

Your Palette

By Carole Gauntlett

The museum you live in
Is a palette of paint
From the brash and the bold
To the quiet and faint.

Dip your brush into
The spectrum of hues
And splash a sky full
Of promising blues.

Now blend a soft sunrise
With yellows and reds
So that people will gasp
When they rise from their beds.

Look there at the bird
At rest on the fence.
Blend a thousand small feathers
And make them intense.

Then pretend that you're Erte
Feel free and be BOLD
Daub webs in tree branches
That sparkle with gold.

Observe shapes on the earth
Look all around
See triangles, circles
And squares that abound.

Now be a Picasso
To blend all of these
Into an abstract
That's meant more to tease.

Before the day's end
You have one more assignment
To tackle a sunset
In breathtaking refinement.

An Impressionists sunset
With just the tip of your brush.
You'll have to work slowly
But no need to rush.

For the poets are watching
And struggling to write
Of the beauty they find
In YOUR view of the night.