

Paint Me a Picture

Toulouse-Lautrec paint me a picture;
catch the seamy side.

Paint a whore smoking a black cigar.

Capture a rotund gentleman imbibing
in the wine of life.

Catch the stumbling drunk drinking
himself to death.

Use bold strokes to catch the burly
stevedore passed out on the floor.

Slash out images of the barmaid
stealing an old man's drink.

Capture the painted ladies of the chorus
line working the crowd for tips.

Dab on pale pink on the painted lady
who is singing to deaf ears.

Klee

The painting reveals
dark regions; hidden.
Urges and fears waltz
to Tibetan drums. Images
flash with feeling.

Peering into splotches,
specters flicker, morphing
into conscious lightning.

Stravinsky is bright as
dissonance reveals itself.
Shostakovich peels back the thin
veneer, revealing a morose ballerina.
Brush strokes form distorted mirrors;
Klee's hard images are but facsimiles;
snapshots of reality.

Clay

It's smooth and soft in
your hands. Like a kid
in the mud, you can squeeze
through your fingers.

It takes some time to get
the feel for different types of
clay. Some had sand and
gives your work texture.

Some is smooth and yields
to the softest touch. The
plastic stuff is good enough
but the real stuff is mud.

There, you've wedged it out
and reached the right consistency.
Now, you get to be a little
God as you bring the clay to life.
In our ego dominated society
it's hard not to overkill your work.
This isn't heady cerebral work
you must feel your creation.

Kandinsky

A heter-skelter tapestry; a gypsy dance
without movement.

A mirror of bold vapors; the inner sanctum,
Charge of the Light Brigade.

Dark corners of the mind spring
to life.

A whirling dervish is at last
set free.

Realism morphs into psychotic
episodes; dark specters incarnate.
Primitive; it speaks with ultimate
sophistication.

Stenciled

The painting sat sideways; it wasn't right.

I closely examined the painting.

There was something terribly wrong

about it. The images were hollow and

lacked any artistic flare.

The images were too hard and the

brushstrokes too controlled. This painting

had no soul.

When I asked about it I was told that it

was a paint by number rendering. I smirked.

It was as exciting as an egg salad sandwich.

I fought back the urge to leave and return with

my palate knife and slash some life into that

pasteurized, homogenized picture.

On even closer examination, I was aghast.

There in the lower right corner was the artist's

name. It was stenciled on.



Mike
Berger

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Origami Poetry Project™

Hidden Klee

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