

CHRONICLES AND VANITY

At the Pageant of the Masters sat the old man with the tilted French beret.
He was toasting his masterpiece with a goblet of vintage Cabernet.
There was only one painting in his show but it was stunning to behold,
Each color its own dawn, unearthly shapes drawn with burning gold.
Neither chronicles nor vanity can capture what he seems to be.

I noticed a portion of the canvas was white as his eyes.
A wry, warm smile spread across his face in mock surprise.
"So you've entered in my secret. Hazard a wild guess what it's for."
I said, "I am not fit to shine your shoes much less finish what is yours."
Neither chronicles nor vanity can grasp what he's given me.

As I wrapped up his portrait I saw him put its twin brother on display.
"Paint with your eyes closed. You and I, we co-create."
A shaft of bright light fell upon my smock as I drew.
And as the colors were shimmering and drying he whispered, "I knew
Neither chronicles nor vanity can express what you mean to me."

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