God is a Terrible Artist

He’s throwing a fit again,  
This time within—  
A psychological art study  
In anatomical miniaturist,  
A style unlike he’s tried  
Before.  
Not like his sculpture phase,  
Two sticks crossed  
In the center  
With a child actor wailing,  
Red acrylic pooling  
From hands and feet  
It was performance art,  
But in very bad taste,  
And disrupted the flow  
Of the overall piece,  
Which may explain  
This.  
He’s going in with tweezers,  
Avant garde—  
It’s been done—  
The viewer wondering  
Whether they are the  
subject or the audience  
Or the creator themselves.  
Rather unethical.  
Though this beats  
His watercolor phase,  
Wherein the world flooded  
Because he couldn’t control it.  
God, watercolors are  
Impossible to control.  
Even the best artist must  
Deliver themselves to the  
Seeping mystery.  
And he is, in fact,  
Not the best artist.  
He lacks the patience,  
The discipline.  
At his start.  
In seven days,  
He expected a few splatters  
Of leaf and bark and fur  
To be a masterpiece.  
When he opened the gallery,  
The critics were less kind.  
“We were expecting… more,”  
They said.  
He was furious.

Shut down the exhibit,  
Set up guards with flaming swords.  
He should’ve gone into theater,  
The dramatics on this guy.  
Though he’d only want to direct,  
He doesn’t recognize his sublime  
Gift as a garish villain.  
A few years ago  
He fancied himself  
A novelist,  
Went to the trouble of  
Suffering bookbinding—  
Its tediousness and precision  
For a more direct message,  
Something tangible  
A mark in history  
Unable to be misconstrued.  
The glue must’ve gone  
To his head,  
He toasted the book  
Extensively,  
Translations in  
Every language.  
But art is art is art,  
And once art lands  
On an audience,  
It no longer belongs  
to the artist.  
The written word  
Is no less subject  
Than paint.  
So he is attempting again,  
Rewiring the same old vessels  
A deep sense of command  
And no sense of mastery.  
The writing may be on the wall,  
But we‘ll all interpret.  
He isn’t going to like that.  
Maybe he’ll go back to his early days,  
The trees and the hills and the animals—  
An impressionistic take.  
I think it was his best work.  
He’s been a sellout ever since.

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