**Ars Poetica**

*after Horace*

Jeniya Mard

Birthed by observants of their own surroundings and personal miseries,

art is often times referred to as:

graffiti,

 a young man trying to escape a hole.

modern art,

an old man trying to escape a hole.

ballet,

danced by little girls in pinks skirts

and thin women with blue toes.

words, in no particular order,

tell a story of many people, of places—

of broken dreams and promises made in heat-of-the-moment;

moments waterlogged in our memory

as we serve as our own unreliable narrators.

a song,

sung by a bird

echoed by an orchestra,

rattles the walls of the house,

the bookstore,

the studio,

the art gallery,

and the underside of the I-96 overpass.

*yes*, art is subjective,

and we are her subjects.