

Brushstrokes

Heavy brushstrokes,
like slate sections piled atop one another,
define this lake today.
With tensile strength the lines
of black, grey, white march towards the shore.
This is an abstract painting come to life
and this museum wall slides
off at diagonal to my view.
Shall the oils of this inspiration
degrade from too much ultraviolet light,
Shall cloud cover keep in shadow
as guardian to prevent degrading,
to keep cracks from forming,
Yet those cracks are demonstration
that painting has endured ages,
that beneath surface texture
life continues on,
As oils in their torpid behaviors
are still aging,
just as I have formed cracks
and wrinkles in skin,
So this lake's surface
is wrinkled and aging,
so the slate shingles
do break with much use,
So shall this picture
become new creation
as waves seek the shoreline,
being pushed by emphatic brushstrokes.