

On December 2, 2025, *Kelsey Review* hosted an ekphrastic writing session in the [Mercer County Community College Gallery](#), invited members of the community to write in response to the exhibited artwork of [Wes Sherman](#). We proudly present the poems that resulted.

After Wes Sherman, by Bella Lentz

Why do you laugh in spite of it all?

After *Liquid Sunshine II* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

The “**why**” repeats
In awe of imbalance
I **do** not get this juxtaposition
Leeway in **your** visage
A **laugh** rips out your throat
But blood bubbles bright as
That zig zag slices **into** you like claws
Luring you to moiety You
Cater to **spite** joy
And sorrow all at once You're made **of**
Colors calling **it** paradise
As your **fall** is looming
Watching this I have to ask:

Bella Lentz is a first-year student at Mercer County Community College, majoring in Business Administration. She plans a career in accounting.

Four after Wes Sherman, by Bernard Foyuth

Liquid Sunshine

After *Liquid Sunshine* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

The gods are doodling
in the textbook of the world,
sketching idle geometries
that translate to lightning, scribbles
that become slashes of rain,
hypnotic arches of cloud.
Thus the universe

and all we love in it
erupts from play, not assiduous
plotting. Do not task the gods
with more than being alive,
their laughter vaudevilling sunlight
across the trees' anxious equations.

Liquid Sunshine II

After *Liquid Sunshine II* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

We are fragile offerings to the
earth, our lives a torrent of parallels,
brief and stunning as lasers,
each quick photon a planet or
whole personality, including the guy
with whom I had a long conversation
once in a bar in Iowa City that isn't
there anymore, who said he was
going to die that year, but seemed so
unruffled I couldn't believe him.
You can't pause the rain, you
can only recognize, while it lasts,
the meaning of this glamour.

Feathered by Moonlight

After *Feathered by Moonlight* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

Wandering the world, I keep noticing spaces
that deserve to be inhabited, where something should *happen*

the way a torchlit labyrinth begs for some wondrous encounter.
There is a ghost of potential here, among lazily

stretching shadows, and bare trees conspiring to become
the inscrutable logo of a death metal band. Or am I the ghost,

the outcast dream, less real than the fantasy I picture,
having come to this place and finding it empty

without you? In the unwritten play about us, you and I

live flurries of scenes in this imaginary dark. I study the canvas

and see only more and more paint, but know the truth
remains invisible, a shy god hovering in air as if poised to gossip.

5 Against 1

After *5 Against 1* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

You: a pink lump,
a jot of radio static;

me: a dust bunny
wandering some vastness,

a pile of brain signals,
an electron's blur;

me 1, you 0, or me 0, you 1,
each of us a unique synonym

for nothing on our own,
congealings in a biological stew,

but everything between us, the charge
of relationship, secret forces

defining a landscape as urgently
real as the stock market,

like the narrative constructed by the video
of mere triangles seeming to chase

each other, thus coming to life.
Show me any two things

and I see us there, ever
moved by the space between us.

Bernard Foyouth was born and raised in New Jersey, lives here still, and has been writing poetry for many years. In the academic arena, he holds a BA in Written Arts from Bard College

and an MFA in Poetry from the Iowa Writers' Workshop. He currently works at Mercer County Community College as a writing tutor, and he loves helping nurture students' creative as well as academic efforts.

Five after Wes Sherman, by Barbara Krasner

A Belt Runs Through It

After Leave Something Behind by Wes Sherman (US), 2024

Amid the tall grasses,
stalks of maize await harvest.

A path bisects the fields
leading to the forest beyond.

When the maize leaves,
only dried grass and tree skeletons

remain.

Hollow

After Happy Birthday to Me by Wes Sherman (US), 2024

The oak tree will have a new ring
on my birthday. I sit alone in my house,
stare at the empty fields. I invite the grass
inside where my disease interns me.

If I could move my house
to Central Park, I could view
skyscrapers' skyline
and imagine new heights
within my walls as I mark
another immunocompromised year.

I Had Forgotten How Rituximab Infusions Induce Insomnia

After Long Night by Wes Sherman (US), 2024

Indigo streams into my bedroom
though sleep eludes me.

I flick on the lamp, open my Kindle,

read about abstract expressionists.

Indigo streaks on midnight blue—
colors bloom in the dark

even with my eyes closed.

Impermanence

After *Magnificent Destination* by Wes Sherman (US), 2025

Orange steel frames past and present.
I thrust my hand
through translucent space,
between memory and forgetting
between structure and shape.

The older I get, the thicker
grows the past. More to remember,
as even saplings brush
against my chasm of memory,
always wanting more.

Do You Remember?

After *Do You Remember II* by Wes Sherman (US), 2024

The shadows we made between the oak trees before sunlight kissed
the dandelions and the milkweed waved goodbye?

The lines we made between iron railings, stringing plastic jump rope,
as magic wands blew pink bubbles and created rhododendrons?

The circles we made between our legs to play marbles and jacks
before the rain of developers soaked our skin?

[Barbara Krasner](#) is a New Jersey-based poet of ten collections, including [Poems of the Winter Palace](#) (Bottlecap Press, 2025), [The Night Watch](#) (Kelsay Books, 2025), [Insomnia: Poems after Lee Krasner](#) (Dancing Girl Press, 2026), and the forthcoming *The Wanderers* (Shanti Arts, 2026), and *Memory Collector* (Kelsay Books, 2027). She serves as co-editor, *Kelsey Review*, and teaches in the English and History departments of Mercer County Community College, where she also is director, Mercer County Holocaust, Genocide & Human Rights Education Center.