

WORDS ON CANVAS

Harn Museum of Art

WRITING COMPETITION



2019 WINNERS

Art is a highly personal experience; it is also a collective one. We might say that the meaning of a painting, sculpture or photograph remains incomplete until it has been viewed, discussed or written about. It is in sharing what we see when we look, that we learn more about art and about ourselves. *Words on Canvas* exists to facilitate this shared understanding.

For the writer, it is a chance to look beyond the surface of a work of art. For you, the reader, it is a chance to share another's perspective for a moment. We hope you enjoy this year's winning *Words on Canvas* entries. Feel free to take this booklet with you into the Harn's galleries and see what stories emerge and inspire you during your visit.

Cover Image:

George Grosz

Manhattan, 1946

We wish to thank the *Words on Canvas* judges who devoted their time, expertise and interest to the challenging task of selecting winners from among the many fine submissions by the students at the University of Florida and Santa Fe College.

Words on Canvas 2019 Judges:

David Leavitt, Professor and Co-Director of Creative Writing,
UF English Department

Ange Mlinko, Professor, UF English Department

Maya Stanfield-Mazzi, Associate Professor, UF School of Art +
Art History

Our appreciation goes out to all those who participated in *Words on Canvas*, looking closely, writing carefully and gamely submitting their writing. Congratulations to each of you for your fine efforts.

Words on Canvas is made possible by the generous support of the UF Honors Program.

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Dominick Ventura — Visual Arts, University of Florida

Honorable Mention

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Untitled

We marked beyond the ochre sky
 Those brittle edifices
 Smoke roaring like an open flame
 The distant gaze of Apollo
 Our perspective meshed into dust
 Congested wharves burst asunder
 Maneuvered within harsh movement
 The sway of jostling bodies
 Deep breaths underneath our haven
 Morality of the azure path
 Squashed architecture like grass blades
 Fortresses of effervescence

Inspired By

George Grosz.
Manhattan, 1946
 Gift of William H. and Eloise R. Chandler
 PA-86-115



Lindsey Hiltibidal — Anthropology, University of Florida
Honorable Mention

Puzzled

I was born with darkness in my heart;
the pieces of the puzzle there, all torn apart.
Carefully, as I lay each one in place
years begin to line my face.
Now, I see the picture almost unbroken,
dark parts finished and the future still open.

Elsa Hyrne — Business, Santa Fe College
Honorable Mention

Movement

Extreme golden sparks
Eye-catching banner fresh start
Renewable art

Inspired By

El Anatsui
Old Man's Cloth
Purchased from Oriel Mostyn Gallery

2005.37



Laura Torlaschi— Psychology, University of Florida

3rd Place

Marcy & Greene

I faced the street on the corner of Marcy and Greene. I turned my back to you, and all you could see was a hellsent five foot one marshmallow. I hated meeting you for the first time in real life wearing an oversized bright red puffer jacket. During lunch, you laughed at my self-consciousness and told me it was cute. The red puffer jacket, the blueberry pancakes I order, the fact that I showed up with a backpack. So I stood there and at least postured like a prideful marshmallow. The wind nipped at my Floridian face. I tried not to show any irritation.

“I’m still here,” you admitted after a long pause. A small voice from a grown man. I felt your eyes on my back.

“I know.”

“I don’t know why I’m still here,” he continued.

I turned my face and felt the sun on my cheeks for the first time that day. “Maggie’s expecting you. Go home, John.”

The light signaled that I could cross. I disappeared into a sticky underground subway station to get back to my sister’s place. Train doors open and closed, and people crammed themselves in one car after another. I sat on a wooden bench and watched the trains go by. It reminded me about how you said the timing was all wrong, if we had just met a little sooner. I wondered if you saw me as a missed train. They go so fast, after all.

Inspired By

Norman Wilfred Lewis,
Untitled (Subway Station)
Lender: Art Bridges, Inc.



Colleen Faherty — *Economics, University of Florida*

2nd Place

1971-1996

Twelve years, four years, another four years
A man's life undone by arithmetic.

But numbers are devious bastards.

Fours wound themselves into eights, and zeros sat on the wrong side of twos—eighteen years unaccounted for.

He didn't want things to be fair. But
He expected You to be honest.

He had been honest. He had been a
good man.

And could you blame him?

For not knowing maybes, and eventuallys, and tomorrows
were all sins.

Looking through the blinds, he saw
the wrath of God light his qualifications and rationalizations on fire.

A million little pieces from the ashes.

It really killed him,

seeing thousands of lifetimes in all that damned soot.

Looking through the blinds, he saw
the wrath of God draw near to him
but very slowly.

He picked up his right foot,
confident that putting it back down would equal the first step
towards
running away.

He meant to scream,
but only a giggle escaped his lips
because the funniest thought occurred to him,
*I'll do it tomorrow, or the next day,
Or I won't run at all.*

So he stood, perched on fruition's meek, emaciated cusp.
Feeling the fluorescent glow burn his skin,
light his pale flesh on fire. He smiled.
This light, momentary affliction provided him great comfort.



Inspired By

Christopher Stewart
Australia, 1996
Gift of Martin Z. Margulies
2005.16.24

Nicolas Hall— English, University of Florida

1st Place

Ant Pain

I am the buttoned-up man; parallel.
Sempre in suit; forever in sync, leaning
my back against a cough as to quell it—
sick beyond Smith and Smith's ingredients.
I'm on my way home to treat my fix with
doses of aftermarket-metamorphic work.

The eligible caterpillar, courted since
chrysalis and lured from it then ends
up in my grip again—still wet with birth
are its wings when I pinch and strip them
from torso in chorus, the organized man:
symmetrical and, with

butterfly feathers tucked in my nail beds,
I'll go to sleep without washing my hands.

Inspired By

Lamar Baker

Sadist

Gift of Hiram and Avonell Williams, by exchange with the Colum-
bus Museum, Columbus, Georgia, in memory of Lamar Baker
1997.31.26

