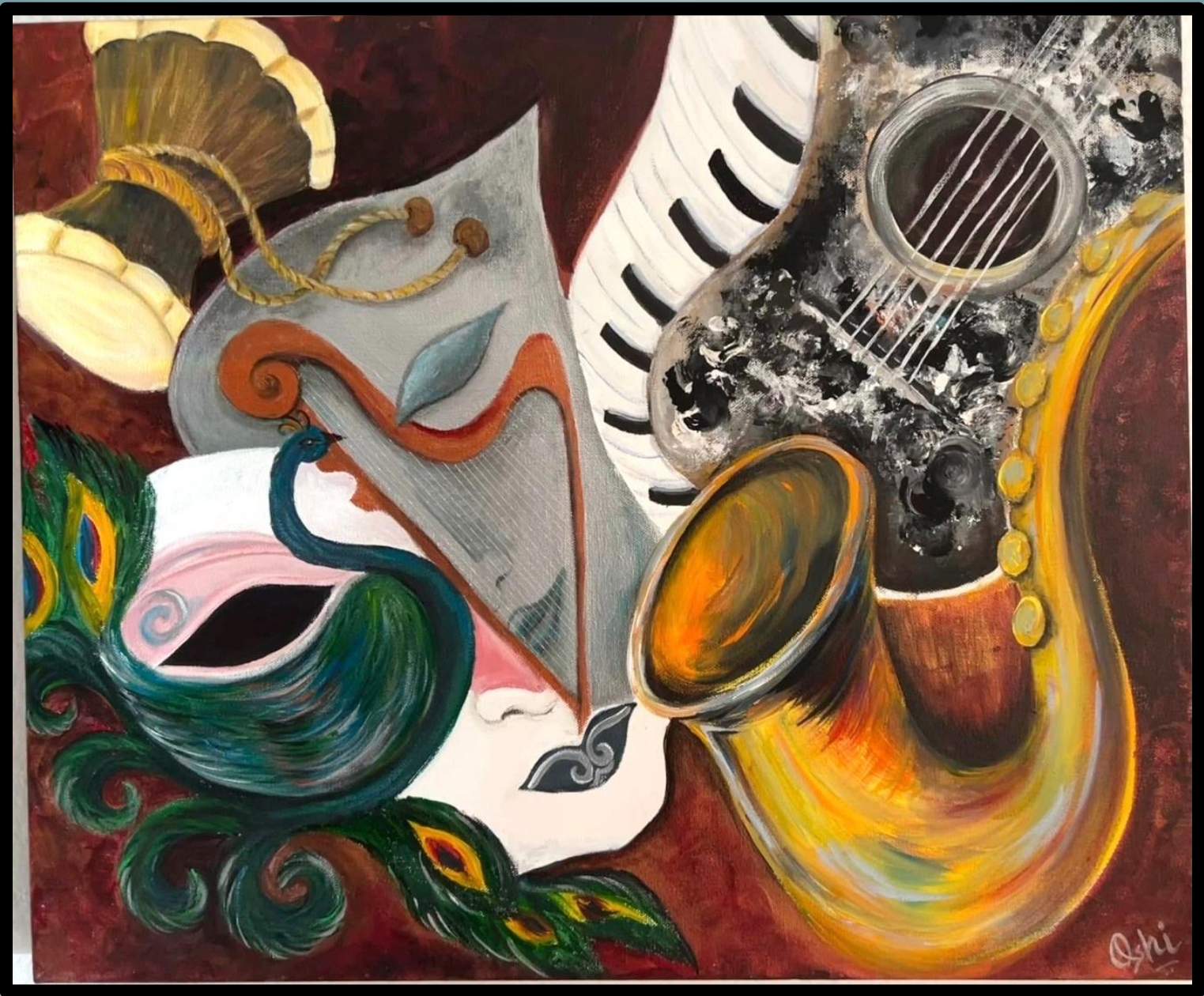
The body, to the lip:  
My lingering frame swirls daintily  
A river chanting its exquisite rhythms, its crescendo and fall.  
With quivering music, you spell my stupendous rise, my inevitable nemesis.

I am a boon and a curse to you, all at once, am I not,  
In an instantaneous burst of a deluge and the quiet that prevails?  
Clandestine pastures of truths in your folds lay beneath my chasms.

Is it a tender, insomniac song in the night's crevices that you hide  
With the painted veil of colors? Who will win in the dual of the lip and mouth,  
In the warfare of mouth and voice, the voice and the body and its raining wants?

Beneath the layers of the raw, devastating beauty you nestle  
In your soft petals, I seek the wild, piercing songs—unzipped, erupting  
Your murmurs reach their crescendo, then, slowly die out, deepening, darkening.





The Art

**Title:** *All That Jazz* - By Oshi Sanyal  
Acrylic 24" x 20"

# “Expecting the Unexpected” - By Alice Parker

Life frequently has a mischievous sense of humor. It delights in reminding us, any control we think we have, mostly an illusion. Usually the moment we think we've got it all figured out, the universe tosses in a curveball.

This can stretch our awareness, to question our trust. When we begin to learn to expect the unexpected, we stop resisting change, and start dancing with it. Every surprise can then become an invitation to grow.

We must learn to let go, then remember some of life's greatest gifts often arrive disguised as detours. Stop believing Life Feels So Challenging, as if something is wrong with you, or what you're doing.

Life's challenges can be shaping you, when Every difficulty reveals strength, you didn't know you had. You don't really Grow, if life is too comfortable. Awakening isn't gentle; when the friction brings reality.

It strips away who you thought you were. Then, who you are truly meant to be, can emerge. The real question not, “Why is this so hard?” but “Who am I becoming because of it?” You are much stronger than you thought.

Sometimes the strongest move makes us stop pushing. Let life line up. Wait from clarity, rather than fear. A purposeful pause isn't stepping back, it's you letting the perfect moment step forward, fulfilling Your Joy.

## The Poem



Oshi Sanyal – Alice Parker

# The Art

**Title:** *Whoops!*

By Beth Mortenson

36" x 36"



## 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 anticipated the next. Art Meets Poetry is pleased to include Beth's *Whoops!* In our 2026 collection.



“Circle Of Life”  
By Brian Cummings

# The Poem

What was she thinking,  
this hand that forged Whoops?

The colors invite-  
sweeping,  
bold,  
bound by brooding overtones.

The houses howl in playful challenge-  
eyes wide  
climbing up,  
sliding down,  
through a palette  
smudged and shadowed.

The yellow road honors  
her whimsical circle of living,  
a voyage she etched in life and art—  
“full of such grand curiosity...  
spontaneous,  
colorful,  
and moody.”

Let’s live what she was thinking,  
this hand that forged Whoops!



Brian Cummings  
Russ Mortenson  
Barry Rynk



# The Art



**Title: *Golden Gate* - By Jesus Moreno**  
Oils on Canvas Panel 16" x 20"

# “The Jeweled Pathway”

By Irene Robertson

San Francisco's landmark towering seven hundred  
Forty feet and 1.7 miles long—an overpass, pregnant  
With many wonders, where tourists and local residents  
Drive through with awe at the massive suspension bridge

One can bike, run, prepare for a coveted race, or walk  
The length of the causeway. Taking in the views, pausing  
To capture and record images, making memories  
All for free

The Boca del Puerto de San Francisco—Spanish for  
The Mouth of San Francisco, its name before 1846  
Magnifies its orange hues at ebbing of day, a bright  
Spectacular shine, catching the sun's afternoon rays

As the Golden Gate surpasses engineering brilliance  
Two portals loom— when mists of breath vaporizes  
No more . . .

The Gates of Hade's versus Resplendent Pearly Gates

The challenge coaches the soul into decisiveness  
As the Golden Gate Bridge offers free access  
There's One that gives complimentary entrance to  
The Jeweled Pathway—

The One who claims to be the Truth, the Life . . .  
The Way. Choose ye today.

# The Poem





HISTORY MUSEUM  
Created in Callis County  
INNOVATION  
HISTORY MUSEUM  
More Leahy Age 70, D. McKinney

The catalyst for innovation  
The Museum and these  
and in October of 1972, convened  
to give momentum to expand  
its previously increased to expand  
opportunities. The focus would  
communities could now effort to make  
to replace that momentum years  
of Callis County disabled  
and to give through the end of

The Electric Light  
businessmen that served  
James Barker Baker  
and a Island  
in 1972 at age 60,  
Shook Stone Palace  
of the community.

AINMD

# Art



2026



# Poetry



# The Raffle

Thank you! To Melody Lewis

For sharing her artwork, *The Reader*,  
on our promotional poster for Art Meets Poetry 2026  
*And* donating her original painting for our raffle  
benefiting three McKinney Non-Profits:



The Winner!  
Beth Ayers



Beth Ayers with Melody Lewis

**\$210** will be divided between:  
Community Food Pantry of McKinney  
McKinney Community Lifeline Center  
McKinney Community Garden Kitchen

# Art Meets Poetry 2026

*People's Choice Award*

*Winning Art and Poetry Pair*

**ART**


**Reader Acrylic Painting**

**by Melody Lewis**



## POETRY

### ***Daughter of Stars, Story and Sacredness*** **by Neeta Nayak**



Burning luminosity ignites her soul,  
Mirroring the stars in the universe,  
Ablaze like lamp-eyes, brighter—  
Illuminating each page like a supernatural miracle.  
Is she an oracle?

Is she the Greek goddess Athena, the Roman goddess Minerva?  
Learning, knowledge, strategic insight—  
Her glowing book shining so bright.


Could she be the Hindu goddess Saraswathi?  
Intellectual awakening, knowledge divine,  
Her beautiful lustrous face so sublime.

Could she be the Egyptian goddess Isis?  
Her focused gaze shimmeringly radiant,  
Mystical symbolism—brilliant, incandescent.

Is she the Navajo Spider Woman?  
Weaving sacred cosmic threads from text to text,  
Creation and storytelling in each line she reflects.

Is she the Chinese moon goddess Chang'e?  
Ethereal glow beneath the crescent moon,  
A mysterious beauty, a celestial boon.

She..... is feminine power, an aura of radiance—  
Mystery, magic, wisdom bright,  
The rising dawn ending an endless night.  
She is the Star, the Story, the Sacredness.



# 5<sup>th</sup> Annual Art Meets Poetry 2026

A huge THANK YOU  
to the **Collin County History Museum**, the  
**Art Club of McKinney**, the **Mockingbird Poetry  
Society**, and our talented artists, poets, and  
volunteers who make this event a success!

## **Attendance**

Friday Evening, we welcomed over 200 guests.  
Saturday, once again, we had over 200 attendees.

Thank you!



## Art Club of McKinney

The Oldest Art Club in Texas!

Est. 1914



Mockingbird Poetry Society

