

Submissions for Art Imitates

- **Section 1: Poetic Responses to Photography from Art Imitates**
- **Section 2: Original Photography and Poetry**
- **Section 3: Not Yet Ready to Use**

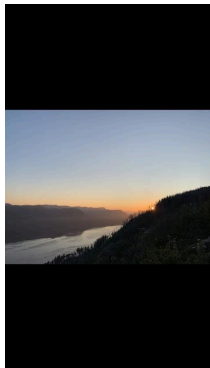
Section 1: Section 1: Poetic Responses to Photography

Curran Brownlee

“On Light and Darkness”

The falling sun splits through mountains,
Setting fire to earth, sea, and sky.
The blood of Mother Nature splashes the horizon,
As the hushing of life yields forth her silent cry.

Yet merely a few dark hours pass,
Till through the ashes the sun breaks through,
And like a phoenix resurrects
To wake the earth, and to light and life renew.



Ben Reynolds

The Fall Grass stock

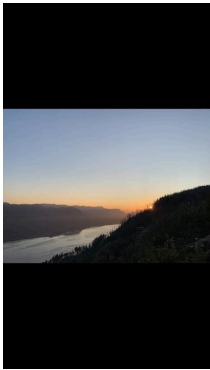
A constant breeze
The sky in agony
The water below
Makes me look down in wow

A breathtaking site
That would put a bird to flight
Makes me think of the day
When I will flutter away

My stalk is broken

The wind is flowing
Its time to go
To the waters below

And on my way down
I'll spread my seeds around
So that on one day
They will see the sun as they glide away



Ezekiel Mata

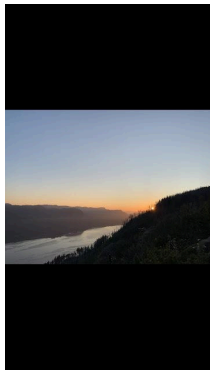
“Zeke: Needs a title!”

The cool, soft, river flowed on
As heaven’s gold spilt fourth.
The lingering colors of the sun,
Guided the river, and her course.

She swam down beneath heaven’s hue.
And slid between mountains tall.
Her journey towards the sun continued
As golden light began to fall.

And as love took its course,
So the river took hers.
I followed from far,
But I never was sure.

For the difference between me, and the river below;
Is that I may never truly find the ending glow.



Lucan Schwager

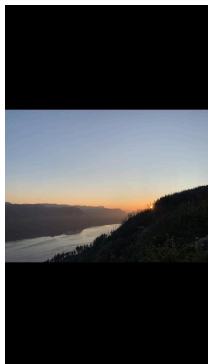
“Sunset”

Falling fire settles slowly
on a swiftly winding stream.

Green hills climb to sky
from the water in between.

A rushing wind grows and flows
up the hills and around me.

I thank God for all the glory
he daily lets me see.



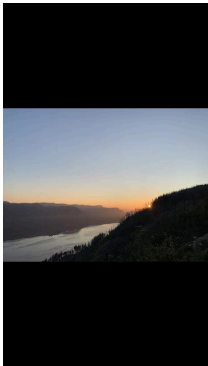
Kapailani Johsens

“Kups: Needs a title!”

The light I need is covered
My eyes dark as my thoughts
A peak of shining morning lover
Answers from afar I sought

Through times of tribulation
I looked far as the sun
An answer for my creation
The beauty was not won

As the search for truth continues
I strive to love this world
My sights grows further in this purview
This face still has a brow unfurled

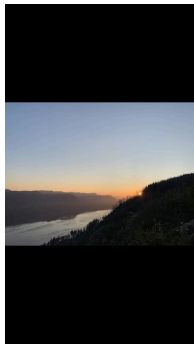


Miles Torr

“Sunset”

Light meets darkness in seamless perfection,
The picture is so elegant it need no correction,
Waves of light piercing the ocean still,
The violent contrast provokes a chill,
An orb of light sinks below the horizon,
It's even better than your phone plan with verizon,
The closer the mountain the darker the shade,
Of Black in which the shadow lays,
The higher in the sky the deeper the blue,
The beauty could drive you cuckoo,

The beauty of the mountain's foliage could drive you crazy,
The clouds in the sky make the horizon hazy,
The elegance of God's creation,
Shines upon this great nation.



Alexa Callison

“Alexa: Needs a Title!”

Love flows throughout the water.

Through her waves she cries out “where’s my lover”.

She thinks that no one can love her waves anymore.

She ponders on how someone can ever love her again.

Her waves cry out for help.

Through tears, she does not know how anyone can love her waves of sorrow.

Her rocks need to love the water again.

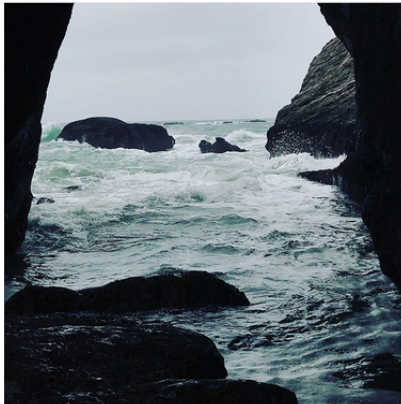
Then the rocks think how beautiful the waves are.

They were both crying out for help.

Then through the waves, there was a sunrise and the rocks, waves knew that they loved each other again.

 art_imitates
Devils Punch Bowl State Natural Area

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Kendall Ollenburger

“Kendall: Needs a Title!”

As the water flows down the stream,
It keeps on running endlessly.
It goes and goes and never stops,
Pushing stones and little rocks.

It fills the air with calming sounds
Of trickling water splashing all around.
It generously gives to many things,
Like plants that are withering.

It sees so much as it runs along,
Always dancing to the tune of its song.
But it's all a blur, like a dream,
As the water flows down the stream.



Annalisa Matangelo

“The Foggy Road”

A curve of winding silence cuts the air;
From sight it slithers slowly as a snake.
The misty tears of dusk cause one despair,
And longing from this sight do travelers take.
The shaggy fingers from the reaching arms of fear
Bow low and strain to grasp a bit of life,
But only brush against the travelers near.
Defeated, hanging low, some cease to strive.
A phantom hidden in the fog appears,
A wraith turned white appears the beaming sun
To dry away the dripping mist, trees' tears;
To bring some warmth and cheer, the fog will run
And so this scene, once thought dismal and sad,
Is brought to life by light and so made glad.



Emma Brownlee

“The Road”

Firm and steady it leads the way,
carrying us through each new day.
Around each bend lies the vast unknown,
we invite those we love so we don't walk alone.

It has our trust but sometimes still,
we fear it won't bend to our will.
With it's same kind it seems to weave,
to form a beautiful tapestry.

And all the laughs and tears that are,
that make this tapestry an art,
remind us of what matters most,
and the sweet stories of each road.



Madison Courtney

“The Skeletal Trees”

The skeleton stands amongst friends
Garments hang upon like leaves
In the glen the standing never ends
Wind rattles the hollows of its knees

The autumn season comes and goes
But your phalanges never grow
Cold and icy are your toes
That trip the goings of your foes

Standing alone brings great fear
So you stand amongst many
Your arms dance upon the backs of deer
In search of rest in nook or cranny

A band of bullies stand in an ominous tone
Too cowardly to stand alone



Section 2: Original Photography and Poetry

Isabella Saphorghan

“The Sun’s Goodbye”

To see the beauty of this all
Is so beautiful it could make one bawl
To see it is a blessing
The ocean and skies expression
Of the sun’s lovely goodbye
That leaves its colors in the sky

This is a sight you want to save
To help you feel brave
For it empowers to see nature's wonders
The orange clouds and the waves thunder
Don’t let it all slip away
To live a life with no sunsets is gray
Grasp all the elegance of God’s nature
To help you in the future

For original photo see here:

https://docs.google.com/document/d/1cMoihdt_PuvGJ1OaEQNwZXLWfQzWuK8QL51rQ30C8tw/edit?usp=sharing



Section 3: Not Yet Ready to Use

Eden Bartlett

(from a photo found elsewhere on Instagram but not yet authorized for republication, so we won't be able to use it until we figure that out or she replaces it)

“Step by Step”

Step by step your future lies ahead;
By your trials and joys you are lead.
Your road you can not tell the length,
But, you'll continue on with weakness or strength.
Hard times may feel like an unclimbable mountain
And good times like a well springing fountain.
The ground rugged, rocky, and uneven,
You may lose what you firmly believe in.
Your hopes and dreams may be tossed to and fro,
As the leaves in howling winds do blow.
The waters of life may flip your boat,
Or sooth and calm your inner being, as tea does when it glides down one's throat.
Let not the tempestuous winds, the raging seas, nor the rip tides of life drag you away
For tomorrow's a new day, there's a way, and one deadly dragon to slay.

Asia McNabb

“Song of the Sky”

A song of stars spills across the sky.
The stream of celestial glory calls unto the trees.
An angel's footpath stretches to the moon.
The dryads' voices call 'Return to us O Artemis'
Her clearly spoken silence is their distant answer.
But the bridge of starry beings
Cry out in joyful strain
'Come along and dance with us;'
'We'll take you to the moon.'