

Artists Joy

Never the finest artist
Her goal was of finest artistic accomplishment
She knew to select her subject uniquely
Proceeding with a singular intensity

Having chosen blue
She must now fillet it
Its outer, woody fiber resisted
The sharp, thin blade perservered
With the hour she was triumphant

This project was unsuited to a studio
Her workspace became an enclosed porch
Brilliant sunlight guided her effort
The space was sealed its air stifling
Still her venue provided true facility

Slicing within blue itself
She lifted long gelatinous sheets
Of everchanging hue
Transferring each to form finite horizons
On large transparent artists medium

Each horizon a different chapter
Subtle yet refined
Now she had extracted the complex inner essence
Most artists never recognize
Much less reveal

Framed, lighted, presented
Her work now awaits your response
Success?

Disaster?

Unwanted?