

Listen

There's a sound that a brush makes
When it's canvassing,
Different bristles alter,
As the wisps beget.

It's astounding how hushed paints
Come alive and sing,
Silent whistles whirling,
Pass from dry to wet.

And oh,
A quiet canvas knows,
Upon that first "ker-splot,"
Who's who and what is what.

In a moment, quiet's not.

Comes a hand with a loud band,
A cacophony,
Pigments wrestle whispers,
As they dry and fret.

Hear the music and clamor
With each swipe and "ping,"
Little screams and laughter,
Dying young, and yet...

Who knows?
As long as hands compose,
One wonders with the heart,
How did I hear each part?

It's the symphony of art.

David Brunoehler