

Artist In Exile: Tome of A Neophyte

March 13th 2012

“An Unlikely Artist” – Untitled #030512

Copious pages like canvas and clay.
Pens mimic brushes and imitate/shaping/carving tools

Keys and pencils like hammers and chisels
The consonants and vowels my paints and ink

There will be no erasers or reversal.
Any undesired stroke must be made to match

Every mark is permanent and learned to be lived with
much like actions and choice binding the natural realm.

The words forge forms of people, places, and things.
The paragraphs summon space and define time.

Sweet-scent creative oil mingles with drive’s spark
Igniting the crimson-gold flame of passion

The hard covers like galleries
And bookshelves like museums

I am an Artist
I am a Writer

I am a Storyteller
I am an Architect

I am an Innovator

I am God