

Yountville Arts Presents

Ekphrastic Poetry for the Yountville Art Walk



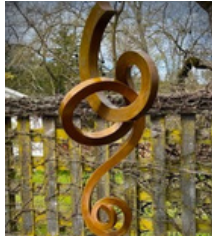
Yountville, CA

YOUNTVILLE ARTS COMMISSION

SPRING 2025

SERANADE II

By Francine Kohn



"Awe"

**Changing with the time of day
by light and shade
Serenade captures beautiful
shapes within and without**

**Wonder of life
in its innumerable forms**

"Awe"

THE ONE MORE TRAVELED

By Dustin Hinkle Inspired by The Chef Sculpture



**On a fork, two roads diverged
in an oaken wood. Frost took
one less traveled by. Had he snook
a look past the other road's hook
a party would have emerged.**

**At the end of the well-worn path,
beaconed a community table,
peopled, buzzing, stories and
laughs,
plates passing amongst cara fes.
Be merry. Be weary of lone poets
spinning fables.**

LAW LIBRARY

By Jonathan Watson

**Scales are unruly
Those dusty tomes of parchment
Execute justice**



PATINA

By John Petraglia Inspired by
the Windswept Sculpture



O sacred coiled tendril of life
I praise your kinked
curlicued path
toward the sun
with forged bronze.
Shaped by wind
or the whispered weight
of a ladybug or dewdrop
at the edge of an ever-reaching vine
our journeys are turned, patinaed
by divine nature, nurture
steering us deftly away from
the straight and narrow
ro our own tender ends.

CHRYSLIS

By Robin Gabbert



Transformation

I used to be a caterpillar
confined to crawling
on the ground
curling up
at every insult.

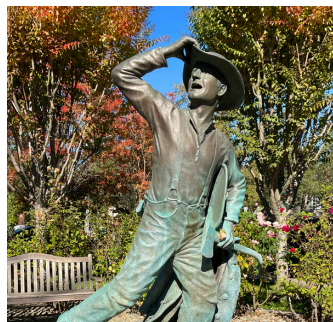
But time
and the magic
of metamorphosis
changed much.
No longer vulnerable
to birds
my "hairy cat" body
now sleek.

I perform my pas de deux
soar into the air,
the trees
pollinate the flowers,
beautify your yards.

Mais oui,
you're welcome.

HONORARY FIREFIGHTER

By Jim McDonald



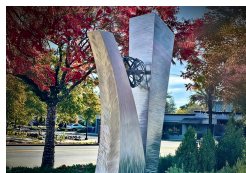
An honorary firefighter
in green-tinted bronze
stands amidst a burbling
fountain
homage to the volunteers
who fought fires and
protected lives
while risking their own.

Here is where they gathered
equipment & rushed
to sites of inferno to subdue
the roar of combustion
before returning home
exhausted
reeking of smoke & sweat.

The honorary firefighter
hastens
toward immortality.

SWAY

By Marie Emma Markel
Inspired by the Vows
Sculpture



Dance with me, beloved partner, childhood friend,
distant stranger
One sparkling glance, one flashing instant, one light
embrace near.

In this fantastical journey as surreal as kodachrome
dreams,
Organic feathered touch, as genuine as our imaginary
song,
Rhythmic human bond blades rooted in earth's
rainbow-colored dirt.

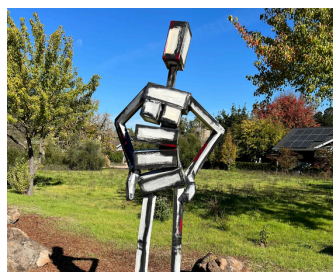
Sway with me to inscribe our tangled tune of one life
lived with grace.

MUSE WITH ATTITUDE

By Dominic Triglia

Hi!
People call me square
People call me Blockhead
But I'm not square
I'm actually very cool
I consist of the building blocks of life
I like to dance
Won't you come to my block party?

Hi!



SENTINEL

By Colette Saint Aubin



Me For You

I am myself
Yet I share it
With you.

Only you see
The way I stretch and twist
To fit
Passions and inhibitions collected
Among years
Of growing into myself.
Myself is one not often shared.

In seeing me
I see you.

Your spoken spirit I protect
Even in your absence—
I await,
expand,
but never expect.

TIME

By Marie Emma Markel

Inspired by Slingshot Sculpture



He throws a pebble in the
wilderness
It bounces off the dirt trail
Brushes against fallen leaves
Hits the majestic tree trunk
Descends to the lake.

He stares at the ripple
Water drops splashing up
Infinite concentric circles
Flowing further out from the
core,
Ebbing, morphing.

Impact of one moment
Larger than imagination,
Time stands still.
The mind carries on.

POLY

By Myrna David



THE RAVAN LIFTS HER WINGS

By Richard D. Krygier Inspired by the
Raven Sculpture

My soul has been stolen
Death took her away from me
My heart rests deep within
Splintered pieces of stone
Encased in a soulless husk
Untouchable

Death touched me

I cannot live without her

When I feel the wind whispering in my ear

I know I am no longer a soulless husk of
splintered stone

My raven lifts her wings.



Fraternal Twins

Yin yang
Left brain right brain
Dark light
Liberal conservative
Active idle
Short tall
Playful serious
Love hate
Heads tails

Two sides of the same coin
Two sculptures by the same
sculptor
Never the twin shall meet

COMBUSTION

By Francine Kohn

Combustion of Color

Hephaestus ancient god of
metalworking
hurls down old Detroit car parts
combusting through Napa heaven
to land metal motion frozen

thin poles yellowblack
giant pick up sticks
point to cloud stretched sky

redblue strands explode
tapped twisted
jumbled in a metal frame

surrounded by
forest woodland
peeking through geometric spaces

silent explosion beside vineyards on
ancient grounds of Wappo lands.



DANCING BUTTERFILES

By Charlotte Flukey,
Vintage High School Student

Re-cocooned

Perhaps I am dancing
Happily
Perhaps my being on the brink of
extinction,
Allows me one dance:
A chance to entrance you: to last a
bit longer.
Perhaps, if captured
in time,
these
Cemented wings and
Coats of paint
Will not allow us to become faint.
As long as you glance at us
Before it's too late.



LOVE WINE TOO

By Robert Leighton



In the swirling vessel of ruby red, love and wine entwine, their spirits moving in the intoxicating harmony of a long embrace. Each sip ignites the soul with loving synergy. Fine love like fine wine must be aged to perfection, hearts pouring forth, steeped in devotion. Love and wine, an eternal toast to the heart's deepest desires.

THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD

By Evangeline Arcadi,
Vintage High School Student



Future of the world

At 5

We're the world

At 15

We're the future of the world

They tell us we're too aggressive

They tell us all our childhood we're the
future

When we grow they say we aren't

They are scared when we make
changes

We will act on our promises

We will be angry, joyful

We are ready

CHAOS PAMPLONA

By Jim McDonald



Birthered in a Spanish studio

by its creator Jedd Novatt

Chaos traveled the seas

like conquistadors of old

arriving at Port of Oakland

ready to march north

where it could gaze on vineyards

set on a pedestal by two cranes

Chaos watched over Yountville

even as fires encircled

from east & west

anything but anarchic

Chaos conveys a sense of calm.

INVERTED ELEGANCE

By Patricia Reis Inspired by the
Sarvanga Sculpture



A body lifts

from earth

to heaven

Straight Structured Spine

held with alloy arms

aims towards high

Body parts arrange

as

Mind dissolves into Soul

Elegant pose that

illicits new perceptions

Rocky Road (For Rocky)

By Brandon Tagle

It's been a long time, hope you're well!

Flowers bursting with color this year!

Time around my neck like a bolo tie

You get that new job?

I've always said: "never give up!!"

Patience teaches lessons

Happiness in sunshine, stay outside a

while with me

See yourself within me if you look hard

Life's rocky, but we've got each other

THE TWO OF US

By Robert Leighton

Observing the World from our privileged perch, we see the wandering masses experience blissful respite. There is no stress, no duress, only the flowing fabric of her spring dress, and the pride of him walking by her side. An enduring couple holding hands, a child's amazement of sculptural surprise. These scenes only seen through our fortunate eyes.



SIDEWALK JUDGE

By Marianne Lyon

Sidewalk Judge

A lone man sits on a park bench. Watches oak
tree bravado the morning.
Bluebirds' ballerina across the cloudless sky.
Strollers' conversings rhythm the air.
He bids me sit next to him. Allow the sun to
paradise my thoughts. Where is his cell phone?



AT BOUCHON

By Dustin Hinkle

Inspired by The Rock Mushrooms Installation

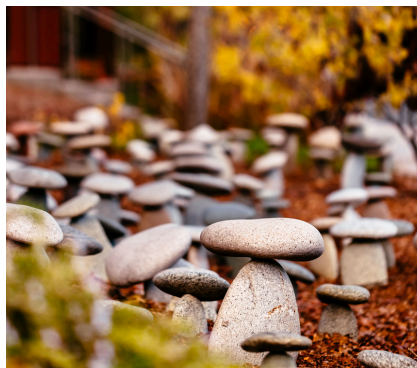
Before the baker's flour
doughs and laminates,
the baker's alarm strikes
the witching hour.

No one sees this empty field,
nor the baker unlock Bouchon.

The croissants rise before the sun.

With each rack of treats,
by some mycelial feat,
a stone mushroom cleaves the ground.

So the empty field fills, a phallacy
for each baker's dozen sold
at Bouchon.



CIRCLING CIRCLES

By Geoffrey K. Leigh

Inspired by the Circle of Trust Sculpture

A circle within a circle
uniting and separate
sometimes ceaseless becomes broken
ending that it may newly begin

Existence encompasses
spheres and breaks
end and continuance
induce new outlook assessment

Do I focus on prolongation or break
Does trust terminate or consummate
And sometimes the broken circle
brings me back to me



LET'S GET IN TOUCH

WWW.YOUNTVILLEARTS.COM

6516 Washington Street
Yountville, CA 94599
707-948-2627
yountvillearts@yville.com
Facebook: @Yountville Arts
Instagram: @YvilleArts

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