

the painter ...

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international / poetry / post

(for brett)



withdraws his brush from canvas
and allows the stream to flow

it is not about capturing the subject/object
as all attempts at naturalism are unnatural,
the frame crucifies while the subject seeps past its
defining borders and dissolves into the background-foreground,
every unfathomable ground into the swirling vapours
of dissolution

from there the picture forms of its own accord/character
regarding the subject only as midwife

the subject infers only if allowed to puncture the normalcy
of mundane vision and an artist abhors the mundane
preferring instead the amorphous fertility of creation
where everything is born/e anew using the artist as a medium
only

the flowing stream moves the brain, arm, wrist and hand while it
courses
through the body producing the unique; all credit of the production
rests with the unpredictable flux of existence not cultural or
addictive
demand that abbreviate a life and assassinate inspiration

creation is never bankrupt when the impulse of inspiration is
allowed to flow
in any direction it pleases unlike shriveling ego-bound painters
making a name
and selling themselves as a 'genius'

*[my only regret is that i had not yet discovered what is true and
continuous
before you foolishly overdosed in the vacuum you created for
yourself,
but then the direction you chose could only end that way]*



<https://inversetimes.hopto.org/news/story-109.html>

Underground Oz Poetry. <http://ozpoetry.lingama.net/news/poem-869.html>