

PAINTINGS

We are all made of paper,
A blank canvas
until
We get splashed with watercolours,
pastels and permanent markers.
Never to be clean again
With the knowledge
And perceptions
Daydreams and Nightmares
Walking as works of wonder
Each our own artist inspired by everything around us
Erasers don't exist in this world
You become defined
By the artwork you create
Regardless of
being Picasso
or a school child
No matter how delicately
Or rapidly
the brush strikes the page
My friend,
You are painting the image of your life
That will live with you
forever.

S.Brown