



10-2003

The Taste of Art

Amy E. Jensen

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape>

Recommended Citation

Jensen, Amy E. (2003) "The Taste of Art," *Inscape*: Vol. 23 : No. 3 , Article 2.
Available at: <https://scholarsarchive.byu.edu/inscape/vol23/iss3/2>

This Poetry is brought to you for free and open access by BYU ScholarsArchive. It has been accepted for inclusion in Inscape by an authorized editor of BYU ScholarsArchive. For more information, please contact scholarsarchive@byu.edu, ellen_amatangelo@byu.edu.

The Taste for Art

Amy E. Jensen

It's very few who have the taste for art.
Please, sir. Don't touch the sculptures. Here you note
Proportions—body: head (the head in part
Defines the whole), seven to one. Beauty?
Sir, beauty is a nature you can chart,
Design. And so, cut from mahogany
Medusa Slain by Perseus. What form
And here the delicate *Persephone*,
Her eyes fixed to the flower she has torn
From mother, earth. The other hand holds clay,
Her marriage band with death. Such skill! She's worn,
A sense drawn from the use of the line. That way?
More modern works, some Warhol, some Chagall,
They're up for sale. Now to our new display—
What's that, sir? Oh. That empty pedestal?
Once *Galatea* by Pygmalion.
The writing on it? Quaint but rather dull:
“My every curve he creased into my skin,
My shape bent to the classical ideal.”
No, sir. It's not mixed media. Now just in—
No, no, a myth: she wrote this when made “real”:
“I was not asked to chisel my own face;
It's caryatid-like: I've come to feel
The weight of expectation.” To your right—
Ah. *Ornamental Love* has caught your eye?
I'll have it wrapped, sent to your wife tonight.
It's sure to please and such a handsome buy.