



2025 EKPHRASTIC POETRY WINNERS – THE WITTE MUSEUM

Artwork: *Salesman’s Sample Horned Chair*, Charles Puppe

Adult Winning Poems (in no particular order)

Fit for a King

Are you a testament to our voracious appetites fed by
the intrepid drovers guiding 3,000 head along the rugged trail to
market or the immigrant artisan on Commerce Street fashioning intricate
designs or the power of fads to make the absurd
irresistible or the hubris of man to believe he has tamed
the untameably majestic? I see the salesman wipe sweat from his
brow as he sips on the sweet tea the rancher’s
wife graciously offered (it was a long trip after all) extolling the virtues of your
craftsmanship and promising a full-size model
to scale, delivered. But the rancher’s small son climbs upon your smooth seat and
settles in contentedly, his arms crossed and face
placid; parents exchange glances.
“We’ll take that one.”

Charles G. Kels

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

Bovine Eulogy

Oh king of the range
Why are you here?
Reduced to the grange
No longer a steer.
Though once you did moo
Through all of those fields
Whose grass you did chew
Now all you'll yield
Is that short little seat
For all Texans with weary feet.

Maxwell Fisher

Youth Winning Poems (to age 12)

That Chair (from the manufacturer's perspective)

Who am I, if I can't sell this?
This chair – for which I killed much
I sacrificed so much!

Longhorns' carcasses strewn over the ground
Slaughterers and blacksmiths, equally tired
I said, I would pay them back
Now, I myself, am in debt.

Kids left me
Family hates me
Angels sing in my brain
And twist my thoughts.

This chair and so many like this
I look at them and see the face of death
Did I have to kill, to create?

Shloka Janhavi Subramanian