



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 toured 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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