

September 2015

Ekphrastic Poem from de Young Museum

Only Eyes Can See

...as the art renders itself to life, the sculpture creates a story behind the stone...

A ghost that glides across the floorboards

A shadow that dances along the walls

A woman that beams with voiceless confidence

A girl that shifts behind her restless thoughts

Her keen observant feasts his eyes upon her every move.

A Cheshire cat

He licks his lips and has the utmost patience to wait upon his prey.

The sun moves across the sky

Shadows position themselves in all the right places

Fire rages before her eyes

Her expression engulfed in flames

He jumps upon the stone and claws away.

The bone structure of a mannequin

The posture of a dancer

Face forward, shoulders back

Spine leaning against a wall that only she can see

The man she owes everything to believes that perfection is within reach.

The surface is chipped away.

An object of profound desire is unmasked

Arched eyebrows

High cheekbones

Eyes set in stone
This pale youth emits the whisper of a smile

Night falls upon her lap
Stardust illuminates her face.
A candle is lit
The expanse is turned into a sky brimming with stars

Helen of California
Rays of moonlight caress her cheek
Skin gasping for warmth
But forever cold to the touch
Features luminescent;
A dream brought back from the grasps of death.
As life is granted,
Immortality is within reach.

But this Helen of California does not belong.
This time, this place does not hold space for her
In another timeline, in another world
In her reality, in our legend
Her home is a limbo in between

Helen of Sparta
Daughter of Zeus
Mother of the Trojan War
A beauty set in stone,
She is not a slave to time.
A master of expression
A natural splendor that will not be forgotten
That will not fade away

The breeze that drifts through the open window is her coiffeur
The floor length curtain that graces the floor is her veil

The empty bench that awaits a pulsing heart is her throne

The artist that hides before a block of stone her creator

This poem is my response to Haig Patigian's Helen of California (1927)

