

LIFE OF ARTISTRY

“Lo! The dazzling genius
shining light into this
shabby world.”

“Look here now!
At the greatest fool
who ever lived!”

This muddy pool of
thoughts soon evaporates
into a hanging cloud.

The artist builds
a straw house
before the rainfall,
inviting a few
gentle companions
to take shelter.

Serving them tea
in pleasantly
misshapen cups.

“The tea’s too bitter,”
says one.

“For me, too sweet,”
says the other.

But both agree—
it’ll do.

At least
it’s caffeinated, and
will break the drowsiness
of a rainy day.