A Poem About Art

I was art

And I was not

The soft flow of words

Amending hues

Of violent gray and blue

Fueling ales thrust

On white canvas

Portrait me like gold

A brightful harvest

Veiled cuisines of tint drown

Will I be some or just brown

Brush strokes of rumors spread in time

Paint me bright not sour like lime

If am not yet art

Just make me one

Not stared once and done

Not Forgotten when shine is gone

Craved is what I need

Priceless in silver seed

If magic flows on the artist’s arm we see

Then art in your sight is what I will be