

The I of the Art Is

*Artist talking to Artist
As Light to Light
No outsiders hearing
What viewers have in sight.*

*The colours of the paintings
Reflects the artists thoughts
Though the onlookers never know
The artist's. Mind.*

*Artist talking to Artist
Like words from a book
Pictures revealing
Their outlook*

*One slash here, a line there
A rounded curve
A mountain*

*A landscape. A portrait
Of dots connecting dots
As he paints by numbers
The texture of the product
That he wants to make*

Connecting with canvas as rough as he is taut

*Artist, talking to Artist
As Light to Light
Soundlessly, Truthfully
A 'secret' society
That only they know.*

*No schools of artistry
Can teach these men
How the stroke of a pen or brush;
Soft charcoal or hard pencil or line cut
Expresses the Deep within
Where no sound is heard
Releasing the Being
The Leviathan
From the well's spring.*

*Artist speaking to Artist
Of another genre
Of another Age
It's still of one purpose
If all is true.*

*As poetry speaks to speaker
And painting to Painter
So the Word unfolds the picture
That is seen by both musician and Sculptor
And those that are not only Actors,
And partakers in the world in focus,
Like a circus
Caught by the camera's gaze,
But those outside the lens-
The performers
Whom no one wants to notice
Except of course, the Artist.*