



2024 EKPHRASTIC POETRY WINNERS – THE WITTE

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

Adult Winning Poem

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

Youth Winning Poems (age 12 and under)

Land

Days past

Day and night

Things have changed

Did you know that our home was made by rivers?

Over time

Houses were built

People have come

States have started

Wars have come

People have been killed

Today we are living peacefully

-Mario Mondragon



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Adult Winning Poem

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**



2024 EKPHRASTIC POETRY WINNERS – THE WITTE

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

Youth Winning Poem (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