

Paint

Through dusk clear into dawn
Water, pigment and brush
My energy, my magic and my wand
Sex on a canvas, deep meditation
In the Springtime of Pierre Cot
Recollection of my childhood, my adolescence
My now, my everything
Sweet dreams and vivid nightmares
Birthed upon cloth perched upon an isle of cold metal
Madonna on the Rocks
Deep meditation

Here you are, the light drifting between dreams and reality
Playing emotions on a harp of gold and ebony
Closure and Satisfaction only found in threes
On Earth child birth, sex and painting
The love shared between a mother and her child
After all the pain and second-guessing,
Love so deep, tears of joy well forth, splashing my face
The hot, deep, overall satisfaction after
More physical cravings have finally been answered
Satisfaction after a good scratch
In the arms of your lover
Klimt's Kiss

Touch paint and brush to canvas
Feel the fast electric current fill my vessel
And coax forth the soul
Mona Lisa's Smile
Here in this world there is no color, no race
Merely pigment, no gender, no religion, no war
Deep meditation

No hate only paint.

Ginger Anderson