

*The Artist's Masterpiece*  
*Part I*

The Artist holds a blank canvas,  
In his hands and his mind.  
He also holds but a single brush,  
With vibrant colors beside him,  
And a cup of water to cleanse the brush that creates.

Deciding to leave the lower half of the canvas,  
For the work of another day to come,  
He stares at today's half of the white  
Thinking of all the colors of his infinite rainbow...  
Settling on a hazy blue to loom above.

And so his unfinished painting, only half,  
Is shaded in a calm blue.  
But the Artist frowns, unsatisfied,  
For his painting has no start or finish,  
And no contrast between light and darkness.

The shades of blue remain quiet, both dark and light,  
Never enough to sadden or brighten the Artist's eyes,  
But still beautiful enough for the peace to settle.  
The Artist wants more, however,  
As many colors remain untouched.

So the Artist looks around for inspiration.  
But the darkness of the lonely room whispers nothing.  
*"The silent black is quite different from the quiet blue"*, he thinks.  
The fear of nothingness and emptiness scares him.  
But he realizes he must fill the canvas with it.

And so his first painting is nothing but black,  
And the Artist is satisfied with his beginning.  
His brush sheds the silent color in the pure water.  
His hand then reaches for his next color phase,  
But the room pulls him away from his amateur ideas.

The room whispers quietly, entrancing his thoughts directing his vision.  
And the Artist is shocked to see a new darkness:  
Piercing through the silence are specks of light on the floor,  
And the canvas basks in a pillar of light.  
The Artist understands his wrongs and the canvas is changed.

The old black canvas is now dotted with white spots,

And the Artist finishes this phase with a permanent mark—  
A larger white circle (smaller in his mind) to remain despite change.  
Entering the second state, the Artist decides to reflect on what he observed:  
The meaning of his canvas, to the patience of the room.

And with an explosion of light, the darkness is quickly erased.  
A rising orb, too bright to be named a color, breaks through.  
And with the power of the mystic sphere, his painting awakens with a voice.  
Its light grants to every corner of the canvas its presence,  
And the Artist begins to wildly strike the painting with his colored brush.

Near the source of light he paints a gleaming aura of yellow and white.  
The edges of his world return to the familiar pale blue.  
Across a horizontal, run streaks of bright pink and glowing orange.  
The waves of a warm mixed red reach out towards the edges.  
And every area between each explosion is its own beautiful gradient of color.

And the Artist revels in his work, his brush still moving.  
And with every second that passes his eyes,  
A new creation is born each time.  
And while his current colors embrace his burning passion inside,  
His cold skin tingles and cries for her colors.

So the second infinite morning is born,  
And while his fire within is not extinguished,  
His cold hand now paints a hazy gray fog,  
And then the picture of a falling pure white,  
And both images are constant, until broken by the Sun.

And when he paints the rays of the rising light,  
Peace quiets the explosions of Dawn;  
Light shines through the music of morning,  
And his favorite blue comes to blanket the canvas,  
Now with its own white blankets and golden glow.

The brush rests on the floor, still coated in paint,  
And for once both the room and the Artist are quiet.  
His arms fall to his sides; his fingers remain still,  
And his eyes are clear in clouded wonder,  
Fixed on the canvas which continues to move.

As hours pass the white slowly transforms,  
From nothing to puffs to broken strands to gray.  
More than just the Artist's eyes rest upon them,  
As his thoughts quickly manifest within the gray,  
And in a flash and flood of blue, also quickly resolves.

When the blue and white returns with gold,  
The Artist sees it has shifted greatly.  
From the center of the right edge of his canvas,  
And now passed the top center, continuing left,  
The orb his brush created now moves on its own.

Now the hands of darkness grasp once more,  
And the room is restless for night to come.  
But the Artist does not falter and rightly prepares,  
To give his light its proper departure,  
So the bristles break the water once more.

His loving blue darkens respectfully,  
To let the world be silenced once more,  
And in the Sun's grand finale,  
All the colors return violently as well,  
Naming Dusk the brother of Sister Dawn.

As the darkness slowly creeps onto the image,  
Yellow is unyielding until its bitter end.  
With the forces of orange and red clashing before nightfall,  
And the skyline of the darkened hazy pink glowing gladly,  
Following the setting of the Sun as it slowly falls.

Dawn's infinite morning brings Dusk's eternal night,  
And the Artist covers his masterpiece in black once more.  
With the brush and his canvas and the room coated in silence,  
As the stars begin to shine once more on the finished canvas;  
The eyes of the Artist begin to fade as every phase is complete.

He later awakens to the same canvas,  
But it is now unfinished.  
Once murky with forgotten beginnings and accomplished endings,  
The cup of water now sits clear with a new brush.  
Which will never paint the same pattern again.

The sparkling stars and restless darkness,  
Now believe it is time to herald the next genesis.  
With his cold skin tingling and inner passion burning,  
The brush and the colors embrace once more.  
The cycle of the Artist's Masterpiece begins anew.

*Aurora Borealis*

A Continuation Poem of "*The Artist's Masterpiece Part I*"

The Artist notices behind him  
Another canvas, already filled with moving strings  
of various colors and thickness, constantly waving.  
The Artist cannot recall ever painting this image,  
but he knows it is his sky that is now cracking,  
and burning and filling and glowing with these new colors.

A breath of blue  
The whisked-away white  
A galaxy of green  
The permanent pink  
A reminiscence of red  
The never-ending neons  
Another beautiful image that his brush created.

*The Artist's Masterpiece*  
*Part II*

The artist holds a painted canvas,  
-incomplete-  
In his hands and his mind.  
He also holds but a single brush,  
With vibrant colors beside him,  
And a cup of water to cleanse the brush that creates.

Today is the day for the lower half,  
-finally-  
Which was left in its original state,  
Still a pure blank white,  
Waiting, calling for the bristled colors  
To write a new story, create the next world.

So his mission is to build up this world  
-slowly-  
And finish this masterpiece he now loves.  
As he looks at his completed sky above,  
There are two colors, absent from view,  
Now the green upon brown become his new blue.

The layers of brown are his new foundation,  
-steady-  
Prepared to hold up every other color of the canvas,  
Upon its new broad shoulders.  
But for now all that rests is the second forgotten color,  
In patches of even light green and regions of wild dark green.

Then the artist misses his mark with the green brush,  
-mistakenly-  
And the bright fuzzy strand is far too long.  
But before the artist can grieve his mistake,  
A single leaf stems from the strand,  
And a small bud grows at the very tip

And so the first flower is born  
-unexpectedly-  
An unshaped beauty from one of his mistakes,  
Its stem lengthening and more leaves forming,  
As the sky changes its form and colors,  
To help the new infant grow.

As the bud blooms, its innards spill out

-uncontrollably-

And what seems like a wild death,  
Is actually the birth of more sprouts.  
The first bud still flutters in the morning dew,  
But now with a forest of fellow flowers.

Then each plant raises its own bundle,

-exponentially-

Until the once bare and bland plains,  
Are now covered in a collection of colors.  
A sanction of yellow sunflowers; A choir of white chrysanthemums  
A tundra of purple tulips; A reservoir of red roses.

Although many fields of flowers remain untouched

-perfectly-

Their reach has covered nearly the entire canvas.  
Because some plants are now withering to create life,  
The artist desires for a more permanent feature,  
And paints the tangled roots of something bigger.

Each web of roots is written deep,

-uniquely-

Burrowing far into the soil to absorb the sky's life;  
To absorb the sky's life, its leaves are abundant and up high.  
The first brush stroke creates a tree from the two basic colors,  
The second uses those of the sun, the third made of flowers, and then of clouds.

Now the artist must take a break,

-momentarily-

For in just moments, he has created breathing life,  
But now he must sculpt life without breath.  
With the same colors beside him still,  
The brush breaks the standing water once more.

The artist begins moving once more,

-ambitiously-

His next image to bridge both worlds.  
His decision is to start at the collision,  
To first seam the two parts together,  
Then work his way down to his foundation.

The snowy peak is the ceiling of this illustration,

-connecting-

Painted with only a single color,  
Coated in snow and clouds—the only two images that can reach.  
His hand moves to sculpt the behemoth,

And many feet below, the breath of life returns.

Underneath the level of snowy clouds,

-buried-

Are forests and families of great trees,

Some rimmed with similar snow, others just bare with plants at their feet.

But as the artist moves continuously downward,

Some sides are left bare; rocky cliffs with no green.

The snow of the high peak has melted,

-quietly-

And as the artist finishes his mark on the world,

The cold water rushes down quickly, following the etches of the brush.

The whispering streams give new life and sound

To the mountain that is now engraved on the canvas.

Like the piled snow from the clouds,

-forgotten-

The streams collect into a stronger flowing force,

That now runs across the surface giving life.

After many rivers form, the artist is placed on the snowy peak,

And he sees how the web of waters looks just like the roots of his tree.

The river roots spread from the base of the mountain,

-vastly-

The mountain being the tree of the lakes like the tree of the flowers.

For rivers have now wed, and pooled into lakes,

Lakes which shimmer in the light of the Sky's Sun,

And which glow in the light of the Sky's Moon.

But the brush refuses to stop at the puddles of the world,

-continuing-

Which to the artist are more like deep abysses of water.

Despite the artist's protests, the brush goes on to draw its own,

As more river deltas are sketched from the lakes,

Branching even further from the original source, becoming one body.

The artist begins his painting of the Sea,

-simply-

With only the calm blue of the Sky.

But the depth and size of the Sea is never constant,

So neither is the color of the changing Sea,

With hues of greens creating teal 'til the blue washes it away.

The seas gather together as a final collective force:

-massively-

The Ocean, filled a deep, dark blue with green pigments and stretches.  
The greatest Ocean remains deeper than the tallest mountain,  
But its depth and color is subject to the powers of the sky;  
Purple darkness of Night, white light of Moon, the water sparkles with the Sun's golden glare.

The darkness of the room returns with a hunger  
-viciously-  
Having waited in a forgotten silence for too long.  
By its command the brush exists the salty water,  
And enters a fresh pool, one beyond the canvas,  
To create the final realms of this second world.

Where the spring waters of mountains have not cascaded,  
-empty-  
A land is drawn where the Sun beats down mercilessly.  
With no roots or plants of any kind in sight,  
The brown earth has been broken into particles of dust,  
And now shift as golden hills in the form of Sand.

Where the spring waters of mountains have now frozen,  
-gradually-  
His same old realm is copied, but blanketed in white.  
Moving water is scarce, all but for the Ocean with floating Ice.  
A forest is hidden under the cover of snow,  
And beyond is an unknown field of only frozen blue and frost white.

The realms of his second world are now all present,  
-colorful-  
As the darkness whispers its final satisfaction.  
Underneath the dying light, it is time for the closing act of this stage;  
The Mountains, the Plains, the Flowers and Trees, the Tundra, Ocean, Desert and Surface,  
All lie under the same, yet different, Artist's Sky.

Alas his new world must connect with the old,  
-intertwined-  
So that the colors may shine only when Light is here,  
And when the Darkness settles the floor must slumber...  
Rain lets the Plants grow. Snow makes the Mountains flow.  
The colors are vibrant, the brush lays flat, and the canvas now glows.

His Painting...His World...His Gift...  
Is Now Yours.



*Sakura Hanami*

if I am to only look at my feet momentarily,  
all I can see is a lonely road,  
maybe an empty brown walkway between green grass  
with puddles to decorate the surface

but if I look for a second beyond that  
i will see a stream of fallen pink petals  
and notice my lone presence in this forest  
not overgrown, but rather dotted with trees

then if I direct my simple eyes upward  
all I can see is a web of thin brown branches  
with dozens of blossoms grazing one another  
connecting back to two lines of distant trees

if time is to continue for another second,  
some Cherry Blossoms will leave their home  
joining others that rest on the road  
kissing my face as they gracefully fall

now if the last second is to pass  
i can look at the path that lies ahead of me  
at the end lies but a pink blur  
and closer to me are evenly spaced trees  
giving this road beauty, with its color

no more seconds pass in this forest,  
so I take it upon myself to look closer  
the single branch of brown, green yellow and pink  
faded is the background of more flowers  
and of the calm, bright blue sky.  
Maybe it's just white light from the sun.

let's say though that time is unfrozen;  
i can now experience the flower's slow fall  
despite other colors, my vision is painted pink  
this moving image now includes all of me  
as I see the empty road is brought to life  
the constant movement of trickling petals  
grants this sparse forest its own unique voice

Half a day has now traversed this road,  
so what was once a bright pink sparkle in the morning  
is now a hazy pink glow in the evening's setting sun  
the choice is now mine to leave this realm

But I will never forget the *prunus serrulata*,  
Its five light pink petals, soft to the touch...  
Its dark magenta core, only in some...  
Its yellow tipped stamen and green covered pistil.

*Time barrels onwards in my quiet forest  
Seconds and hours have passed on this road  
But my stay with the Sakura Hana is forever*