



## 2024 EKPHRASTIC POETRY WINNERS – THE WITTE

**Artwork:** *Mapa de la Provincia de Texas, 1822*

### Adult Winning Poems (in no particular order)

#### Visitors

The pavements are gone now. The highways are water:  
*los rios* Trinidad, Brazos, *y poderoso* Colorado.  
They are intersected here with lines  
faded, faint as our white-washed history:  
*Camino de Bexar a Natchitoches,*  
*Caminos de los Comanches.*  
Quill-tipped trails trace the paths  
between now-invisible landmarks:  
ancient escarpments, old settlements  
covered by time – unwelcome reminders  
that we were not the first migrants to cross a river,  
not the first to seek a place to sing beneath the stars;  
not the first to follow these waters  
as they run toward the sea.

- Marla Dial Moore

#### Upon Closer Surveillance

obscure on Steven Austin's map  
are arteries through which her priests,  
conquistadors, then empresarios  
entranced from beating heart  
of mother Spain. only seen  
are blue veins of creeks and rivers  
that returned the richness of browned,  
thorny fields from turtle island's corpse.  
freckled names of settlements  
cover its aboriginal human bodies  
in shrouds.

-Catherine Lee

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**Youth Winning Poems (in no particular order; age 13 and older)**

**Our Home Tejas**

We have been here since the start,  
We hold our land to our heart,  
But now the Gringos come with a request,

They point their gun to my husband's head,  
I try to make my voice strong,  
But my voice shakes "Oh dios, no déjalo ir! Esta es nuestra tierra!"  
They shoot by his feet and say  
"If you want to live,  
you better leave cause when my gun makes its last shot,  
You better hope it's not through your head"

We get our valuables and leave,  
We have to move, and move fast,  
All we can do is hope,  
Hope that Mexico will get us our land back,

**-Anasofia Garcia Ramos**

**Youth Winning Poems (in no particular order; age 12 and under)**