

Artist Living

sidewalk chalk
running down the driveway
bleeds away in a haze
as my dad washes
his new car

sc

crayola watercolor
and sturdy canson paper
today I will make
my first
masterpiece

sn

falling behind
my classmates again
pausing
to gaze
upon every painting

s.c.

thick oil paint
on museum canvas
I could live my life
among
the brush strokes

sn

activists
throw cans of soup
everyone's attention pulled
away
from the Warhol

sc

the textbooks never
did him justice
a real-life Rothko
shows me orange
for the first time

sn

chalk smears across paper
dirty fingers
tracing
where they wish
they could still touch you

sc

brush fraying
with overuse
I paint
us
in living color

sn

taking another walk
around the block
only to find
when I get back
I still have no ideas.

sc

the pain makes for
a violent painting
my brush
much worse
than my bite

sn

"your work is too political"
they mutter,
as though art
was never political
in the first place

sc

feeling like
an unreliable narrator;
my work
never saying
what I mean

sn

pressing against the paper
harder
and harder
and harder until . . .
my pencil snaps.

sc

paint stains
my favorite sweater
a reminder
of my
potential

sn

stroke
for stroke
black ink stains
the folds of
my soul

sc

smearing ink
into drypoint etching
is this
what it means

sn

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