

The Artist in Light of Mine

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The artist wore her dreamy eyes,
Ones that led her as a child,
Ones that saw the things to see,
Not with concern, but dignity.

She marched around the carnival grounds,
Dressed in black with hair bleached white
Which clothed her more than garments rare
And trickled down her backbone bare.

The artist drank the air in gulps.
It dribbled off her loosely lip.
She tasted not the smoky shade
Nor dust from footprints briskly made.

From girls next door and boys hometown,
She sternly pulled the streams of stares
That rapidly rushed amongst the crowd
And fell on the artist sharp and loud.

The artist's air, above the rest,
Brushed soft against the high balloons
And scraped the ceiling of the clowns
That traps the circus songs of sound.

Balloons were sold by the bearded fist,
That tightly tucked the strings within.
Intrigued as to release a sigh,
A whim for him to ask her why.

"Why do you play the piper's song
And swiftly drag all heads along?
So drunk on dreams to realize
A simpler self would seem more wise."

The artist offered a gracious pout
And with the vendor chose to dare—
"I claim no rules and always chide
The man the world's normalities hide."

She paid him well with words that breathe
And said, "Balloons are quite like me.
So if a blue the world would seize,
I'd rather have the red one please."