

\* Poetry  
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## "The true Artist"

I could never paint the smears  
of sunsets I call beautiful  
crisims, purples, oranges and dark mixed blues  
my eyes see Gods Perfections  
But my hands are drunk -  
within movement  
He has a sense of humor  
because he started with a smear  
and came up with me  
maybe ~~and~~ he's going to paint me  
into one of his wonderful sunsets  
and one day it might be called beautiful

over →