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An Artist's Perspective

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An Artist's Perspective
by Justin Kemp

Where rabbits traipse overgrown paths
and foxes flit between leaf masses
walks an Artist beneath the trees.

Burnt orange hope now molding
crunches beneath his boots.
“Too damp... too ugly,” he mutters,
kicking aside fistfuls
which fell onto the path he forages
in want of wild inspiration.

When he comes to a rock iceberging from the earth,
The Artist halts his aimless wander.
A glance up to the trees from whence
leaves like gold flutter.
If only he could touch them before they're soured
by their tumbling descent to earth.

“Ah! Of course!” The Artist reaches,
cradles a leaf fragment in his palm
before it can join the decay beneath his boots.
Though cast off to survive the throes of winter—
the leaf, caught before becoming yet another
dead thing, retains dignity, beauty in his hand.

A breeze snatches the leaf into its stream.
What once adorned the greatest of trees,
can yet reenter that golden haze.