
THE SAN DIEGO VISUAL ARTS NETWORK

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2487 Montgomery Avenue, Cardiff by the Sea, CA 92007
Public Charity 501 (c) 3 EIN #20-5910283

Poems by Ted Washington for Eat Your Art Out, Palette 2 Palette, April 27, 1013

1. Zen of Cuisine

Life is the experience
The consumption
Complete
Every now on your path
In the shadow of moments past
Casting a shadow onto the future
Moments
All is consumed
All is the experience
The experience is now
Breathe Smell
Consume be consumed
Eat Savor
The exchange
Life sustaining life
Reverence in the ritual
Ouroboros sustained
Your time is now
Experience it

2. Pizzazz des Chaussures

Have you ever experienced food with your feet,
Let your feet experience the food?
Think of where your hands have been, what they've done.
Your feet are covered often.
If you washed them, really cleansed them.
Imagine that dry rub between your toes as the balls of your feet glide over the rack of ribs.
The chill of the mayo and the texture of the cabbage when you toss the slaw.
A sensation your feet will never forget.
Have they experienced the slippery slide of noodles drenched in olive oil, the scent rosemary, sage and fennel.
Are they experienced?
The fluff of flour followed by the slap and knead of dough.
The hot floppy feel of fresh from the oven cookies.
Trust me for those who don't know, your feet will thank you for the experience.

3. Paws and Claws for Cause

Where are they?! Dammit I'm in the pack! Love me!
Okay enough already. Put me down.
Not the belly, please not the belly! Nooo! This is embarrassing!
If you don't stop I'll claw you good. Why did you stop, I'll claw you good.
What do they call this thing, "A book?" Time stealer is what you are. Rrrrrr!!
So you see this lizard, thought you'd like this. You threw away the bird I got you. Why are you so hard to please?
Feed me! Come on look at me! I'm doing cool stuff!
Love me! Feed me!
Wait — you smell that?

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4. Love and Life in The Italian Renaissance

The experience was too good to be true; luxuriously weighty handles

What?

An intricate rose motif, like the details of embroidery and lace in the scroll worked edge

The food?

Floral garlands, a symmetrical fan plume, beveled edges tapering to a scalloped tip

There were scallops?

They had a glossy finish and they were pierced

Why were the scallops pierced?

What are you talking about?

What are you talking about?

The silverware

5. Swept Away

It's a shared experience

Language the barrier

Born naked and hungry

Unable to speak we cry

Now here we are

This orb an island

Our tongues set

Divergent paths, divergent ethos

Naked and hungry we surrender

What if all there was for us was a coconut

There's so much work ahead, so much sweat

Gotta break through the hard part

To get the juice, the water

We render our bodies imperfect with our efforts

Exhausted and drained

We lay on the sand, on the beach, under the tree

The tree of life

Delirious

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6. Art is a States of Mind

I rolled in from England in 1607. Hung out in the New England area for a minute then in 1633 I landed a good job in Manhattan. In 1819 I got steamed in Philly and by 1844 I was working hard in Milwaukee. Was gigging on the west coast by 1900 and then, it was almost death. But a few good peeps kept me near. Thank goodness someone loves me here. Hanging in San Diego as of late, check me at, see the list,

5 Points Brewing Company
 Acoustic Ales Brewing Experi AleSmith Brewing Company
 Alpine Beer Company Amplified Ale Works Automatic
 Brewing Company Aztec Brewery
 Ballast Point Brewing Co. Belching Beaver
 Chuck Alek Independent Brew Culture Brewing Co.
 Fezziwig's Brewing Co. Firehouse Brewing Co.
 Green Flash
 Helm's Brewing Co. Hess Brewing Co
 Indian Joe Brewing
 Iron Fist Brewing Company Karl Strauss Breweries
 Latitude 33 Brewing Co. Lightning Brewery
 Lost Abbey / Port Brewing Mad Lab Craft Brewing
 Manzanita Brewing Company Mission Brewery
 Mother Earth Brew Co. New English Brewing Co.
 Oceanside Ale Works
 Offbeat Brewing Company
 On The Tracks Brewery Prohibition Brewing Co.
 Rip Current Brewing Company
 Rough Draft Brewing Company Society Brewing Co.
 Stumblefoot Brewing Co.
 Thorn St. Brewery
 Wet 'N Reckless Brewing
 White Labs, Inc.
 Your friend, Beer

7. Artists in Wonderland

What will determine the experience
 The brain or the belly
 The brain trying to appease an array of taste buds desiring salivary delights
 The belly just wants to be filled
 The brain at the behest of an olfactory system overwhelmed by wanton scents leads you astray
 The belly just wants to be filled
 The brain had a plan, had ideas, but now your eyes betray and what is before you will soon be in you and the diet vanishes
 The belly is filled

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8. Black, White & Red All Over

I know what the menu said but it's a trumped up charge.
As if I intended it to happen.
I did it for flavor!
How can that be a crime. I wanted the review.
My creation was superb!
Each ingredient purposeful.
The palate to be taken on a journey and to be fooled too.
If the hand is quicker than the eye, then the taste buds are quicker yet.
No one was to know.
The artistry, the patience.
One by one, each carved to size and shape. Skins attached with a light
glucose mix to enhance the presentation and flavor.
I replaced the almonds with Brazil nuts, the buttery silky subterfuge was
genius.
How was I to know the food critic was allergic.

9. Secrets and Lies: The Delicious Truth

When I am frozen, defrost me
Marinate and braise me,
Sauté and sear me
Roast, rotisserie, smoke, smother and char me
Tenderize, beat, broil, flip and whip me
Scramble my brains
Skewer my body
Churn, chop, press and pound me
And please oh please grind me
And when you're done leave me candied and glazed

10. Metamorphosis

When I was six grandmother changed the world for me, my view and perception.
We were in the yard surveying the damage to the lawn that I was guilty of.
Months before I sat there blowing the downy seed balls of the dandelions.
They would explode like puffs of snow and float away in the breeze.
It was always a wonder to me that those little yellow flowers would turn into little round puff balls. Stranger still that dad
could hate them so.
"Weeds!" he would say, "Ruining my lawn."
Now the little yellow flowers decorated the yard.
Grandmother reached down and pulled one of the dandelions from the ground; leaves, stem, roots and all.
"You see this?" she said. "This is a weed to many, but to some this is food"