

Vincent's Hour

A canvas of broken-glass.
A cub-scout portrait from the past.
Rubbed over in a #2 black beauty.
Splashed over in a purple reproach.
Can muffled cries ever be heard?

The model was at no fault.
Couldn't someone had offer a comforting word?
One-day justice will be served.
Then the artists guilt shall lay varnished over
within her own hurtful words.

Blending and working in heavily unrealistic *gray* fears.
She had painted the subject of me -blurry.
Lacking originality
the cruelty of the unbroken composition
is all too inheriting.

Her reproduction
of the endless brush stroke markings
can still be found where they touched-up, leaving bloody
panoramic sunny childhood days, that never were,
framed and hung cracked in my aging memory.

Oh! What horrors of the inky and smeary mess that's me.
Pinocchio was locked an loaded in the model's chair.
Displayed backwards for all to stare.
For little boy blue, it must be understood,
was painted over on a sliver of festering wood.

Still a lamp of hope burns welcome hues
from across ocean blues.
Promises of a life in grey skies,
but will the lamp burn-on through the Gallery of Night?
As no Shades are safe anymore, in the red white donald duck cartoon age.

Composition of loneness drips crimson in my solitude memory.
Once a Spanish olive wood branch gave promise, of
keeping the loneliness framed away.
The dripping Pain'ts are no longer contained, and
my pallet of happy colors is barren dry and empty now.

To end the twisting critiquing maddening artists control of me,
an agony of which I finally grown weary of,
I now will recreate my own classic take...
as the Trigger of time has been Drawn,
I now will reproduce -my own Vincent's hour.