



## 2026 EKPHRASTIC POETRY WINNERS – MCNAY ART MUSEUM

Artwork: *Victoria*, Philip Grausman

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

#### *Vincere, Vincere*

Alarm clock goes	off	<i>off off</i>
buzzing beeping hour	2026	<i>off off</i>
as a consciousness	psychedelic	
cranium emergent	fungi cap	buds up
androgyny future stellar	metallic birth	Victoria vincere
exhumed time capsule	78209 peeks	<i>through through</i>
buzzing beep	awakens earthlings'	<i>urgency urgency</i>
awaken	humanity buried	disrupt patterns
picklock safeguard	Eden apathy	green comfortability
	awaken zombies	<i>awaken awaken</i>
positionality division	reactive voices	dehumanization
a battleship	sink ground	battleship <i>down down</i>
alarm clock	detonation	<i>off off</i>
Victoria		<i>vincere vincere</i>

*Alejandra 'Mera Mera Sanchez Alanis*

## **iron woman of a modern world**

alchemy of a stainless steel goddess  
cold alloy shadows cast  
a defiant chin, fading eyes, hollow cheeks  
shrine of your essence, that is not yours

see: resistant, armored, enamored

Do you know your origin story?  
or are you the story itself  
of men upending monuments  
still, some call that love

see: relic, eternal, impenetrable

meaning: made to outlive in a corroding world.

*Alex Flores*

## **Philip Grausman Didn't Love You**

Victoria, Philip Grausman didn't love you;  
He used you. You were mere geometry to him.-

You didn't know, when he asked you -  
a revered teacher asking his student to model -  
what his intentions really were.

You continued massaging your own creations  
with their realistic features and necklines, while he distorted yours.

To him you were just an alluring set of angles  
cleanly cut from the landscape you interrupt;

Now and forever you are preserved as the shiny, long-necked icon,  
of an artist in love with planar perfection.

You were objectified, analyzed, geom-e-sized,  
replicated in varied sizes - eternally resting outside fine museums. . .

He immortalized you: this is true. Will your own hands, still at work,  
leave a truer legacy than his?

*Carol Ann Anderson*

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

**Stuck Underground**

I stare endlessly, to the sky,  
To the greenery which surrounds me,  
And to the walking people, who stare at me.

Why do they stare? It's uncomfortable  
I stare back, why don't they seem uncomfortable?  
Am I really that different?

My body is buried,  
All I can do is see the glares,  
Of the people who come by.

Why do they stare,  
Why do they take pictures,  
Why am I not normal?

All I can do is see, and feel.  
Feel like a useless head,  
With its body stuck underground, Objectified.

*Ivanna Lozano-Soto*

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

**Lady Pride**

Chin up

head up

pride of lady

strict but kind

lady of pride so shiny and pleasant

lady pride.

*Weathers Jessee*

## **Made of Steel**

She is not made of skin or bone.  
She is made of steel.

Cold.  
Shiny.  
Hard.

But she does not feel empty.

The sun touches her face  
and she glows  
like she is alive for a moment.

Birds fly past her.  
Grass grows around her.

She never moves,  
but she changes  
with every light and shadow.

*Maiorica Anthony*

## **The Quiet Giant**

There is a giant head  
standing in the grass.

Her neck is super long,  
like she is trying to rise  
above the noise of the world.

Her eyes are closed,  
but I don't think she's sleeping.  
I think she is thinking.

Maybe she is thinking about the past.  
Maybe she is hoping for something better.

The wind moves around her,  
but she does not move at all.

She feels strong,  
not because she is big,  
but because she is calm.

*Maiorica Anthony*