



# V.L. Murray Elementary Writer's Eye Anthology Fall 2020

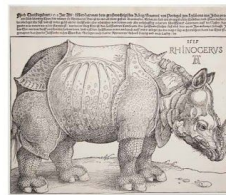
**Writer's Eye 2020** | selections from The Fralin's permanent collection



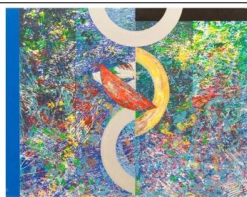
**Alice Baber**  
American, 1928-1982  
*Hunt in the Mountain #1*, 1972  
Oil on canvas, 14 x 12 in (35.6 x 30.5 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Bequest of Buzz Miller  
The Alan Groh-Buzz Miller Collection, 1999.12.1  
© Alice Baber Art Fund, Inc.



**Roy Dean De Forest**  
American, 1930-2007  
*Gimme the Baton Maestro*, ca. 1965  
Mixed media on canvas, 64 7/8 x 47 in (164.6 x 119.4 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Bequest of Suzanne Foley, 2007.7.19  
© Estate of Roy De Forest/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY



**Albrecht Dürer**  
German, 1471-1528  
*Rhinceros*, 1515 (third edition printed 1540-1550)  
Woodcut on paper, 10 x 12 in (25.4 x 30.5 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Gift of the Honorable Hugh S. Cumming, 1982.30.5



**Sam Gilliam**  
American, b. 1933  
*In Celebration*, 1987  
Screenprint on paper, 32 x 40 in (81.3 x 101.6 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Bequest of Suzanne Foley, 2007.7.33  
© Sam Gilliam



**Andy Warhol**  
American, 1928-1987  
*Martha Graham (Satyrical Festival)*, 1986  
Screenprint on paper board, 36 x 38 in (91.4 x 91.4 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, 2014.1.5  
Extra, out of the edition. Designated for research and educational purposes only. © 2020 The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc./Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York



**Carrie Mae Weems**  
American, b. 1953  
*Untitled (Coffeepot)*, 1988-89  
Gelatin silver print, 14 1/8 x 14 1/8 in (36.7 x 36.4 cm)  
The Fralin Museum of Art at the University of Virginia  
Museum purchase, 1991.3  
© Carrie Mae Weems. Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shairman Gallery, New York

Selections from the Charlottesville community



**Sahara Clemons**  
American, b. 2001  
*Say My Name*, 2020  
Latex paint on masonry wall  
14 x 27.5 ft (4.27 x 8.38 m)  
© Sahara Clemons



**Toru Oba**  
American, b. Japan, 1945  
*Nami (Wave)*, 2010  
Carved soapstone  
94 x 48 x 40 in (238.8 x 121.9 x 101.6 cm)  
© Toru Oba



**PichiAvo**  
Spanish, Pichi, b. 1977, Avo, b. 1985  
*Rivanna River by Poseidon*, 2017  
Acrylic and spray paint on masonry wall  
32 x 133 ft (9.75 x 40.54 m)  
© PichiAvo

# Contents

*All lines are hyperlinked for easy navigation.*

## **Hunt in the Mountain #1**

<b>Alice Baber</b>	<b>3</b>
Morning Sunrise by Jinjoo P.	4
Colors Fly by Cate B.	5
Smooth as an Ocean by Elise F.	6
The Pink Cloud by Arleigh J.	7
The Stories Of Colors by Kate S.	8
Cloud Shapes by Finleigh B.	9

## **Rhinoceros**

<b>Albrecht Dürer</b>	<b>10</b>
The Rhinoceros by Avery R.	11
The Rhinoceros Haiku by Amelia E.	13
Rhinoceros by Rudrakshi A.	14
King Rhinoceros by Joelle M.	15
Beast Hour by Parker R.	16
A Break in the System by Langdon J.	19

## **Martha Graham (Satyric Festival)**

<b>Andy Warhol</b>	<b>22</b>
The Party at Midnight by Anna C.	23

## **Gimme the Baton Maestro**

<b>Roy Dean De Forest</b>	<b>24</b>
A Crazy Crime Scene by Ayana S.	25
Crazy Day by Rick W.	26
Weird Universe by Luke L.	27
The Farm by Lulu C.	28

## **Untitled (Coffeepot)**

<b>Carrie Mae Weems</b>	<b>30</b>
A Good Time for Coffee by Maggie N.	31

## **Say My Name**

<b>Sahara Clemons</b>	<b>32</b>
My Wonderful Mama by Gray H.	33
That's Her Name! By Eva L.	34
The Great ... by Gerrit M.	35
Beauty in the Eye of the Beholder by Mira M.	36

**Nami (Wave)****Toru Oba**

	<b>37</b>
Flowing Stone by Signe M.	38
The Rock by Turi G.	39
The Portal by Harper F.	40
Waves by Srija P.	41

**Rivanna River by Poseidon****PichiAvo**

	<b>42</b>
Three Horses and One God by Harper R.	43
Uncertainty: Three Haikus by Keelan S.M.	44



## Hunt in the Mountain #1

Alice Baber

1972

North America, United States

(Charleston, Illinois, 1928 - 1982, New York) 20th century CE

Oil on canvas, 14 x 12 in. (35.6 x 30.5 cm)

Bequest of Buzz Miller. The Alan Groh-Buzz Miller Collection., 1999.12.1

© Alice Baber Art Fund, Inc.

# **Morning Sunrise by Jinjoo P.**

Third Grade

Morning, morning

rise, rise

wake, wake

A beautiful vivid sunrise

Fluffy pink clouds

the color of pink cotton candy

A gust of wind just arrived

Orange, blue, teal, yellow, and green

all overlapping

making a beautiful sunrise

# **Colors Fly by Cate B.**

Third Grade

Colors fly my grandma always says!

And I hadn't ever known

Til I walked outside again

Colors flew in stranded lines through the streets

They spun and twisted on the merry go-round

Posed in murals,

Danced in stores

The only time they took a rest

was when all rooms were darkened,

streets were still,

The merry go-round was shaded in with black

and shops were blacked-out

The colors of daylight stood behind the curtain of black.

# **Smooth as an Ocean by Elise F.**

Third Grade

Blending like  
beautiful bubbles  
Bright  
Calming  
Pastels  
Like somewhere you've never seen before

Moving like  
a coral reef  
Colorful  
Flowing  
Smooth  
Like everything has changed

Falling like  
a sunset  
Escape  
Relaxing  
Clouds  
Like you are a princess

# **The Pink Cloud by Arleigh J.**

Third Grade

Once upon a time there was a cloud. But not any ordinary cloud. A pink cloud! It did not fit in. All the other clouds were white. He got bullied a lot because he was pink and different. One day pink was done. He did not want to be bullied anymore. So he said, "I, Pink, might be different. But I'm special."

"But I don't have to be the only one who is special. We should all be who we are." Then a cloud moved forward and twisted and pulled and -POP - he was an ocean blue color. Then another cloud turned yellow and others turned green, purple, cyan, and red. And then it was a colorful sky of clouds.

A week later he had made friends. He was not bullied anymore. He felt happy that everyone else was colorful like him. Now every cloud was proud to be different. He felt glad.



# **The Stories Of Colors by Kate S.**

Fifth Grade

The blues and greens  
The yellows and oranges  
They tell a story of quiet peacefulness  
Of serenity and hope.

The peach and turquoise  
They tell a different one  
A story of adventure and longing.  
The stories of colors  
are truly amazing to behold

What about the other colors?  
Like purple and pink  
With their energetic tales of rescues

Or Red  
With her true stories  
The stories of colors  
are truly amazing to behold

What about black and white?  
With their tragedies  
And brown  
With his mysteries  
The stories of colors  
are truly amazing to behold

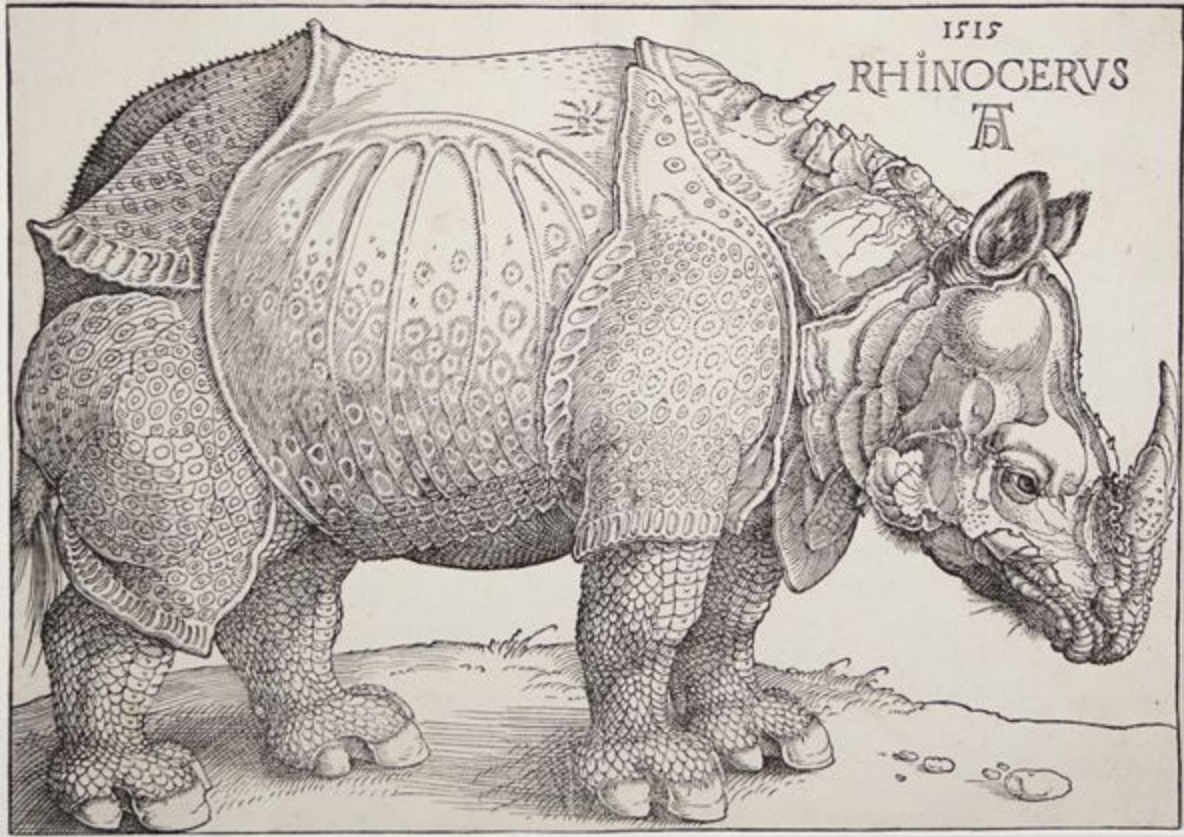
And grey!  
His love stories are sure to pull at your heartstrings  
The stories of colors  
are truly amazing to behold

## **Cloud Shapes by Finleigh B.**

Fifth Grade

A cloud shape is what I am  
In the sky I'm very grand  
In the air I get creative  
Look up quick before I'm gone  
In the sky where I've been so long  
I'm purple during the night and  
My shadow can give you quite a fright.

Nach Choistiegeburt / 1513 Jar Abi. May Hat man dem grofenechtigsten König Emanuel von Portugal / den Lysabona aus India pracht/  
ein solch lebendig Thier, das nennen sie Rhinocerus / Das ist hie mit all seiner gestalt Abconterfect. Es hat ein farb wie ein gepfeckter schuldtröt / und ist von dicken schaa-  
len bedeckt sehr fest / und ist in der gröfz als der heilffande aber miderichter von baynen und sehr wehrschaffig es hat ein scharffstärck Horn vorn auff der Laffen / das bes-  
gunde es zu wehren wo es bey steynen ist / das da ein Sieg Thier ist / des heilffanden Todtsfeynde. Der heilffande fürchtet fast vbel / den wo es Ihn ankompt / so laufft Ihn  
das Thier mit dem kopff zwischen die ferdern bayn / und reist den heilffanten vorten am bauch auff / und er wölget ihn das mag er sich nicht erwehren. dann das Thier ist also  
gewapnet / das ihm der heilffande nichts thun kan. Sie sagen auch das der Rhinocerus / Schnell fraying und auch lustig / sey.



## Rhinoceros

### Albrecht Dürer

Woodcut on paper  
16th century CE German  
( Europe )  
Graphic Documents

## **The Rhinoceros by Avery R.**

Third Grade

Hiking through a field of tall, green grass  
I came to a clearing and stopped in my tracks.

I couldn't believe what was before my eyes  
It certainly caught me by surprise!

I held my breath and looked over my shoulder  
There it stood, gray as a stone and big as a boulder.

A magnificent creature with a special horn  
As amazing to behold as a unicorn.

With armour made just for him  
For no one else, but the rest of his kin.

It was beautifully designed like an ancient crown  
It almost made me want to bow down.

With big strong legs and massive hooves  
The ground shakes under him whenever he moves.

Strong like a hurricane, he trampled the grass  
And flattened everything, as he slowly walked past.

I wanted to run away  
But, I couldn't help but stay.

It was a wonder to see  
And made me want to shout with glee

But, I didn't make a sound  
And hoped he would stick around.

He stayed for a while and drank from a stream  
Then stood there enjoying the warm sun beams.

The sun started to set, it was time to go home,  
So I left the beautiful creature to continue to roam.

I will always remember this amazing day  
And hope he will always stay safe along his way.

## **The Rhinoceros Haiku by Amelia E.**

Third Grade

Big, strong, mean, tough, brave  
Nice to his wife and children  
His family's defender

## **Rhinoceros by Rudrakshi A.**

Fourth Grade

At the zoo, I met a rhinoceros  
Its diet was purely herbivorous  
On each leg it had an iron hoof  
that could stomp a hole right through my roof  
"Such a magnificent horn",  
pointy and curved as a thorn  
After a while, I discovered its small beady eyes  
I didn't even see them, they were so tiny in size  
It's huge body resembled a strong, metal panzer  
I tried a tune to wake up the big fat snoozer  
After an hour, I had to sadly say goodbye  
To meet you again, I promised I would surely try

# **King Rhinoceros by Joelle M.**

Third Grade

Once upon a time, there was a mean king named Bob, a large gorilla, whom nobody liked. Bob was always mean to the people of his kingdom. He made them do whatever he wanted, and he did not care about what they wanted to do. One day, a rhinoceros named John decided that Bob needed to go, so he challenged him to a duel. John had a horn as sharp as a spear and skin as hard as armor. He was also very brave and strong. Bob was terrified when he saw John approaching him, but he did not run away because he did not want the people of his kingdom to think that he was a coward. After staring at each other for some time, trying to intimidate each other, they began the fight. John charged at Bob with his sharp horn and knocked him off his throne. As he fell to the ground, Bob's crown came crashing down with him. John then picked up the crown with his horn and said to the people, "I am your new king! I will be kind and nice, unlike Bob, the old, mean king." All the people shouted with joy, and king John ruled the kingdom well for many years.



# Beast Hour by Parker R.

## Fifth Grade

Aldemo was a skinny man with blonde hair and brown eyes. He was in his 20s and *used* to live in Germany. By his luck, he was dragged by his famous uncle, Albrecht Durer, all the way to Ethiopia. The towns were as if they had been carved from stone. There were plants that looked almost *alien*, and there were some very strange animals, some of which stayed a bit farther away than the playful creatures such as the awesome *elefant*. The only thing that annoyed him was the most important rule: *Never go out at Beast Hour*. He had heard it a million times. “Aldemo: Don’t go out at Beast Hour.” “Almedo, stay in at Beast Hour.” One day at noon, Albrecht walked up to him. “I’ve told you before, don’t go out at Beast Hour.” And Aldemo finally burst. “THAT’S IT!” Almedo had enough. “You know what, I will go out! No one can stop me!” Every head in the camp turned to Aldemo. “Aldemo- “You’re not changing my mind. Now I think I’ll start to pack for the long night ahead.”

Aldemo sat down. He had been walking all night to pass the time. The plains were very -well- plain. He looked up. Aldemo had never seen so many stars in his life. Big stars that shone like jewels. The smaller ones littered the heavens with their faint glow. Aldemo smiled and closed his eyes.

*Thud*. He woke up with a start. What was that? “H-hello?” Aldemo rubbed the weariness from his eyes. It was pitch black, like an ominous wave of evil and darkness had spread through the savannah. The trees were no longer peaceful. It appeared that all of the leaves were gone. Now they were spindling skeletons that reached for the dark sky like statues. The grass, which had always been calming to watch swaying in the wind, had grown so tall that Aldemo couldn’t see over the tops. The elephants and giraffes were gone. And as he looked up above, he saw it. The moon was so pale that Aldemo had to squint to look at it. It looked as if it were an...

*"It's an eye!"* He gasped. Yes, there it was, a dark slit right in the middle. Aldemo didn't dare move. Then suddenly a horrible, terrifying, blood-chilling thought came into his head. He said it in a low whisper. It had to come out, or it would force its way through.

*"What time is it?"*

He checked his watch and stifled a scream of terror. *No way. It can't be... No. It isn't.* He ran towards the faint light in the distance. But then the grass started to take form. It intertwined until it was a massive tentacle that blocked his path. "Help! Heeelp!" He tried to shout, but the only thing that came out was a lowly "h- hh-el-p!" It was barely audible. The vines finally gave way, but as he emerged from the overgrowth, he could not see a single light on the horizon. In fact, he could barely see anything at all! Aldemo stumbled, terrified, into a small patch of trees. He relaxed. This was the grove he'd been sleeping on earlier. He sat down and sighed. What would he do? Looking around, he thought, "It's over, finally!"

That would be the biggest mistake Aldemo ever made.

A flash of movement caught his eye. Straining his eyes to see in the dark, Aldemo could make out something that looked like a strange rock with a dead tree on it. *Had that been there before?* He cautiously pulled himself off the ground and slowly started walking towards the strange object. He looked at it. There was something off about this rock. It was covered in quirky grass. Armor plates covered the thing in a protective layer. Aldemo was confused. "What is this?" he thought out loud. Then it suddenly moved. As the monster drew itself up to its full height, Aldemo's brain had only one thing in mind:

*Nashorn.*

The rhinoceros slammed its legs on the ground and charged. Aldemo screamed and ran. The rhino felt rage. It swung its horn at a tree. The trunk splintered as it crashed to the ground. Aldemo pulled out a sword. *"Yeah, great thinking."* He thought to himself. *"Give it another reason to kill you."* He awkwardly threw the sword at the beast's enormous horn, as if to sever it. The sword flew a few feet and promptly dropped at the rhino's feet. It looked at it. This was the stupidest human he had ever encountered. The rhinoceros roared and continued its

rampage towards Aldemo. He backed up but hit a tree. He looked the rhinoceros in the eye. It pounded the ground with his legs. The rhino thrust his horn and all went black.

The next morning everyone searched for Aldemo. No one found him, but there was some evidence. His bag was found near a tree that had been smashed through by something big. A bent sword suggested a struggle, and two sets of footprints were found. The first set was obviously Aldemo's. The second one however,

*Was a nashorn's trail.*

# **A Break in the System by Langdon J.**

## **Fifth Grade**

The story begins with humankind, moving underground, protected from the sun, and the dangers up above. They took animals of all kinds with them. They took plants and food. They were safe. Now, this is far, far in the future. The year 6056 to be exact. But hiding below the surface for thousands of years, it's not the same. And this was noticed... when all the food had been eaten, and the plants had died, so the people gathered around. They needed to think of a way to stay alive. They came up with ideas so complicated, that few could understand... But they came to a conclusion. They would need to preserve themselves in time capsules. Of course, they also decided that they should bring the animals, since it was quite lonely. Their capsules would keep the humans and animals conscious in a world of their own reality, they would empty their minds of all past memories, and plug in new ones. And soon enough, there were thousands of these capsules. People gladly hopped in, the scientists stuck wires into them, their brains eventually connecting to the outlets in the capsules. And in the end, all the animals, including the humans, were secured into the capsules where they existed for millions of years.

Until one day something happened. The time capsules started to malfunction. And the people started to, sadly, lose their lives. But one lucky animal in capsule C45A survived, and it was a rhino. He was in group A, it was sort of a group for testing, it had less power than the other ones, and the lucky rhino's capsule ran out of power before it could break, and shut down his body. And sadly, it looked like all the other people and animals in group A had died, due to the system. The rhino woke up from his sleep, and he saw the real world. It was not like the world he had lived in for millions of years. It was scary, rows and rows of steel, glass tubes holding people and animals, all encased in fluid. Now, the rhino's capsule was cracked and broken, it was

drained of fluid and dented all over. The wires that were supposed to be connected to the capsule have been snapped, and he could step right out. He was covered in metal, from head to toe, but he knew he could not be a robot, since some of the plates had fallen off, revealing his body. It looked like this was a protection against objects that could fly and hit him. He looked around. Many of the walls holding time capsules had fallen, crushing the poor people and animals inside. The rhino walked down a flight of stairs that lead to every capsule in row A. The people and animals inside the capsules seemed to all be skin and bones, almost just bones, even.

“Just skin and bones.” He thought, “That would have been me.”

The rhino had a feeling. He felt more intelligent. Even smarter than before. He understood what this place was. It was the place he had been for millions of years. And this was strange. The time capsules were to erase all memory of the past, but it had not for him. Why? Since group A was a testing group, they never intended for the people and animals to live, so they didn’t bother erasing their memories. But since the rhino was alive, he could remember all of the things that happened. He remembered all the people being laid down in the tubes and getting connected to the network. He remembered a scientist, a woman, putting him into his test tube. And wishing he would stay alive. And to his surprise, he did live.

But at what cost? He could not just live here, or could he? Earth was now 200 times smaller than it was, a blast had knocked it out of the solar system, and food had spoiled when the power had gone off. But since the rhino was no longer connected to the time capsule, he needed to eat, so he went on the lookout for any type of food. There wasn’t much, but he did find some stale bread in a cabinet.

#### MEANWHILE AT THE CORE...

“This is the time of reality” said Operation Robotic Biolife (O.R.B.), the “leader” of Earth.

The other R-chips responded. “Yes, it is...”

“Now that we have a single live source... We can harness its power.”

Now, the R-chips are characters for another book. Another story, for they were too late to catch the rhino.

By now, the rhino did not know what he would do, as he could not live in such a place. He needed to fix his time capsule before he would perish. He needed to hook up the power to his capsule and decided that reattaching the wires would be the best choice. He took several, and that seemed like it would turn on the power. So he wrapped them together, and a time capsule lit up. Suddenly, O.R.B's voice came over the speaker

“Do not climb into that capsule!”

But the rhino did, and he felt the light wash over him as it closed.

“NO!” Screamed O.R.B.

And the rhino fell asleep. He fell into a deep sleep, and then, he woke up with a start. He was in a field, grazing on grass... it was exactly what his world was, when he was in the capsule before.

He was alive.

He was home.

Meanwhile, a little girl woke up in a capsule. She too was in row A.

“Hello there,” said O.R.B on the speaker

“Welcome to reality, a break in the system.”



Martha Graham (Satyric Festival)  
Andy Warhol

1986

North America, United States

Andy Warhol (Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, 1928 - 1987, New York, New York)

20th century CE

Screenprint on paper board, 36 x 36 in. (91.4 x 91.4 cm)

Gift of The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, 2014.1.5

Extra, out of the edition. Designated for research and educational purposes only. © YEAR The Andy Warhol Foundation for the Visual Arts, Inc. / Artists Rights Society (ARS), New York

# **The Party at Midnight by Anna C.**

Fourth Grade

At a party with shouts and screams  
That would be in anyone's dreams

Crazy ladies swing and dance  
While little kids sing and prance

The crazy ladies take the floor  
And dance till their feet get sore

The party lasts until midnight  
Then suddenly a giant food fight

Pasta flies at people's faces  
And meatballs break some flower vases

The crazy ladies wave and sigh  
For now it's time to say goodbye

Now the party has to end  
Too bad it was all pretend





## Gimme the Baton Maestro

Roy Dean De Forest

ca. 1965

North America, United States

Roy Dean De Forest (North Platte, Nebraska, 1930 - 2007, Vallejo, California)

20th century CE

Mixed media on canvas, 64 13/16 x 47 in. (164.6 x 119.4 cm)

Bequest of Suzanne Foley, 2007.7.13

Art © Estate of Roy de Forest/Licensed by VAGA, New York, NY

# **A Crazy Crime Scene by Ayana S.**

Third Grade

Colorful as a Kaleidoscope.

Crazy as a crane.

A Chaotic Criminal has fled the scene.

Crazy cobras lurk in the corners of this dazing haze

Silly sables storm everywhere.

Amazing acrobats make a mess.

Crazy kangaroos hop into their shoes.

Interesting iguanas eat and eat and eat.

Odd octopuses squiggle and squirm.

All this time the criminal is near.

Escaping with the gold, still unheard.

# **Crazy Day by Rick W.**

Fourth Grade

**C**razy day

**R**adical roads

**A**wesome buildings

**Z**esty foods

**Y**elling people

**D**isassembled town

**A**n extraordinary city

**Y**ippe the day is over

# **Weird Universe by Luke L.**

Fourth Grade

Ear muffs on a block of ice,  
Cheese and a bunch of mice,  
Ear muffs on a block of mice,  
Cheese and a bunch of ice.

Spaghetti and snakes lifting weights,  
Stars, shapes, colors, space,  
Train tracks and a lot of cracks.  
These are the things our weird universe holds.

# **The Farm by Lulu C.**

## **Fourth Grade**

As I wake up to the sound of the creek drizzling, I stare out my window and realize that I need to go help grandpa on the farm today. I rush outside, putting on my flannel jacket, I see grandpa milking the cows without me. “Wait up grandpa,” I exclaim. He stands up to my voice and his old crooked legs shake when he stands and his milk covered overalls sag down at the straps to reveal his plaid shirt underneath.

“There you are, Sahara. I thought you weren’t going to join me today”.

“I would never forget to come help you,” I say.

“Come over here” Grandpa said as I ran over to him. “The little lady is being mean today.” Grandpa said in a whisper.

‘I’ll work my charm, Grandpa.’

“Thank you, Sahara.”

As I walk slowly up to the front of the holding stall, Little Lady snorts at me as I rub her ears. Once I stop she nuzzles me to keep going.

“Thank you, Sahara, we got a lot of milk from her.”

Suddenly the horses started screaming, and a tree had fallen on the fence! Good thing no animals were in the birth part of the farm where the mother cows welcome their calves and teach them. Grandpa yelled at the other farm workers, “Get all the animals into the barn, there’s going to be a windstorm.” He yelled to me to run for the house, wake up Grandma and tell her to get into the cellar with food, water, and blankets.

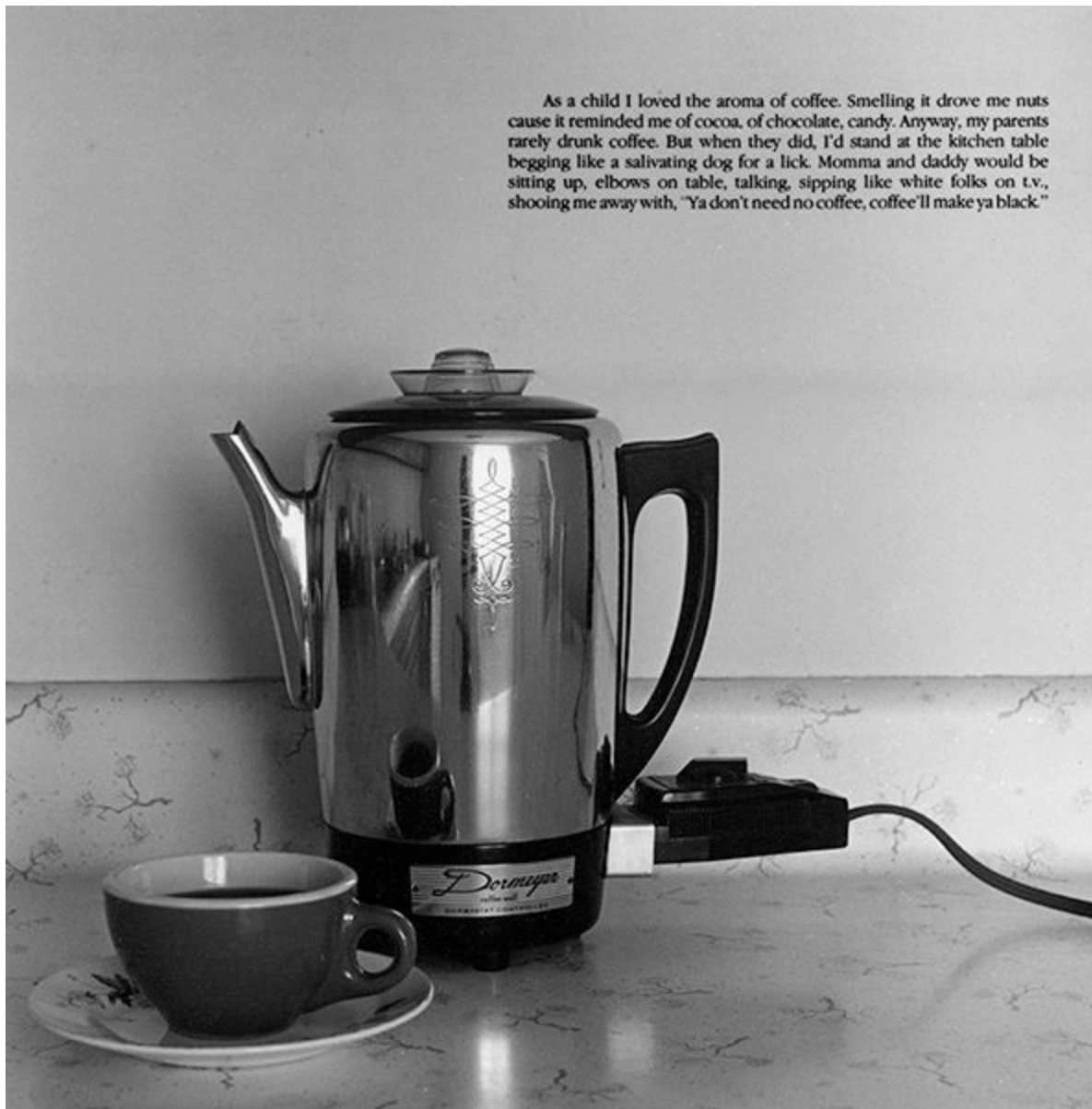
“Hurry everyone, we’re in for a long windy day.” As everyone rushed into the cellar, my dog Lucy trailed behind, and I ran back to carry her into the cellar.

When we were all in the cellar Grandpa made a fire in a small dent in the floor and said “Who’s up for a drink?” As the men and grandpa drank their wine, Lucy and I ran to Grandma and asked if she would tell us a

story. Grandma agreed. She started the story, “once I lay my weary head on a pillow ...” Lucy and I snuggled under the old blanket. She told us of her childhood and how she used to help her dad on the farm. Grandma experienced windstorms too. And as I slowly drifted off to sleep, I could still hear the small creek drizzling.

I awoke after the windstorm, the men and Grandpa helped me and Grandma out of the cellar. Once out, I saw fallen trees but no parts of the farm were very damaged.

I imagined my Grandma when she was my age helping her dad and running from windstorms. As I saw my grandma doing all the things she did in the story like feeding the pigs, milking the cows and riding the horses, I grew to have a new appreciation for the farm and its history and culture.



## Untitled (Coffeepot)

Carrie Mae Weems

1988 - 1989

North America, United States

Carrie Mae Weems (active Portland, Oregon, 1953 - )

20th century CE

Gelatin silver print, 14 7/16 x 14 5/16 in. (36.7 x 36.4 cm)

Museum purchase with the Curriculum Support Fund, 1991.3

© Carrie Mae Weems. Courtesy of the artist and Jack Shainman Gallery, New York.

# **A Good Time for Coffee by Maggie N.**

Fourth Grade

Coffee in the morning.

Coffee with toffee.

Coffee in the winter.

Coffee with peppermint.

Coffee in the spring.

Coffee with cream & sugar.

Coffee in the summer.

Coffee with eggs & bacon.

Coffee in the fall.

Coffee with pumpkin spice

Coffee in the evening.

Coffee with a cup





## Say My Name Sahara Clemons

American, b. 2001

2020 Latex paint on masonry wall 14 x 27.5 ft (4.27 x 8.38 m)

© Sahara Clemons

# **My Wonderful Mama by Gray H.**

Third Grade

My wonderful mama.  
I've  
always  
loved looking up in the sky  
and seeing my mama  
sitting in the clouds  
holding a lightning bolt in one hand  
I remember  
when I was young  
and my mama  
would tell me stories of the gods and far away places  
that she traveled to  
when she  
was young  
and at the end of the stories  
My mama would  
always  
tell me she  
would never do that without me,  
My mama would also tell me that her favorite part  
was  
hearing the different  
birds from all around the world  
I love having the feeling that  
My mama is  
always  
with me and will never not be with me  
sometimes I worry my mama  
is not with me but her voice  
echoes in my ear telling me that  
she's there and will  
always  
be there!

# **That's Her Name! By Eva L.**

Fourth Grade

There she is!

The most powerful woman, despite all of her struggles.

Now she draws moons on her dress,  
so she could match with the moon.

Her lightning bolt is her power and it is easy for her to hold.

Now from her grave  
every night she flies like a bird, with glory in her crystal clear eyes.

As she floats by,  
people bow down. As people go to church they pray for her. She is a role model!

No matter what people threw at her  
she would overcome.

She never took no for an answer.  
That is what made her such a great leader.

She never let  
anybody else's thoughts change hers. -

Her name is Pride  
to all people.

Never let anybody stop you from chasing your dreams.

# **The Great ... by Gerrit M.**

Fourth Grade

Warrior in the sky  
Bright, powerful, and peaceful  
King of the gods? Mom!

# **Beauty in the Eye of the Beholder by Mira M.**

Fifth Grade

To some  
darkness falls  
as we scream for what is right,  
to some love is impossible to find but we know where to look,  
as the days get colder their hate grows stronger but we stand tall,  
in the hardest times we stand united, something they  
will never know, someday we will end the war that grow and feeds on cruelty,  
But we will win it in a way they think not to exist, we will win it with no guns, no swords, and no anger, we will  
win with peace, happiness, and love,  
Because we see Beauty In The Eye Of The Beholder.



## Nami (Wave)

Toru Oba

American, b. Japan, 1945

2010 Carved soapstone

94 x 48 x 40 in ft (238.8 x 121.9 x 101.6 cm)

© Toru Oba

# **Flowing Stone by Signe M.**

Third Grade

A sculpture that takes the form  
of whatever you feel  
whatever you see  
and whatever you hear.

Simply molding in to the desires  
of the people nearest  
tall and thick or rather  
small and skinny  
holes a one or  
holes a twenty.

No matter how big how small  
or how round your desire  
is it will simply mold in to it  
with the sound of  
the cold midnight air.

# **The Rock by Turi G.**

Third Grade

Once upon a time rock aliens ruled the Earth. The alien king was called the Black Terror by his alien servants. The king had holes in him from battles on other planets. He was over ten feet tall and moved on black tentacles which he curled tightly beneath him when he wasn't moving. He had rough spots all over his body and used them to send out signals to control other animals to do what he wanted. He was like a greedy child making others clean up after him, clean him off, entertain him, and make him meals.

Eventually, the Black Terror decided he needed even more servants and went to Earth to control all the pets and wild animals. He tried to control humans and plants too, but he found out he could not control humans because they were too advanced. He found out he could not control plants because plants don't move. The people got so angry because they wanted their pets back. Eventually people built weapons to fight back, defeated the rock aliens and got their pets back. They turned all the rock aliens into statues and put them everywhere as a warning to other aliens who might visit Earth and try to steal their pets.



# **The Portal by Harper F.**

Third Grade

I close my eyes  
I imagine a blue shimmering color  
It felt like I was floating into a portal  
Like I was lifting through a wave

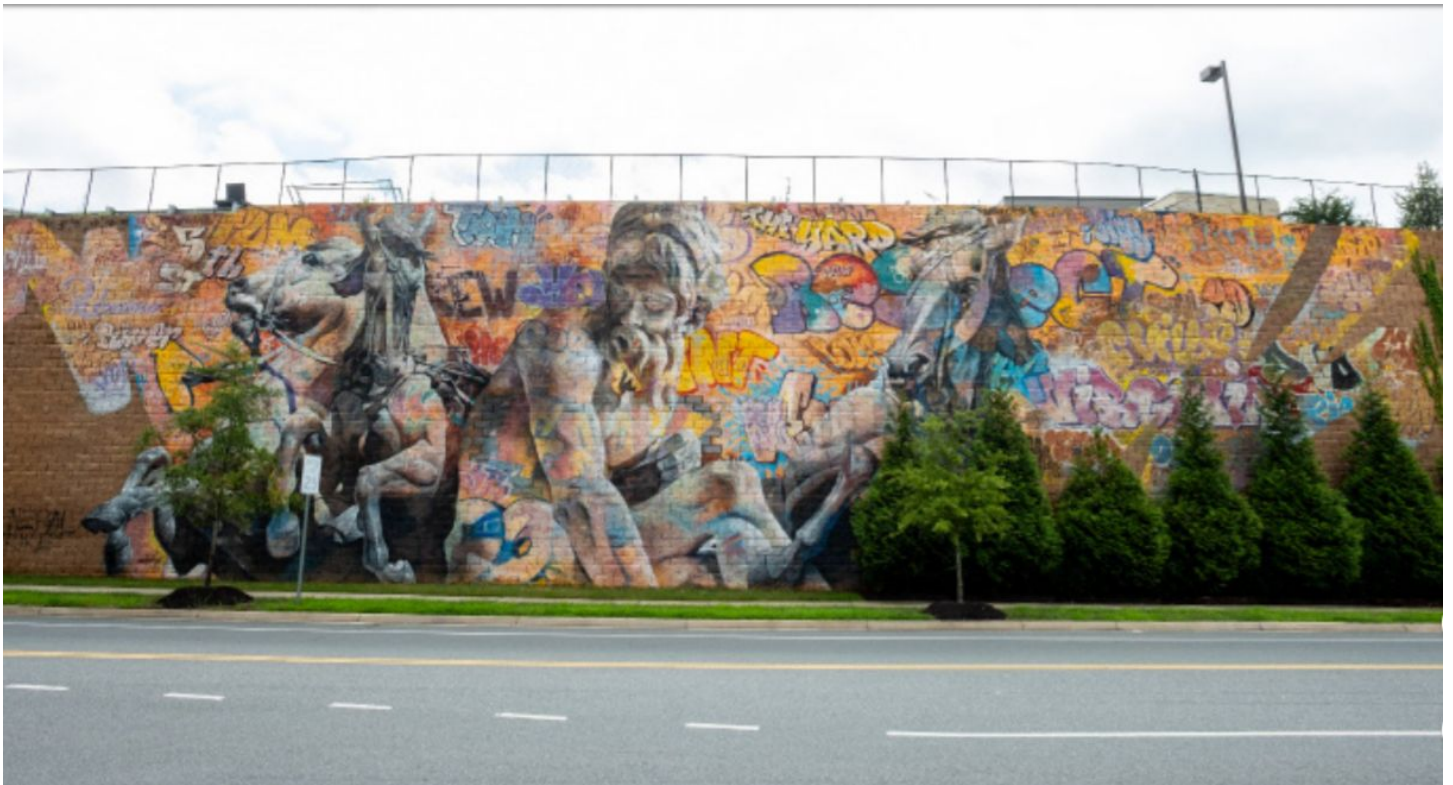
## **Waves by Srija P.**

Third Grade

I jumped in the water and a giant wave was coming.Splash! My friend jumped in the water too!  
So we tried to get out but we couldn't. The wave was coming closer and then the wave swooped us up.

A miracle happened When we opened our eyes we saw the most beautiful thing ever. We saw a  
beautiful house. We couldn't believe our eyes. So we explored and I got lost.

So I called “help, help!” I shouted then out of nowhere a wave came and took me to the  
beginning.



## Rivanna River by Poseidon PichiAvo

Spanish, Pichi, b. 1977, Avo, b. 1985

2017 Acrylic and spray paint on masonry wall 32 x 133 ft (9.75 x 40.54 m)

© PichiAvo

# Three Horses and One God by Harper R.

Third Grade

Calming and beautiful  
Cool and great  
Big and tall  
Stands this strong wall.

It's colorful and terrific  
With three horses to go  
And just one god that's so.

With that touch of sunlight  
It glows, like the sparkling night.  
Amazing and awesome  
Stands this tall wall.

Nice and bright  
Kind and warming  
The moonlight's great  
But the sunlight's better.

There is no river near this beautiful piece  
It shines like a star  
In the morning sky  
But as it gets dark its shine will fade  
Like the morning shade.

It's wonderful and fantastic  
Morning warming, is this piece  
Brave and tall  
Stands this sunshining wall.

It's calming and delightful  
And if you dare  
You might just stare  
Right into the heart of this pretty cool wall  
You might just decide to visit and  
Look very close you might see  
There are three horses in all.

## **Uncertainty: Three Haikus by Keelan S.M.**

Fourth Grade

Control lost and fear  
Hoping to love not to hate  
Afraid of this fate

Bright though dead of night  
Hoping to find what is right  
Running from the fight

Power and weakness  
Shadows and colors collide  
Joy and grief abide