



**FRAME TO FRAMES : YOUR EYES FOLLOW II**  
**OPEN CALL Ekphrastic Video Poem Screening and Prize**  
**Festival FOTOGENIA, MEXICO CITY, Ciudad de México,**  
**23 de noviembre– 2 de diciembre de 2023**

Submissions are requested for video poems under 10 minutes based on paintings or other works of art. All entries in English must have Spanish subtitles, and Spanish entries subtitles in English. Other languages subtitles in English. Entries can also be inspired by the **Festival Painting *Huapango Torero*** (courtesy Karen Huber Gallery) by leading Mexican artist **Ana Segovia**. Deadline: **30 September 2023**. [*huapango* means ‘a fast and complicated dance for a couple, performed on a wooden platform to accentuate the rhythmic beating of heels and toes’. The painting is based on a traditional painting where boys would go into bulls’ fields at night to practice bull fighting.] The **festival poem** by leading American poets **Elena Karina Byrne and Lois P. Jones** is inspired by the painting. A **Spanish translation** is also available at Liberated Words.

**More Information in Spanish & Spanish and English entry forms:** <https://liberatedwords.com/2023/05/16/>  
**Send ENTRY FORMS to Sarah Tremlett at [liberatedwordspoetryfilms@gmail.com](mailto:liberatedwordspoetryfilms@gmail.com)**



**Self Portrait with a Line from Lorca** (*after the painting *Huapango Torero* by Ana Segovia*)

Can I measure this distance between barbed wire and stone  
 wall bearing all the red delirium of spring,  
 between dawn and hunger and who has the upper hand...

*How is it that something as small as a pistol or a knife can do away  
 with a man who is a bull? Or  
 a woman crowned by the farewell party of free speech?*

There’s just this rose in my fist, and in the other, a pale sheet,  
 not of surrender but the torn petticoat from Lorca’s white  
 wedding. It was enough to hollow my mind. Enough to enter

this field the way I enter a sky full of bedroom windows.  
 One, witness to a bystander’s silence,  
 one is my child self, and another, the face of the bull.

You can’t see them, but women are singing across  
 the sugarcane, the sorghum, avocados,  
 and the wild Blue Agave. Their song carries me into the evening.

To know, like night, I begin again, entering these selves as  
 I climb through, step over each threshold  
 of who I am to test this outlawed animal mettle of our

youth, because I want to know who you are under this half-  
 blanching moon at the side of the hour’s  
 road and its unending fields that I now claim as my own.

