



## 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*

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### **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*